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Telemachus,

Henrietta, Countess Osenvor.

Jemmy and Jenny Jelsamy.



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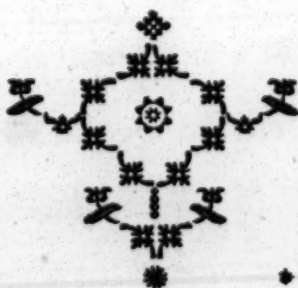
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THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
T E L E M A C H U S,
THE
S O N O F U L Y S S E S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
MESSIRE FRANCOIS SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FENELON,
ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

BY JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL. D.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row.
M D C C L X X X I V .

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THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



1990-1991

1914



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF SHELBURNE,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

MY LORD,

HAVING been accidentally acquainted with your Lordship's situation and character, before you became conspicuous to the public eye, it was impossible that you should not occur to my mind, while I was endeavouring to introduce *TELEMACHUS* to my countrymen, as an example of early virtue and noble views. There was a time, when, like him, you took the field as a volunteer, to qualify yourself for command in defence of your country; and, though a youth, distinguished yourself in arms upon a foreign shore: but the parallel, however striking, is rather general than particular, rather in character than situation; it consists in the steady pursuit of the great purposes of life, at an age when dissipation is scarcely supposed to deserve censure.

As the friend of man, jealous of public liberty; as honoured by the best of princes, with the administration of the best government; as having not talents only, but passions, directed to the community as their object; as a citizen from whom, when time shall have ingrafted experience upon ability, your country may expect yet more important service; I offer you, without apology, this public testimony of my respect. There is a natural equality among mankind, which should never be forgotten amidst all the differences of circumstance and situation; and he who, without party views or sinister interest, pays the tribute of praise where his heart acknowledges merit, can never be disappointed in the event, but when he is mistaken in the character.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's faithful,

And most obedient humble Servant,

BROMLEY, KENT;
12th April 1768.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON FROM 1630 TO 1800

The city of Boston, situated on a small island in the harbor of Massachusetts, was founded in 1630 by a group of Puritan settlers. The city grew rapidly, becoming one of the most important centers of commerce and industry in the New England colonies. In 1773, the city was the site of the Boston Tea Party, a protest against British taxation. The city was then occupied by British troops during the American Revolutionary War. After the war, the city continued to grow, becoming a major center of commerce and industry in the United States. In 1800, the city was the site of the first public school in the United States.

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THE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE Telemachus of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray is a work of such reputation, that it would be scarce less absurd to recommend it than to recommend the writings of Homer and Virgil; it holds the first class among the moral works of imagination in France; it has passed through innumerable editions; art has been exhausted to adorn it, and learning to illustrate it's beauties: it has been translated into every language in Europe, the Turkish not excepted; and there are no less than five translations of it in our own. To translate it, indeed, is easy; but to translate it so as to give it the same rank in a foreign language that it holds in the original is difficult. It has generally been thought, that a perfect knowledge of the corresponding words through all their inflections, in two languages, is a sufficient qualification to translate one into the other; and consequently that a fine book in one language will, in the hands of a translator so qualified, necessarily become a fine book in another: this, however, is so far from being true, that a book which has any merit, besides that of truth and sentiment in the abstract, will be bad in the version in proportion as it is good in the original, if the translator is qualified only for verbal interpretation.

To translate a work of fancy, which owes great part of it's power to poetical beauties and elegance of composition, some taste for poetry, and some skill in writing, is certainly necessary; of which all who have hitherto translated Fenelon's Telemachus into English were totally destitute: their versions, indeed, are, in general, so much the same, that, one having failed, it is difficult to conceive what encouraged the hope that another would succeed. My translation is, at least, very different from all others; and yet I have scrupulously preserved, not only every incident and every sentiment, but even every metaphor, as far as the different genius of the two languages would admit.

To those who have read this work only as an exercise at school, it's beauties are wholly unknown; and among them that have learned French in this country, there is not probably above one in fifty who can now read it in the original with more advantage than a native of France would read Pope's Rape of the Lock in a prose translation.

To both these, therefore, as well as to persons who are wholly unacquainted with the French language, this version, if I have been able to accomplish my purpose, may be acceptable: it may also facilitate and sweeten the labour of those that are learning it; it may give them a relish for a book that will probably be put into their hands; and, though it may not much assist them in a mere verbal construction, it may, perhaps, shew them it's insufficiency, and excite an attempt to transfuse the spirit with the sense.

My principal view, however, was much more extensive than to assist learners of the French language. I have attempted to render a work, full of ingenious fiction, just reasoning, important precepts, and poetical imagery, as pleasing in English as it is in French, to those who read it as their native tongue; if I have succeeded, I have not only made a valuable addition to our polite literature, but rendered my country a much more important service, by putting into the hands of our youth one of the few books which genius and learning have dedicated to virtue; which at once captivate the imagination, inform the understanding, and regulate the will.

The arguments, which have been hitherto placed at the head of the several books, where they could only anticipate the events, and lessen the pleasure that arises from the gradual progress of the action, are now prefixed as a table of contents.

CONTENTS.



C O N T E N T S.

BOOK I.

THEMACHUS, conducted by Minerva, under the likeness of Mentor, lands, after having suffered shipwreck, upon the Island of the Goddess Calypso, who was still regretting the departure of Ulysses. The goddess receives him favourably, conceives a passion for him, offers him immortality, and enquires his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedemon; his shipwreck upon the coast of Sicily; the danger he was in of being offered as a sacrifice to the manes of Anchises; the assistance which Mentor and he gave to Acestes against an incursion of Barbarians; and the gratitude of the king, who, to reward their services, gave them a Tyrian vessel, that they might return to their country.

BOOK II.

THEMACHUS relates his being taken in the Tyrian vessel by the fleet of Sesostris, and carried captive into Egypt. He describes the beauty of the country, and the wise government of it's king. He relates also that Mentor was sent a Slave into Ethiopia, and that he was reduced himself to keep sheep in the desert of Oasis; that, in this state, he was comforted by Termosiris, a priest of Apollo, who taught him to imitate the god who had once been the shepherd of Admetus; that Sesostris, having at length heard with astonishment what his influence and example had effected among the shepherds, determined to see him; and, being convinced of his innocence, promised to send him to Ithaca; but that the death of Sesostris overwhelmed him with new calamities: that he was imprisoned in a tower which overlooked the sea, from whence he saw Bocchoris, the new king, slain in a battle against part of his subjects, who had revolted, and called in the Tyrians to their assistance.

BOOK III.

THEMACHUS relates, that the successor of Bocchoris releasing all the Tyrian prisoners, he was himself sent to Tyre, on board the vessel of Narbal, who had commanded the Tyrian fleet: that Narbal gave him a description of Pygmalion their king, and expressed apprehensions of danger from the cruelty of his avarice; that he afterwards instructed him in the commercial regulations of Tyre; and that, being about to embark in a Cyprian vessel, in order to proceed by the Isle of Cyprus to Ithaca, Pygmalion discovered that he was a stranger, and ordered him to be seized; that his life was thus brought into the most imminent danger; but that he had been preserved by the tyrant's mistress Astarbe, that she might, in his stead, destroy a young Lydian of whom she had been enamoured, but who rejected her for another.

BOOK IV.

CALYPSO interrupts Telemachus in his relation, that he may retire to rest. Mentor privately reproves him for having undertaken the recital of his adventures; but, as he has begun, advises him to proceed. Telemachus relates, that, during his voyage from Tyre to Cyprus, he dreamed that he was protected from Venus and Cupid by Minerva; and that he afterwards imagined he saw Mentor, who exhorted him to fly from the Isle of Cyprus; that when he awaked,

the Cyprians being all intoxicated with wine; that when he arrived at the island, he saw, with horror, the most contagious examples of debauchery, but that Hazael the Syrian, to whom Mentor had been sold, happening to be at Cyprus at the same time, brought the two friends together, and took them on board his vessel that was bound to Crete; that, during the voyage, he had seen Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by sea-horses, a sight infinitely entertaining and magnificent.

BOOK V.

TELEMACHUS relates, that when he arrived at Crete, he learned that Idomeneus, the king of that island, had, in consequence of a rash vow, sacrificed his only son; that the Cretans, to revenge the murder, had driven him out of the country; and that, after long uncertainty, they were then assembled to elect a new sovereign; that he was admitted into the assembly; that he obtained the prize in various exercises; and having also resolved the questions that had been recorded by Minos in the book of his laws, the sages, who were judges of the contest, and all the people, seeing his wisdom, would have made him king.

BOOK VI.

TELEMACHUS relates, that he refused the royalty of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he proposed Mentor, but that Mentor also refused to be king; that the Cretans then pressing Mentor to appoint a king for them, he related to them what he had heard of the virtues of Aristodemus, whom they immediately proclaimed; that Mentor and Telemachus having then embarked for Italy, Neptune, to gratify the resentment of Venus, shipwrecked them upon the Island of Calypso, where the goddess received them with hospitality and kindness.

BOOK VII.

CALYPSO admires Telemachus for his adventures, and exerts all her power to detain him in her island, by inciting him to return her passion; but he is sustained by the wisdom and friendship of Mentor, as well against her artifices as the power of Cupid, whom Venus sends to her assistance. Telemachus, however, and Eucharis become mutually enamoured of each other, which provokes Calypso, first to jealousy, and then to rage; and she swears by the Styx that Telemachus shall leave her island: she is consoled by Cupid, who excites the nymphs to burn the vessel which had been built by Mentor, while Mentor was labouring to get Telemachus on board. Telemachus is touched with a secret joy at this event; Mentor, who perceives it, throws him from a rock into the sea, and leaps after him, that they may swim to another vessel which appeared not far distant from the shore.

BOOK VIII.

THE vessel appears to be a Tyrian, commanded by Adoam the brother of Narbal, by whom the adventurers are kindly received. Adoam recollects Telemachus, and relates the tragical death of Pygmalion and Astarbe, and the accession of Baleazar, whom the tyrant his father had disgraced at her instigation. During a banquet, which he prepares for his guests, Achitoas entertains them with musick, which brings the Tritons, the Nereids, and other divinities of the sea, in crowds round the vessel; Mentor, taking up a lyre, plays much better than Achitoas. Adoam relates the wonders of Boetia; he describes the soft temperament of the air, and the beauties of the country, where the utmost simplicity of manners secures to the people uninterrupted tranquillity.

BOOK IX.

VENUS, still incensed against Telemachus, requests of Jupiter that he may perish; but this not being permitted by the Fates, the goddess consults with Neptune how his return to Ithaca, whither Adoam is conducting him, may be prevented. They

They employ an illusive divinity to deceive Achamas the pilot, who, supposing the land before him to be Ithaca, enters full-sail into the Port of Salentum. Telemachus is kindly received by Idomeneus in his new city, where he is preparing a sacrifice to Jupiter, that he may be successful in a war against the Mandarians. The entrails of the victims being consulted by the priest, he the vessel would have perished in a storm if he had not himself taken the helm, perceives the omens to be happy; but declares that Idomeneus will owe his good fortune to his guests.

BOOK X.

IDOMENEUS acquaints Mentor with the cause of the war: he tells him that the Mandarians ceded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his new city, as soon as he arrived; that they withdrew to the neighbouring mountains, where, having been ill-treated by some of his people, they had sent deputies, with whom he had settled articles of peace; and that, after a breach of that treaty on the part of Idomeneus by some hunters who knew nothing of it, the Mandarians prepared to attack him. During this recital, the Mandarians having already taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes, and Phalanthus, whom Idomeneus supposed to be neuter, appear to have joined them with their forces. Mentor goes out of Salentum alone, and proposes new conditions of peace.

BOOK XI.

TELEMACHUS, seeing Mentor in the midst of the Allies, is impatient to know what passes between them; he causes the gates of Salentum to be opened, and joins his friend; his presence inclines the allies to accept the terms that Mentor has offered on the part of Idomeneus; the allies enter Salentum as friends; Idomeneus confirms the propositions of Mentor, hostages are reciprocally given, and all parties assist at a sacrifice between the city and the camp, as a solemn ratification of the treaty.

BOOK XII.

NESTOR, in the name of the Allies, demands succours of Idomeneus against their enemies the Daunians. Mentor, who is desirous to establish proper regulations for the internal government of Salentum, and to employ the people in agriculture, finds means to satisfy them with a hundred noble Cretans, under the command of Telemachus. After their departure, Mentor proceeds to a minute examination of the city and the port; and having acquainted himself with every particular, he prevails upon Idomeneus to institute new principles of government and commerce; to divide his people into seven classes, distinguishing them with respect to their rank and quality by different habits; to retrench luxury and unnecessary arts; and to employ the artificers in husbandry, which he brings into just reputation.

BOOK XIII.

IDOMENEUS relates to Mentor his confidence in Protefilaus, and the artifices of that favourite, in concert with Timocrates, to betray him, and destroy Philocles. He confesses that, being prejudiced against him by these confederates, he sent Timocrates to kill him, while he was abroad with the command of a fleet upon a dangerous expedition; that Timocrates having failed in the attempt, Philocles forbore to avenge himself by taking his life; but resigning the command of the fleet to Philomenes, who had been appointed to succeed him in the written orders for his death, he retired to the Isle of Samos. Idomeneus adds, that he at length discovered the perfidy of Protefilaus; but that even then he could not shake off his influence.

BOOK

BOOK XIV.

MENTOR prevails upon Idomeneus to banish Protefilaus and Timocrates to the Isle of Samos, and recal Philocles to his confidence and councils. Hegesippus, who is charged with this order, executes it with joy. He arrives with his prisoners at Samos, where he finds his friend Philocles in great indigence and obscurity, but content: he at first refuses to return; but the gods having signified it to be their pleasure, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum; where Idomeneus, who now sustains a new character, receives him with great friendship.

BOOK XV.

TELEMACHUS, in the camp of the Allies, gains the friendship of Philoctetes, who was not at first favourably disposed to him on his father's account. Philoctetes relates his adventures; and introduces a particular account of the death of Hercules, by the poisoned garment which the Centaur Nessus had given to Deianira: he relates how he obtained from that hero his poisoned arrows, without which the city of Troy could not be taken; how he was punished for betraying his secret, by various sufferings in the Island of Lemnos; and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to engage him in the expedition against Troy, where he was cured of his wound.

BOOK XVI.

TELEMACHUS quarrels with Phalanthus about some prisoners, to which each of them lays claim: he fights and vanquishes Hippias, who, despising his youth, had seized the prisoners in question for his brother; but being afterwards ashamed of his victory, he laments in secret his rashness and indiscretion, for which he is very desirous to atone. At the same time, Adrastus, King of the Dauphians, being informed that the Allies were wholly taken up in reconciling Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them by surprize. After having seized an hundred of their vessels, to transport his own troops to their camp, he first sets it on fire, and then falls upon Phalanthus's quarters: Phalanthus himself is desperately wounded, and his brother Hippias slain.

BOOK XVII.

TELEMACHUS, having put on his divine armour, runs to the assistance of Phalanthus. He kills Iphicles, the son of Adrastus; repulses the victorious enemy; and would have put an end to the war, if a tempest had not intervened. Telemachus orders the wounded to be carried off, and takes great care of them; particularly of Phalanthus. He performs the solemnities, at the funeral of Hippias himself; and, having collected his ashes in a golden urn, presents them to his brother.

BOOK XVIII.

TELEMACHUS, being persuaded, by several dreams, that his father Ulysses was no longer alive, executes his design of seeking him among the dead. He retires from the camp, and is followed by two Cretans as far as a temple near the celebrated cavern of Acherontia. He enters it; and descends through the gloom to the borders of the Styx, where Charon takes him into his boat. He presents himself before Pluto; who, in obedience to superior powers, permits him to seek his father. He passes through Tartarus; and is witness to the torments that are inflicted upon ingratitude, perjury, impiety, hypocrisy, and, above all, upon bad kings.

BOOK XIX.

TELEMACHUS enters the fields of Elysium, where he is known by his great grandfather Arcefius, who assures him that Ulysses is still alive; that he shall see him in Ithaca, and succeed to his throne. Arcefius describes the felicity of the just, especially of good kings, who have revered the gods, and have given

given happiness to their people. He makes Telemachus observe, that heroes, those who have excelled only in the arts of destruction, have a much less glorious reward, and are allotted a separate district by themselves. Telemachus receives some general instructions, and then returns back to the camp.

BOOK XX.

VENUSIUM, having been left as a deposit by both parties in the hands of the Lucanians. Telemachus declares against seizing it, in an assembly of the chiefs, and persuades them to be of his opinion. He discovers great penetration and sagacity with respect to two deserters, one of whom, Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; and the other, Diocorus, had offered to bring him Adrastus's head. In the battle, which soon follows, Telemachus strews the field with dead in search of Adrastus. Adrastus, who is also in search of Telemachus, engages and kills Pistratus the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes up; and, at the moment when he is about to pierce Adrastus, is himself wounded and obliged to retire. Telemachus, alarmed by the cry of his friends, among whom Adrastus is making a terrible slaughter, rushes to their assistance. He engages Adrastus, and prescribes conditions, upon which he gives him his life. Adrastus, rising from the ground, attempts treacherously to kill his conqueror by surprise, who engages him a second time, and kills him.

BOOK XXI.

ADRASTUS being dead, the Daunians offer their hands to the Allies in token of peace, and request that one of their own nation may be given them for a king. Nestor, being inconsolable for the loss of his son, absents himself from the assembly of the chiefs, where some are of opinion that the conquered lands should be divided among them, and allot the territory of Arpi to Telemachus. Telemachus rejects this offer, and convinces the chiefs that it is their common interest to appoint Polydamus king of the Daunians, and leave them in possession of their country. He afterwards persuades the Daunians to bestow Arpi upon Diomedes, who had accidentally landed upon their coast. Hostilities being now at an end, the Allies separate, and every one returns to his country.

BOOK XXII.

TELEMACHUS, at his return to Salentum, is surprized to see the country so well cultivated, and so little appearance of magnificence in the city. Mentor accounts for these alterations, and points out the principal causes that prevent national prosperity. He proposes the conduct and government of Idomeneus as a model. Telemachus discovers to Mentor his desire to marry the daughter of Idomeneus, Antiope. Mentor approves of his choice; and assures him that she is designed for him by the gods; but that at present he should think only of returning to Ithaca, and delivering Penelope from her suitors.

BOOK XXIII.

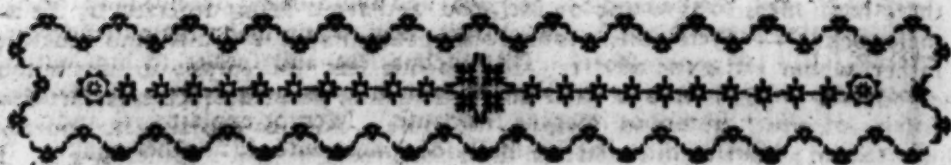
IDOMENEUS, fearing the departure of his guests, proposes several embarrassing affairs to Mentor; and assures him that, without his assistance, they cannot be adjusted. Mentor lays down general principles for his conduct, but continues steady to his purpose of departing with Telemachus for Ithaca. Idomeneus tries another experiment to detain them. He encourages the passion of Telemachus for Antiope; and engages him and Mentor in a hunting party with his daughter. She is in the utmost danger from a wild-boar, but is delivered by Telemachus. He feels great reluctance to leave her, and has not fortitude to bid Idomeneus farewell. Being encouraged by Mentor, he surmounts his difficulties, and embarks for his country.

BOOK XXIV.

TELEMACHUS, during the voyage, prevails with Mentor to explain many difficulties in the art of government; particularly that of distinguishing the character

rafter of men, so as to employ the good, and avoid being deceived by the bad. During this conversation, a calm obliges them to put in at a little island where Ulysses had just gone ashore. Telemachus sees and speaks to him without knowing who he is; but, after having seen him embark, feels a secret uneasiness, of which he cannot imagine the cause. Mentor explains it, and comforts him; assuring him that he shall soon meet with his father again. He puts his patience and piety to another trial, by detaining him to sacrifice to Minerva. The goddess, who had been concealed under the figure of Mentor, resumes her own form, and is known and acknowledged by Telemachus. She gives him her last instructions, and disappears. Telemachus arrives in Ithaca, and finds his father at the house of his faithful servant Eumenes.

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T E L E M A C H U S.
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HE grief of Calypso, for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort; and she regretted her immortality, as that which could only perpetuate affliction, and aggravate calamity by despair: her grotto no more echoed with the musick of her voice; and her nymphs waited at a distance with timidity and silence. She often wandered alone along the borders of her island, amidst the luxuriance of a perpetual spring; but the beauties that bloomed around her, instead of soothing her grief, only impressed more strongly upon her mind the idea of Ulysses, who had been so often the companion of her walk. Sometimes she stood motionless upon the beach; and, while her eyes were fixed upon that part of the horizon where the lessening bark of the hero at length disappeared, they overflowed with tears. Here she was one day surprized with the sudden appearance of a shipwreck; broken benches and oars lay scattered about upon the sand; and a rudder, a mast, and some cordage, were floating near the shore: soon after, she perceived at a distance two men, one of whom appeared to be ancient; and in the other, although a youth, she discovered a strong resemblance of Ulysses; the same

benevolence and dignity were united in his aspect; his stature was equally tall, and his port majestick. The goddess knew immediately that this was Telemachus; but, notwithstanding the penetration of divine sagacity, she could not discover who was his companion; for it is the prerogative of superior deities to conceal whatever they please from those of a lower class; and it was the pleasure of Minerva, who accompanied Telemachus in the likeness of Mentor, to be concealed from Calypso. Calypso, however, rejoiced in the happy shipwreck, which had restored Ulysses to her wishes in the person of his son: she advanced to meet him; and, affecting not to know him—
'How hast thou presumed,' said she, 'to land on this island? Knowest thou not, that from my dominions no daring intruder departs unpunished?' By this menace, she hoped to conceal the joy which glowed in her bosom, and which she could not prevent from sparkling in her countenance. 'Whoever thou art,' replied Telemachus; 'whether thou art, indeed, a goddess, or whether, with all the appearance of divinity, thou art yet a mortal; canst thou regard with insensibility the misfortunes of a son, who, committing his life to the caprice of the winds and waves in search of a fa-
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'ther, has suffered shipwreck against these rocks?'—'Who, then, is that father whom thou seekest?' replied the goddess. 'He is one of the confederate kings,' answered Telemachus, 'who, after a siege of ten years, laid Troy in ashes; and his name is Ulysses: a name which he has rendered famous by his prowess, and yet more by his wisdom, not only through all Greece, but to the remotest boundaries of Asia. This Ulysses, the mighty and the wise, is now a wanderer on the deep, the sport of tempests which no force can resist, and the prey of dangers which no sagacity can elude: his country seems to fly before him; Penelope, his wife, despairs at Ithaca of his return; and I, though equally destitute of hope, pursue him through all the perils that he has passed, and seek him upon every coast. I seek him; but, alas! perhaps the sea has already closed over him for ever! O goddess! compassionate our distress; and, if thou knowest what the Fates have wrought, either to save or destroy Ulysses, vouchsafe this knowledge to Telemachus his son!'

Such force of eloquence, such maturity of wisdom, and such blooming youth, filled the bosom of Calypso with astonishment and tenderness: she gazed upon him with a fixed attention; but her eyes were still unsatisfied, and she remained some time silent. At length she said—'We will acquaint Telemachus with the adventures of his father; but the story will be long: it is now time that you should repair that strength by rest which has been exhausted by labour. I will receive you to my dwelling as my son; you shall be my comfort in this solitude; and, if you are not voluntarily wretched, I will be your felicity.'

Telemachus followed the goddess, who was encircled by a crowd of young nymphs; among whom she was distinguished by the superiority of her stature, as the towering summit of a lofty oak is seen, in the midst of a forest, above all the trees that surround it. He was struck with the splendor of her beauty, the rich purple of her long and flowing robe, her hair that was tied with graceful negligence behind her, and the vivacity and softness that were mingled

in her eyes. Mentor followed Telemachus, modestly silent, and looking downward. When they arrived at the entrance of the grotto, Telemachus was surprized to discover, under the appearance of rural simplicity, whatever could captivate the sight. There was, indeed, neither gold nor silver, nor marble; no decorated columns, no paintings, no statues, were to be seen: but the grotto consisted of several vaults cut in the rock; the roof was embellished with shells and pebbles; and the want of tapestry was supplied by the luxuriance of a young vine, which extended its branches equally on every side. Here the heat of the sun was tempered by the freshness of the breeze; the rivulets that, with soothing murmurs, wandered through meadows of intermingled violets and amaranth, formed innumerable baths, that were pure and transparent as crystal: the verdant carpet which Nature had spread round the grotto was adorned with a thousand flowers; and, at a small distance, there was a wood: those trees that, in every season, unfold new blossoms, which diffuse ambrosial fragrance, and ripen into golden fruit. In this wood, which was impervious to the rays of the sun, and heightened the beauty of the adjacent meadows by an agreeable opposition of light and shade, nothing was to be heard but the melody of birds, or the fall of water, which, precipitating from the summit of a rock, was dashed into foam below; where, forming a small rivulet, it glided hastily over the meadow.

The grotto of Calypso was situated on the declivity of an hill, and commanded a prospect of the sea, sometimes smooth, peaceful, and limpid; sometimes swelling into mountains, and breaking with idle rage against the shore. At another view a river was discovered, in which were many islands, surrounded with limes that were covered with flowers, and poplars that raised their heads to the clouds: the streams which formed these islands seemed to stray through the fields with a kind of sportful wantonness; some rolled along in translucent waves with a tumultuous rapidity; some glided away in silence with a motion that was scarce perceptible; and others, after a long circuit, turned back, as if they wished



TELEMACHUS

Plav I.

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wished to issue again from their source, and were unwilling to quit the paradise through which they flowed. The distant hills and mountains hid their summits in the blue vapours that hovered over them, and diversified the horizon with cloudy figures that were equally pleasing and romantick. The mountains that were less remote were covered with vines; the branches of which were interwoven with each other, and hung down in festoons: the grapes, which surpassed in lustre the richest purple, were too exuberant to be concealed by the foliage, and the branches bowed under the weight of the fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and other trees without number, overspread the plain; so that the whole country had the appearance of a garden of infinite variety and boundless extent.

The goddess having displayed this profusion of beauty to Telemachus, dismissed him. 'Go, now,' said she, 'and refresh yourself; and change your apparel, which is wet: I will afterwards see you again, and relate such things as shall not amuse your ear only, but affect your heart.' She then caused him to enter, with his friend, into the most secret recess of a grotto adjoining to her own: here the nymphs had already kindled a fire with some billets of cedar, which perfumed the place; and had left change of apparel for the new guests. Telemachus perceiving that a tunick of the finest wool, whiter than snow, and a purple robe richly embroidered with gold, were intended for him, contemplated the magnificence of his dress with a pleasure to which young minds are easily betrayed.

Mentor perceived his weakness, and reproved it. 'Are these, then,' said he, 'O Telemachus! such thoughts as become the son of Ulysses? Be rather studious to appropriate the character of thy father, and to surmount the persecutions of Fortune. The youth who, like a woman, loves to adorn his person, has renounced all claim to wisdom and to glory: glory is due to those only who dare to associate with Pain, and have trampled Pleasure under their feet.'

Telemachus answered with a sigh—'May the gods destroy me, rather than suffer me to be enslaved by voluptu-

ous effeminacy! No; the son of Ulysses shall never be seduced by the charms of enervating and inglorious ease! But how gracious is Heaven to have directed us, destitute and shipwrecked, to this goddess, or this mortal, who has loaded us with benefits!'—'Fear rather,' replied Mentor, 'lest her wiles should overwhelm thee with ruin: fear her deceitful blandishments more than the rocks on which thou hast suffered shipwreck; for shipwreck and death are less dreadful than those pleasures by which virtue is subverted. Believe not the tales which she shall relate: the presumption of youth hopes all things from itself; and, however impotent, believes it has power over every event; it dreams of security in the midst of danger, and listens to subtlety without suspicion. Beware of the seducing eloquence of Calypso; that mischief which, like a serpent, is concealed by the flowers under which it approaches: dread the latent poison! Trust not thyself; but confide implicitly in my counsel.'

They then returned to Calypso, who waited for them; and her nymphs, who were dressed in white, and had their hair braided, set before them a repast; which, though it was simple, and consisted only of such game as they had either taken with their nets, or killed in the chase, was yet of exquisite taste, and served up with the utmost elegance: wine, more richly flavoured than nectar, was poured from large silver vases, and sparkled in cups of gold that were wreathed with flowers; and baskets were heaped with all the variety of fruit that is promised by spring, and bestowed by autumn. In the mean time, four of the attendant nymphs began to sing: their first theme was the battle of the Gods and Titans; then they celebrated the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta with Hippomanes, whom she conquered with golden apples that were gathered in the garden of the Hesperides: the wars of Troy were reserved to the last; the prowess and the wisdom of Ulysses were extolled with all the hyperbole of praise; and the principal nymph, whose name was Leucothoe, to the harmonious

voices of the chorus, joined the music of her lyre. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears which stole down his cheeks added new lustre to his beauty: but Calypso, perceiving that he was too sensibly touched, and neglected to eat, made a signal to her nymphs, and they immediately changed the subject to the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the descent of Orpheus to bring back his Eurydice from hell.

When the repast was ended, Calypso took Telemachus aside, and addressed him thus—‘Thou seest, O son of the great Ulysses! with what favour I have received thee: know, that I am immortal; no human foot profanes this island unpunished; nor would even shipwreck have averted my indignation from thee, if my heart were not touched with more than thy misfortunes. Thy father was equally distinguished by my favour; but, alas! he knew not how to improve the advantage. I detained him long in this asylum; and here he might have lived for ever in a state of immortality with me: but a fond desire of returning to his wretched island blinded him to the prospect of superior felicity. Thou seest what he has lost for Ithaca; a country to which he can never return. He resolved to leave me; and departed: but a tempest revenged the insult; and the vessel in which he was embarked, having been long the sport of the storm, was at last swallowed up in the deep. Let this example influence thy conduct: all hopes of again seeing thy father, and of succeeding to his throne, are now at an end; but do not too deeply regret this loss, since thou hast found a goddess who offers thee superior dominion, and more permanent felicity.’ Calypso, after this declaration, exerted all her eloquence to display the happiness she had conferred upon Ulysses: she also related his adventure in the cave of Polyphemus the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphatas King of the Lestrygonæ; she forgot neither what happened to him in the Island of Circe, the daughter of the Sun; nor the dangers of his passage between Scylla and Charibdis. She described the last tempest that had been raised against him by Neptune, after his departure from her; in which she

insinuated that he had perished, concealing his arrival in the Island of the Phœnicians. Telemachus, who had too hastily congratulated himself upon the bounty of Calypso, now perceived the mischief of her designs, and the wisdom of that counsel which had been just given him by Mentor; he therefore answered, in few words—‘Forgive, O goddess! involuntary sorrow: my heart is now susceptible only of regret; but I may hereafter be again capable of felicity. Suffer me now to pay, at least, a few tears to the memory of my father; since thou knowest, better than his son, how well he deserves the tribute.’

Calypso, perceiving that it was not now her interest to press him farther, feigned to participate his sorrow, and to regret the fate of Ulysses: but, that she might gain a more perfect knowledge of the means by which his affections were to be engaged, she enquired the particulars of his shipwreck, and by what accidents he had been thrown upon her coast. ‘The story of my misfortunes,’ said he, ‘will be too long.’—‘However long,’ said Calypso, ‘I am impatient to hear it; indulge me, therefore, without delay.’ Telemachus often refused; but she continued her solicitation, and at length he complied.

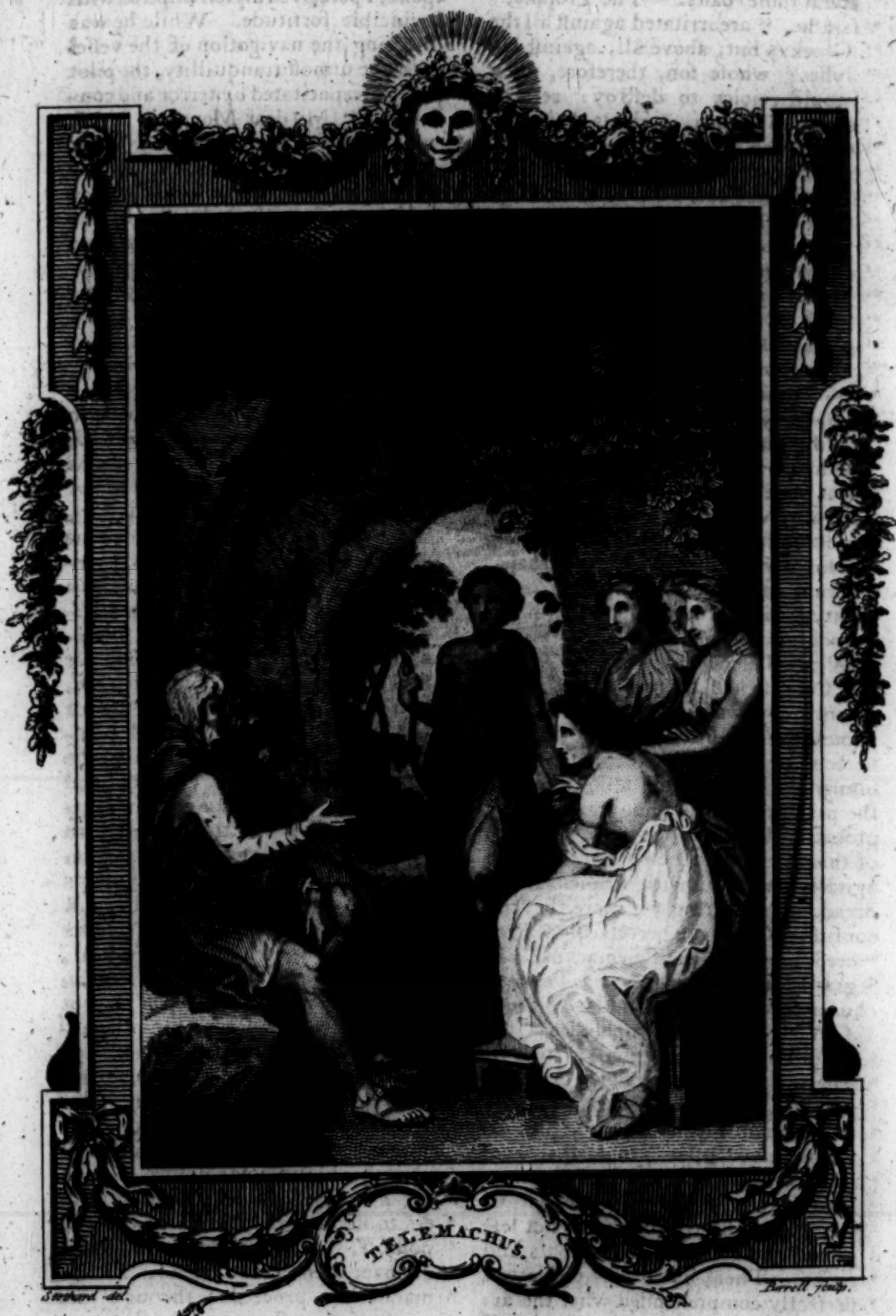
‘I set out from Ithaca to enquire after my father of those princes who had returned from the siege of Troy. The suitors of Penelope, my mother, were surprized at my departure; because from them, whom I knew to be perfidious, I had concealed my purpose: but neither Nestor, whom I saw at Pylos; nor Menelaus, who received me with affection at Lacedæmon; knew whether my father was among the living or the dead. I was at length impatient of perpetual suspense and uncertainty; and therefore formed a resolution to go into Sicily, whither my father was said to have been driven by contrary winds: but the prudence of Mentor, who is here the companion of my fortunes, opposed the execution of so rash a design, by representing my danger, on the one hand, from the Cyclops, the gigantic monsters who riot upon human flesh; and, on the other, from the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were hovering about

voice of the chorus, joined the music of her lute. When I observed this, I was struck by the beauty of her form, and the grace of her movements. She was dressed in a simple, yet elegant, white gown, which accentuated her slender figure. Her hair was styled in a loose, wavy manner, and she wore a delicate necklace. The chorus, consisting of several women, were dressed in similar attire, and they all moved in a harmonious, rhythmic fashion. The music was a soft, melodic tune, and the overall atmosphere was one of tranquility and beauty. The scene was set in a garden, with flowers and trees visible in the background. The lighting was soft, and the colors were muted, giving the scene a dreamlike quality. The text is written in a cursive script, and the handwriting is elegant and flowing. The paper is aged, with some discoloration and wear visible. The overall impression is one of a well-preserved, historical document.



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TELEMACHUS.



about those coasts. "The Trojans," said he, "are irritated against all the Greeks; but, above all, against Ulysses; whose son, therefore, they would rejoice to destroy: return, then, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is beloved of the gods, may be returned already. But if Heaven has decreed his death, if he shall see Ithaca no more, it is fit that you return to avenge him, and to deliver your mother; to display your wisdom to attending nations; and to let all Greece behold, in Telemachus, a sovereign not less worthy of the throne than Ulysses." This counsel, which was the voice of Reason, I rejected, and listened only to the suggestions of my passions: but such was the affection of my friend, that he embarked with me for that voyage, which, in the folly of my presumption, I undertook contrary to his advice; and the gods, perhaps, permitted the fault, that the calamity which it drew upon me might teach me wisdom.

While Telemachus had been speaking, Calypso had attentively considered Mentor, and was suddenly chilled with astonishment: she imagined that she perceived in him something more than human; and, not being able to resolve the perplexity of her thoughts into any probable determination, the presence of this inscrutable being continued to agitate her mind with suspicion and dread. But fearing yet more that her confusion should be perceived—"Proceed," said she to Telemachus, "to gratify my curiosity:" and Telemachus accordingly continued his story.

"We steered some time with a favourable wind for Sicily; but, at length, a tempest overcast the sky, and involved us in sudden darkness. By the transient gleams of the lightning we perceived other vessels that were exposed to the same danger; and were soon convinced that they were part of the Trojan fleet, which were not less to be dreaded by us than shoals and rocks. Then, but it was too late, I perfectly comprehended what the ardour of youth had before prevented me from considering with sufficient attention. In this dreadful exigence Mentor appeared not only fearless and calm, but more than usually cheerful: he encouraged me to hope; and, as he

spoke, I perceived myself inspired with invincible fortitude. While he was directing the navigation of the vessel with the utmost tranquillity, the pilot being incapacitated by terror and confusion—"My dear Mentor," said I, "why did I reject your advice? What greater evil can befall me than a confidence in my own opinion, at an age which can form no judgment of the future, has gained no experience from the past, and knows not how to employ the present? If we survive this tempest, I will distrust myself as my most dangerous enemy, and confide only in Mentor as my friend." Mentor replied, with a smile—"I have no desire to reproach you with the fault which you have committed; if you have such a sense of it as will enable you to repress the violence of desire hereafter, I am satisfied: but, when danger shall be past, perhaps presumption may return; it is, however, by courage only that we can now escape. Before we incur danger, we should consider it as formidable; but when it is present, we should treat it with contempt: now, therefore, shew thyself worthy of Ulysses, and discover a mind superior to all the evils which combine against thee." The candour and magnanimity of Mentor gave me great pleasure; but I was transported with wonder and delight at the stratagem by which he delivered us. Just as the clouds broke, and the light must in a few minutes have discovered us to the Trojans, who were very near, he remarked, that one of their vessels, which greatly resembled ours, except that the stern was decorated with garlands of flowers, had been separated from the rest of the fleet in the storm: he immediately placed ornaments of the same kind at the stern of our vessel; and made them fast himself with bandages of the same colour as those of the Trojans; he also ordered the rowers to stoop over their seats as low as possible, that our enemies might not discover them to be Greeks. In this manner he proceeded through the midst of their fleet; and the Trojans, mistaking us for their vessel which had been missing, shouted as we passed: we were sometimes forced irresistibly along with them; but, at length, found means to linger behind; and, while

while they were driven, by the impetuosity of the wind, towards Africa, we laboured at the oar, and made our utmost effort to land on the neighbouring coast of Sicily. Our labour, indeed, succeeded; but the port which we sought was scarce less to be dreaded than the fleet which we had endeavoured to avoid; for, on the coast of Sicily we found other fugitives from Troy, who had settled there under the government of Acestes, who was himself of Trojan extraction. We had no sooner landed, than these people, imagining either that we were inhabitants of some other part of the island, who had taken arms to surprise them; or a foreign enemy, who had invaded the country; burnt our vessel in the first tumult of their rage, and put all our companions to the sword: Mentor and myself were spared only that we might be presented to Acestes, and that he might learn from us what were our designs, and whence we came. We entered the city, with our hands bound behind us; and had nothing to expect from this respite, but that our death would be made the spectacle of a cruel people as soon as they should discover us to be Greeks.

We were brought before Acestes, who was sitting with a sceptre of gold in his hand, administering justice to his people, and preparing to assist at a solemn sacrifice. He asked us, with a stern voice, the name of our country, and the purpose of our voyage: Mentor instantly replied—"We come from the coast of the greater Hesperia; and our country is not far from thence." He thus avoided a declaration that we were Greeks. But Acestes would hear no more; and concluding that we were strangers, who had formed some evil design, which we were, therefore, solicitous to conceal, he commanded that we should be sent into the neighbouring forests, to serve as slaves under those who had the care of his cattle. To live upon this condition was to me less eligible than to die; and I cried out—"O king! punish us rather with death than infamy. Know, that I am Telemachus, son of the wise Ulysses, King of Ithaca: in search of my father I am bound to every shore; but, in this search, if I am not permitted

to succeed, if I must never more return to my country, and if I can no longer live but as a slave, put an end to my life, and relieve me from a burden which I cannot support." This exclamation enflamed the multitude; and they immediately demanded that the son of Ulysses, by whose inhuman subtlety Troy had been subverted, should be put to death. Acestes then turning to me, cried out—"I cannot refuse thy blood, O son of Ulysses! to the manes of those Trojans with whom thy father crowded the banks of Acheron: thou must die; and thy conductor shall perish with thee." At the same instant, an old man proposed to the king that we should be offered up upon the tomb of Anchises: "The shade of that hero," said he, "will be gratified with their blood; and even the great Æneas, when he shall be told of such a sacrifice, will be touched with joy at the zeal of your affection for the supreme object of his own." This proposition was received with a shout of applause; and the execution of it was immediately begun. We were conducted to the tomb of Anchises; where two altars had been prepared: the hallowed fire was kindled; and the sacrificial knife lay before us. They had adorned us, as victims, with garlands of flowers; and the pleadings of compassion were overborne by the impetuosity of zeal. But, just at this dreadful crisis, Mentor, with all the calmness of security, demanded audience of the king; and addressed him thus: "O Acestes! if the misfortunes of Telemachus, who is yet a youth, and has never borne arms against the Trojans, can excite no pity in thy breast, at least let thy own danger awaken thy attention. The skill that I have acquired in omens, by which the will of the gods is discovered, enables me to foretell, that, within three days, a nation of Barbarians will rush upon thee from the mountains, like a flood, to spoil thy city, and overspread thy country with desolation: make haste, therefore, to avert the torrent; arm thy people, and secure, within the walls of the city, whatever is valuable in the field. If, when three days are elapsed, my predictions shall appear to have been false, let these altars be stained

"stained with our blood; but, on the
 "contrary, if it shall be confirmed by
 "the event, let Acestes remember, that
 "he ought not to take away the life of
 "those to whom he will be indebted for
 "his own." At these words, which
 "were pronounced, not with the diffi-
 "dence of conjecture, but the assurance
 "of certain knowledge, Acestes was
 "astonished: "I perceive, O stranger!"
 "said he, "that the gods, who have
 "allotted thee so small a portion of the
 "gifts of Fortune, have enriched thee
 "with the more valuable treasures of
 "wisdom." He then commanded the
 "solemnities of the sacrifice to be su-
 "spended, and immediately prepared
 "against the invasion which had been
 "predicted by Mentor. Multitudes of
 "women, trembling with fear, and
 "men decrepid with age, followed by
 "children, whom the alarm had terri-
 "fied into tears, were seen on every side,
 "crouding to the city; the sheep and
 "cattle came in such droves from the
 "pastures, that they were obliged to
 "stand without covert in the streets;
 "and a confused noise was every where
 "to be heard, of multitudes that jostled
 "each other with tumultuous and un-
 "distinguished outcries; mistook a
 "stranger for a friend; and pressed for-
 "ward with the utmost eagerness, though
 "they knew not whither they were go-
 "ing. The principal citizens, indeed,
 "imagining themselves to be wiser than
 "the rest, regarded Mentor as an im-
 "postor, who had invented a falsehood
 "to prolong his life: but, before the
 "end of the third day, while they were
 "yet applauding their own sagacity, a
 "cloud of dust was perceived upon the
 "declivity of the neighbouring moun-
 "tains, and an innumerable multitude
 "of armed Barbarians were soon after
 "distinguished. These were the Hy-
 "merians, and other savages, that in-
 "habit the Nebrodian mountains, and
 "the summit of Agragas; regions in
 "which the severity of winter is never
 "softened by the breezes of spring.
 "Those who had despised the predic-
 "tion of Mentor were now punished
 "by the loss of their slaves and their
 "cattle; and the king addressed him to
 "this effect: "From henceforth I for-
 "get that you are Greeks, since you are
 "no more enemies, but friends; and,
 "as you were, doubtless, sent by the
 "gods for our deliverance, I hope not

"less from your valour than I have
 "experienced from your wisdom: de-
 "lay not, therefore, to afford us your
 "assistance."

"At this moment there appeared in
 "the eyes of Mentor somewhat that in-
 "timidated the fierce, and over-awed the
 "proud: he snatched a shield and an
 "helmet, girded on a sword, and poised
 "a lance in his hand; he drew up the
 "soldiers of Acestes, and advanced to-
 "wards the enemy at their head. A-
 "cestes, whose courage was still high,
 "but whose body was enfeebled by age;
 "could only follow him at a distance;
 "I approached nearer to his person, but
 "not to his valour. In the battle, his
 "cuirs resembled the immortal ægis
 "of Minerva; and death, watching his
 "sword as a signal, followed him from
 "rank to rank. Thus a lion of Numi-
 "dia, that hunger has made yet more
 "furious, rushes among the flock; he
 "kills and tears to pieces without re-
 "sistance; and the shepherds, instead of
 "attempting to defend their sheep, fly
 "with terror and trepidation to preserve
 "themselves.

"The Barbarians, who hoped to have
 "surprized the city, were themselves
 "surprized and disconcerted; and the
 "subjects of Acestes, animated by the
 "example and the voice of Mentor, ex-
 "erted a power which they knew not
 "that they possessed. The son of the
 "king who commanded the invasion
 "fell by my hand; our ages were equal,
 "but he greatly exceeded me in stature;
 "for these savages are descended from
 "a race of giants, whose origin was the
 "same with that of the Cyclops. I per-
 "ceived that he despised me as a feeble
 "enemy; but, regarding neither the
 "fierceness of his demeanor, nor the
 "superiority of his strength, I made a
 "thrust at his breast with my lance;
 "the weapon entering deeply, he vo-
 "mited a torrent of blood, and expired:
 "but I was in danger of being crushed
 "by his weight as he fell, and the dis-
 "tant mountains echoed with the clash
 "of his armour. After I had stripped
 "the body of the spoils, I returned to
 "seek Acestes; and Mentor, having com-
 "pleted the disorder of the enemy, cut
 "to pieces all that made a shew of re-
 "sistance, and pursued the fugitives to
 "the woods.

"This success, of which every one
 "had so lately despaired, fixed all eyes
 "upon

upon Mentor, as a favourite of the
 gods, and distinguished by divine in-
 spiration; and Acestes, in gratitude
 to his deliverers, acquainted us, that
 it would no longer be in his power to
 protect us, if the fleet of Æneas
 should put back to Sicily: he there-
 fore furnished us with a vessel, that we
 might return to our country; and,
 having loaded us with presents, he
 urged our immediate departure, as
 the only means by which the ap-
 proaching danger could be avoided.
 He would not, however, supply us

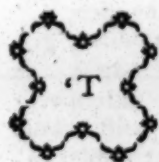
either with rowers or a pilot from a-
 mong his own subjects, because he
 was unwilling to trust them upon the
 Grecian coasts; but he sent on board
 some Phœnician merchants, who, as
 they are a commercial people, and
 trade to every port, had nothing to
 fear. These men were to have re-
 turned with the vessel to Acestes, af-
 ter they had put us on shore at Itha-
 ca; but the gods, who sport with the
 designs of men, devoted us to other
 evils.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.
B O O K I I.



HE pride of the Tyrians
‘ had offended Sesostris,
‘ the King of Egypt,
‘ who had extended his
‘ dominion by the con-
‘ quest of many states.
‘ The wealth which they had acquired
‘ by commerce, and the impregnable
‘ strength of their city, which stood in
‘ the sea, had rendered them so insolent
‘ and presumptuous, that they refused
‘ to pay the tribute which had been im-
‘ posed by Sesostris on his return to
‘ Egypt; and had sent troops to the as-
‘ sistance of his brother, who had at-
‘ tempted to assassinate him at a feast,
‘ in the midst of the rejoicings that
‘ had been made for his return.
‘ Sesostris had determined to humble
‘ them, by interrupting their trade:
‘ he therefore sent out a great num-
‘ ber of armed vessels, with orders to
‘ take or sink the Phœnician ships
‘ wherever they should be found; and,
‘ just as we lost sight of Sicily, we fell
‘ in with an Egyptian fleet. The port
‘ and the land seemed to retreat behind
‘ us, and lose themselves in the clouds;
‘ and we saw the fleet approach like a
‘ floating city. The Phœnicians im-
‘ mediately perceived their danger, and
‘ would have avoided it, but it was too
‘ late; the Egyptian vessels sailed bet-
‘ ter than ours; the wind was in their
‘ favour, and they had a greater num-

‘ ber of oars: they boarded, took us
‘ without resistance, and carried us pri-
‘ soners into Egypt. I told them, in-
‘ deed, that neither Mentor, nor my-
‘ self, was a Phœnician; but they
‘ heard me with contempt; and, ima-
‘ gining that we were slaves, a mer-
‘ chandize in which they knew the
‘ Phœnicians traded, thought only
‘ how to dispose of us to the greatest ad-
‘ vantage. We soon perceived the sea
‘ to be whitened by the waters of the
‘ Nile, and the coast of Egypt ap-
‘ peared in the horizon like a cloud:
‘ we then arrived at the Island of Pha-
‘ ros, near the city of No, and thence
‘ proceeded up the Nile to Memphis.

‘ If the sorrows of captivity had not
‘ rendered us insensible to pleasure,
‘ we must have been delighted with the
‘ prospect of this fertile country, which
‘ had the appearance of a vast garden,
‘ watered with an infinite number of
‘ canals. Each side of the river was
‘ diversified with opulent cities, de-
‘ lightful villas, fields that produced
‘ every year a golden harvest, and mea-
‘ dows that were covered with flocks;
‘ Earth lavished her fruits upon the
‘ husbandman, till he stooped under the
‘ burden; and Echo seemed pleased to
‘ repeat the rustick musick of the shep-
‘ herds. “ Happy are the people,”
‘ said Mentor, “ who are governed by
‘ so wise a king! They flourish in
‘ perpetual

“ perpetual plenty, and love him by
 “ whom that plenty is bestowed. Thus,
 “ O Telemachus! ought thy govern-
 “ ment to secure the happiness of thy
 “ people, if the gods shall at length
 “ exalt thee to the throne of thy fa-
 “ ther. Love thy subjects as thy
 “ children; and learn, from their love
 “ of thee, to derive the happiness of a
 “ parent: teach them to connect the
 “ idea of happiness with that of their
 “ king; that, whenever they rejoice
 “ in the blessings of peace, they may
 “ remember their benefactor, and ho-
 “ nour thee with the tribute of grati-
 “ tude. The tyrants, who are only
 “ solicitous to be feared, and teach
 “ their subjects humility by oppression,
 “ are the scourges of mankind: they
 “ are, indeed, objects of terror; but,
 “ as they are also objects of hatred
 “ and detestation, they have more to
 “ fear from their subjects than their
 “ subjects can have to fear from
 “ them.”

“ I replied—“ Alas! what have we
 “ now to do with maxims of govern-
 “ ment? With respect to us, Ithaca is
 “ no more; we shall never again be-
 “ hold Penelope, or our country: with
 “ whatever glory Ulysses may at length
 “ return, to meet his son is a joy that
 “ he shall never taste; and to obey him
 “ till I shall learn to govern, is a plea-
 “ sure that will be for ever withheld
 “ from me. Let us die, then, my dear
 “ Mentor; all thoughts, but of death,
 “ are idle speculations: let us die,
 “ since the gods have ceased to regard
 “ us with compassion!” I was so de-
 “ pressed by grief, that this speech was
 “ rendered almost unintelligible by the
 “ sighs with which it was interrupted:
 “ but Mentor, though he was not pre-
 “ sumptuous with respect to future
 “ evils, was yet fearless of the present.
 “ Unworthy son of the great Ulysses!”
 “ said he, “ dost thou yield to misfor-
 “ tune without resistance? Know, that
 “ the day approaches, in which thou
 “ shalt again behold thy mother and
 “ thy country: thou shalt behold, in
 “ the meridian of his glory, him whom
 “ thou hast never known, the invinci-
 “ ble Ulysses; whom Fortune can never
 “ subdue; and whose example, in more
 “ dreadful calamity than thine, may
 “ teach thee never to despair. Should
 “ he learn, in the remote countries on
 “ which the tempest has cast him, that

“ his son emulates neither his patience
 “ nor his valour, the dreadful tidings
 “ would cover him with confusion, and
 “ afflict him more than all the evils of
 “ his life.”

“ Mentor then called my attention to
 “ the cheerfulness and plenty which
 “ were diffused over all Egypt; a coun-
 “ try which contained twenty-two
 “ thousand cities. He admired the po-
 “ licy with which they were governed;
 “ the justice which prevented the op-
 “ pression of the poor by the rich; the
 “ education of the youth, which ren-
 “ dered obedience, labour, tempe-
 “ rance, and the love of arts, or of
 “ literature, habitual; the punctuality
 “ in all the solemnities of religion; the
 “ publick spirit; the desire of honour;
 “ the integrity to man, and the reverence
 “ to the gods, which were implanted
 “ by every parent in every child. He
 “ long contemplated this beautiful or-
 “ der with increasing delight, and fre-
 “ quently repeated his exclamations of
 “ praise. “ Happy are the people,”
 “ said he, “ who are thus wisely go-
 “ verned! but yet more happy the
 “ king whose bounty is so extensively
 “ the felicity of others, and whose
 “ virtue is the source of yet nobler en-
 “ joyment to himself: his dominion is
 “ secured, not by terror, but by love;
 “ and his commands are received, not
 “ only with obedience, but with joy.
 “ He reigns in the hearts of his peo-
 “ ple; who are so far from wishing his
 “ government at an end, that they
 “ consider mortality with regret, and
 “ every man would rejoice to redeem
 “ the life of his sovereign with his
 “ own.”

“ I listened attentively to this dis-
 “ course of Mentor; and, while he spoke,
 “ I perceived new courage kindle in my
 “ bosom. As soon as we arrived at
 “ Memphis, a city distinguished by
 “ its opulence and splendor, the go-
 “ vernor sent us forward to Thebes,
 “ that we might be questioned by Se-
 “ softris; who, if he had been less at-
 “ tentive to administer his own go-
 “ vernment, would yet have examined
 “ us himself, as he was extremely in-
 “ censed against the Tyrians: we
 “ therefore proceeded up the Nile to
 “ the celebrated city with an hundred
 “ gates, the residence of this mighty
 “ prince. Thebes appeared to be of
 “ vast extent, and more populous than
 “ the

the most flourishing city of Greece. The regulations that are established for keeping the avenues free from incumbrances, maintaining the aqueducts, and rendering the baths convenient, for the cultivation of arts, and for the security of the publick, are the most excellent that can be imagined. The squares are decorated with fountains and obelisks; the temples are of marble; and the architecture, though it is simple, is majestick: the palace itself is almost as extensive as a town; and abounds with columns of marble, pyramids and obelisks, statues of a prodigious magnitude, and furniture of silver and gold.

The king was informed, by those who took us, that we were found on board a Phœnician vessel: it was his custom to give audience, at a certain hour every day, to all who had any complaint to make, or intelligence to communicate; nor was any man either despised or rejected by Sesostris; he considered himself as possessing the regal authority only that he might be the instrument of good to his people, whom he regarded with the affection of a father; and strangers, whom he treated with great kindness, he was very solicitous to see, because he believed that some useful knowledge might always be acquired by an acquaintance with the manners and customs of remote countries. For this reason, we were brought before him. He was seated upon a throne of ivory, and held a golden sceptre in his hand: though he was advanced in years, his person was still graceful, and his countenance was full of sweetness and majesty. He sat every day to administer justice to his people; and his patience and sagacity as a judge would have vindicated the boldest panegyrist from the imputation of flattery. Such were the labours of the day: and to hear a declamation on some question of science, or to converse with those whom he knew to be worthy of his familiarity, was the entertainment of the evening. Nor was the lustre of his life sullied by any fault but that of having triumphed over the princes whom he had conquered with too much ostentation, and confided too much in one

of his officers, whose character I shall presently describe. When he saw me, my youth moved him to compassion; and he enquired my country and my name. We were struck with the dignity and propriety of his expression; and I answered—
 “Most illustrious prince! thou art not ignorant of the siege of Troy, which endured ten years; nor of it’s destruction, which exhausted Greece of her noblest blood: Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, who is my father, was one of the principal instruments of that great event; but is now, in search of his kingdom, a fugitive on the deep; and, in search of him, I am, by a like misfortune, a captive in Egypt. Restore me once more to my father and my country; so may the gods preserve thee to thy children; and may they rejoice under the protection of so good a parent!”
 Sesostris still regarded me with compassion; but, doubting whether what I had told him was true, he gave charge of us to one of his officers, with orders to enquire of the persons who had taken our vessel, whether we were indeed Greeks or Phœnicians. “If they are Phœnicians,” said he, “they will deserve punishment, not only as our enemies, but as wretches who have basely attempted to deceive us by a falsehood; but, on the contrary, if they are Greeks, it is my pleasure that they be treated with kindness, and sent back to their country in one of my vessels: for I love Greece; a country which has derived many of it’s laws from the wisdom of Egypt. I am not unacquainted with the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached us, however remote; I admire the wisdom that is related of the unfortunate Ulysses: and I rejoice to alleviate the distress of virtue.”

Metophis, the officer to whom the king had referred the examination of our affair, was as corrupt and selfish as Sesostris was generous and sincere: he attempted to perplex us by ensnaring questions; and, as he perceived that Mentor’s answers were more prudent than mine, he regarded him with malevolence and suspicion; for, to the unworthy, there is no insult so intolerable as merit. He

therefore caused us to be separated; and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This separation was, to me, sudden and dreadful as a stroke of thunder; but Metophis hoped that, by interrogating us apart, he should be able to discover some inconsistency in our account; and yet more, that he might allure me, by promises, to discover that which Mentor had concealed. To discover truth was not, indeed, his principal view; but to find some pretence to tell the king we were Phœnicians, that, as slaves, we might become his property; and, notwithstanding our innocence, and the king's sagacity, he succeeded. How dangerous a situation is royalty, in which the wisest are often the tools of deceit! A throne is surrounded by the train of subtlety and self-interest; Integrity retires, because she will not be introduced by Importunity or Flattery: Virtue, conscious of her own dignity, waits at a distance till she is sought, and princes seldom know where she may be found; but Vice, and her dependants, are impudent and fraudulent, insinuating and officious, skilful in dissimulation, and ready to renounce all principles, and to violate every tie, when it becomes necessary, to the gratification of the appetites of a prince. How wretched is the man who is thus perpetually exposed to the attempts of guilt! by which he must inevitably perish, if he does not renounce the musick of adulation, and learn not to be offended by the plainness of truth. Such were the reflections which I made in my distresses; and I revolved in my mind all that had been said to me by Mentor.

While my thoughts were thus employed, I was sent by Metophis towards the mountains of the desert Oasis, that I might assist his slaves in looking after his flocks, which were almost without number. Calypso here interrupted Telemachus. "And what did you then?" said she. "In Sicily you chose death rather than slavery."—"I was then," said Telemachus, "become yet more wretched, and had no longer the sad consolation of such a choice. Slavery was irresistibly forced upon me, and I was compelled by Fortune to exhaust the dregs of her cup: I was excluded even

from hope, and every avenue to liberty was barred against me. In the mean time, Mentor, as he has since told me, was carried into Ethiopia, by certain natives of that country, to whom he had been sold.

The scene of my captivity was a desert, where the plain is a burning sand, and the mountains are covered with snow; below was intolerable heat, and above was perpetual winter; the pasturage was thinly scattered among the rocks, the mountains were steep and craggy, and the vallies between them were almost inaccessible to the rays of the sun: nor had I any society, in this dreadful situation, but that of the shepherds, who are as rude and uncultivated as the country. Here I spent the night in bewailing my misfortunes, and the day in following my flocks, that I might avoid the brutal insolence of the principal slave, whose name was Butis; and who, having conceived hopes of obtaining his freedom, was perpetually accusing the rest, as a testimony of his zeal and attachment to the interest of his master. This complication of distress almost overwhelmed me; and, in the anguish of my mind, I one day forgot my flock, and threw myself on the ground near a cave, expecting that death would deliver me from a calamity which I was no longer able to sustain: but, just in the moment of despair, I perceived the mountain tremble; the oaks and pines seemed to bow from the summit; the breeze itself was hushed; and a deep voice, which seemed to issue from the cave, pronounced these words. "Son of the wise Ulysses! thou must, like him, become great by patience. Princes who have not known adversity are unworthy of happiness; they are enervated by luxury, and intoxicated with pride. Surmount, and remember these misfortunes, and thou art happy. Thou shalt return to Ithaca; and thy glory shall fill the world. When thou shalt have dominion over others, forget not that thou hast been, like them, weak, destitute, and afflicted: be it thy happiness, therefore, to afford them comfort; love thy people; detest flattery; and remember that no man is great, but in proportion as he re-

frains

“ strains and subdues his passions.” These words inspired me as the voice of Heaven; joy immediately throbbed in my veins, and courage glowed in my bosom: nor was I seized with that horror which so often causes the hair to stand upright, and the blood to stagnate, when the gods reveal themselves to men. I rose in tranquillity; and, kneeling on the ground, I lifted up my hands to Heaven, and paid my adorations to Minerva, to whom I believed myself indebted for this oracle. At the same time I perceived my mind illuminated with wisdom; and was conscious to a gentle, yet prevailing, influence, which overruled all my passions, and restrained the ardour of my youth: I acquired the friendship of all the shepherds of the desert; and my meekness, patience, and diligence, at length obtained the good-will even of Butis himself, who was at first disposed to treat me with inhumanity.

“ To shorten the tedious hours of captivity and solitude, I endeavoured to procure some books; for I sunk under the sense of my condition, merely because I had nothing either to recreate or to fortify my mind. “ Happy,” said I, “ are those who have lost their relish for tumultuous pleasure, and are content with the soothing quiet of innocence and retirement! Happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose supreme delight the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of enjoyment are still with them; and that weary listlessness, which renders life unsupportable to the voluptuous and the lazy, is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading. Happy are those to whom this employment is pleasing; and who are not, like me, compelled to be idle!” While my mind was agitated by these thoughts, I had wandered into a thick forest; and suddenly, looking up, I perceived before me an old man with a book in his hand; his forehead was somewhat wrinkled, and he was bald to the crown; a beard, white as snow, hung down to his girdle; his stature was tall; his cheeks were still florid, and his eyes pierc-

ing: there was a great sweetness in his voice; his address, though it was plain, was engaging; and I had never seen any person whose manner and appearance so strongly excited veneration and esteem. His name was Termosiris; he was priest of Apollo, and officiated in a temple of marble which the kings of Egypt had consecrated to that deity in the forest. The book which he held in his hand was a collection of hymns that had been composed to the honour of the gods. He accosted me with an air of friendship; and we entered into conversation. He related past events with such force of expression, that they seemed to be present; and with such comprehensive brevity, that attention was not wearied; and he foresaw the future, by a sagacity that discovered the true characters and dispositions of mankind, and the events which they would produce. But with all this intellectual superiority, he was cheerful and condescending: there is no grace in the utmost gaiety of youth that was not exceeded by Termosiris in his age; and he regarded young persons with a kind of parental affection, when he perceived that they had a disposition to be instructed, and a love for virtue.

“ He soon discovered a tender regard for me; and gave me books to relieve the anxiety of my mind. He called me his son; and I frequently addressed him as a father. “ The gods,” said I, “ who have deprived me of Mentor, have, in pity, sustained me with thy friendship.” He was, without doubt, like Orpheus and Linus, irradiated by the immediate inspiration of the gods. He often repeated verses of his own, and gave me those of many others who had been the favourites of the Muses. When he was habited in his long white robe, and played upon his ivory lyre, the bears, lions, and tigers of the forest, fawned upon him, and licked his feet; the satyrs came from their recesses, and danced round him; and it might almost have been believed, that even the trees and rocks were influenced by the magick of his song, in which he celebrated the majesty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wisdom

“ wisdom of those who prefer glory to
“ pleasure.

“ Termosiris often excited me to
“ courage. He told me that the gods
“ would never abandon either Ulysses
“ or his son; and that I ought, after
“ the example of Apollo, to introduce
“ the shepherds to the acquaintance of
“ the Muses. “ Apollo,” says he,
“ displeased that Jupiter frequently in-
“ terrupted the serenity of the brightest
“ days with thunder, turned his re-
“ sentment against the Cyclops who
“ forged the bolts, and destroyed them
“ with his arrows. Immediately the
“ fiery explosions of Mount Etna
“ ceased; and the strokes of those enor-
“ mous hammers, which had shaken
“ the earth to the centre, were heard
“ no more; iron and brass, which the
“ Cyclops had been used to polish, be-
“ gan now to rust and canker: and
“ Vulcan, quitting his forge, in the
“ fury of his resentment, hastily climb-
“ ed Olympus, notwithstanding his
“ lameness; and, rushing into the as-
“ sembly of the gods, covered with
“ dust and sweat, complained of the
“ injury with all the bitterness of in-
“ vective. Jupiter, being thus in-
“ censed against Apollo, expelled him
“ from Heaven, and threw him down
“ headlong to the earth: but his char-
“ riot, though it was empty, still per-
“ formed it's usual course; and, by
“ an invisible impulse, continued the
“ succession of day and night, and the
“ regular change of seasons to man-
“ kind. Apollo, divested of his rays,
“ was compelled to become a shep-
“ herd, and kept the flocks of Ad-
“ metus, King of Thessaly.

“ While he was thus disgraced, and
“ in exile, he used to soothe his mind
“ with musick, under the shade of some
“ elms that flourished upon the bor-
“ ders of a limpid stream. This drew
“ about him all the neighbouring shep-
“ herds, whose life till then had been
“ rude and brutal; whose knowledge
“ had been confined to the manage-
“ ment of their sheep; and whose
“ country had the appearance of a de-
“ sert. To these savages Apollo, va-
“ rying the subject of his song, taught
“ all the arts by which existence is im-
“ proved into felicity. Sometimes he
“ celebrated the flowers which improve
“ the graces of Spring; the fragrance
“ which she diffuses, and the verdure

“ that rises under her feet; sometimes
“ the delightful evenings of summer,
“ her zephyrs that refresh mankind,
“ and her dews that allay the thirst of
“ the earth: nor were the golden fruits
“ of Autumn forgotten, with which she
“ rewards the labour of the husband-
“ man; nor the chearful idleness of
“ Winter, who piles his fires till they
“ emulate the sun, and invites the
“ youth to dancing and festivity: he
“ described also the gloomy forests
“ with which the mountains are over-
“ shadowed, and the rivers that wind
“ with a pleasing intricacy through the
“ luxuriant meadows of the valley,
“ Thus were the shepherds of Thessaly
“ made acquainted with the happiness
“ that is to be found in a rural life, by
“ those to whom Nature is not bounti-
“ ful in vain: their pipes now render-
“ ed them more happy than kings; and
“ those uncorrupted pleasures which
“ fly from the palace, were invited to
“ the cottage. The shepherdesses were
“ followed by the Sports, the Smiles,
“ and the Graces; and adorned by
“ simplicity and innocence: every day
“ was devoted to joy; and nothing was
“ to be heard but the chirping of birds,
“ the whispers of the zephyrs that
“ sported among the branches of the
“ trees, the murmurs of water falling
“ from a rock, or the songs with which
“ the Muses inspired the shepherds who
“ followed Apollo; they were taught
“ also to conquer in the race, and to
“ shoot with the bow. The gods
“ themselves became jealous of their
“ happiness; they now thought the ob-
“ scurity of a shepherd better than the
“ splendor of a deity, and recalled
“ Apollo to Olympus.

“ By this story, my son, be thou in-
“ structed. Thou art now in the same
“ state with that of Apollo in his
“ exile: like him, therefore, fertilize
“ an uncultivated soil, and call plenty
“ to a desert; teach these rusticks the
“ power of musick, soften the obdu-
“ rate heart to sensibility, and capti-
“ vate the savage with the charms of
“ virtue. Let them taste the pleasures
“ of innocence and retirement; and
“ heighten this felicity with the tran-
“ sporting knowledge, that it is not
“ dependent upon the caprice of For-
“ tune. The day approaches, my
“ son, in which the pains and cares
“ that surround a throne will teach
“ thee



Plate III. Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co Dec^r 24 1784.

“ thee to remember these wilds with regret.”

“ Termofiris then gave me a flute, the tone of which was so melodious, that the echoes of the mountains, which propagated the sound, immediately brought the neighbouring shepherds, in crowds, about me: a divine melody was communicated to my voice; I perceived myself to be under a supernatural influence, and I celebrated the beauties of Nature with all the rapture of enthusiasm. We frequently sung all the day in concert; and sometimes encroached upon the night. The shepherds, forgetting their cottages and their flocks, were fixed motionless as statues about me, while I delivered my instructions; the desert became insensibly less wild and rude; every thing assumed a more pleasing appearance; and the country itself seemed to be improved by the manners of the people.

“ We often assembled to sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, at which Termofiris officiated as priest: the shepherds wore wreaths of laurel in honour of the god; and the shepherdesses were adorned with garlands of flowers, and came dancing with baskets of consecrated gifts upon their heads. After the sacrifice, we made a rural feast: the greatest delicacies were the milk of our goats and sheep, and some dates, figs, grapes, and other fruits, which were fresh gathered by our own hands; the green turf was our seat; and the foliage of the trees afforded us a more pleasing shade than the gilded roofs of a palace. But my reputation among the shepherds was completed by an accident: an hungry lion happened to break in among my flock, and began a dreadful slaughter. I ran towards him, though I had nothing in my hand but my sheep-hook. When he saw me, he erected his mane; he began to grind his teeth, and to extend his claws; his mouth appeared dry and enflamed, and his eyes were red and fiery. I did not wait for his attack; but rushed in upon him, and threw him to the ground: nor did I receive any hurt; for a small coat of mail that I wore, as an Egyptian shepherd, defended me against his claws. Three times I threw him; and he rose three times against me, roaring so loud that

the utmost recesses of the forest echoed; but, at last, I grasped him till he was strangled: and the shepherds, who were witnesses of my conquest, insisted that I should wear his skin as a trophy.

“ This action, and the change of manners among our shepherds, was rumoured through all Egypt, and came at length to the ears of Sesostris: he learnt, that one of the two captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had restored the golden age in the midst of deserts which were scarce habitable, and desired to see me; for he was a friend to the Muses, and regarded, with attention and complacency, whatever appeared to be the means of instruction. I was accordingly brought before him: he listened to my story with pleasure; and soon discovered that he had been abused by the avarice of Metophis. Metophis he therefore condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and took into his own possession the wealth which his rapacity and injustice had heaped together. “ How unhappy,” said he, “ are those whom the gods have exalted above the rest of mankind! They see no object but through a medium which distorts it: they are surrounded by wretches who intercept truth in its approaches; every one imagines that it is his interest to deceive them, and every one conceals his own ambition under the appearance of zeal for their service: that regard is professed for the prince, of which the wealth and honours that he dispenses are indeed the objects; and so flagitious is the neglect of his interest, that for these he is flattered and betrayed.”

“ From this time Sesostris treated me with a tender friendship, and resolved to send me back to Ithaca, in a fleet that should carry troops sufficient to deliver Penelope from all her suitors. This fleet was at length ready to sail, and waited only for our embarkation. I reflected, with wonder, upon the caprice of Fortune, who frequently most exalts those whom, the moment before, she had most depressed: and the experience of this inconstancy encouraged me to hope that Ulysses, whatever he should suffer, might at last return to his kingdom. My thoughts also suggested, that I might
again

again meet with Mentor, even though he should have been carried into the remotest parts of Ethiopia. I therefore delayed my departure a few days, that I might make some enquiry after him: but in this interval, Sesostris, who was very old, died suddenly; and by his death I was involved in new calamities.

This event filled all Egypt with grief and despair; every family lamented Sesostris as it's most valuable friend, it's protector, it's father. The old, lifting up their hands to Heaven, uttered the most passionate exclamations: "O Egypt! thou hast known no king like Sesostris in the times that are past; nor shalt thou know any like him in those that are to come! Ye gods! ye should not have given Sesostris to mankind; or ye should not have taken him away! O wherefore do we survive Sesostris?" The young cried out— "The hope of Egypt is cut off! Our fathers were long happy under the government of a king whom we have known only to regret!" His domesticks wept incessantly; and, during forty days, the inhabitants of the remotest provinces came in crowds to his funeral. Every one was eagerly solicitous yet once more to gaze upon the body of his prince: all desired to preserve the idea in their memory; and some requested to be shut up with him in the tomb.

The loss of Sesostris was more sensibly felt, as Bocchoris his son was destitute of humanity to strangers, and of curiosity for science; of esteem for merit, and love of glory. The greatness of the father contributed to degrade the son: his education had rendered him effeminately voluptuous, and brutally proud; he looked down upon mankind as creatures of an inferior species, that existed only for his pleasure; he thought only of gratifying his passions, and dissipating the immense treasures that had been amassed for publick use by the economy of his father; of procuring new resources for extravagances by the most cruel rapacity, impoverishing the rich, famishing the poor, and perpetrating every other evil that was advised by the beardless sycophants whom he permitted to disgrace his presence; while he drove

away, with derision, the hoary sages in whom his father had confided. Such was Bocchoris; not a king, but a monster. Egypt groaned under his tyranny; and though the reverence of the people for the memory of Sesostris rendered them patient under the government of his son, however odious and cruel, yet he precipitated his own destruction: and, indeed, it was impossible that he should long possess a throne which he so little deserved.

My hopes of returning to Ithaca were now at an end. I was shut up in a tower that stood upon the sea-shore near Pelusium, where we should have embarked, if the death of Sesostris had not prevented us; for Mephibos having, by some intrigue, procured his enlargement, and an admission into the councils of the young king, almost the first act of his power was to imprison me in this place, to revenge the disgrace into which I had brought him. There I passed whole days and nights in the agonies of despair. All that Termodris had predicted, and all that I had heard in the cave, was remembered but as a dream. Sometimes, while I was absorbed in reflections upon my own misery, I stood gazing at the waves that broke against the foot of the tower; and sometimes I contemplated the vessels that were agitated by the tempest, and in danger of splitting against the rocks upon which the tower was built: but I was so far from commiserating those who were threatened with shipwreck, that I regarded them with envy. "Their misfortunes," said I to myself, "and their lives, will quickly be at an end together; or they will return in safety to their country: but neither is permitted to me!"

One day, while I was thus pining with ineffectual sorrow, I suddenly perceived the masts of ships at a distance like a forest: the sea was presently covered with sails swelling with the wind, and the waves foamed with the stroke of innumerable oars. I heard a confused sound on every side. On the sea-coast I perceived one party of Egyptians run to arms with terror and precipitation; and another waiting quietly for the fleet which was bearing down upon them. I soon discovered

discovered that some of these vessels were of Phœnicia, and others of the Isle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes had acquainted me with many things that relate to navigation. The Egyptians appeared to be divided among themselves; and I could easily believe that the folly and the violence of Bocchoris had provoked his subjects to a revolt, and kindled a civil war: nor was it long before I became a spectator of an obstinate engagement from the top of my tower. Those Egyptians who had called in the assistance of the foreign power, after having favoured the descent, attacked the other party, which was commanded by the king, and animated by his example. He appeared like the god of war; rivers of blood flowed around him; the wheels of his chariot were smeared with gore that was black, clotted, and frothy, and could scarce be dragged over the heaps of slain, which they crushed as they passed: his figure was graceful, and his constitution vigorous; his aspect was haughty and fierce, and his eyes sparkled with rage and despair. Like a high-spirited horse that had never been broke, he was precipitated upon danger by his courage, and his force was not directed by wisdom: he knew not how to retrieve an error, nor to give orders with sufficient exactness; he neither foresaw the evils that threatened him, nor employed the troops he had to the greatest advantage, though he was in the utmost need of more; not that he wanted abilities, for his understanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been instructed by Adversity. Those who had been entrusted with his education had corrupted an excellent natural disposition by flattery: he was intoxicated with the consciousness of his power, and the advantages of his situation; he believed that every thing ought to yield to the

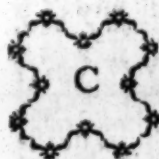
impetuosity of his wishes, and the least appearance of opposition transported him with rage; he was then deaf to the expostulations of Reason, and had no longer the power of reflection. The fury of his pride transformed him to a brute, and left him neither the affections nor the understanding of a man: the most faithful of his servants fled terrified from his presence; and he was gentle only to the most abject servility, and the most criminal compliance. Thus his conduct, always violent, was always directly opposite to his interest; and he was detested by all whose approbation is to be desired. His valour now sustained him long against a multitude of his enemies; but, at length, the dart of a Phœnician entered his breast; the reins dropped from his hands, and I saw him fall from his chariot under the feet of his horses. A soldier of the Isle of Cyprus immediately struck off his head; and, holding it up by the hair, shewed it to the confederates as a trophy of their victory. Of this head no time or circumstance can ever obliterate the idea: methinks I still see it dropping blood; the eyes closed and sunk; the visage pale and disfigured; the mouth half open, as if it would still finish the interrupted sentence; and the look which, even in death, was haughty and threatening. Nor shall I forget, if the gods hereafter place me upon a throne, so dreadful a demonstration, that a king is not worthy to command, nor can be happy in the exercise of his power, but in proportion as he is himself obedient to reason. Alas! how deplorable is his state, who, by the perversion of that power with which the gods have invested him as the instrument of publick happiness, diffuses misery among the multitudes that he governs, and who is known to be a king only as he is a curse!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS,
BOOK III.



ALYPSO was astonished at the wisdom which she discovered in Telemachus; but she was delighted with his ingenuous confession of the errors into which he had been betrayed by the precipitation of his own resolutions, and by his neglect of Mentor's counsel. She was surprized to perceive in a youth such strength and dignity of mind as enabled him to judge of his own actions with impartiality; and, by a review of the failings of his life, become prudent, cautious, and deliberate. "Proceed," said she, "my dear Telemachus; for I am impatient to know by what means you escaped from Egypt, and where you again found Mentor, whose loss you had so much reason to regret." Telemachus then continued his relation.

"The party of Egyptians who had preserved their virtue and their loyalty, being greatly inferior to the rebels, were obliged to yield when the king fell. Another prince, whose name was Termutis, was established in his stead; and the Phœnician and Cyprian troops, after they had concluded a treaty with him, departed. By this treaty, all the Phœnician prisoners were to be restored; and, as I was deemed one of the number, I was set at liberty, and put on board with the

rest: a change of fortune which once more dissipated the gloom of despair, and diffused the dawn of hope in my bosom.

"Our sails were now swelled by a prosperous wind, and the foaming waves were divided by our oars; the spacious deep was covered with vessels, the mariners shouted, the shores of Egypt fled from us, and the hills and mountains grew level by degrees: our view began to be bounded only by the sea and the sky; and the sparkling fires of the sun, which was rising, seemed to emerge from the abyss of waters; his rays tinged with gold the tops of the mountains, which were still just to be perceived in the horizon; and the deep azure with which the whole firmament was painted, was an omen of a happy voyage.

"Though I had been dismissed as a Phœnician, yet I was not known to any of those with whom I embarked; and Narbal, who commanded the vessel, asked me my name and my country. "Of what city of Phœnicia are you?" said he. "Of none," I replied; "but I was taken at sea in a Phœnician vessel, and, as a Phœnician, remained captive in Egypt; under this name I have been long a slave; and by this name I am at length free." — "Of what country are

"are you, then?" said Narbal. "I am," said I, "Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, King of Ithaca, an island of Greece: my father has acquired a mighty name among the confederate princes who laid siege to Troy; but the gods have not permitted him to return to his kingdom. I have sought him in many countries; and am, like him, persecuted by Fortune. I am wretched, though my life is private, and my wishes are few; I am wretched, though I desire no happiness but the endearments of my family, and the protection of my father."

Narbal gazed upon me with astonishment, and thought he perceived in my aspect something that distinguishes the favourites of Heaven. He was, by nature, generous and sincere; my misfortunes excited his compassion; and he addressed me with a confidence which the gods, doubtless, inspired for my preservation in the most imminent danger.

"Telemachus," said he, "I doubt not the truth of what you have told me: such, indeed, are the signatures of candour and integrity which I discover in your countenance, that it is not in my power to suspect you of falsehood. I am irresistibly determined, by a secret impulse, to believe that you are beloved of the gods, whom I have always served, and that it is their pleasure I also should love you as my son: I will, therefore, give you salutary counsel, for which I ask no return but secrecy."—"Fear not," said I, "that I should find it difficult to be silent; for, however young, it is long since I learned not to reveal my own secret, much less not to betray, under any pretence, the secret of another."—"By what means," said he, "could the habit of secrecy be acquired by a child? I should rejoice to learn how that may be attained early, without which a prudent conduct is impossible, and every other qualification useless."

"I have been informed," said I, "that when Ulysses went to the siege of Troy, he placed me upon his knees, threw his arms about me, and after having kissed me with the utmost tenderness, pronounced these

words, though I could not then understand their import: "O my son! may the gods ordain me to perish before I see thee again; or, may the Fatal Sisters cut the thread of thy life while it is yet short, as the reaper cuts down a tender flower that is but beginning to blow; may my enemies dash thee in pieces before the eyes of thy mother and of me, if thou art one day to be corrupted, and seduced from virtue! O my friends, I leave with you this son, whom I so tenderly love: watch over his infancy; if you have any love for me, keep flattery far from him; and, while he is yet flexible, like a young plant, keep him upright: but, above all, let nothing be forgotten that may render him just, beneficent, sincere, and secret. He that is capable of a lie, deserves not the name of a man; and he that knows not how to be silent, is unworthy the dignity of a prince."

"I have repeated the very words of Ulysses to you, because, to me, they have been repeated so often, that they perpetually occur to my mind; and I frequently repeat them to myself. The friends of my father began very early to teach me secrecy, by giving me frequent opportunities to practise it; and I made so rapid a progress in the art, that, while I was yet an infant, they communicated to me their apprehensions from the crowd of presumptuous rivals that addressed my mother. At that time they treated me, not as a child, but as a man, whose reason might assist them, and in whose firmness they could confide: they frequently conferred with me, in private, upon the most important subjects; and communicated the schemes which had been formed to deliver Penelope from her suitors. I exulted in this confidence, which I considered as a proof of my real dignity and importance; I was therefore ambitious to sustain my character, and never suffered the least intimation of what had been entrusted with me as a secret to escape me. The suitors often engaged me to talk, hoping that a child, who had seen or heard any circumstance of importance, would relate it without caution

“ or design: but I had learnt to answer
 “ them, without forfeiting my veracity,
 “ or disclosing my secret.”

“ Narbal then addressed me in these
 “ terms: “ You see, Telemachus, of
 “ what power the Phœnicians are pos-
 “ sessed, and how much their innu-
 “ merable fleets are dreaded by the
 “ neighbouring nations. The com-
 “ merce which they have extended to
 “ the Pillars of Hercules has given
 “ them riches, which the most flourish-
 “ ing countries cannot supply to them-
 “ selves: even the great Sesostris could
 “ never have prevailed against them at
 “ sea; and the veterans, by whom he
 “ had subjugated all the East, found it
 “ extremely difficult to conquer them
 “ in the field. He imposed a tribute,
 “ which they have long neglected to
 “ pay; for they are too sensible of their
 “ own wealth and power to stoop pa-
 “ tiently under the yoke of subjection:
 “ they have, therefore, thrown it off;
 “ and the war which Sesostris com-
 “ menced against them has been ter-
 “ minated by his death. The power
 “ of Sesostris was, indeed, rendered
 “ formidable by his policy; but when,
 “ without his policy, his power de-
 “ scended to his son, it was no longer
 “ to be dreaded; and the Egyptians,
 “ instead of entering Phœnicia with a
 “ military force to reduce to obedience
 “ a revolted people, have been com-
 “ pelled to call in the assistance of the
 “ Phœnicians, to deliver them from the
 “ oppression of an impious tyrant.
 “ This deliverance the Phœnicians
 “ have effected, and added new glory
 “ to independence, and new power to
 “ wealth.

“ But while we deliver others, we en-
 “ slave ourselves. O Telemachus! do
 “ not rashly put your life into the hands
 “ of Pygmalion our king: his hands
 “ are already stained with the blood of
 “ Sichæus, the husband of Dido his
 “ sister; and Dido, impatient to revenge
 “ his death, is fled, with the greater
 “ part of the friends of virtue and of
 “ liberty, in a numerous fleet, from
 “ Tyre, and has laid the foundations
 “ of a magnificent city on the coast of
 “ Africa, which she calls Carthage.
 “ An insatiable thirst of riches renders
 “ Pygmalion, every day, more wretch-
 “ ed and more detestable. In his do-
 “ minions it is a crime to be wealthy:
 “ avarice makes him jealous, suspici-

“ ous, and cruel; he persecutes the
 “ rich, and he dreads the poor.

“ But, at Tyre, to be virtuous is yet
 “ a greater crime than to be wealthy;
 “ for Pygmalion supposes, that virtue
 “ cannot patiently endure a conduct
 “ that is unjust and infamous; and, as
 “ virtue is an enemy to Pygmalion,
 “ Pygmalion is an enemy to virtue.
 “ Every incident torments him with
 “ inquietude, perplexity, and appre-
 “ hension; he is terrified at his own
 “ shadow; and sleep is a stranger to his
 “ eyes. The gods have punished him,
 “ by heaping treasures before him
 “ which he does not dare to enjoy;
 “ and that in which alone he seeks for
 “ happiness is the source of his misery.
 “ He regrets whatever he gives; he
 “ dreads the loss of the wealth which
 “ he possesses, and sacrifices every com-
 “ fort to the acquisition of more. He is
 “ scarce ever to be seen; but sits in the
 “ inmost recess of his palace, alone,
 “ pensive, and dejected; his friends
 “ dare not approach him, for to ap-
 “ proach him is to be suspected as an
 “ enemy. A guard, with swords drawn,
 “ and pikes levelled, surrounds his
 “ dwelling with an horrid security;
 “ and the apartment in which he hides
 “ himself consists of thirty chambers,
 “ which communicate with each other,
 “ and to each of which there is an iron
 “ door with six bolts. It is never
 “ known in which of these chambers
 “ he passes the night; and it is said,
 “ that, the better to secure himself
 “ against assassination, he never sleeps
 “ in the same two nights together. He
 “ is equally insensible to the joys of
 “ society, and the more refined and
 “ tender delights of friendship. If
 “ he is excited to the pursuit of plea-
 “ sure, he perceives that pleasure is far
 “ from him, and sits down in despair.
 “ His eyes are hollow, eager, and
 “ piercing; and he is continually look-
 “ ing round him with a restless and in-
 “ quisitive suspicion. At every noise,
 “ however trivial, he starts, listens, is
 “ alarmed, and trembles; he is pale
 “ and emaciated; the gloom of care is
 “ diffused over his countenance, and his
 “ brow is contracted into wrinkles.
 “ He seldom speaks, but he sighs per-
 “ petually; and the remorse and an-
 “ guish of his mind are discovered by
 “ groans, which he endeavours in vain
 “ to suppress: the richest delicacies of
 “ his

“ his table are tasteless; and his children, whom he has made his most dangerous enemies, are not the objects of hope, but of terror. He believes himself to be in perpetual danger; and attempts his own preservation, by cutting off all those whom he fears; not knowing that cruelty, in which alone he confides for safety, will inevitably precipitate his destruction; and that some of his domestics, dreading the effects of his caprice and suspicion, will suddenly deliver the world from so horrid a monster.

“ As for me, I fear the gods; and will, at whatever hazard, continue faithful to the king whom they have set over me; I had rather he should take away my life than lift my hand against his, or neglect to defend him against the attempts of another. But do not you, O Telemachus, acquaint him with the name of your father; for he will then certainly shut you up in prison, hoping that Ulysses, when he returns to Ithaca, will pay him a large sum for your ransom.”

“ When we arrived at Tyre, I followed the counsel of Narbal, and was soon convinced that all he had related was true; though, before, I could scarce conceive it possible for any man to render himself so extremely wretched as he had represented Pygmalion.

“ I was the more sensibly touched at the appearances of his tyranny and wretchedness, as they had the force of novelty; and I said to myself—“ This is the man who has been seeking happiness, and imagined it was to be found in unlimited power and inexhaustible wealth: wealth and power he has acquired, but the acquisition has made him miserable. If he was a shepherd, as I have lately been, he would be equally happy in the enjoyment of rural pleasures, which, as they are innocent, are never regretted; he would fear neither daggers nor poison, but would be the love and the lover of mankind: he would not, indeed, possess that immense treasure, which, to him who hides it, is useless as an heap of sand; but he would rejoice in the bounty of Nature, by which every want would be supplied. He appears to act only by the dictates of his own will; but he is, indeed,

“ the slave of appetite: he is condemned to do the drudgery of avarice, and to smart under the scourge of fear and suspicion. He appears to have dominion over others, but he is not the master even of himself; for, in every irregular passion, he has not only a master, but a tormentor.”

“ Such were my reflections upon the condition of Pygmalion, without having seen him; for he was seen by none; and his people could only gaze, with a kind of secret dread, upon those lofty towers which were surrounded night and day by his guards, and in which he had immured himself with his treasures as in a prison. I compared this invisible king with Sesostris, the mild, the affable, the good; who was so easy of access to his subjects, and so desirous to converse with strangers; so attentive to all who wished to be heard, and so inquisitive after truth, which those who surround a throne are solicitous to conceal. “ Sesostris.” I said I, “ feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he shewed himself to all his subjects as to his children; but, by Pygmalion, every thing is to be feared, and he fears every thing. This execrable tyrant is in perpetual danger of a violent death, even in the centre of his inaccessible palace, and surrounded by his guards; but the good Sesostris, when his people were gathered in crowds about him, was in perfect safety, like a kind father, who, in his own house, is surrounded by his children.”

“ Pygmalion gave orders to send back the troops of the Isle of Cyprus, who, to fulfil a treaty, had assisted his own in their expedition to Egypt; and Narbal took this opportunity to set me at liberty. He caused me to pass in review, among the Cyprian soldiers; for the king always enquired into the minutest incidents with the most scrupulous suspicion. The failing of negligent and indolent princes is the giving themselves up, with a boundless and implicit confidence, to the discretion of some crafty and iniquitous favourite; but the failing of Pygmalion was, to suspect the most ingenuous and upright: he knew not how to distinguish the native features of integrity from the mask of dissimulation; for Integrity, who disdained to approach so corrupt a prince, he

he had never seen; and he had been so often defrauded and betrayed, and had so often detected every species of vice under the semblance of virtue, in the wretches who were about him, that he imagined every man walked in disguise, that virtue existed only in idea, and that all men were nearly the same. When he found one man fraudulent and corrupt, he took no care to displace him for another, because he took it for granted that another would be as bad: and he had a worse opinion of those in whom he discovered an appearance of merit, than of those who were most openly vicious; because he believed them to be equally knaves, and greater hypocrites.

But, to return to myself. The piercing suspicion of the king did not distinguish me from the Cyprian soldiers; but Narbal trembled for fear of a discovery, which would have been fatal both to him and to me: he therefore expressed the utmost impatience to see me embark; but I was detained at Tyre a considerable time by contrary winds.

During this interval I acquainted myself with the manners of the Phœnicians, a people that were become famous through all the known world. I admired the situation of the city, which is built upon an island in the midst of the sea. The neighbouring coast is rendered extremely delightful by its uncommon fertility, the exquisite flavour of its fruits, the number of towns and villages which are almost contiguous to each other, and the excellent temperature of the climate: it is sheltered by a ridge of mountains from the burning winds that pass over the southern continent, and refreshed by the northern breezes that blow from the sea. It is situated at the foot of Libanus, whose head is concealed within the clouds, and hoary with everlasting frost. Torrents of water, mingled with snow, rush from the craggy precipices that surround it; and at a small distance below is a vast forest of cedars, which appear to be as ancient as the earth, and almost as lofty as the sky. The declivity of the mountain below the forest is covered with pasture, where innumerable cattle and sheep are continually feeding, among a thousand rivulets of the purest water: and at

the foot of the mountain below the pastures, the plain has the appearance of a garden, where spring and autumn seem to unite their influence, to produce at once both flowers and fruit, which are never parched by the pestilential heat of the southern blast, nor blighted by the piercing cold of the northern tempest.

Near this delightful coast, the island on which Tyre is built emerges from the sea. The city seems to float upon the waters, and looks like the sovereign of the deep. It is crowded with merchants of every nation; and its inhabitants are themselves the most eminent merchants in the world. It appears, at first, not to be the city of any particular people, but to be common to all, as the centre of their commerce. There are two large moles, which, like two arms stretched out into the sea, embrace a spacious harbour, which is a shelter from every wind. The vessels in this harbour are so numerous, as almost to hide the water in which they float; and the masts look at a distance like a forest. All the citizens of Tyre apply themselves to trade; and their wealth does not render them impatient of that labour by which it is increased. Their city abounds with the fine linen of Egypt, and cloth that has been doubly dyed with the Tyrian purple; a colour which has a lustre that time itself can scarce diminish, and which they frequently heighten by embroidery of gold and silver. The commerce of the Phœnicians extends to the Straits of Gades; they have even entered the vast ocean by which the world is encircled, and made long voyages up the Red Sea to islands which are unknown to the rest of mankind, from whence they bring gold, perfumes, and many animals that are to be found in no other country.

I gazed, with insatiable curiosity, upon this great city, in which every thing was in motion; and where none of those idle and inquisitive persons are to be found, who, in Greece, saunter about the publick places in quest of news, or observe the foreigners who come on shore in the port. The men are busied in unloading the vessels, in sending away, or in selling their merchandize, in putting

putting their warehouses in order, or in keeping an account of the sums due to them from foreign merchants; and the women are constantly employed in spinning wool, in drawing patterns for embroidery, or in folding up rich stuffs.

"By what means," said I to Narbal: "have the Phœnicians monopolized the commerce of the world, and enriched themselves at the expence of every other nation?" — "You see the means," answered Narbal; "the situation of Tyre renders it more fit for commerce than any other place; and the invention of navigation is the peculiar glory of our country. If the accounts are to be believed that are transmitted to us from the most remote antiquity, the Tyrians rendered the waves subservient to their purpose long before Typhus and the Argonauts became the boast of Greece: they were the first who defied the rage of the billows and the tempest on a few floating planks, and fathomed the abysses of the ocean. They reduced the theories of Egyptian and Babylonian science to practice, regulating their course, where there was no landmark, by the stars; and they brought innumerable nations together which the sea had separated. The Tyrians are ingenious, persevering, and laborious: they have, beside, great manual dexterity; and are remarkable for temperance and frugality. The laws are executed with the most scrupulous punctuality; the people are, among themselves, perfectly unanimous; and, to strangers they are, above all others, friendly, courteous, and faithful.

"Such are the means; nor is it necessary to seek for any other, by which they have subjected the sea to their dominion, and included every nation in their commerce. But if jealousy and faction should break in among them; if they should be seduced by pleasure, or by indolence; if the great should regard labour and oeconomy with contempt, and the manual arts should no longer be deemed honourable; if publick faith should not be kept with the stranger, and the laws of a free commerce should be violated; if manufactures should be neglected, and

those sums spared which are necessary to render every commodity perfect in it's kind; that power, which is now the object of your admiration, would be soon at an end."

"But how," said I, "can such a commerce be established at Ithaca?" — "By the same means," said he, "that have established it here. Receive all strangers with readiness and hospitality; let them find safety, convenience, and liberty, in your ports; and be careful never to disgust them by avarice or pride. He that would succeed in a project of gain, must never attempt to gain too much; and, upon proper occasions, must know how to lose. Endeavour to gain the good will of foreigners; rather suffer some injury than offend them by doing justice to yourself; and, especially, do not keep them at a distance by an haughty behaviour. Let the laws of trade be neither complicated nor burdensome; but do not violate them yourself, nor suffer them to be violated with impunity. Always punish fraud with severity; nor let even the negligence or prodigality of a trader escape; for follies, as well as vice, effectually ruin trade, by ruining those who carry it on. But, above all, never restrain the freedom of commerce, by rendering it subservient to your own immediate gain; the pecuniary advantages of commerce should be left wholly to those by whose labour it subsists, lest this labour, for want of a sufficient motive, should cease: there are more than equivalent advantages of another kind, which must necessarily result to the prince, from the wealth which a free commerce will bring into his state; and commerce is a kind of spring, which, to divert from it's natural channel, is to lose. There are but two things which invite foreigners, profit and convenience: if you render commerce less convenient, or less gainful, they will insensibly forsake you; and those that once depart will never return; because other nations, taking advantage of your imprudence, will invite them to their ports, and an habit will soon be contracted of trading without you. It must, indeed, be confessed, that the glory
"even

“ even of Tyre has for some time
 “ been obscured. O my dear Tele-
 “ machus, hadst thou beheld it before
 “ the reign of Pygmalion, how much
 “ greater would have been thy asto-
 “ nishment! The remains of Tyre
 “ only are now to be seen; ruins
 “ which have yet the appearance of
 “ magnificence, but will shortly be
 “ mingled with the dust. O unhappy
 “ Tyre! to what a wretch art thou
 “ subjected; thou, to whom, as to the
 “ sovereign of the world, the sea so
 “ lately rolled the tribute of every
 “ nation!

“ Both strangers and subjects are
 “ equally dreaded by Pygmalion; and,
 “ instead of throwing open our ports
 “ to traders of the most remote coun-
 “ tries, like his predecessors, without
 “ any stipulation or enquiry, he de-
 “ mands an exact account of the num-
 “ ber of vessels that arrive, the coun-
 “ tries to which they belong, the name
 “ of every person on board, the man-
 “ ner of their trading, the species and
 “ the value of their commodities, and
 “ the time they are to continue upon
 “ his coast: but this is not the worst;
 “ for he puts in practice all the little
 “ artifices of cunning to draw the fo-
 “ reign merchants into some breach of
 “ his innumerable regulations, that,
 “ under the appearance of justice, he
 “ may confiscate their goods. He is
 “ perpetually harrassing those persons
 “ whom he imagines to be most weal-
 “ thy; and increasing, under various
 “ pretences, the incumbrances of trade,
 “ by multiplying taxes: he affects to
 “ merchandize himself; but every one
 “ is afraid to deal with him. And
 “ thus commerce languishes; foreign-
 “ ers forget, by degrees, the way to
 “ Tyre, with which they were once so
 “ well acquainted: and, if Pygmalion
 “ persists in a conduct so impolitick
 “ and so injurious, our glory and our
 “ power will be transferred to some
 “ other nation, which is governed up-
 “ on better principles.”

“ I then enquired of Narbal by what
 “ means the Tyrians had become so
 “ powerful at sea; for I was not willing
 “ to be ignorant of any of the arts of
 “ government. “ We have,” said he,
 “ the forests of Lebanon, which fur-
 “ nish sufficient timber for building
 “ ships; and we are careful to reserve
 “ it all for that purpose, never suffer-

“ ing a single tree to be felled but for
 “ the use of the publick: and we have
 “ a great number of artificers, who are
 “ very skilful in this species of archi-
 “ tecture.”—“ Where could these ar-
 “ tificers be procured?” said I. “ They
 “ are the gradual produce,” said he,
 “ of our own country. When those
 “ who excel in any art are constantly
 “ and liberally rewarded, it will soon
 “ be practised in the greatest possible
 “ perfection: for persons of the highest
 “ abilities will always apply them-
 “ selves to those arts by which great
 “ rewards are to be obtained. But,
 “ besides pecuniary rewards, whoever
 “ excels in any art or science upon
 “ which navigation depends, receives
 “ great honour: a good geometrician
 “ is much respected; an able astron-
 “ omer yet more; and no rewards are
 “ thought too great for a pilot who
 “ excels in his profession. A skilful
 “ carpenter is not only well paid, but
 “ treated with some deference; and
 “ even a dextrous rower is sure of a
 “ reward proportioned to his services;
 “ his provision is the best of it’s kind,
 “ proper care is taken of him when he
 “ is sick, and of his wife and children
 “ when he is absent: if any perish by
 “ shipwreck, their families are pro-
 “ vided for; and those who have been
 “ in the service a certain number of
 “ years are dismissed with honour, and
 “ enabled to spend the remainder of
 “ their days without labour or solici-
 “ tude. We are, therefore, never in
 “ want of skilful mariners; for it is
 “ the ambition of every father to
 “ qualify his son for so advantageous
 “ a station: and boys, almost as soon
 “ as they can walk, are taught to ma-
 “ nage an oar, to climb the throwls,
 “ and to despise a storm. Men are
 “ thus rendered willingly subservient
 “ to the purposes of government, by
 “ an administration so regular, that it
 “ operates with the force of custom;
 “ and by rewards so certain, that the
 “ impulse of hope is irresistible: and,
 “ indeed, by authority alone little can
 “ be effected; mere obedience, like
 “ that of a vassal to his lord, is not
 “ sufficient; obedience must be ani-
 “ mated by affection; and men must
 “ find their own advantage in that la-
 “ bour which is necessary to effect the
 “ purposes of others.”

“ After this discourse, Narbal car-
 “ ried

ried me to the publick storehouses, the arsenals, and all the manufactories that relate to the shipping. I enquired minutely into every article, and wrote down all that I learned, lest some useful circumstance should afterwards be forgotten.

But Narbal, who was well acquainted with the temper of Pygmalion, and had conceived a zealous affection for me, was still impatient for my departure, dreading a discovery by the king's spies, who were night and day going about the city: but the wind would not yet permit me to embark; and one day, while we were busied in examining the harbour with more than common attention, and questioning several merchants of commercial affairs, one of Pygmalion's officers came up to Narbal, and said—"The king has just learned, from the captain of one of the vessels which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought hither a person who passes for a native of Cyprus; but who is, indeed, a stranger of some other country. It is the king's pleasure that this person be immediately secured, and the country to which he belongs certainly known; and for this you are to answer with your head." Just at this moment I had left Narbal at a little distance, to examine more nearly the proportions of a Tyrian vessel, which was almost new, and which was said to be the best sailer that had ever entered the port; and I was then stating some questions to the shipwright under whose directions it had been built.

Narbal answered, with the utmost consternation and terror, that the foreigner was really a native of the Island of Cyprus, and that he would immediately go in search of him: but the moment the officer was out of sight, he ran to me, and acquainted me with my danger. "My apprehensions," said he, "were but too just: my dear Telemachus, our ruin is inevitable. The king, who is night and day tormented with mistrust, suspects that you are not a Cyprian; and has commanded me to secure your person under pain of death. What shall we do? May the gods deliver us by more than human wisdom, or we perish! I must

produce you to the king; but do you confidently affirm that you are a Cyprian, of the city of Amathus, and son of a statuary of Venus. I will confirm your account, by declaring that I was formerly acquainted with your father; and perhaps the king, without entering into a more severe scrutiny, will suffer you to depart: this, however, is the only expedient by which a chance of life can be procured for us both."

To this counsel of Narbal I answered—"Let an unhappy wretch perish, whose destruction is the decree of Fate! I can die without terror; and I would not involve you in my calamity, because I would live without ingratitude: but I cannot consent to lie. I am a Greek; and to say that I am a Cyprian, is to cease to be a man: the gods, who know my sincerity, may, if it is consistent with their wisdom, preserve me by their power; but fear shall never seduce me to attempt my own preservation by falsehood."

"This falsehood," answered Narbal, "is wholly without guilt; nor can it be condemned even by the gods: it will produce ill to none; it will preserve the innocent; and it will no otherwise deceive the king, than as it will prevent his incurring the guilt of cruelty and injustice. Your love of virtue is romantic, and your zeal for religion superstitious."

"That it is a falsehood," said I, "is to me a sufficient proof that it can never become a man who speaks in the presence of the gods, and is under perpetual and unlimited obligations to truth. He who offers violence to truth, as he counteracts the dictates of conscience, must offend the gods, and injure himself: do not, therefore, urge me to a conduct that is unworthy both of you and of me. If the gods regard us with pity, they can easily effect our deliverance; and if they suffer us to perish, we shall die the martyrs of truth, and leave one example to mankind, that virtue has been preferred to life. My life has been already too long, since it has been only a series of misfortunes; and it is the danger of your's only, my dear Narbal, that I regret. Why, alas!

F "should

“ should your friendship for a wretched fugitive be fatal to yourself?”

“ This dispute, which had continued a considerable time, was at length interrupted by the arrival of a person, who had run till he was not able immediately to speak; but we soon learned that he was another of the king’s officers, and had been dispatched by Astarbe. Astarbe had beauty that appeared to be more than human, and a mind that had almost the power of fascination; her general manner was sprightly, and her particular address soft and insinuating: but, with all this power to please, she was, like the Syrens, cruel and malignant; and knew how to conceal the worst purposes by inscrutable dissimulation. She had gained an absolute ascendancy over Pygmalion by her beauty and her wit, the sweetness of her song, and the harmony of her lyre; and Pygmalion, in the ardour of his passion for this mistress, had put away Topha his queen. He thought only how he should gratify Astarbe, who was enterprising and ambitious; and his avarice, however infamous, was scarce more a curse than his extravagant fondness for this woman. But, though he was passionately enamoured of her, she regarded him with contempt and aversion: she disguised, indeed, her real sentiments, and appeared to desire life itself only as the means of enjoying his society, at the very moment in which her heart sickened at his approach.

“ At this time there was at Tyre a young Lydian named Melachon, who was extremely beautiful, but dissolute, voluptuous, and effeminate: his principal care was to preserve the delicacy of his complexion, and to spread his flaxen hair in ringlets over his shoulders, to perfume his person, adjust his dress, and chaunt amorous ditties to the musick of his lyre. Of this youth Astarbe became enamoured to distraction; but he declined her favours, because he was himself equally enamoured of another, and dreaded the jealousy of the king. Astarbe perceived herself slighted; and, in the rage of disappointment, resolved that he who rejected her love, should at least gratify her revenge: she thought of representing

“ Melachon to the king as the stranger whom he had been informed Narbal had brought into Tyre, and after whom he had caused enquiry to be made. In this fraud she succeeded by her own arts of persuasion, and by bribing to secrecy all who might have discovered it to Pygmalion: for as he neither loved virtue himself, nor could discover it in others, he was surrounded by abandoned mercenaries, who would, without scruple, execute his commands, however iniquitous and cruel. To these wretches the authority of Astarbe was formidable; and they assisted her to deceive the king, lest they should give offence to an imperious woman, who monopolized his confidence. Thus Melachon, though known to be a Lydian by the whole city, was cast into prison, as the foreigner whom Narbal had brought out of Egypt.

“ But Astarbe, fearing that, if Narbal should come before the king, he might discover the imposture, dispatched this officer with the utmost expedition, who delivered her commands in these words. “ It is the pleasure of Astarbe that you do not discover the stranger whom you brought hither to the king: she requires nothing of you but to be silent, and will herself be answerable for whatever is necessary to your justification; but let your friend immediately embark with the Cyprians, that he may be no more seen in the city.” Narbal, who received this proposal of deliverance with ecstasy, readily promised to fulfil the conditions; and the officer, well satisfied to have succeeded in his commission, returned to Astarbe to make his report.

“ Upon this occasion, we could not but admire the Divine Goodness, which had so suddenly rewarded our integrity, and interposed, almost by a miracle, in favour of them that were ready to have sacrificed every thing to truth: and we reflected, with horror, upon a king who had given himself up to avarice and sensuality. “ He who is thus suspicious of deceit,” said we, “ deserves to be deceived; and, indeed, that which he deserves he suffers: for, as he suspects the upright of hypocrisy, he puts himself into the hands of wretches who
“ profess

" profess the villainy that they prac-
 " tise; and almost every other person
 " in the kingdom perceives the fraud
 " by which he is over-reached. Thus,
 " while Pygmalion is made the tool of
 " a shameless strumpet, the gods ren-
 " der the falshood of the wicked an
 " instrument of preservation to the
 " righteous, to whom it is less dread-
 " ful to perish than to lie!"

" At the very time in which we were
 " making these reflections, we perceived
 " the wind change. It now blew fair
 " for the Cyprian fleet; and Narbal
 " cried out—" The gods declare for
 " thee, my dear Telemachus, and will
 " compleat thy deliverance! Fly from
 " this cruel, this execrable coast! To
 " follow thee, to whatever climate—to
 " follow thee in life and death—would
 " be happiness and honour! But, alas!
 " Fate has connected me with this
 " wretched country: with my country
 " I am born to suffer; and, perhaps,
 " in her ruins I shall perish! But of
 " what moment is this, if my tongue
 " shall be still faithful to truth, and my
 " heart shall hold fast it's integrity!
 " As for thee, my dear Telemachus,
 " may the gods, who guide thee by
 " their wisdom, reward thee to the ut-

" most of their bounty, by giving and
 " continuing to thee that virtue which
 " is pure, generous, and exalted!
 " Mayest thou survive every danger,
 " return in safety to Ithaca, and deli-
 " ver Penelope from the presumption
 " of her suitors! May thy eyes behold,
 " and thy arms embrace, the wise U-
 " lysses thy father; and may he re-
 " joice in a son that will yet add new
 " honours to his name! But, in the
 " midst of thy felicity, suffer, at least,
 " the sorrows of friendship, the pleas-
 " ing anguish of virtue, to steal upon
 " thee for a moment; and remember
 " unhappy Narbal with a sigh, that
 " shall at once express his misfortunes
 " and thy affection."

" My heart melted within me as he
 " spoke; and, when he expected my re-
 " ply, I threw myself upon his neck,
 " and bedewed it with my tears, but
 " was unable to utter a word: we there-
 " fore embraced in silence; and he then
 " conducted me to the vessel. While
 " we weighed anchor, he stood upon
 " the beach; and, when the vessel was
 " under sail, we mutually looked to-
 " wards each other, till the object be-
 " came confused, and at length totally
 " disappeared."

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK IV.



ALYPSO, who had, till this instant, sat motionless, and listening, with inexpressible delight, to the adventures of Telemachus, now interrupted him, that he might enjoy some respite. 'It is time,' said she, 'that, after so many toils, you should taste the sweets of repose. In this island you have nothing to fear; every thing is here subservient to your wishes; open your hearts, therefore, to joy, and make room for all the blessings of peace, which the gods are preparing for you: and to-morrow, when the rosy fingers of Aurora shall unlock the golden doors of the east, and the steeds of Phœbus shall spring up from the deep, diffusing the beams of day, and driving before them the stars of Heaven, the history of your misfortunes, my dear Telemachus, shall be resumed. You have exceeded even your father in wisdom and in courage: nor has Achilles, the conqueror of Hector; nor Theseus, who returned from hell; nor even the great Alcides, who delivered the earth from so many monsters; displayed either fortitude or virtue equal to yours. May one deep and unbroken slumber render the night short to you! though, to me, alas! it will be wearisome and long. With

' what impatience shall I desire again to see you; to hear your voice; to urge you to repeat what I have been told already; and enquire after what I am still to learn! Go, then, my dear Telemachus, with that friend whom the bounty of the gods has again restored; retire into the grotto which has been prepared for your repose. May Morpheus shed his benignant influence upon your eye-lids, that are now heavy with watching, and diffuse a pleasing languor through your limbs, that are fatigued by labour! May he cause the most delightful dreams to sport around you; fill your imagination with gay ideas; and keep far from you whatever might chace them away too soon!'

The goddess then conducted Telemachus into the separate grotto, which was not less rural, or pleasant, than her own. In one part of it, the lulling murmurs of a fountain invited sleep to the weary; and in another, the nymphs had prepared two beds of the softest moss, and covered them with two large skins; one with that of a lion for Telemachus, and the other with that of a bear for Mentor.

They were now alone; but Mentor, before he resigned his eyes to sleep, spoke thus to Telemachus. 'The pleasure of relating your adventures has ensnared you; for, by displaying the

the dangers which you have surmounted by your courage and your ingenuity, you have captivated Calypso; and, in proportion as you have enflamed her passions, you have ensured your own captivity. Can it be hoped that she will suffer him to depart who has displayed such power to please? You have been betrayed to indiscretion by your vanity. She promised to relate some stories to you, and to acquaint you with the adventures and the fate of Ulysses; but she has found means to say much without giving you any information, and to draw from you whatever she desired to know. Such are the arts of the flatterer and the wanton! When, O Telemachus! will you be wise enough to resist the impulse of vanity, and know how to suppress incidents that do you honour, when it is not fit they should be related? Others, indeed, admire the wisdom which you possess at an age in which they think folly might be forgiven: but I can forgive you nothing; your heart is known only to me, and there is no other who loves you well enough to tell you your faults. How much does your father still surpass you in wisdom?

Could I then, answered Telemachus, have refused an account of my misfortunes to Calypso?—No, replied Mentor; but you should have gratified her curiosity only by reciting such circumstances as might have raised her compassion: you might have told her that, after having long wandered from place to place, you was first a captive in Sicily, and then a slave in Egypt. This would have been enough; and all that was more served only to render that poison more active which now rages at her heart; a poison from which I pray the gods that thy heart may be defended.

But what can now be done? said Telemachus. Now, replied Mentor, the sequel of your story cannot be suppressed: Calypso knows too much to be deceived in that which she has yet to learn; and to attempt it would be only to displease her. Proceed, therefore, to-morrow, in your account of all that the gods have done for you; and speak another time with more modesty of such ac-

tions of your own as may be thought to merit praise. This salutary advice was received by Telemachus with the same friendship with which it was given by Mentor; and they immediately lay down to rest.

As soon as the first rays of Phoebus glanced upon the mountains, Mentor heard the voice of Calypso calling to her nymphs in the neighbouring wood, and awakened Telemachus. It is time, said he, to repress the encroachment of sleep: let us now return to Calypso, but put no confidence in her words; shut your heart against her, and dread the delicious poison of her praise. Yesterday she exalted you above the wise Ulysses your father, and the invincible Achilles; above Theseus, who filled the earth with his fame; and Hercules, who obtained a place in the skies. Did you perceive the excess of such adulation, or did you believe her praises to be just? Calypso herself laughs in secret at so romantick a falsehood, which she uttered only because she believed you to be so vain as to be gratified by the grossest flattery, and so weak as to be imposed upon by the most extravagant improbability.

They now approached the place where they were expected by the goddesses. The moment she perceived them, she forced a smile, and attempted to conceal, under the appearance of joy, the dread and anxiety which agitated her bosom; for she foresaw that, under the direction of Mentor, Telemachus, like Ulysses, would elude her snares. Come, said she, my dear Telemachus, and relieve me from the impatience of curiosity: I have dreamed all the night of your departure from Phœnicia, to seek new adventures in the Isle of Cyprus. Let us not, therefore, lose another moment: make haste to satisfy me with knowledge; and put an end to the illusions of conjecture. They then sat down upon grass that was intermingled with violets, and a lofty grove spread its shadow over them.

Calypso could not refrain from looking frequently, with the most passionate tenderness, at Telemachus; nor perceive, without indignation, that every glance of her eye was remarked by Mentor. All her nymphs silently ranged

ranged themselves in a semicircle, and leaned forward with the utmost eagerness of attention: the eyes of the whole assembly were immoveably fixed upon Telemachus; who, looking downward, and blushing with the most graceful modesty, thus continued his narrative.

“Our sails had not been long filled with the gentle breath of a favouring wind, before the level coast of Phœnicia disappeared. As I was now associated with Cyprians, of whose manners I was totally ignorant, I determined to remain silent, that I might the better remark all that passed; and recommend myself to my companions by the most scrupulous decorum. But, during my silence, a deep sleep stole insensibly upon me; the voluntary exercise of all my faculties was suspended: I sunk into the most luxurious tranquillity, and my heart overflowed with delight. On a sudden I thought the clouds parted, and that I saw Venus in her chariot drawn by two doves; she appeared in all that radiance of beauty, that gaiety of youth, that smiling softness, and irresistible grace, which the Thunderer himself could scarce stedfastly behold, when she first issued from the foam of the sea. I thought she descended with astonishing rapidity, and in a moment reached the spot on which I stood; that she then, with a smile, laid her hand upon my shoulder, and pronounced these words:—“Young Greek, thou art now about to enter into my dominions: thou shalt shortly arrive at that fortunate island where every pleasure springs up under my steps; there thou shalt burn incense upon my altars, and I will lavish upon thee inexhaustible delight: let thy heart, therefore, indulge the utmost luxuriancy of hope, and reject not the happiness which the most powerful of all the deities is now willing to bestow.”

“At the same time I perceived the boy Cupid fluttering, on his little wings, round his mother. The lovely softness and laughing simplicity of childhood appeared in his countenance; but, in his eyes, which sparkled with a piercing brightness, there was something that I could not behold without fear. He looked at me, indeed, with a smile; but it was the

“malignant smile of derision and cruelty: he selected from his golden quiver the keenest of all his arrows; and, having bent his bow, the shaft was just parting from the string, when Minerva suddenly appeared, and lifted her immortal ægis before me. In her aspect there was not that exquisite softness, that amorous languor, which I had remarked in the countenance and attitude of Venus: the beauty of Minerva was simple, chaste, and unaffected; all was easy and natural, yet spirited, striking, and majestic. The shaft of Cupid, not having sufficient force to penetrate the shield that intercepted it, fell to the ground; and the god, touched at once with shame and indignation, withdrew his bow, and betrayed his disappointment by a sigh. “Away! presumptuous boy!” said Minerva; “thou hast power only over the base, who prefer the sordid pleasures of sensuality to the sublime enjoyments of wisdom, virtue, and honour.” Love, blushing with restrained anger, flew away without reply; and Venus again ascending to Olympus, I long traced her chariot and her doves in a cloud of intermingled azure and gold; but, at length, they were not to be distinguished: and when I turned my eyes downwards, I perceived that Minerva also had disappeared.

“I then fancied myself transported to a delightful garden, which revived in my mind the descriptions that I had heard of Elysium. Here I met with Mentor, who accosted me in these words: “Fly from this fatal country, this island of contagion, where every breeze is tainted with sensuality, where the most heroick virtue has cause for fear, and safety can be obtained only by flight!” The moment I saw Mentor, I attempted to throw my arms about him in an extasy of joy; but I strove in vain to lift my feet from the ground, my knees failed under me, and my arms closed over an empty shade which eluded their grasp. The effort waked me; and I perceived that this mysterious dream was a divine admonition. A more animated resolution against pleasure, and greater diffidence of my own virtue, concurred to make me detest the effeminate and voluptuous manners of the Cyprians: but

‘ but I was most affected by the apprehension that Mentor was dead; and that, having passed the irremediable waters of the Styx, he was fixed for ever in the blissful dwellings of the just.

‘ I mused upon this imaginary loss till I burst into tears; and being observed by the mariners, they asked me why I wept. I replied, that it might easily be guessed why an unhappy fugitive, who despaired of returning to his country, should weep. In the mean time, however, all the Cyprians that were on board gave themselves up to the most extravagant merriment: the rowers, indeed, to whom a mere suspension of labour was luxury, fell asleep upon their oars; but the pilot, who had quitted the helm, and crowned himself with flowers, held in his hand an enormous bowl, which he had almost emptied of wine; and, with the rest of the crew, who were equally intoxicated, roared out such songs to the praise of Venus and Cupid, as no man who has a reverence for virtue can hear without horror.

‘ While they were thus thoughtless of danger, a sudden tempest began to trouble the ocean, and obscure the sky. The winds, as in the wild ardour of unexpected freedom, were heard bellowing among the sails, and the waves dashed against the sides of the vessel, which groaned under the strokes. We now floated on the ridge of a stupendous mountain, which the next moment seemed to glide from under us, and leave us buried in the abyss; we perceived also some rocks near us, and heard the billows break against them with a dreadful noise. I had often heard Mentor say, that the effeminate and voluptuous are never brave; and I now found, by experience, that it was true; for the Cyprians, whose jollity had been so extravagant and tumultuous, now sunk under a sense of their danger, and wept like women. I heard nothing but the screams of terror, and the wailings of hopeless distress: some lamented the loss of pleasures that were never to return; and some made idle vows of sacrifice to the gods if they reached their port in safety; but none had presence of mind either to undertake or direct the na-

vigation of the vessel. In this situation I thought it my duty to save the lives of my associates, by saving my own: I therefore took the helm into my own hand, the pilot being so intoxicated as to be wholly insensible of the danger of the vessel; I encouraged the affrighted mariners, and I ordered the sails to be taken in. The men rowed vigorously; and we soon found ourselves clear of the rocks, among which we had beheld all the horrors of death at so near a view.

‘ This event had the appearance of a dream to the mariners, who were indebted to me for their lives; and they looked upon me with astonishment. We arrived at the Isle of Cyprus in that month of the spring which is consecrated to Venus; a season which the Cyprians believe to be under the influence of this goddess, because all nature then appears to be animated with new vigour, and pleasure seems to spring up spontaneously with the flowers of the field.

‘ As soon as I went on shore, I perceived a certain softness in the air, which, though it rendered the body indolent and inactive, yet brought on a disposition to gaiety and wantonness: and, indeed, the inhabitants were so averse to labour, that the country, though extremely fertile and pleasant, was almost wholly uncultivated. I met, in every street, crowds of women loosely dressed, singing the praises of Venus, and going to dedicate themselves to the service of her temple. Beauty and pleasure sparkled in their countenances; but their beauty was tainted by affectation; and the modest simplicity, from which female charms principally derive their power, was wanting: the dissolute air, the studied look, the flaunting dress, and the lascivious gait, the expressive glances that seemed to wander in search after those of the men, the visible emulation who should kindle the most ardent passion, and whatever else I discovered in these women, moved only my contempt and aversion, and I was disgusted by all that they did with a desire to please.

‘ I was conducted to a temple of the goddess, of which there are several in the island; for she is worshipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. That which I visited was at Cythera: the structure,

structure, which is all of marble, is a compleat peristyle; and the columns are so large and lofty, that it's appearance is extremely majestick. On each front, over the architrave and frieze, are large pediments, on which the most entertaining adventures of the goddesses are represented in bas-relief. There is a perpetual crowd of people with offerings at the gate; but within the limits of the consecrated ground no victim is ever slain; the fat of bulls and heifers is never burnt, as at other temples; nor are the rites of Pleasure profaned with their blood. The beasts that are here offered are only presented before the altar; nor are any accepted but those that are young, white, and without blemish: they are dressed with purple fillets embroidered with gold, and their horns are decorated with gilding and flowers. After they have been presented, they are led to a proper place at a considerable distance, and killed for the banquet of the priests.

Perfumed liquors are also offered, and wines of the richest flavour. The habit of the priests is a long white robe, fringed with gold at the bottom, and bound round them with a golden girdle; the richest aromatics of the East burn night and day upon the altars, and the smoke rises in a cloud of fragrance to the skies. All the columns of the temple are adorned with festoons; all the sacrificial vessels are of gold; and the whole building is surrounded by a consecrated grove of odoriferous myrtle. None are permitted to present the victims to the priest, or to kindle the halloved fire, but boys and girls of consummate beauty. But this temple, however magnificent, was rendered infamous by the dissolute manners of the votaries.

What I saw in this place struck me at first with horror; but at length, by insensible degrees, it became familiar. I was no longer alarmed at the appearance of vice; the manners of the company had a kind of contagious influence upon me; my innocence was universally derided; and my modesty and reserve became the sport of impudence and buffoonery; every art was practised to excite my passions, to ensnare me by temptation, and to kindle the love of plea-

sure in my breast. I perceived that I was, every day, less capable of resistance; the influence of education was surmounted; my virtuous resolutions melted away; I could no longer struggle against evils that pressed upon me on every side; and from dreading vice, I came at length to be ashamed of virtue. I was like a man who attempts to swim a deep and rapid river; his first efforts are vigorous, and he makes way against the stream; but, if the shores are steep, and he cannot rest himself upon the bank, he grows weary by degrees; his strength is exhausted; his limbs become stiff with fatigue; and he is carried away by the torrent. Thus my eyes began to grow dim to the deformity of vice, and my heart shrunk from the toil of virtue; I could no longer call in the powers of reason to my assistance, nor remember the example of my father with emulation: the dream, in which I had seen Mentor in the fields of Elysium, repressed the last feeble effort of my virtue, by cutting off all hopes of support; a pleasing languor stole insensibly upon me; and I felt, what I knew to be, poison glide from vein to vein, and diffuse itself through every limb with a secret satisfaction: yet, by sudden starts, I deplored my captivity with sighs and tears; sometimes I pined with regret, and sometimes I raved with indignation. "How wretched a period of life," said I, "is youth! Wherefore did the gods, who cruelly sport with the calamities of men, ordain them to pass through that state, which is divided between the sports of folly and the agonies of desire? Why is not my head already hoary, and why do not my steps falter on the brink of the grave? Why am I not already like Laertes, whose son is my father? Death itself would be more eligible than the shameful weakness to which I am now conscious!" But these exclamations had no sooner burst from me, than my anguish would abate; and my conscience, lulled again by the opiates of sensuality, would again cease to be susceptible of shame; till some sudden thought would rouse me once more to sensibility, and sting me with yet keener remorse.

In

" In this state of perplexity and anguish I frequently wandered about in the consecrated grove, like a hart that has been wounded by the hunters; the speed of the hart reaches the distant forest in a moment; but he carries the tormenting shaft in his side: thus I vainly attempted to escape from myself; for the anguish of my breast could not be alleviated by changing place.

" I was one day in this situation, when, at some distance before me, in the most gloomy part of the grove, I thought I discovered Mentor; but, upon a nearer approach, his countenance appeared so pale, and expressed such a mixture of grief and austerity, that I felt no joy in his presence. "Can it be thou," said I, "my dearest friend, my only hope! Can it be thou thyself in very deed? Or do I thus gaze upon a fleeting illusion? Is it Mentor? or is it the spirit of Mentor, that is still touched with my misfortunes? Art not thou numbered among the happy spirits, who rejoice in the fruition of their own virtue; to which the gods have superadded the pure and everlasting pleasures of Elysium? Speak, Mentor; dost thou yet live? Am I again happy in thy counsel, or art thou only the manes of my friend?" As I pronounced these words, I ran towards him breathless and transported: he calmly waited for me, without advancing a single step; but the gods only know with what joy I perceived that he filled my grasp. "No, it is not an empty shade; I hold him fast; I embrace my dear Mentor!"

" Thus I expressed the tumult of my mind in broken exclamations; till, bursting into tears, I hung upon his neck without power to speak. He continued to look stedfastly at me with a mixture of grief, tenderness, and compassion; and at last I found words. "Alas," said I, "whence art thou come? What dangers have surrounded me in thy absence! and what should I now have done without thee!" Mentor, not regarding my questions, cried out, in a voice that shook me with terror—"Fly! delay not a moment to fly. The very fruits of this soil are poison; the air is pestilential; the inhabitants themselves are contagious, and speak only

" to diffuse the most deadly venom. Sordid and infamous sensuality, the most dreadful evil that issued from the box of Pandora, corrupts every heart, and eradicates every virtue. Fly! wherefore dost thou linger? Fly! cast not one look behind thee; nor let even thy thought return to this accursed island for a moment."

" While he yet spoke, I perceived, as it were, a thick cloud vanish from before me, and my eyes were once more illuminated with the rays of unbroken light. My heart was elated with a peaceful yet vigorous joy, very different from the dissolute and tumultuous pleasures of desire: one is the joy of phrenzy and confusion, a perpetual transition from outrageous passion to the keenest remorse; the other is the calm and equal felicity of reason, which participates of divine beatitude, and can neither satiate nor be exhausted; it filled all my breast, and overflowed in tears; nor is there on earth any higher enjoyment than thus to weep. "Happy," said I, "are those by whom Virtue vouchsafes to be seen in all her beauty! thus to behold her, is to love her; and to love her is to be happy."

" But my attention was recalled to Mentor: "I must leave you," said he; "nor can my stay be protracted a moment."—"Whither dost thou go, then?" said I. "To what desert will I not follow thee! Think not to depart without me, for I will rather die at thy feet!" Immediately I caught hold of him, and held him with all my force. "It is in vain," said he, "that thy zeal attempts to detain me: I was sold by Metopis to the Arabs or Ethiopians, who, being on a trading journey to Damascus in Syria, determined to part with me, imagining that they could sell me for a large sum to one Hazael, a man who was seeking after a Grecian slave, to acquaint him with the manners of the country, and instruct him in the sciences: nor were they mistaken; for I was purchased by Hazael at a very high price. The knowledge which he soon acquired of the Grecian policy inclined him to go into Crete, to study the laws of Minos; the voyage was immediately undertaken; but we were driven, by contrary winds, to Cyprus; and he

" has taken this opportunity to make his
 " offering at the temple. I see him now
 " coming out; a favourable wind al-
 " ready fills our sails, and calls us on
 " board. Farewel, my dear Telema-
 " chus! A slave, who fears the gods,
 " cannot dispense with his obligation
 " to attend his master; the gods have
 " made me the property of another;
 " and they know, that if I had any
 " right in myself, I would transfer it to
 " you. Farewel! remember the at-
 " chievements of Ulysses, and the tears
 " of Penelope; remember also, that the
 " gods are just.—Ye powers, who are
 " the protectors of the innocent, in
 " what a country am I compelled to
 " leave Telemachus!"—"No," said
 " I, " my dear Mentor, here thou canst
 " not leave me; for I will rather pe-
 " rish than suffer thee to depart with-
 " out me. But has thy Syrian ma-
 " ster no compassion? Will he tear
 " thee, by violence, from my arms?
 " He must either take away my life, or
 " suffer me to follow thee. Thou hast
 " thyself exhorted me to fly! why,
 " then, am I forbidden to fly with thee?
 " I will speak myself to Hazael; per-
 " haps he may regard my youth and
 " my distress with pity. He, who is
 " so enamoured of Wisdom as to seek
 " her in distant countries, cannot sure-
 " ly have a savage or an insensible heart.
 " I will throw myself at his feet; I
 " will embrace his knees; and will not
 " suffer him to depart, till he has con-
 " sented that I should follow thee.
 " My dear Mentor, I will wear the
 " chains of slavery with thee! I will
 " offer myself to Hazael; and if he re-
 " jects me, my lot is thrown; and I will
 " seek reception, where I know I shall
 " find it, in the grave."

" Just as I had pronounced these
 " words, Mentor was called by Ha-
 " zael, before whom I immediately fell
 " prostrate on the ground. Hazael,
 " who was astonished to see a stranger
 " in that posture, asked what I would
 " request. " I request my life," said
 " I; " for, if I am not permitted to fol-
 " low Mentor, who is your servant,
 " I must die. The son of the great
 " Ulysses is before thee, who surpassed
 " in wisdom all the Grecian princes;
 " by whom Troy, a city famous
 " throughout all Asia, was overturn-
 " ed; but think not that I boast the
 " dignity of my birth to exact a tribute

" to my vanity; I mean only to strength-
 " en the claim of misfortune to thy
 " pity. I have wandered from coast
 " to coast, in search of my father, with
 " this person, whom Friendship has
 " made a father to me; but Fortune
 " has at length compleated my cala-
 " mity, by taking him from me: he is
 " now thy slave; let me, therefore, be
 " thy slave also. If thou art, indeed,
 " a lover of justice, and art going to
 " Crete to acquaint thyself with the
 " laws of Minos, thou wilt not resist
 " the importunity of my distress. Thou
 " seest the son of a mighty prince re-
 " duced to sue for slavery, as the only
 " possible condition of comfort: there
 " was a time when I preferred death
 " to servitude in Sicily; but evils which
 " I there suffered were but the first
 " essays of the rage of Fortune. I now
 " tremble, lest I should not be admit-
 " ted into that state, which then I
 " would have died to shun. May the
 " gods look down on my misfortunes!
 " and may Hazael remember Minos,
 " whose wisdom he admires, and whose
 " judgment shall, in the realms of
 " Pluto, pass upon us both."

" Hazael looked upon me with great
 " complacency and humanity; and, giv-
 " ing me his hand, raised me from the
 " ground. " I am not ignorant," said he,
 " of the wisdom and virtue of Ulysses;
 " I have been often told what glory
 " he acquired among the Greeks by
 " Mentor; and Fame has made his
 " name familiar to all the nations of
 " the East. Follow me, son of Ulysses!
 " I will be your father, till you
 " find him from whom you have de-
 " rived your being. If I had no sense
 " of the glory of Ulysses, or of his
 " misfortunes, or of yours, the friend-
 " ship which I bear to Mentor would
 " alone induce me to take care of you:
 " I bought him, indeed, as a slave; but
 " he is now mine by a nobler con-
 " nexion; for the money that he cost
 " me procured me the dearest and most
 " valuable of all my friends. In him
 " I have found that wisdom which I
 " sought; and to him I owe all the
 " love of virtue that I have acquired:
 " this moment, therefore, I restore his
 " freedom, and continue thine; I re-
 " nounce your service, and require
 " only your esteem."

" The most piercing anguish was now
 " changed in a moment to unutterable
 " joy.

joy. I perceived myself delivered from total ruin; I was approaching my country; I was favoured with assistance that might enable me to reach it; I had the consolation of being near a person whose love for me had no foundation but the love of virtue; and whatever else could contribute to my felicity was comprehended in my meeting with Mentor to part no more.

Hazael proceeded directly to the port, followed by Mentor and myself, and we all embarked together: the peaceful waves were divided by our oars; and a gentle breeze, which sported in our sails, seemed as it were to animate our bark, and impel it forward with an easy motion. Cyprus quickly disappeared; and Hazael, who was impatient to know my sentiments, asked me what I thought of the manners of that island. I told him ingenuously the dangers to which my youth had been exposed, and the conflict which had agitated my bosom. He was touched at my horror of vice; and cried out—"Venus, I acknowledge thy power, and that of thy son; and I have burnt incense upon thy altars: but forgive me, if I detest that infamous effeminacy which prevails in thy dominions, and the brutal sensuality which is practised at thy feasts."

He then discoursed with Mentor of that First Power which produced the heavens and the earth; that Infinite and Immutible Intelligence which communicates itself to all, but is not divided; that Sovereign and Universal Truth which illuminates intellectual nature, as the sun enlightens the material world. "He who has never perceived this pure emanation of Divinity," said Hazael, "is blind as those who are born without sight; he passes through life in darkness, like that which involves the polar regions, where the night is protracted to half the year; he believes himself to be wise, but is indeed a fool; he imagines that his eye comprehends every object, yet he lives and dies without seeing any thing; or, at most, he perceives only some fleeting illusions by a glimmering and deceitful light; some unsubstantial vapours, that are every moment changing their colour and shape, and

at length fade into total obscurity: such is the state of every man who is captivated by the pleasures of sense, and allured by the gaudy phantoms of imagination! Indeed, none are worthy the name of men but those who walk by the dictates of eternal Reason, who love and follow the guiding ray that is vouchsafed from above; it is by this Reason that we are inspired, when our thoughts are good; and by this we are reprov'd, when they are evil; from this we derive intelligence and life; this is an ocean, of which we are but small streams, that are quickly re-absorbed in the abyss from which they flowed!"

This discourse, indeed, I did not perfectly comprehend; yet I perceived something in it that was elevated and refined; and my heart caught fire at the beams of truth, which glanced within the verge of my understanding. They proceeded to talk of the origin of the gods, of heroes, poets, the golden age, and the universal deluge; of the river of Oblivion, in which the souls of the dead are plunged; the perpetual punishment that is inflicted upon the wicked in the gloomy gulf of Tartarus; and of that happy tranquillity which is enjoyed in the fields of Elysium by the spirits of the just, who exult in the assurance that it shall last for ever.

While Hazael and Mentor were discoursing on these topics, we perceived several dolphins approaching, whose scales were varied with azure and gold, and whose sport swelled the sea into waves, and covered it with foam; these were followed by tritons, who, with their spiral shells, emulated the musick of the trumpet; and in the midst of them appeared the chariot of Amphitrite, drawn by sea-horses whiter than snow; which dividing the waves as they passed, left behind them long furrows in the deep; fire sparkled in their eyes, and from their nostrils issued clouds of smoke: the chariot of the goddess was a shell, whiter and more bright than ivory, of a wonderful figure; it was mounted upon wheels of gold, and seemed almost to fly over the level surface of the water; a great number of young nymphs swam in a crowd after the

' chariot; and their hair, which was de-
 ' corated with flowers, flowed loosely
 ' behind them, and wanted in the
 ' breeze. The goddess held in one
 ' hand a sceptre of gold, with which
 ' she awed the waves to obedience;
 ' and, with the other, she held the lit-
 ' tle god Palemon, her son, whom she
 ' suckled; upon her lap: such sweet-
 ' ness and majesty were expressed in
 ' her countenance, that the rebellious
 ' winds dispersed at her appearance,
 ' and gloomy tempests howled only at
 ' a distance. The tritons guided the
 ' horses with golden reins; and a large
 ' purple sail waved above, which was
 ' but half distended by a multitude of

' little zephyrs, who laboured to swell
 ' it with their breath. In the mid-air
 ' appeared Æolus, busy, restless, and
 ' vehement; his wrinkled and morose
 ' countenance, his hoarse and threaten-
 ' ing voice, his shaggy brows which
 ' hung down to his beard, and the sul-
 ' len austerity that gleamed in his eyes,
 ' awed the hurricanes of the north to
 ' silence, and drove back the clouds to
 ' the horizon. Whales of an enor-
 ' mous size, and all the monsters of
 ' the deep, that caused the sea to ebb
 ' and flow with their nostrils, rushed
 ' from their secret recesses, and came
 ' in haste to gaze upon the goddess.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK V.



SOON after the goddess
' and her train disappear-
' ed, we began to discover
' the mountains of Crete,
' though we could yet
' scarce distinguish them
' from the clouds of Heaven, and the
' waves of the sea; but it was not long
' before the summit of Mount Ida was
' seen, towering above the neighbour-
' ing mountains, as the spreading ant-
' lers of a stag are distinguished among
' the young fawns that surround him.
' By degrees we discovered more dis-
' tinctly the coast of the island, which
' had the appearance of an amphi-
' theatre. As, in Cyprus, the soil was
' wild and uncultivated; in Crete, it
' was fertilized and enriched with
' every kind of fruit by the labour of
' its inhabitants.

' We perceived innumerable villages
' that were well built, towns that were
' little inferior to cities, and cities that
' were in the highest degree magnifi-
' cent: there was no field on which the
' husbandman had not impressed the
' characters of diligence and labour;
' the plough was every where to be
' traced; and there was scarce a bram-
' ble or a weed to be found in the
' island. We remarked, with plea-
' sure, the deep vallies in which nume-
' rous herds of cattle were grazing,
' among many rivulets that enriched

' the soil; the sheep that were feeding
' on the declivity of the hills; the spa-
' cious plains that were covered with
' the golden bounty of Ceres; and the
' mountains that were adorned with
' the lively verdure of the vine, and
' clusters of grapes that were already
' tinged with blue, and promised the
' blessing of Bacchus, wine, which
' soothes anxiety to peace, and ani-
' mates weariness with new vigour.

' Mentor told us, that he had before
' been in Crete, and acquainted us with
' whatever he knew of the country.
' "This island," said he, "which is
' admired by all foreigners, and fa-
' mous for its hundred cities, produ-
' ces all the necessaries of life in great
' plenty for its inhabitants, although
' they are almost innumerable; for
' the earth is always profusely boun-
' tiful to those who cultivate it, and
' its treasures are inexhaustible. The
' greater the number of inhabitants in
' any country, the greater plenty they
' enjoy, if they are not idle; nor have
' they any cause to be jealous of each
' other. The Earth, like a good pa-
' rent, multiplies her gifts, in propor-
' tion to the number of her children,
' who merit her bounty by their la-
' bour. The ambition and the ava-
' rice of mankind are the only sources
' of their calamities; every individual
' wishes to possess the portion of all,
' " and

“ and becomes wretched by the desire
 “ of superfluities. If men would be
 “ content with the simplicity of na-
 “ ture, and wish only to satisfy their
 “ real necessities, plenty, cheerfulness,
 “ domestick concord, and public tran-
 “ quillity, would be uninterrupted and
 “ universal.

“ A deep knowledge of these im-
 “ portant truths was the glory of Mi-
 “ nos, the wisest legislator, and the best
 “ of kings. All the wonders of this
 “ island are the effects of his laws; the
 “ education which he prescribed for
 “ children renders the body healthy and
 “ robust, and forms an early habit of
 “ frugality and labour. That every
 “ species and degree of voluptuousness
 “ will proportionably debilitate both
 “ the body and the mind, is an esta-
 “ blished maxim; and no pleasure is
 “ proposed as the object of desire but
 “ that of becoming invincible by he-
 “ roick virtue, and distinguished from
 “ others by superior glory: courage is
 “ not considered as the contempt of
 “ death only in the field of battle, but
 “ of superfluous wealth and shameful
 “ pleasure. And three vices are pu-
 “ nished in Crete, which in every other
 “ country are suffered with impunity;
 “ ingratitude, dissimulation, and ava-
 “ rice.

“ It might, perhaps, be expected,
 “ that there should be some law against
 “ luxury and pomp; but at Crete lux-
 “ ury and pomp are not known. Every
 “ man labours, and no man thinks of
 “ becoming rich; labour is thought to
 “ be sufficiently recompensed by a life
 “ of quiet and regularity, in which all
 “ that the wants of nature have made
 “ necessary is enjoyed in plenty and in
 “ peace. No splendid palace nor costly
 “ furniture, no magnificent apparel or
 “ voluptuous festivity, is permitted:
 “ the habits are, indeed, made of the
 “ finest wool, and dyed of the most
 “ beautiful colours; but they are per-
 “ fectly plain, and without embroide-
 “ ry. Their meals, at which they
 “ drink little wine, are extremely tem-
 “ perate, consisting chiefly of bread,
 “ such fruits as the season produces,
 “ and milk: if they ever taste animal
 “ food, it is in a small quantity, plain-
 “ ly dressed, and of the coarsest kind;
 “ for they always reserve the finest cat-
 “ tle for labour, that agriculture may
 “ flourish. The houses are neat, con-

“ venient, and pleasant, but without
 “ ornament: architecture is, indeed,
 “ well known among them, in it's ut-
 “ most elegance and magnificence; but
 “ the practice of this art is reserved for
 “ the temples of the gods, and it is
 “ thought presumptuous in a mortal to
 “ have a dwelling like theirs. The
 “ wealth of the Cretans consists in
 “ health, vigour, and courage, domes-
 “ tick quiet and concord, public li-
 “ berty, plenty of all that is necessary,
 “ and contempt of all that is superflu-
 “ ous; an habit of industry, an abhor-
 “ rence of idleness, an emulation in
 “ virtue, submission to the laws, and a
 “ reverence of the gods.”

“ I enquired what were the bounds
 “ of the sovereign authority; and Men-
 “ tor answered—“ The authority of the
 “ king over the subject is absolute, but
 “ the authority of the law is absolute
 “ over him; his power to do good is
 “ unlimited, but he is restrained from
 “ doing evil. The laws have put the
 “ people into his hands as the most va-
 “ luable deposit, upon condition that
 “ he shall treat them as his children;
 “ for it is the intent of the law, that
 “ the wisdom and equity of one man
 “ shall be the happiness of many, and
 “ not that the wretchedness and slavery
 “ of many should gratify the pride and
 “ luxury of one. The king ought to
 “ possess nothing more than the sub-
 “ ject, but in proportion as more is ne-
 “ cessary to alleviate the fatigue of his
 “ station, and impress upon the minds
 “ of the people a reverence of that au-
 “ thority by which the laws are exe-
 “ cuted. In every other respect the
 “ king should indulge himself less, as
 “ well in ease as in pleasure, and should
 “ be less disposed to the pomp and
 “ the pride of life than any other man:
 “ he ought not to be distinguished from
 “ the rest of mankind by the greatness
 “ of his wealth, or the variety of his
 “ enjoyments, but by superior wisdom,
 “ more heroick virtue, and more splen-
 “ did glory. Abroad he ought to be
 “ the defender of his country, by com-
 “ manding her armies; and, at home,
 “ the judge of his people, distributing
 “ justice among them, improving their
 “ morals, and increasing their felicity.
 “ It is not for himself that the gods
 “ have entrusted him with royalty; he
 “ is exalted above individuals only
 “ that he may be the servant of the pub-
 “ lick;

" lick: to the publick he owes all his
 " time, the publick should engage all
 " his attention, and his love should
 " have no object but the publick; for
 " he deserves dignity only in propor-
 " tion as he gives up private enjoy-
 " ments for the publick good. Minos
 " directed, that his children should not
 " succeed to his throne, but upon con-
 " dition that they should govern by
 " these maxims; for he loved his peo-
 " ple yet more than his family; and
 " by this wise institution he ensured
 " power and happiness to his king-
 " dom. Thus did Minos, the peace-
 " ful legislator, eclipse the glory of
 " mighty conquerors, who sacrificed
 " nations to their own vanity, and
 " imagined they were great. The pow-
 " er of these tyrants, after a few years,
 " left them in the grave; but the jus-
 " tice of Minos has placed him on a
 " more awful tribunal in the world of
 " spirits, where he distributes everlast-
 " ing rewards and punishments as the
 " supreme judge of the dead."

" As we were listening to Mentor, we
 " arrived at the island: and, as soon as
 " we came on shore, we viewed the cele-
 " brated labyrinth which had been built
 " by Dædalus, in imitation of that of
 " much larger extent which we had
 " seen in Egypt. While we were con-
 " templating this curious edifice, we
 " perceived all the coast covered with a
 " multitude of people, who gathered in
 " a crowd at a place not far distant
 " from the sea; we enquired the cause
 " of this commotion, and our curiosity
 " was immediately gratified by a Cre-
 " tan, whose name was Nausicrates.

" Idomeneus," said he, " the son of
 " Deucalion, and grandson of Minos,
 " accompanied the other princes of
 " Greece in their expedition against
 " Troy; and after the destruction of
 " that city he set sail for Crete; but they
 " were overtaken by so violent a tem-
 " pest, that the pilot, and all the per-
 " sons on board the vessel, who were
 " skilled in navigation, believed their
 " shipwreck to be inevitable. Death
 " was present to every imagination;
 " every one thought he saw the abyss
 " open to swallow him; and every one
 " deplored the misfortune, which did
 " not leave him the mournful hope of
 " that imperfect rest, to which the spi-
 " rits of the dead are admitted beyond
 " the waters of the Styx, after funeral

" rites have been paid to the body. In
 " this situation Idomeneus, lifting up
 " his hands and his eyes to Heaven,
 " and invoking Neptune, cried out—
 " O mighty Deity, to whom belong
 " the dominions of the deep, vouchsafe
 " to hear me in this uttermost distress!
 " If thou wilt protect me from the fury
 " of the waves, and restore me in safe-
 " ty to my country, I will offer up to
 " thee the first living object that I see
 " at my return!"

" In the mean time, his son halted
 " to meet him with all the ardour of
 " filial affection, and pleased himself
 " with the thought of receiving the first
 " embrace. Unhappy youth! he knew
 " not that to hasten to his father was
 " to rush upon destruction. Idome-
 " neus, escaping the tempest, arrived
 " at his port, and returned thanks to
 " Neptune for having heard his vow;
 " but he was soon sensible of the fatal
 " effects it would produce. A certain
 " presage of misfortune made him re-
 " pent his indiscretion with the utmost
 " anguish of mind; he dreaded his arri-
 " val among his people, and thought
 " of meeting those who were most dear
 " to him with horror: but Nemesis, a
 " cruel and inexorable goddess, who
 " is ever vigilant to punish mankind,
 " and rejoices to humble the mighty
 " and the proud, impelled him for-
 " ward with a fatal and invisible hand.
 " He proceeded from the vessel to the
 " shore; but he had scarce ventured to
 " lift up his eyes when he beheld his
 " son: he started back, pale and trem-
 " bling; he turned his eyes on every
 " side to find another victim to whom
 " he was less tenderly allied; but it
 " was too late! His son sprung to him,
 " and threw his arms round his neck;
 " but perceived, with astonishment,
 " that, instead of returning his caresses,
 " he stood motionless, and at length
 " burst into tears.

" O my father!" said he, " what
 " is the cause of this sorrow? After so
 " long an absence, art thou grieved to
 " return to thy people, and restore hap-
 " piness to thy son? In what, alas!
 " have I offended? Thy eyes are still
 " turned from me, as if they loathed
 " or dreaded to behold me!" The fa-
 " ther, overwhelmed with grief, was
 " not yet able to reply; but, after some
 " sighs that struggled in his bosom had
 " burst away, he cried out—" O Nep-
 " tune!

"tune! what have I promised thee?
 "On what condition hast thou pre-
 "served me from shipwreck? O leave
 "me again to the billows and the
 "rocks! Let me be dashed to pieces,
 "and swallowed in the deep; but pre-
 "serve my son! Cruel and unrelent-
 "ing god! let my blood be accepted
 "as a recompence for his!" He then
 "snatched out his sword, and at-
 "tempted to plunge it in his bosom;
 "but those who stood near him held
 "back his hand: and Sophronimus,
 "an hoary prophet, who had long in-
 "terpreted the will of the gods, as-
 "sured him that Neptune might be
 "satisfied without the death of his
 "son. "Your vow," said he, "was
 "rash and iniquitous; the gods are
 "not honoured, but offended, by cruel-
 "ty: do not, therefore, add one enor-
 "mity to another, and violate the
 "laws of nature to accomplish that
 "vow which it was a crime to make.
 "Select an hundred bulls, whiter than
 "snow; decorate the altar of Neptune
 "with flowers; let these victims be thy
 "blameless offering, and let a cloud
 "of grateful incense ascend in honour
 "of the god."

"Idomeneus heard this address in
 "an attitude of desperation, and with-
 "out reply; his eyes sparkled with
 "fury, his visage became ghastly, his
 "colour changed every moment, and
 "his whole body shook with the agony
 "of his mind. His son was touched
 "with his distress; and having no
 "wish but to relieve it—"My father,"
 "said he, "am I not here? Delay not
 "to appease the god to whom thou hast
 "vowed; nor bring down his ven-
 "geance upon thy head. If thy life
 "can be redeemed with mine, I will
 "die content: strike, then, O my fa-
 "ther! and fear not that, at the ap-
 "proach of death, I should discover a
 "weakness that is unworthy of thy
 "son!"

"At this moment Idomeneus, start-
 "ing from his posture with the sudden
 "violence of outrageous phrenzy, as
 "if roused by the scourge of the in-
 "fernal Furies, surprized the vigi-
 "lance of those who had their eyes
 "upon him, and plunged his sword
 "in the bosom of his son: he drew it
 "hastily back; and, while it was yet
 "warm, made an effort to sheath it a
 "second time in his own breast; but in

"this he was again prevented. The
 "youth, who immediately fell, lay
 "weltering in his blood: his eyes were
 "suffused with the shades of death;
 "he attempted to open them; but, not
 "being able to bear the light, they
 "were immediately closed in everlast-
 "ing darkness.

"A lily of the field, when it's root
 "is cut away by the ploughshare, be-
 "ing no longer supported by the stalk,
 "languishes upon the ground; and,
 "though it does not immediately lose
 "all the lustre of it's beauty, yet it is
 "no more nourished by the earth, nor
 "quickened by a vital principle: thus
 "fell the son of Idomeneus; cut down,
 "like a flower, by an untimely stroke,
 "in the first bloom of his youth.

"The father, stupified by excess of
 "grief, knew neither where he was,
 "what he had done, nor what he ought
 "to do; but walked, with faltering
 "steps, toward the city, and enquired
 "eagerly for his child.

"In the mean time, the people, who
 "were moved with compassion for the
 "youth, and with horror at the cruelty
 "of the father, cried out, that the
 "justice of the gods had given him up
 "to the Furies: their rage immediately
 "supplied them with weapons; one
 "snatched a stick, others caught up a
 "stone, and discord infused rancour
 "and malignity into every bosom.
 "The Cretans, however wise, were at
 "this time exasperated to folly, and
 "renounced their allegiance to their
 "king. His friends, therefore, as
 "they could no otherwise preserve
 "him from popular fury, conducted
 "him back to the fleet; where they
 "went on board with him, and once
 "more committed themselves to the
 "mercy of the waves. Idomeneus,
 "as soon as he recovered from his
 "phrenzy, thanked them for having
 "forced him from a country which he
 "had stained with the blood of his
 "son; and which, therefore, he could
 "not bear to inhabit. The winds
 "wasted them to the coast of Hesperia;
 "and they are now forming a
 "new state in the country of the Sa-
 "lentines.

"The Cretans, having thus lost
 "their king, resolved to elect such a
 "person in his stead as should admin-
 "ister the established laws of the na-
 "tion in their utmost purity: for this
 "purpose

“ purpose the principal inhabitants of
 “ every city have been summoned to
 “ this place; the sacrifices, which are
 “ the first solemnities of the election,
 “ are already begun; the most cele-
 “ brated sages of all the neighbouring
 “ countries are assembled to propose
 “ questions to the candidates as a trial
 “ of their sagacity; and preparations
 “ are made for publick games, to de-
 “ termine their courage, strength, and
 “ activity: for the Cretans are re-
 “ solved, that, as their kingdom is the
 “ prize, they will bestow it upon him-
 “ only who shall be adjudged superior
 “ to all others both in body and in
 “ mind; and, to render the victory more
 “ difficult by increasing the number of
 “ competitors, all foreigners are in-
 “ vited to the contest.”

“ Nausicrates, after having related
 “ these astonishing events, pressed us to
 “ enter the lists. “ Make haste,” said
 “ he, “ O strangers! to our assembly,
 “ and engage, among others, in the
 “ contest; for if the gods decree the
 “ victory to either of you, he will be
 “ the sovereign of Crete!” He then
 “ turned hastily from us; and we fol-
 “ lowed him, not with any desire of
 “ victory, but only that we might gra-
 “ tify our curiosity, by being present at
 “ so uncommon and important a trans-
 “ action.

“ We came to a kind of circus of a
 “ vast extent, in the middle of a thick
 “ forest: within the circus was an area
 “ prepared for the combatants, sur-
 “ rounded by a circular bank of fresh
 “ turf, on which were seated an innu-
 “ merable multitude of spectators. We
 “ were received with the utmost civility;
 “ for the Cretans excel all other people
 “ in a liberal and religious performance
 “ of the duties of hospitality: they not
 “ only caused us to be seated, but in-
 “ vited us to engage in the exercises.
 “ Mentor declined it on account of his
 “ age; and Hazael, as being in an ill
 “ state of health: my youth and vigour
 “ left me no excuse; however, I glanced
 “ my eye upon Mentor, to discover his
 “ sentiments; and, I perceived that he
 “ wished I should engage. I therefore
 “ accepted the offer that had been made
 “ me; and throwing off my apparel,
 “ my limbs were anointed with oil, and
 “ I placed myself among the other com-
 “ batants. A rumour immediately

“ passed through the whole multitude,
 “ that the new candidate for the king-
 “ dom was the son of Ulysses; for se-
 “ veral of the Cretans, who had been
 “ at Ithaca when I was a child, remem-
 “ bered my face.

“ The first exercise was wrestling.
 “ A Rhodian, who appeared to be about
 “ thirty-five years of age, threw all that
 “ ventured to encounter him: he was
 “ still in his full vigour; his arms were
 “ nervous and brawny; his muscles
 “ were discovered at every motion; and
 “ his limbs were not less supple than
 “ strong. There was now no compe-
 “ titor remaining but myself; and, as
 “ he thought no honour was to be gain-
 “ ed by overcoming so feeble an oppo-
 “ nent, he indulged the compassion
 “ which he felt for my youth, and
 “ would have retired; but I pressed
 “ forward, and presented myself before
 “ him. We immediately seized each
 “ other, and grappled, till both were
 “ out of breath; we stood shoulder to
 “ shoulder, and foot to foot; every
 “ nerve was strained, our arms were en-
 “ twined, like serpents, in each other,
 “ and each of us endeavoured to lift his
 “ antagonist from the ground. He at-
 “ tempted to throw me, sometimes by
 “ surprize, and sometimes by mere
 “ strength; sometimes on one side, and
 “ sometimes on the other: but, while
 “ he was thus practising all his skill
 “ and force upon me, I threw myself
 “ forward, by a sudden effort, with
 “ such violence, that the muscles of
 “ his back giving way, he fell to the
 “ ground, and drew me upon him. All
 “ his efforts to get me under him were
 “ ineffectual; I held him immovable
 “ under me, till the multitude shouted—
 “ Victory to the son of Ulysses!” and
 “ then I assisted him to rise, and he re-
 “ tired in confusion.

“ The combat of the cestus was more
 “ difficult. The son of a wealthy citizen
 “ of Samos had acquired such reputa-
 “ tion in this exercise, that the rest of
 “ the candidates yielded to him without
 “ contest; and the hope of victory ani-
 “ mated no bosom but mine. In the
 “ first outset I received such blows on
 “ the head and stomach, that blood
 “ gushed from my mouth and nostrils,
 “ and a thick mist seemed to fall upon
 “ my eyes: I reeled; my antagonist
 “ pressed upon me; and I was just sink-

H

ing,

ing, faint and breathless, when I heard Mentor cry out—"O son of Ulysses, wilt thou be vanquished!" The voice of my friend encouraged me to farther resistance, and disdain supplied me with new strength. I avoided several blows, which I must otherwise have sunk under; and my antagonist having missed a stroke, I seized the opportunity of his arm being carried away by its own vigour, and his body bent forward, to aim a blow at him that he could not ward off, and I raised my cestus that it might descend with greater force: he saw my advantage; and, stepping back, he writhed his body to avoid the stroke. By this motion, the equilibrium was destroyed, and I easily threw him to the ground. I immediately offered him my hand, which he refused; and he got up without assistance, covered with dust and blood; but though he shewed the utmost shame at his defeat, yet he did not dare to renew the combat.

The chariot races immediately followed. The chariots were distributed by lot; and mine happened to be the worst of the whole number: the wheels were more heavy, and the horses less vigorous. We started; and the cloud of dust that rose behind us obscured the sky. At the beginning of the race, I suffered the others to get before me: but a young Lacedemonian, whose name was Crantor, left them all behind him; and Polycletus, a Cretan, followed him at a small distance. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who was ambitious to succeed him, giving reins to his horses, which were covered with sweat, leaned forward over their necks; and the wheels whirled round with such rapidity, that, like the wings of an eagle floating upon the air, they seemed not to move at all. My horses, which had been breathed by degrees, beginning now to exert themselves, soon left almost all those that had set out with so much ardour at a great distance behind them; and Hippomachus, pressing forward to keep his advantage with too much eagerness, the most vigorous of his horses fell down, and put an end to the hopes of his master. Polycletus, leaning too much over his horses, was

thrown out of his chariot by a sudden shock; the reins were forced out of his hand; and though he had now no hope of victory, he thought himself happy to have escaped with his life. Crantor, perceiving, with jealousy and indignation, that I was now close behind him, urged forward with more eagerness; sometimes vowing offerings to the gods, and sometimes encouraging his horses: he was afraid I should pass him, by driving between his chariot and the barrier of the course; because my horses, having been less exhausted, were able to get before him, if they had room, though they should wheel round on the outside of the track. This could be no otherwise prevented than by obstructing the passage; he therefore, though he saw the danger of the attempt, drove up so close to the barrier, that his wheel, being forced against it, was torn off, and his chariot dismounted. I had now nothing to do but to turn short, that I might keep clear of him; and the next moment he saw me at the goal. The multitude once more shouted—"Victory to the son of Ulysses! It is he whom the gods have appointed to reign over us!"

We were then conducted, by the most illustrious and venerable of the Cretans, into a wood, which had been long kept sacred from the vulgar and the prophane; where we were convened by those ancient oracles of wisdom who had been appointed by Minos to preserve the laws from violation, and administer justice to the people. But into this assembly only those who had contended in the games were admitted. The sages opened the book into which all the laws of Minos had been collected. I was touched with reverence and humility when I approached these fathers of their country, whom age had rendered venerable without impairing their vigour of mind: They sat, with great order and solemnity, in a fixed posture; their hair was white as snow, but some of them had scarce any left; and their countenances, though grave, were brightened with a calm and placid sagacity. They were not forward to speak; and they said nothing that was not the result of mature deliberation:

ration: when their opinions were different, they supported them with so much candour and moderation, that it could scarce be believed they were not of one mind. By long experience, and close application, they had acquired the most acute discernment and extensive knowledge; but that which principally conduced to the strength and rectitude of their judgment, was the sedate, dispassionate tranquillity of mind, that had been long freed from the tumultuous passions and capricious levity of youth. Wisdom alone was their principle of action; and, by the long and habitual practice of virtue, they had so corrected every irregular disposition, that they tasted the calm, yet elevated, delights of reason without alloy. To these awful beings I lifted up my eyes with admiration; and wished that, by a sudden contraction of my life, I might immediately arrive at so desirable an old age; for I perceived youth to be a state of infelicity, subject to the blind impetuosity of passion, and far from the perspicacious tranquillity of their virtue.

The person who presided in this assembly opened the book into which all the laws of Minos had been collected. It was a large volume, and was kept locked up, with the richest perfumes, in a golden box. When it was taken out, all the sages kissed it with a profound respect, and said that, the gods only excepted, from whom all good is originally derived, nothing should be held so sacred as those laws which promote wisdom, virtue, and happiness: those who put these laws in execution for the government of others, should also, by these laws, govern themselves; for it is the law that ought to reign, and not the man. Such were the sentiments of this hoary council: and the president then proposed three questions, which were to be resolved by the maxims of Minos.

The first question was—"What man is most free?" One answered, that it was a king who governed his people with absolute authority, and had triumphed over all his enemies. Another said, that it was he whose riches enabled him to purchase what-

ever he desired. In the opinion of some, it was a man who had never married, and who was perpetually travelling from one country to another, without subjecting himself to the laws of any. Others supposed it might be a savage, who, living wild in the woods, and subsisting himself by hunting, was independent of all society, and suffered no wants after emancipation; because, being just relieved from the severities of servitude, he would have a more lively sense of the sweets of freedom. And there were some who said, that a man, at the point of death, was more free than all others; because death breaks every bond, and over the dead the united world has no power.

When my opinion was demanded, I was in no doubt what to answer, because I remembered what had been often told me by Mentor. "The most free of all men," said I, "is he whose freedom slavery itself cannot take away: he, and he only, is free in every country and in every condition, who fears the gods, and whose fear has no other object. In other words, he only is truly free, over whom fear and desire have no power, and who is subject only to reason and the gods." The fathers looked upon each other with a smile, and were surprized to find my answer exactly the same with that of Minos.

The second question was—"Who is most unhappy?" To this every one gave such an answer as was suggested by his fancy. One said, that the most unhappy man was he who was without money, health, and reputation. Another said, it was he that had no friend. Some imagined none could be so wretched as those who had degenerate and ungrateful children. But a native of Lesbos, a man celebrated for wisdom, said, that the most unhappy of all men was he that thought himself so; because unhappiness depends much less upon adversity than impatience, and unfortunate events derive all their power to afflict from the minds of those to whom they happen. The assembly heard this opinion with a shout of applause; and every one believed that, in this question, the Lesbian would be declared

“ victor. But, my opinion being asked, I formed my answer upon the maxims of Mentor. “ The most unhappy of all men,” said I, “ is a king, who believes he shall become happy by rendering others miserable: his wretchedness is doubled by his ignorance; for, as he does not know whence it proceeds, he can apply no remedy; he is, indeed, afraid to know, and he suffers a crowd of sycophants to surround him, that keep truth at a distance; he is a slave to his own passions, and an utter stranger to his duty; he has never tasted the pleasure of doing good, nor been warmed to sensibility by the charms of virtue; he is wretched, but the wretchedness that he suffers he deserves; and his misery, however great, is perpetually increasing: he rushes down the precipice of perdition, and the gulph of everlasting punishment receives him.” The assembly attested my victory over the Lesbian, and the judges declared that I had expressed the sense of Minos.

“ The third question was—“ Which of the two ought to be preferred, a king who was invincible in war; or a king who, without any experience in war, could administer civil government, with great wisdom, in a time of peace?” The majority determined this question in favour of the warrior; “ For skill to govern in a time of peace,” said they, “ will be of but little use if the king cannot defend his country in a time of war, since he will himself be divested of his authority, and his people will become slaves to the enemy.” Others preferred the pacifick prince; because, as he would have more to fear from a war, he would be more careful to avoid it: but they were answered, that the achievements of a conqueror would not only increase his own glory, but the glory of his people, to whom he would subjugate many nations; but that, under a pacifick government, quiet and security would degenerate into cowardice and sloth. My sentiments were then asked, and I answered thus. “ Although he who can only govern either in peace or war is but half a king; yet the prince who, by his sagacity, can discover the merit of others, and

“ can defend his country when it is attacked, if not in person, yet by his generals, is, in my opinion, to be preferred before him who knows no art but that of war: a prince whose genius is entirely military will levy endless wars to extend his dominions, and ruin his people to add a new title to his name. If the nations which he now governs are unhappy, what is it to them how many more he conquers! A foreign war, long continued, cannot fail of producing disorder at home: the manners of the victors themselves become corrupt during the general confusion. How much has Greece suffered by the conquest of Troy? She was more than ten years deprived of her kings; and wherever the flame of war is kindled, the laws are violated with impunity, agriculture is neglected, and the sciences are forgotten. The best prince, when he has a war to sustain, is compelled to the same conduct which disgraces the worst, to tolerate licentiousness, and employ villainy in his service. How many daring profligates are punished in a time of peace, whom it is necessary to reward during the disorders of war! No nation was ever governed by a conqueror that did not suffer by his ambition. The victorious and the vanquished are involved almost in the same ruin, while the king grows giddy amidst the tumult of a triumph. As he is utterly ignorant of the arts of peace, he knows not how to derive any popular advantages from a successful war; he is like a man that not only defends his own field, but forcibly takes possession of his neighbour's, yet can neither plow nor sow, and consequently reaps no harvest from either: he seems born, not to diffuse happiness among his subjects by a wise and equitable government, but to fill the world with violence, tumult, and desolation.

“ As to the pacifick prince, it must, indeed, be confessed, that he is not qualified for conquest; or, in other words, he is not born to harass his people, by perpetual hostilities, in a restless attempt to subjugate others, over whom he can have no equitable right;

" right; but if he is perfectly qualified
 " for peaceful government, these very
 " qualifications will secure his sub-
 " jects against the encroachments of an
 " enemy: his justice, moderation, and
 " quietness, render him a good neigh-
 " bour; he engages in no enterprize
 " that can interrupt the peace subsisting
 " between him and other states; and
 " he fulfils all his engagements with a
 " religious exactness; he is, therefore,
 " regarded by his allies rather with
 " love than fear, and they trust him
 " with unlimited confidence. If a
 " restless, haughty, and ambitious
 " power, should molest him, all the
 " neighbouring princes will interpose
 " in his behalf; because from him
 " they apprehend no attempt against
 " their own quiet, but have every
 " thing to fear from his enemy. His
 " steady justice, impartiality, and pub-
 " lick faith, render him the arbiter of
 " all the kingdoms that surround his
 " own: and while the enterprizes of
 " ambition make the warrior odious,
 " and the common danger unites the
 " world against him, a glory, superior
 " to that of conquest, comes unlooked
 " for to the friend of peace, on whom
 " the eyes of every other potentate are
 " turned with reverence and affection,
 " as the father and the guardian of
 " them all. These are his advantages
 " abroad; and those at home are yet
 " more considerable. If he is quali-
 " fied to govern in peace, it follows,
 " that he must govern by the wisest
 " laws: he must restrain parade and
 " luxury; he must suppress every art
 " which can only gratify vice; and he
 " must encourage those which supply
 " the necessaries of life, especially a-
 " griculture, to which the principal at-
 " tention of his people must be turned.
 " Whatever is necessary will then be-
 " come abundant; and the people, be-
 " ing inured to labour, simple in their
 " manners, habituated to live upon a
 " little, and therefore easily gaining a
 " subsistence from the field, will mul-
 " tiply without end. This kingdom,
 " then, will soon become extremely
 " populous; and the people will be
 " healthful, vigorous, and hardy; not
 " effeminated by luxury, but veterans
 " in virtue; not slavishly attached to a
 " life of voluptuous indolence, but free
 " in a magnanimous contempt of death,

" and chusing rather to die than lose
 " the manly privileges which they en-
 " joy under a prince who reigns only
 " as the substitute of Reason. If a
 " neighbouring conqueror should at-
 " tack such a people as this, he might
 " probably find them unskilful in
 " marking out a camp, forming the
 " order of battle, and managing the
 " unwieldy engines of destruction that
 " are used in a siege; but he would
 " find them invincible by their num-
 " bers, their courage, their patience
 " of fatigue, their habit of endur-
 " ing hardship, the impetuosity of
 " their attack, and the perseverance of
 " that virtue which disappointment
 " cannot subdue. Besides, if their
 " prince is not himself qualified to
 " command his forces, he may substi-
 " tute such persons as he knows to be
 " equal to the trust, and use them as
 " instruments, without giving up his
 " authority: succours may be obtained
 " from his allies; his subjects will ra-
 " ther perish than become the slaves of
 " injustice and oppression; and the
 " gods themselves will fight in his be-
 " half. Thus will the pacifick prince
 " be sustained, when his danger is
 " most imminent: and therefore I con-
 " clude that, though his ignorance in the
 " art of war is an imperfection in his
 " character, since it disables him from
 " executing one of the principal duties
 " of his station, the chastisement of
 " those who invade his dominion, or
 " injure his people; yet he is infinitely
 " superior to a king who is wholly
 " unacquainted with civil government,
 " and knows no art but that of war."

" I perceived, but without wonder,
 " that many persons in the assembly
 " did not approve the opinion that I
 " had been labouring to maintain; for
 " the greater part of mankind, dazzled
 " by the false lustre of victories and
 " triumphs, prefer the tumult and shew
 " of successful hostilities to the quiet
 " simplicity of peace, and the intrinsic
 " advantages of good government:
 " the judges, however, declared, that I
 " had spoken the sentiments of Minos;
 " and the president cried out—"The
 " oracle of Apollo, known to all Crete,
 " is fulfilled. Minos enquired of the
 " god how long his posterity should
 " govern by the laws which he had
 " established; and he was answered—

" Thy

“ Thy posterity shall cease to reign,
“ when a stranger shall establish the
“ reign of thy laws.” We feared that
“ some foreigner would make a con-
“ quest of our island; but the misfor-
“ tunes of Idomeneus, and the wisdom
“ of the son of Ulysses, who, of all
“ mortals, best understands the laws of
“ Minos, have disclosed the true sense
“ of the oracle. Why, then, do we
“ delay to crown him whom the gods
“ have appointed to be our king?”

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK VI.



HE sages immediately went
out of the consecrated
grove; and the chief of
them, taking me by the
hand, declared to the
people, who were wait-
ing impatiently for the decision, that
the prize had been decreed to me.
The words were no sooner uttered,
than the dead silence of expectation
was followed by an universal shout;
every one cried out—"Let the son of
Ulysses, a second Minos, be our
king!" and the echoes of the neigh-
bouring mountain repeated the ac-
clamation.

I waited a few moments, and then
made a sign with my hand, that I de-
sired to be heard. In this interval
Mentor whispered me—"Wilt thou
renounce thy country? Can ambi-
tion obliterate the remembrance of
Penelope, who longs for thy return
as the last object of her hope; and
alienate thy heart from the great
Ulysses, whom the gods have resolved
to restore to Ithaca?" These words
rouzed every tender passion in my
bosom; and the fond desire of royalty
was instantly absorbed in the love of
my parents and my country. In the
mean time, the multitude was again
become motionless and silent; and I
addressed them in these terms: "Il-
lustrious Cretans! I am not worthy

the dignity which you offer. The
oracle, of which you have been re-
minded, does indeed express, that
the sovereignty of Crete shall depart
from the race of Minos, when a
stranger shall establish the dominion
of his laws; but it does not say that
this stranger shall be king. I am
willing to believe that I am the
stranger foretold by the oracle, and
that I have accomplished the pre-
diction. Fortune has cast me upon
this island; I have discovered the
true sense of the laws of Minos;
and I wish that my explanation may
contribute to join them in the sove-
reignty with the man whom your
choice shall appoint to so important
a trust. As for me, I prefer my
country, the obscure and inconfi-
derable island of Ithaca, to the hun-
dred cities of Crete, with all their
opulence and glory: permit me,
therefore, to wander wherever the
Fates shall have marked my course.
If I have contended in your sports, I
was not prompted by a desire to govern
you; but only to obtain your esteem
and your pity, that you might the
more readily afford me the means of
returning to the place of my birth;
for I would rather obey my father
Ulysses, and comfort Penelope my
mother, than govern all the nations
upon the earth. You see, O Cre-
tans!

“ tans! the secret recesses of my heart:
 “ I am compelled to leave you; but
 “ death only can put an end to my
 “ gratitude; your interest shall never
 “ be less dear to me than my own ho-
 “ nour; and I will remember you with
 “ affection, till death shall efface the
 “ last idea from my mind.”

“ I had scarce finished the last sen-
 “ tence, before there arose, from the in-
 “ numerable multitude that surround-
 “ ed me, a deep hoarse murmur, like
 “ the sound of waves that are broken
 “ against each other in a storm. Some
 “ questioned whether I was not a god
 “ under the appearance of a man; others
 “ affirmed that they had seen me in fo-
 “ reign countries, and knew me to be
 “ Telemachus; and many cried out,
 “ that I should be compelled to ascend
 “ the throne of Idomeneus. I there-
 “ fore again signified my intention to
 “ speak; and they were again silent in
 “ a moment, not knowing but that I
 “ was now about to accept what before
 “ I had refused. “ Permit me,” said
 “ I, “ O Cretans! to tell you my
 “ thoughts without disguise. I be-
 “ lieve you to be the wisest of all peo-
 “ ple; and yet there is one important
 “ distinction which I think you have
 “ not made: your choice ought not to
 “ select the man who is best acquaint-
 “ ed with the theory of your laws;
 “ but he who, with the most steady vir-
 “ tue, has reduced them to practice.
 “ I am, as yet, but a youth; and, con-
 “ sequently, without experience, and
 “ subject to the tyranny of impetuous
 “ passions: I am in that state which
 “ renders it more fit for me to learn,
 “ by obedience, how to command here-
 “ after, than now to practise a science
 “ which is at once so difficult and im-
 “ portant. Do not, therefore, seek a
 “ man who, in any exercises, either of
 “ the mind or of the body, has conquer-
 “ ed others; but one who has achieved
 “ the conquest of himself: seek a man
 “ who has the laws of Minos written
 “ upon his heart; and whose life has
 “ illustrated every precept by an ex-
 “ ample; let your choice be determined,
 “ not by what he says, but by what he
 “ has done.”

“ The venerable fathers, being much
 “ pleased with these sentiments, and
 “ hearing the applause of the assembly
 “ grow still louder, addressed me in
 “ these terms: “ Since the gods no

“ longer permit us to hope that you
 “ will reign over us, assist us, at least,
 “ in the choice of a king who will
 “ establish the reign of our laws. Is
 “ any man known to you, who, upon
 “ a throne, will be content with this
 “ equitable though limited authority?”
 “ — “ There is a man,” said I, “ to
 “ whom I owe whatever merit I pos-
 “ sess, whose wisdom has spoken by
 “ my lips, and whose conversation
 “ suggested every sentiment which you
 “ have approved.” While I was yet
 “ speaking, the eyes of the whole as-
 “ sembly were turned upon Mentor,
 “ whom I took by the hand, and pre-
 “ sented to them; at the same time, I
 “ related the protection which he had
 “ afforded to my infancy, the dangers
 “ from which he had delivered me, and
 “ the calamities that fell upon me when
 “ I rejected his counsel. Mentor had,
 “ till now, stood unnoticed among the
 “ crowd; for his habit was plain and
 “ negligent, his countenance was mo-
 “ dest, he spake little, and had an air
 “ of coldness and reserve: but as soon
 “ as he became the object of attention,
 “ a dignity and firmness, not to be de-
 “ scribed, were discovered in his coun-
 “ tenance; it was remarked, that his
 “ eyes were peculiarly piercing; and
 “ every motion expressed uncommon
 “ vigour and activity. Some questions
 “ were immediately proposed; his an-
 “ swers excited universal admiration;
 “ and the kingdom was immediately
 “ offered him: the kingdom, however,
 “ he refused without the least emotion;
 “ and said, that he preferred the sweets
 “ of a private life to the splendor of
 “ royalty; that the best princes were
 “ almost necessarily unhappy, because
 “ they were seldom able to effect the
 “ good which they designed; and were
 “ often betrayed, by the circumvention
 “ of sycophants, to the perpetration of
 “ evils which they intended to prevent.
 “ If servitude,” continued he, “ is a
 “ state of wretchedness, there can be
 “ no happiness in royalty; for royalty
 “ is nothing more than servitude in
 “ disguise: a king is always dependent
 “ upon those by whom he must enforce
 “ his commands. Happy are those to
 “ whom the toil of government is not
 “ a duty; a duty which implies the sa-
 “ crifice of private liberty to publick
 “ advantage, which our country only
 “ can claim, and which those alone

“ who

" who are invested with supreme authority can owe?"

" The Cretans were at first struck silent with astonishment; but, at length, they asked Mentor what person he would advise them to chuse. " I would advise you," said Mentor, " to chuse a man who well knows the people he is to govern; and who is also sufficiently acquainted with government to fear it as a state of difficulty and danger: he that desires royalty does not know the duties which royalty requires; and by him, who does not know them they can never be fulfilled; such a man desires regal authority only to gratify himself; but regal authority should be entrusted with him only who would not accept it but for the love of others."

" The whole assembly, still wondering to see two strangers refuse a kingdom, which so many others had sought, began to enquire with whom they had come to Crete; and Nausicles, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, immediately pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and myself had sailed from the Island of Cyprus: but their wonder, however great, became still greater, when they understood that he, who had just refused to be the sovereign of Crete, had been lately the slave of Hazael; that Hazael, struck with the wisdom and virtue of his slave, now considered him as his monitor and his friend; and had been urged, merely by his desire of knowledge, to travel from Damascus in Syria to Crete, that he might acquaint himself with the laws of Minos."

" The sages then addressed themselves to Hazael—" We do not dare," said they, " to offer to Hazael the crown which has been refused by Mentor, because we believe the sentiments of both to be the same: you despise mankind too much to rule them; nor is there any thing in wealth or in power that, to you, would compensate the toils of government." Hazael replied—" Think not, O Cretans! that I despise mankind, or that I am insensible to the glory that rewards the labour by which they are rendered virtuous and happy; but this labour, how-

" ever glorious, is attended with pain and danger; and the external glitter of regal pomp captivates only the foolish and the vain. Life is short, and greatness rather irritates than gratifies desire: it is one of those deceitful acquisitions which I am come so far, not to obtain, but to despise. Farewell! I have no wish but to return once more to retirement and tranquillity, where my soul may feast on knowledge with divine reflection, and where that hope of immortality which is derived from virtue may afford me comfort under the infirmities of old age; or, if I have a wish besides this, it is never to be separated from the two persons who now stand before you."

" The Cretans then cried out to Mentor—" Tell us, O wisest and greatest of mortals! tell us who shall be our king! We will not suffer thee to depart till thou hast directed this important choice." Mentor immediately answered—" As I stood among the crowd of spectators, whom the sports had drawn together, I perceived a man who, in the midst of all that tumult and impatience, appeared recollected and sedate; he was still vigorous, though advanced in years; and, upon enquiring who he was, I soon learned that his name was Aristodemus. I afterwards heard some that stood near tell him, that his two sons were among the candidates; but he expressed no satisfaction at the news: he said, that he loved one of them too well to wish him involved in the dangers of royalty; and that he had too great a regard for his country to wish it to be governed by the other. I immediately conceived, that the old man loved one of his sons, who had virtue, with a rational affection; and that he was too wise to indulge the other in vicious irregularities. My curiosity being now greatly increased, I enquired more particularly into the circumstances of his life; and one of the citizens gave me this account: " Aristodemus," said he, " bore arms in the service of his country many years, and is almost covered with scars; but his abhorrence of insincerity and flattery rendered him disagreeable to Idomeneus, who there-

fore left him at Crete when he went
 to the siege of Troy; and, indeed,
 he was kept in perpetual anxiety by
 a man who gave him such counsel as
 he could not but approve, yet want-
 ed resolution to follow; he was, be-
 sides, jealous of the glory which he
 knew Aristodemus would soon ac-
 quire. The king, therefore, forget-
 ting the services of his soldier, left
 him here exposed to the distresses of
 poverty, and to the scorn of the bru-
 tal and the sordid, who consider no-
 thing as merit but riches. With
 poverty, however, Aristodemus was
 contented, and lived cheerfully in a
 remote corner of the island, where
 he cultivated a few acres of ground
 with his own hands. In this em-
 ployment he was assisted by one of
 his sons, whom he loved with great
 tenderness; and labour and frugality
 soon made them happy in the pos-
 session of whatever is necessary to a
 life of rural simplicity, and some-
 thing more. The old man, who was
 not less a philosopher than a hero, dis-
 tributed this surplus among the de-
 crepid and the sick; the youth he sti-
 mulated to industry; he exhorted the
 refractory, and instructed the igno-
 rant; he was the arbitrator of every
 dispute, and the father of every fami-
 ly: in his own he considers no cir-
 cumstance, as unfortunate but the
 bad disposition of his second son, up-
 on whom all admonition has been
 lost. The father, after having long
 endured his irregularities, in hopes
 that some means would be found to
 correct them, has at length expelled
 him from his family; and the son has
 since given himself up to the grossest
 sensuality; and, in the folly of his
 ambition, is become a candidate for
 the kingdom.

Such, O Cretans! is the account
 that was given me of Aristodemus;
 whether it is true or false, is best
 known to you. But, if this man is
 indeed such as he has been represent-
 ed, why have publick exercises been
 appointed, and why have so many
 strangers been brought together?
 You have, in the midst of you, a man
 whom you well know, and by whom
 you are well known; a man to whom
 all the arts of war are familiar, and
 whose courage has sustained him, not

only against the spear and the dart,
 but the formidable assaults of pover-
 ty; who has despised the riches that
 are acquired by flattery, who has
 preferred labour to idleness, and
 knows the advantages which are de-
 rived to the publick from agricul-
 ture; who is an enemy to parade and
 pomp, and whose passions are under
 the controul of reason; for even the
 parental affection, which in others is
 so often a blind instinct, acts in him
 as a rational and a moral principle;
 since, of two sons, he cherishes one
 for his virtue, and renounces the
 other for his vices: a man who, to
 express all his virtues at once, is al-
 ready the father of the people. In
 this man, therefore, O Cretans! if,
 indeed, you desire to be governed by
 the laws of Minos, behold your
 king!

The multitude immediately cried
 out, with one voice—"Aristode-
 mus is, indeed, such as he has
 been represented; Aristodemus is
 worthy to be our king!" The fathers
 of the council then ordered that he
 should be brought before them; and
 he was immediately sought among
 the crowd, where he was mixed with
 the lowest of the people. When he
 was brought before the assembly, he
 appeared to be perfectly calm and un-
 concerned; and when he was told that
 the people had determined to make
 him king, he answered, that he would
 not accept of the office but upon three
 conditions: "First," says he, "The
 throne shall be declared vacant at the
 end of two years, if within that time I
 do not render you better than you are;
 or if you shall resist the execution of
 the laws. Secondly, I will be still
 at liberty to live in a simple and fru-
 gal manner. Thirdly, My sons shall
 not rank above their fellow citizens;
 and, after my death, shall be treated,
 without distinction, according to
 their merit."

At these words the air was filled
 with acclamations of joy; the diadem
 was placed upon the head of Aristo-
 demus by the chief of the hoary guar-
 dians of the laws, and sacrifices were
 offered to Jupiter and the other supe-
 rior deities. Aristodemus made us
 presents, not with an ostentatious
 magnificence, but a noble simplicity.

He

He gave to Hazael a copy of the laws of Minos, written by the legislator himself; and a collection of tracts, which contained the compleat history of Crete from the time of Saturn and the golden age: he sent on board his vessel every kind of fruit that flourishes in Crete, and is unknown in Syria; and offered him whatever he should need.

As we were now impatient to depart, he caused a vessel to be immediately fitted out for us: he manned it with a great number of able rowers, and a detachment of his best troops; and he put on board several changes of apparel, and great plenty of provision. As soon as the vessel was ready to sail, the wind became fair for Ithaca; but as Hazael was bound on a contrary course, it compelled him to continue at Crete. He took leave of us with great tenderness; and embraced us as friends, with whom he was about to part for life. "The gods," said he, "are just; and they know that the sacred bond of our friendship is virtue; and therefore they will one day restore us to each other; and those happy fields, in which the just are said to enjoy everlasting rest, shall see our spirits reunited to part no more. O! that my ashes also might be mixed with yours!" Here his words became inarticulate, and he burst into tears; our eyes overflowed with equal tenderness and grief.

Our parting with Aristodemus was scarce less affectionate. "As you have made me a king," said he, "remember the dangers to which you have exposed me! and request the gods to irradiate my mind with wisdom from above, and give me power over myself, in proportion to my authority over others. May they conduct you in safety to your country, abase the insolence of your enemies, and give you the joy to behold Ulysses again upon the throne of Ithaca, supremely happy in the possession of Penelope and Peace.—To thee, Telemachus, I have given a good vessel, well manned with mariners and soldiers, who may assist thee against the persecutors of thy mother.—For thee, Mentor, thy wisdom is sufficient: possessing this, thou

hast need of nothing; all that I can give would be superfluous; and all that I can wish is precluded.—Go, both of you, in peace; and may you long be the felicity of each other! Remember Aristodemus; and if Ithaca should need the assistance of Crete, depend upon my friendship to the last hour of my life." He then embraced us; and we could not thank him without tears.

The wind, which now swelled our sails, promised us a happy voyage. Mount Ida already appeared but like a hillock, the shores of Crete in a short time totally disappeared, and the coast of Peloponnesus seemed to advance into the sea to meet us. But a tempest suddenly obscured the sky; and irritated the billows of the deep; Night rushed upon us unawares, and Death presented himself in all his terrors. It was thy awful trident, O Neptune! that agitated the ocean to its remotest shores. Venus, to revenge the contempt with which we had treated her, even in her temple at Cythera, hastened to the father of the floods, whom she addressed with a voice broken by grief, and her eyes swimming in tears: thus, at least, I have been informed by Mentor, who is acquainted with celestial things: "Wilt thou suffer," said she, "these impious men to deride my power, and escape unpunished? My power has been confessed by the gods themselves; and yet all who acknowledge it in my favourite island, these presumptuous mortals have dared to condemn: they pride themselves in a frigid wisdom, which was never warmed by the rays of beauty; and they despise, as folly, the delights of love. Hast thou forgot that I was born in thy dominions? Wherefore dost thou delay to overwhelm the wretches whom I abhor?"

Neptune immediately swelled the waves into mountains, that reached the skies; and Venus, smiling upon the storm, believed our shipwreck to be inevitable. Our pilot cried out, in confusion and despair, that he could no longer withstand the fury of the winds, which drove us upon the rocks with irresistible violence; our mast was broken by a sudden gust; and the moment after we heard the points

of the rocks that were under water,
 'tear upon the bottom of our vessel:
 'the water flowed in on every side, the
 'vessel sunk, and the mariners sent up
 'a cry of distress to Heaven. I ran to
 'Mentor; and, throwing my arms
 'round him—"Death," said I, "is
 'now indeed upon us: let us meet
 'him with intrepidity. The gods
 'have delivered us from so many
 'dangers, only that we may perish in
 'this: let us die then, my dear Men-
 'tor; it is some consolation to me
 'that I die with you; and it would be
 'hopeless labour to dispute life with
 'the storm." Mentor answered—
 'True courage never sits down inac-
 'tive in despair: it is not enough to
 'expect death with tranquillity; we
 'ought, without dreading the event,
 'to continue our utmost efforts against
 'it. Let us lay hold on some frag-
 'ment of the vessel; and, while this
 'affrighted and confused multitude
 'deplore the loss of life, without at-
 'tempting to preserve it, let us try at
 'least to preserve our own." While
 'he was yet speaking, he snatched up
 'an axe, and divided the splinter that
 'still held the broken mast together,
 'which, falling cross the vessel, had
 'laid it on one side. The top of the
 'mast already lay in the water; and
 'Mentor, now pushing off the other
 'end, leaped upon it himself in the
 'midst of the waves; and, calling me
 'by my name, encouraged me to fol-
 'low him. As a mighty oak, when the
 'winds combine against it, stands firm
 'on it's root, and it's leaves only are
 'shaken by the tempest; so Mentor, who
 'was not only fearless, but serene, ap-
 'peared superior to the power of the
 'winds and waves. I followed his ex-
 'ample; and the force of his example
 'who could have resisted? We steered
 'ourselves upon the floating mast, which
 'was more than sufficient to sustain us
 'both; and therefore rendered us a
 'most important service: for if we had
 'been obliged to swim merely by our
 'own efforts, our strength must have
 'been soon exhausted. The mast, how-
 'ever, on which we sat, was often
 'overturned by the tempest, notwith-
 'standing it's bulk; so that we were
 'as often plunged under the water,
 'which rushed in at our mouths, ears,
 'and nostrils; and it was not without

'the utmost labour and difficulty that
 'we recovered our seats. Sometimes a
 'wave, that was swelled into a moun-
 'tain, rolled over us; and we then
 'kept our hold with all our might, lest
 'the mast, which was our only hope,
 'should be driven from under us in
 'the shock.

'While we were in this dreadful si-
 'tuation, Mentor, who possessed the
 'same tranquillity on the fragment of
 'a wreck that he does now on that
 'bank of turf, addressed me in these
 'words: "Canst thou believe, Tele-
 'machus, that the winds and waves
 'are the arbiters of life and death?
 'Can they cause thee to perish, other-
 'wise than as they fulfil the command
 'of Heaven? Every event is deter-
 'mined by the gods; let the gods
 'therefore, and not the sea, be the
 'object of thy fear. Wert thou al-
 'ready at the bottom of this abyss,
 'the hand of Jove could draw thee
 'forth; or shouldst thou be exalted to
 'the summit of Olympus, and behold
 'the stars rolling under thy feet, the
 'hand of Jove could again plunge
 'thee to the centre, or cast thee head-
 'long into hell." I heard and admir-
 'ed this discourse; but, though it gave
 'me some comfort, my mind was too
 'much depressed and confused to re-
 'ply. He saw me not, nor could I see
 'him. We passed the whole night,
 'shivering with cold, in a state between
 'life and death; driving before the
 'storm, and not knowing on what
 'shore we should be cast. At length,
 'however, the impetuosity of the wind
 'began to abate; and the sea resembled
 'a person whose anger, after having
 'been long indulged in tumult and
 'outrage, is exhausted by it's own ve-
 'hemence, and subsides in murmurs of
 'discontent. The noise of the surge
 'gradually died away; and the waves
 'were not higher than the ridges that
 'are left by the plough.

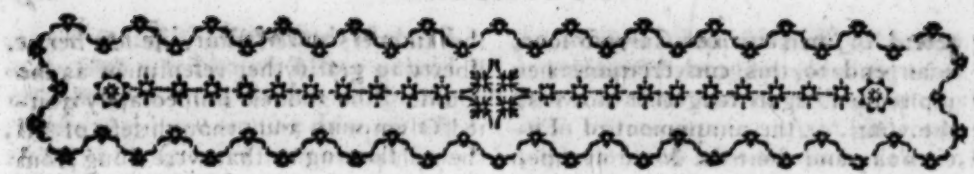
'And now Aurora threw open the
 'gates of Heaven to the sun, and cheer-
 'ed us with the promise of a better
 'day; the east glowed, as if on fire;
 'and the stars, which had been so long
 'hidden, just appeared, and fled at the
 'approach of Phœbus. We now de-
 'scribed land at a distance; the breezes
 'wafted us towards it; and hope re-
 'vived in my bosom: but we looked
 'round

round in vain for our companions, who probably resigned themselves to the tempest in despair, and sunk with the vessel. As we approached nearer to the shore, the sea drove us upon the rocks; against which we should have been dashed in pieces, but that we received the shock against the end of the mast, which Mentor rendered as serviceable upon this occasion as the best rudder could have been in the

hands of the most skillful pilot. Thus, having passed the rocks in safety, we found the rest of the coast else from the sea with a smooth and easy ascent; and floating at ease upon a gentle tide, we soon reached the sands with our feet. There we were discovered by the goddess who inhabits this happy island; and there she vouchsafed to take us into her protection.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF

T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK VII.

HEN Telemachus had concluded the relation of his adventures, the nymphs, whose eyes had till then been immoveably fixed upon him, looked at each other with a mixture of astonishment and delight. 'What men,' said they, 'are these! In the fortunes of whom else would the gods have taken part? and of whom else could such wonders have been related? Ulysses is already surpassed in eloquence, in wisdom, and in courage, by his son. What an aspect! what manly beauty! what a mixture of dignity and complacency, of firmness and modesty! If he was not known to be born of a mortal, he might easily be mistaken for a god, for Bacchus, for Mercury, or, perhaps, even for Apollo himself! But who is this Mentor? His first appearance is that of a man obscurely born, and of a mean condition; but when he is examined with attention, something inexpressible is discovered, something that is more than mortal!'

Calypso heard these exclamations with a confusion which she could not hide; and her eyes were incessantly glancing from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. She was often about to request a repetition of the story, to which she had listened with so much delight, and as often suppressed her desire. At length, she rose

hastily from her seat; and, taking Telemachus with her, retired to a neighbouring grove of myrtle, where she laboured, with all her art, to learn from him whether Mentor was not a deity concealed under human form. It was not, however, in the power of Telemachus to satisfy her curiosity; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the likeness of Mentor, thought him too young to be trusted with the secret, and made the confidant of her designs: she was, besides, desirous to prove him in the greatest dangers; and no fortitude would have been necessary to sustain him against any evil, however dreadful, and however near, if he had known himself to be under the immediate protection of Minerva. As Telemachus, therefore, mistook his divine companion for Mentor, all the artifices of Calypso to discover what she wished to know were ineffectual.

In the mean time, the nymphs who had been left with Mentor gathered round him, and amused themselves by asking him questions. One enquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another desired to know what he had seen at Damascus; and a third asked him whether he had known Ulysses before the siege of Troy. Mentor answered them all with complacency and affability; and though he used no studied ornaments of speech, yet his expression was not only significant, but graceful.

graceful. The return of Calypso soon put an end to this conversation: her nymphs then began to gather flowers, and to sing for the amusement of Telemachus; and she took Mentor aside, that she might, if possible, discover who he was from his own discourse.

The words of Calypso were wont to steal upon the heart, as sleep steals upon the eyes of the weary, with a sweet and gentle, though irresistible, influence: but, in Mentor, there was something which defeated her eloquence, and eluded her beauty; something as much superior to the power of Calypso, as the rock that hides it's foundation in the centre, and it's summit in the clouds, is superior to the wind that beats against it. He stood immovable in the purposes of his own wisdom, and suffered the goddess to exert all her arts against him, with the utmost indifference and security. Sometimes he would let her deceive herself with the hope of having embarrassed him by her questions, and betrayed him into the involuntary discovery of himself; but, just as she thought her curiosity was on the point of being gratified, her expectations were suddenly disappointed, all her conjectures were overthrown, and, by some short and unexpected answer, she was again overwhelmed in perplexity and doubt.

In this manner Calypso passed one day after another; sometimes endeavouring to gain the heart of Telemachus by flattery, and sometimes labouring to alienate him from Mentor, of whom she no longer hoped to obtain the intelligence she desired. She employed the most beautiful of her nymphs to enflame the breast of the young hero with desire; and she was assisted in her designs against him by a deity whose power was superior to her own.

Venus burned with resentment against Mentor and Telemachus, for having treated the worship which she received at Cyprus with disdain; and their escape from the tempest, which had been raised against them by Neptune, filled her breast with indignation and grief: she therefore complained of her disappointment and her wrongs to Jupiter, and from his superior power she hoped more effectual redress. But the father of the gods only smiled at her complaint; and, without acquainting her that Telemachus had been preserved by Minerva in

the likeness of Mentor, he left her at liberty to gratify her resentment as she could. The goddess immediately quitted Olympus; and, thoughtless of all the rich perfumes that were rising from her altars at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos, mounted her chariot, and called her son: the grief which was diffused over her countenance rather increased than diminished her beauty, and she addressed the god of love in these terms: 'Who, my son, shall henceforth burn incense upon our altars, if those who despise our power escape unpunished? The wretches who have thus offended with impunity are before thee; make haste, therefore, to secure our honour, and let thy arrows pierce them to the heart: go down with me to that island, and I will speak to Calypso.' The goddess shook the reins as she spoke; and, gliding through the air, surrounded by a cloud which the sun had tinged with a golden hue, she presented herself before Calypso, who was sitting pensive and alone by the side of a fountain, at some distance from her grotto.

'Unhappy goddess!' said she, 'thou hast already been despised and deserted by Ulysses, whom the ties, not only of love, but of gratitude, should have bound to thee; and the son, yet more obdurate than the father, is now preparing to repeat the insult. But Love is come in person to avenge thee: I will leave him with thee; and he shall remain among the nymphs of this island, as Bacchus did once among those of the Island of Naxos, who cherished him in his infancy. Telemachus will regard him, not as a deity, but as a child; and, not being upon his guard against him, will be soon sensible of his power.' The Queen of Beauty then turning from Calypso, re-ascended to Olympus in the golden cloud from which she had alighted upon the earth, and left behind her a train of celestial fragrance, which, expanding by degrees, filled all the groves of Calypso with perfume.

Cupid remained in the arms of Calypso; and, though she was herself a deity, yet she felt his fires diffused in her breast. It happened that a nymph, whose name was Eucharis, was now near her, and Calypso put the boy into her arms. This was a present relief; but, alas! it was purchased too dear. The

The boy seemed at first to be harmless, gentle, lovely, and engaging: his playful caresses, and perpetual smiles, might well have persuaded all about him that he was born only to delight; but the moment the heart is opened to his endearments, it feels that they have a malignant power. He is, beyond conception, deceitful and malicious; his caresses have no view but to betray; and his smiles have no cause but the mischiefs that he has perpetrated, or that he meditates. But, with all his power, and all his subtlety, he did not dare to approach Mentor: in Mentor there was a severity of virtue that intimidated and kept him at a distance; he knew also, by a secret sensation, that this inscrutable stranger could not be wounded by his arrows. The nymphs, indeed, were soon sensible of his power; but the wound which they could not cure, they were very careful to conceal.

In the mean time, Telemachus, who saw the boy playing sometimes with one of these nymphs, and sometimes with another, was surprized at his sweetness and beauty: he sometimes pressed him to his bosom, sometimes set him on his knee, and frequently took him in his arms. It was not long before he became sensible of a certain disquietude, of which he could not discover the cause; and the more he endeavoured to remove it by innocent amusements, the more restless and enervated he grew. He observed to Mentor, that the nymphs of Calypso were very different from the women they had seen in the Island of Cyprus, whose indecent behaviour rendered them disgusting in spite of their charms: 'In these immortal beauties,' says he, 'there is an innocence, a modesty, a simplicity, which it is impossible not to admire and love.' The youth blushed as he spoke, though he knew not why; he could neither forbear speaking, nor go on with his discourse, which was interrupted and incoherent, always obscure, and sometimes quite unintelligible. 'O Telemachus,' said Mentor, 'the dangers to which you was exposed in the Isle of Cyprus were nothing in comparison of those which you do not now suspect. As vice, when it is undisguised, never fails to excite horror, we are alarmed at the wanton who has thrown off all restraint; but our danger is much greater when the appearance of

modesty remains; we then persuade ourselves, that virtue only has excited our love, and give ourselves up to a deceitful passion, of which beauty is, indeed, the object; and which we seldom learn to distrust till it is too strong to be subdued. Fly, therefore, my dear Telemachus, from these fatal beauties, who appear to be virtuous, only that they may deceive the confidence they raise; fly from the dangers to which you are here exposed by your youth: but, above all, fly from this boy, whom you do not dread, only because you do not know him. This boy is Cupid, whom his mother has brought into this island, to punish us for treating her worship at Cyprus with contempt: he has already pierced the heart of Calypso, who is enamoured of you; he has enflamed all the beauties of her train; and his fires have reached even thy breast, O unhappy youth! although thou knowest it not!' Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, during this admonition: 'Why,' said he, 'should we not continue in this island? Ulysses is no longer a sojourner upon the earth; he has, without doubt, been long buried in the deep: and Penelope, after waiting in vain, not only for his return, but for mine, must have yielded to the importunities of some fortunate suitor, among the number that surrounds her; especially as it can scarce be supposed but that her father Icarus must have exerted his paternal authority to oblige her to accept another husband. For what, then, can I return to Ithaca, but to see her disgraced by a new alliance, and be witness to the violation of that truth which she plighted to my father? And if Penelope has thus forgotten Ulysses, it cannot be thought that he is remembered by the people: neither, indeed, can we hope to get alive into the island; for her suitors will certainly have placed, at every port, a band of ruffians, sufficient to cut us off at our return.'—'All that you have said,' replied Mentor, 'is only another proof that you are under the influence of a foolish and fatal passion. You labour with great subtlety to find every argument than can favour it, and to avoid all those by which it would be condemned; you are ingenious only to deceive yourself,

and

and to secure forbidden pleasures from the intrusion of remorse. Have you forgot that the gods themselves have interposed to favour your return? Was not your escape from Sicily supernatural? were not the misfortunes that you suffered in Egypt converted into sudden and unexpected prosperity? and were not the dangers which threatened you at Tyre averted by an invisible hand? Is it possible that, after so many miracles, you should still doubt to what end you have been preserved? But why do I remonstrate! Of the good fortune which was designed for thee thou art unworthy! As for myself, I make no doubt but I shall find means to quit this island; and if here thou art determined to stay, here am I determined to leave thee. In this place let the degenerate son of the great Ulysses hide himself among women, in the shameful obscurity of voluptuousness and sloth; and sloop, even in spite of Heaven, to that which his father disdained.

This reproach, so forcible and so keen, pierced Telemachus to the heart: he was melted with tenderness and grief; but his grief was mingled with shame, and his shame with fear. He dreaded the resentment of Mentor, and the loss of that companion to whose sagacity and kindness he was so much indebted. But, at the same time, the passion which had just taken possession of his breast, and to which he was himself a stranger, made him still tenacious of his purpose. 'What!' said he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, 'do you reckon as nothing that immortality which I may now share with Calypso?' — 'I hold as nothing,' replied Mentor, 'all that is contrary to the dictates of virtue, and to the commands of Heaven. Virtue now calls you back to your country, to Ulysses, and to Penelope; Virtue forbids you to give up your heart to an unworthy passion; and the gods, who have delivered you from so many dangers, that your name might not be less illustrious than that of Ulysses, command you to quit this island, where only the tyranny of Love could detain you; a tyranny which to resist is to subdue, and which therefore it is infamous to suffer. Immortality! alas, what is immortality without liberty, without virtue, and without honour? Is it not a state of

misery, without hope, still more deplorable, as it can never end?

To this expostulation Telemachus replied only by sighs. Sometimes he almost wished that Mentor would force him from the island in spite of himself; sometimes he was impatient to be left behind, that he might be at liberty to gratify his wishes, without fearing to be reproached for his weakness. A thousand different wishes and desires maintained a perpetual conflict in his breast, and were predominant by turns; his mind, therefore, was in a state of tumult and fluctuation, like the sea when it is at once urged by different winds of equal force. Sometimes he threw himself on the ground near the sea, and remained a long time extended motionless on the beach; sometimes he hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a wood, where he wept in secret, and uttered loud and passionate complaints. His body was emaciated, and his eyes were grown hollow and eager; he was pale and dejected, and in every respect so much altered as scarcely to be known: his beauty, sprightliness, and vigour, had forsaken him; all the grace and dignity of his deportment were lost; and life itself suffered by a swift but silent decay. As a flower that blows in the morning fills the air with fragrance, and then gradually fades at the approach of night, loses the vivid brightness of its colours, droops, withers, and at length falls with its own weight; so the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that all his virtue and resolution were irresistibly borne down by the violence of his passion, had recourse to an artifice, which he hoped might preserve him from its most pernicious effects. He had remarked that Calypso was enamoured of Telemachus, and Telemachus of Eucharis: for as Cupid is always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens, that by those whom we love we are beloved again: he therefore resolved to make Calypso jealous; and it having been agreed between Eucharis and Telemachus that they would go out together a-hunting, Mentor took that opportunity to alarm her. 'I have observed,' said he, 'that Telemachus has of late been more fond of the chase than I ever knew him before; he seems now to take pleasure in no-
K thing

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 ‘ who have delivered you from so many
 ‘ dangers, that your name might not be
 ‘ less illustrious than that of Ulysses,
 ‘ command you to quit this island,
 ‘ where only the tyranny of Love could
 ‘ detain you; a tyranny which to re-
 ‘ sist is to subdue, and which there-
 ‘ fore it is infamous to suffer. Im-
 ‘ mortality! alas, what is immortality
 ‘ without liberty, without virtue, and
 ‘ without honour? Is it not a state of

‘ misery, without hope, still more de-
 ‘ plorable, as it can never end?’

To this expostulation Telemachus re-
 plied only by sighs. Sometimes he al-
 most wished that Mentor would force
 him from the island in spite of himself;
 sometimes he was impatient to be left
 behind, that he might be at liberty to
 gratify his wishes, without fearing to
 be reproached for his weakness. A
 thousand different wishes and desires
 maintained a perpetual conflict in his
 breast, and were predominant by turns;
 his mind, therefore, was in a state of
 tumult and fluctuation, like the sea
 when it is at once urged by different
 winds of equal force. Sometimes he
 threw himself on the ground near the
 sea, and remained a long time extended
 motionless on the beach; sometimes he
 hid himself in the gloomy recesses of a
 wood, where he wept in secret, and
 uttered loud and passionate complaints.
 His body was emaciated, and his eyes
 were grown hollow and eager; he was
 pale and dejected, and in every respect
 so much altered as scarcely to be known:
 his beauty, sprightliness, and vigour,
 had forsaken him; all the grace and
 dignity of his deportment were lost;
 and life itself suffered by a swift but
 silent decay. As a flower that blows
 in the morning fills the air with fra-
 grance, and then gradually fades at the
 approach of night, loses the vivid bright-
 nesses of its colours, droops, withers, and
 at length falls with its own weight; so
 the son of Ulysses was sinking insensibly
 into the grave.

Mentor, perceiving that all his vir-
 tue and resolution were irresistibly borne
 down by the violence of his passion, had
 recourse to an artifice, which he hoped
 might preserve him from its most per-
 nicious effects. He had remarked that
 Calypso was enamoured of Telemachus,
 and Telemachus of Eucharis: for as
 Cupid is always busy to give pain under
 the appearance of pleasure, it seldom
 happens, that by those whom we love
 we are beloved again: he therefore re-
 solved to make Calypso jealous; and it
 having been agreed between Eucharis
 and Telemachus that they would go
 out together a-hunting, Mentor took
 that opportunity to alarm her. ‘ I have
 ‘ observed,’ said he, ‘ that Telemachus
 ‘ has of late been more fond of the
 ‘ chase than I ever knew him before;
 ‘ he seems now to take pleasure in no-
 ‘ thing

' thing else; and is in love only with
 ' mountains and forests. Is the chase
 ' also thy favourite pleasure, O goddess?
 ' and has he caught this ardour
 ' from thee?' Calypso was so stung by
 this question, that she could neither dis-
 semble her emotion, nor hide the cause.
 ' This Telemachus,' said she, ' whose
 ' heroick virtue despised the pleasures
 ' that were offered him in the Isle of
 ' Cyprus, has not been able to with-
 ' stand the charms of one of my nymphs,
 ' who is not remarkable for beauty.
 ' How did he dare to boast of having at-
 ' chieved so many wonders! a wretch,
 ' whom luxury has rendered sordid
 ' and effeminate, and who seems to
 ' have been intended by Nature for a
 ' life of indolence and obscurity among
 ' women!' Mentor observed, with plea-
 sure, that Calypso suffered great an-
 guish from her jealousy; and therefore
 said nothing more to inflame it at that
 time, lest she should suspect his design:
 but he assumed a look that expressed de-
 jection and concern. The goddess dis-
 covered, without reserve, her uneasiness
 at all that she saw, and incessantly en-
 tertained him with new complaints.
 The hunting-match, to which Mentor
 had called her attention, exasperated her
 beyond all bounds; for she knew that
 Telemachus had nothing in view but
 to draw Eucharis from the rest of the
 nymphs, that he might speak to her in
 private. A second hunting match was
 proposed soon afterwards, and Calypso
 knew that it was intended for the same
 purpose as the first; which being deter-
 mined to disappoint, she declared that
 she would be of the party; but her
 emotion being too violent to be con-
 cealed, she suddenly broke out into this
 reproachful expostulation: ' Is it thus,
 ' then, presumptuous boy! that thou
 ' hast made my dominions an asylum
 ' from the resentment of Neptune, and
 ' the righteous vengeance of the gods?
 ' Hast thou entered this island, which
 ' mortals are forbidden to approach,
 ' only to defy my power, and despise
 ' my love?—Hear me, ye gods of the
 ' celestial and infernal world! let the
 ' sufferings of an injured deity awaken
 ' your vengeance! overtake this perfi-
 ' dious, this ungrateful, this impious
 ' mortal, with swift destruction!—Since
 ' thy obduracy and injustice are greater
 ' than thy father's, may thy sufferings
 ' also be longer and more severe; may

' thy country be for ever hidden from
 ' thy eyes, that wretched, that despi-
 ' cable country, which, in the folly of
 ' thy presumption, thou hast, without
 ' a blush, preferred to immortality with
 ' me! or rather, mayest thou perish
 ' when, in the distant horizon, it first
 ' rises before thee: mayest thou then,
 ' plunged in the deep, be driven back,
 ' the sport of the waves, and cast life-
 ' less upon these sands, which shall de-
 ' ny thee burial! May my eyes see the
 ' vultures devour thee! they shall see
 ' them; and the whom thou lovest shall
 ' see them also; she shall see them with
 ' despair and anguish, and her misery
 ' shall be my delight!'

While Calypso was thus speaking,
 her whole countenance was suffused
 with rage; there was a gloomy fierce-
 ness in her looks, which continually
 hurried from one object to another; her
 lips trembled, a livid circle surrounded
 them, and her colour, which was some-
 times pale as death, changed every mo-
 ment: her tears, which she had been
 used to shed in great plenty, now ceased
 to flow, as if despair and rage had dried
 up their source; and her voice was hoarse,
 tremulous, and interrupted. Mentor
 remarked all the changes of her emo-
 tion, but said nothing more to Tele-
 machus: he treated him as a man in-
 fected with an incurable disease, to
 whom it was in vain to administer re-
 medies; but he frequently regarded him
 with a look that strongly expressed his
 compassion.

Telemachus was sensible of his weak-
 ness, and conscious that he was un-
 worthy of the friendship of Mentor:
 he kept his eyes fixed upon the ground,
 not daring to look up, lest he should
 meet those of his monitor, by whose
 very silence he was condemned: he was
 often ready to throw himself upon his
 neck, and at once to confess and renounce
 his folly; but he was sometimes re-
 strained by a false shame, and sometimes
 by a consciousness that his profession
 would not be sincere; and a secret fond-
 ness for a situation, which, though he
 knew to be dangerous, was yet so pleas-
 ing, that he could not resolve to quit it.

In the mean time the deities, assem-
 bled upon Olympus, kept their eyes
 fixed, in silent suspense, upon the Island
 of Calypso, to see the issue of this con-
 test between Venus and Minerva. Cu-
 pid, who, like a playful child, had been
 caressed

caressed by all the nymphs in their turns, had set every breast on fire; Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had availed herself of that jealousy which is inseparable from love, to preclude its effects; and Jupiter resolved to sit neuter between them.

Eucharis, who feared that Telemachus might escape from her chains, practised a thousand arts to detain him. She was now ready to go out with him to the second chace, as had been agreed upon between them, and had dressed herself like Diana; and the deities of love and beauty had, by a mutual effort, improved her charms, which were now superior even to those of Calypso. Calypso beheld her at a distance; and seeing her own reflection also in a fountain near which she stood, the comparison filled her with grief and shame: she hid herself in the innermost recess of her grotto, and gave herself up to these reflections: 'I have then vainly endeavoured to interrupt the pleasure of these lovers, by declaring that I would go with them to the chace: shall I still go? Alas! shall I be a foil to her beauties? shall I increase her triumph and his passion? Wretch that I am, what have I done! I will not go; nor shall they: I know well how to prevent them. If I entreat Mentor to quit the island with his friend, he will immediately conduct him to Ithaca. But what do I say! When Telemachus is departed, what will become of Calypso! Where am I! what shall I do!—O cruel Venus! O Venus, thou hast deceived me; thou hast betrayed me with a fatal gift!—Pernicious boy! I opened my heart to thee, seduced by the pleasing hope that thou wouldst introduce felicity; but thou hast perfidiously filled it with anguish and despair. My nymphs have combined against me; and my divinity serves only to perpetuate my sufferings. O that I could put an end to my being and my sufferings together! But I cannot die; and therefore, Telemachus, thou shalt not live! I will revenge myself of thy ingratitude; the nymph, who is the partner of thy crime, shall be the witness of thy punishment; and in her presence will I strike thee to the heart. But I rave: O unhappy Calypso! what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou destroy the guiltless youth whom thou

hast already made wretched? It is I that have kindled, in the chaste bosom of Telemachus, a guilty flame. How pure was his innocence, and how uniform his virtue! how noble his detestation of vice, how heroick his disdain of inglorious pleasure! Why did I taint so immaculate a breast? He would have left me, alas! And must he not leave me now? or, since he lives but for my rival, if he stays, must he not stay only to despise me? But I have merited the misery that I suffer!—Go then, Telemachus! again let the seas divide us; go, and leave Calypso without consolation, unable to sustain the burden of life; unable to lay it down in the grave! Leave me, without consolation, overwhelmed with shame, and despoiled of hope; the victim of remorse, and the scorn of Eucharis!

Thus she sighed alone in the obscurity of her grotto: but, the next moment, starting suddenly from her seat, she ran out with a furious impetuosity: 'Where art thou, Mentor?' says she; 'is it thus that thy wisdom sustains Telemachus against the mischief that is even now ready to overwhelm him? thou sleepest while Love is vigilant against thee. I can bear this slothful indifference no longer! Wilt thou always see the son of the great Ulysses dishonour his birth, and forego the advantages of his fortune, with this negligent tranquillity? It is to thy care, and not mine, that his friends have committed him; wilt thou then sit idle while I am busy for his preservation? The remotest part of this forest abounds in tall poplars, of which a commodious vessel may easily be built: in that place Ulysses himself built the vessel in which he set sail from this island; and, in that place, you will find a deep cave, which contains all the implements that are necessary for the work.' She had no sooner given Mentor this intelligence, than she repented of it; but he lost not a moment to improve it. He hastened immediately to the cave, found the implements, felled the trees, and in one day constructed a vessel fit for the sea; for, to Minerva, a short time was sufficient for a great work.

Calypso, in the mean time, suffered the most tormenting anxiety and suspense: she was, at the same time, im-

patient to know what Mentor would do in consequence of her information, and unable to bear the thought of leaving Telemachus and Eucharis at full liberty, by quitting the chace. Her jealousy would not permit her to lose sight of the lovers; and therefore she contrived to lead the hunters towards that part of the forest where she supposed Mentor would be at work. She soon thought she heard the strokes of the axe and the mallet; she listened, and every blow that she heard made her tremble; yet she was distracted in the very moment of attention by her fears, that some amorous intimation, some sign, or some glance, between Telemachus and Eucharis, might escape her notice.

Eucharis, at the same time, thought fit to railly her lover: 'Are not you afraid,' says she, 'that Mentor will chide you for going to the chace without him! What a pity it is that you have so severe a master! He has an austerity that nothing can soften; he affects to despise pleasure himself, and therefore interdicts it to you, not excepting even the most innocent amusements. It might, indeed, be proper for you to submit to his direction before you was able to govern yourself; but after you have given such proofs of wisdom, you ought no longer to suffer yourself to be treated like a child.'

This subtle reproach stung Telemachus to the heart; he felt a secret indignation against Mentor, and an impatient desire to throw off his yoke: yet he was still afraid to see him; and his mind was in such agitation, that he made the nymph no reply. The hunt, during which all parties had felt equal constraint and uneasiness, being now over, they returned home by that part of the forest where Mentor had been all day at work. Calypso saw the vessel finished at a distance; and a thick cloud, like the shades of death, fell instantly upon her eyes; her knees trembled; she was covered with a cold sweat, and obliged to support herself by leaning on the nymphs that surrounded her; among whom Eucharis, pressing to assist her, she pushed her back with a frown of indignation and disdain.

Telemachus, who saw the vessel, but not Mentor, who had finished his work

and was retired, asked Calypso to whom it belonged, and for what purpose it was intended? She could not answer him immediately; but at length she told him it was to send away Mentor, whom she had directed to build it for that purpose. 'You,' said she, 'shall be no longer distressed by the austerity of that severe censor, who opposes your happiness, and would become jealous of your immortality.'—'To send away Mentor!' said Telemachus: 'if he forsakes me I am undone!—If he forsakes me, whom shall I have left, Eucharis, but thee?' Thus, in the unguarded moment of surprize and love, the secret escaped him in words, which his heart prompted, and of which he did not consider the import. He discovered his indiscretion the moment it was too late; the whole company were struck dumb with confusion; Eucharis blushed; and, fixing her eyes upon the ground, stood behind the crowd, not daring to appear: but though shame glowed upon her cheek, yet joy revelled at her heart. Telemachus so far lost his recollection, that he scarce knew what he had done; the whole appeared to him like a dream; but it was like a dream of confusion and trouble.

Calypso instantly quitted the place; and, transported with rage, made her way through the forest with a hasty and disordered pace, following no track, and not knowing whither she was going: at length, however, she found herself at the entrance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting her return. 'Be gone,' said she, 'from this island, O stranger! who art come hither only to interrupt my peace! Be gone, thou hoary do-tard! with that infatuated boy; and be assured, that if he is found another hour within my dominions, thou shalt know the power of a deity to punish. I will see him no more; nor will I suffer my nymphs to have any farther intercourse with him: this I swear by the waters of Styx, an oath at which the inhabitants of eternity tremble!—But thou, Telemachus, shalt know that thy sufferings are yet but begun. I dismiss thee from this island; but it is only to new misfortunes: I will be revenged; and thou shalt regret the abuse of my bounty in vain. Neptune still resents the injury which he received from thy father in Sicily; and, solicited by Venus, whose wor-
ship

ship thou hast since despised in the
 Isle of Cyprus, he is now preparing
 to excite new tempests against thee.
 Thou shalt see thy father, who is not
 dead; but, when thou seest him, thou
 shalt not know him; and, though thou
 shalt meet him in Ithaca, thou shalt
 first suffer the severest persecutions of
 Fortune. Be gone! I conjure the
 celestial deities to revenge me! Mayest
 thou be suspended in the middle of
 the deep, by the crag of some soli-
 tary and naked rock! There may the
 thunder strike thee from above; and
 there mayest thou invoke Calypso,
 who shall scorn thy repentance, and
 enjoy thy punishment! But the rage
 of Calypso evaporated with the very
 breath that expressed it, and the desire
 of retaining Telemachus revived in her
 bosom. 'Let him live,' said she to
 herself, 'and let him live here! Perhaps,
 in time, he will learn to set a just va-
 lue upon my friendship, and reflect
 that Eucharis has no immortality to
 bestow. But, alas! I have ensnared
 myself by an inviolable oath; it has
 bound me with everlasting bonds;
 and the irremeable waters of Styx,
 by which I have sworn, preclude for
 ever the return of hope!' While these
 thoughts passed silently in her bosom,
 the characteristic of all the Furies
 were impressed upon her countenance,
 and all the pestilential vapours of Co-
 cytus seemed to exhale from her heart.

Her whole appearance struck Tele-
 machus with horror; she instantly per-
 ceived it; for what is hidden from the
 perspicacity of love? and the discovery
 added new violence to her phrenzy. She
 suddenly started away from the place
 where she stood, with all the fury that
 inspires the votaries of Bacchus when
 their shouts echo from the mountains of
 Thrace; she rushed into the woods with a
 javelin in her hand, calling all her nymphs
 to follow her, and threatening to pierce
 those who should stay behind: terrified
 at this menace, they thronged round
 her, and Eucharis among the rest, her
 eyes swimming in tears, and her last
 look directed to Telemachus, to whom
 she did not dare to speak. The god-
 deesses trembled when she approached
 her; and was so far from being softened
 by her submission, that she burned
 with new rage, when she perceived
 that affliction itself only heightened
 her beauty.

Telemachus was now left alone with
 Mentor; and, after a short interval of
 silence and confusion, he threw himself
 on the ground, and embraced his knees:
 he did not dare to throw himself on his
 neck, or even to lift up his eyes upon
 him. He burst into tears; he attempted
 to speak, but his voice failed him; and
 he was yet more at a loss for words;
 he knew not what he ought to do,
 what he did, or what he would do: but
 at length he cried out—'O more than
 father! O Mentor! deliver me from
 the evils that surround me! I can
 neither forsake nor follow you: de-
 liver me from evils that are worse
 than death! Deliver me from myself;
 put an end to my being!'

Mentor embraced him, comforted
 and encouraged him; and, without
 soothing his passion, reconciled him to
 life. 'O son of the wise Ulysses!' said
 he, 'whom the gods have so highly
 favoured, and whom they favour
 still; the very sufferings of which
 thou art now complaining are new
 testimonies of their love: he who has
 never felt the strength of his passions,
 and his own weakness, is not yet ac-
 quainted with wisdom; he is not yet
 acquainted with himself; nor is he
 aware how little his own heart is to
 be trusted. The gods have led thee,
 as it were, by the hand, to the brink
 of destruction; they have shewed thee
 the depth of the abyss, but they have
 not suffered thee to fall in: scarce
 now the knowledge which otherwise
 thou couldst never have acquired;
 and improve that experience, without
 which it would have been in vain to
 tell thee of the treachery of Love,
 who flatters only to destroy, and who
 conceals the keenest anguish under
 the appearance of delight. Thou
 hast now seen, and known, this love-
 ly, this perfidious boy: he came hither
 blooming in immortal beauty,
 and all was mirth and sport, elegance
 and dissipation; he stole away thy
 heart, and thou hadst pleasure in
 permitting the theft; yet didst thou
 wish to persuade thyself that it was
 still thy own. Thou wast solicitous
 to deceive me, and to flatter thyself;
 and thou art now gathering the fruits
 of thy indiscretion. Thou art im-
 portuning me to take away thy life;
 and that I will comply is the only
 hope that lingers in thy breast: the
 goddesses

' goddess is transformed, by the violence of her passion, to an infernal fury; Eucharis is tormented by a flame less tolerable than the pains of death; and among the other nymphs of Calypso, Jealousy has scattered all her plagues with an unsparing hand. Such are the exploits of that boy, whose appearance was so gentle and lovely! How greatly, then, art thou beloved by the gods, who have opened a way for thee to fly from him, and return to thy country, the object not of a blameless only, but a noble passion! Calypso is herself compelled to drive thee hence: the vessel is ready; call up, then, all thy courage, and let us make haste to quit this island, where it is certain that virtue can never dwell.'

Mentor, while he was yet speaking, took Telemachus by the hand, and led him towards the shore. Telemachus consented with silent reluctance, and looked behind him at every step. Eucharis was still in sight, though at a considerable distance; and not being able to see her face, he gazed at her fine hair, which, tied in a lock, played gracefully behind her, and at her loose light robe that flowed negligently in the wind: he remarked the easy majesty of her gait, and could have kissed the mark of her footsteps on the ground. When his eye could no longer reach her, he listened; and he persuaded himself that he heard her voice: he still saw her, though she was absent; his fancy realized her image; and he thought that he was talking with her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing any thing that was said by Mentor.

But, at length, awaking as from a dream—'Mentor,' said he, 'I am resolved to follow you; but I have not yet taken leave of Eucharis; and I would rather perish than abandon her with ingratitude! Stay only till I see her once more; stay only till I bid her farewell for ever. Let me tell her, that the gods, jealous of my felicity, compel me to depart; but that they shall sooner put a period to my life, than blot her from my remembrance. O my father! grant me this last, this most reasonable, request; or destroy me this moment, and let me die at your feet! I have no desire to continue in this island; nor will I give up my heart to love: it is, in-

deed, a stranger to the passion; for all that I feel for Eucharis amounts but to friendship and gratitude. I desire only to bid her farewell, and I will then follow you without a moment's delay.'

'My son,' replied Mentor, 'my pity for you is more than I can express: your passion is so violent, that you are not sensible it possesses you; you imagine yourself to be in a state of tranquillity, even while you are adjuring me to take away your life. You declare that you are not under the influence of love, while you feel yourself unable to quit the object of your passion; while you see and hear her only, and are blind and deaf to all beside: so the wretch, whom a fever has rendered delirious, tells you he is not sick. Your understanding is blinded by desire: you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you in Ithaca; and Ulysses, whom you shall certainly see again at your return, and to whose throne you are to succeed. You would give up all the glory which the gods have promised, and confirmed by the miracles which they have wrought in your behalf, to live with Eucharis in obscurity and disgrace; and yet you pretend that your attachment to her is not the effect of love! What is it but love that troubles you? what but love has made you weary of life? and what else produced the transport that betrayed your secret to Calypso? I do not accuse you of insincerity; but I pity your delusion. Fly, fly, O Telemachus! for love is conquered only by flight: against such an enemy, true courage consists in fear and retreat; in retreat without deliberation, and without looking back. You cannot have forgotten the tender anxieties you have cost me from your earliest infancy, nor the dangers which my counsel has enabled you to avoid; why, then, will you distrust me now? Believe me, or let me leave you to your fate. You know not the anguish that my heart has felt to see you rush forward in the path of destruction; you know not what I secretly suffered when I did not dare to speak to you: your mother felt not a severer pang at your birth. I was silent; and suppressed even my sighs, in the fond hope that you would

at

‘ at length return to me without admonition or reproof. O my son! restore to me that which is dearer than life; give me thyself; and be once more mine and thy own. If reason shall at length prevail over passion, I shall live; and my life shall be happy: but if, in the contest with passion, reason shall give way, my happiness is at an end, and I can live no longer.’

During this discourse, Mentor continued to advance towards the sea; and Telemachus, who had not yet sufficient resolution to follow him, was yet so far influenced as to suffer himself to be led forward without resistance. Minerva, in this crisis of his fate, still concealed under the form of Mentor, covered him invisibly with her shield, and diffused round him the divine radiance of uncreated light: its influence was immediate and irresistible; and Telemachus was conscious to a strength of mind, which, since he came into the Island of Calypso, he had never felt. They came at length to the sea-shore, which in that place was steep and rocky; it projected in a cliff, which was broken by the foaming surge below, and which, from the top, commanded an extensive prospect of the country: from this promontory they looked to see whether the ship, which had been built by Mentor, was still in the place where they had left it; and they beheld a scene which, to Mentor at least, was extremely mortifying and distressful.

Love, who was conscious that his shafts could make no impression upon Mentor, now saw him carry off Telemachus, with new pangs of disappointed malignity: he wept with rage and vexation; and went in search of Calypso, who was wandering about in the most gloomy recesses of the forest. The moment she saw him, a deep sigh escaped her, and she felt every wound in her bosom begin to bleed afresh. ‘ Art thou a goddess?’ said the disdainful boy; ‘ and dost thou suffer thyself to be defied by a feeble mortal, who is captive in thy dominions? Why is he suffered to depart with impunity?’ — ‘ O fatal power!’ replied Calypso, ‘ let me no more listen to thy dangerous counsel, which has already seduced me from a state of perfect and delicious tranquillity, and plunged me

‘ in an abyss of misery, where thought itself can find no bottom. All counsel is, indeed, too late: I have sworn, by the waters of the Styx, that I will not detain him; and this awful oath, Jupiter himself, the father of the gods, omnipotent and eternal, does not dare to violate.—Depart, then, Telemachus, from this island!—Depart thou also, pernicious boy! for my misfortunes are derived rather from thee than from him!’

Love, drying up his tears, replied, with a smile of derision and disdain— ‘ And this oath has left you without an expedient! Leave the matter, then, to my management. As you have sworn to let Telemachus depart, take no measures to detain him; but neither I nor your nymphs are bound by your oath. I will secretly incite them to burn the vessel that Mentor has so hastily built, and his diligence to circumvent us shall be ineffectual; he also shall be circumvented in his turn, and find himself unexpectedly deprived of all means to rescue Telemachus from your power.’

The voice of Love thus soothed the despair of Calypso, as the breath of the zephyr, upon the margin of a stream, refreshes the languid flock which are fainting in the burning heat of the summer’s sun: the sweet influence of hope and joy was again felt in her breast; her countenance became serene, and her eye soft and placid; the glooms of care were dissipated for a moment; she stopped, she smiled; and she repaid the flattery of the wanton boy with caresses, which prepared new anguish for her heart.

Cupid, pleased with his success upon Calypso, went to try his influence upon her nymphs: they were scattered about upon the mountains like a flock of sheep, which, pursued by some hungry wolf, had fled far from the shepherd. Having soon got them together—‘ Telemachus,’ says he, ‘ is still in your hands; but, if a moment is lost, he will escape you: make haste, then, and set fire to the vessel which the temerity of Mentor has constructed to carry him off!’ Torches were now lighted in a moment; they rushed towards the sea-shore, with the cries and gestures of frantick Bacchanals, their hair dishevelled, and their limbs trembling; the flames spread; the whole vessel

vessel was soon in a blaze; and the smoke, intermixed with sheets of fire, rose in a cloudy volume to the sky.

Telemachus and Mentor saw the flames, and heard the cries of the nymphs from the top of the rock. Telemachus was secretly inclined to rejoice at what had happened; the health of his mind was not yet perfectly restored: and Mentor remarked, that his passion was like a fire not totally extinguished, which, from time to time, gleams from the embers, and frequently throws out sparks with a sudden and unexpected vigour. 'Now,' says Telemachus, 'our retreat is cut off, and our escape from this island is impossible!' Mentor, who perceived that he was relapsing into all his follies, knew that not a moment was to be lost: he saw a vessel lying at anchor at a distance, which did not approach the shore, because it was well known to all pilots that the Island of Calypso was inaccessible. This wise guardian of unexperienced youth, therefore, suddenly pushed Telemachus from the top of the rock into the sea, and instantly leaped after him. Telemachus, who was at first stunned by the fall, drank of the briny wave, and became the sport of the surge: but, at length, recovering from his astonishment, and seeing Mentor, who stretched out his hand to assist him in swimming, he thought only how to leave the island at a distance.

The nymphs, who before imagined that they had secured their captives, uttered a dreadful cry when they saw them escape: Calypso, again overwhelmed with despair, retired to her grotto, which she filled with unavailing complaints; and Love, who saw his triumph suddenly changed into a defeat, sprung up into the air; and, spreading his wings, took his flight to the groves of Idalia, where he was expected by Venus. The boy, still more cruel than his mother, consoled himself for his disappointment, by laughing, with her, at the mischief they had done.

Telemachus felt, with pleasure, that his fortitude, and his love of virtue, revived as his distance from the fatal Island of Calypso increased. 'I now,' said he to Mentor, 'experience what you have told me; but what, if I had not experienced, I could never have believed: "Vice can only be conquered by flight!" My father, how dear a testimony have the gods given me of their love, by granting me the guidance and protection of thy wisdom! I deserve, indeed, to be deprived of both; I deserve to be abandoned to my own folly. I now fear neither seas nor winds; I apprehend danger only from my passions: love alone is more to be dreaded than all the calamities of shipwreck.'

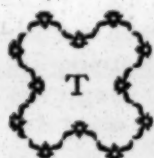
END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.





THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK VIII.



HE vessel which lay at anchor, and which Telemachus and Mentor were approaching, was of Phœnicia, and bound to Epirus. The Phœnicians who were on board had seen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt; but he could not be sufficiently distinguished to be known while he was swimming in the sea. When Mentor was near enough the vessel to be heard, he raised his head above the water, and called out, with a loud voice—‘Phœnicians! you who succour alike the distressed of all nations, refuse not your assistance to two strangers, whose life depends upon your humanity: if you have any reverence for the gods, take us on board, and we will accompany you whithersoever you are bound.’ The commander of the vessel immediately answered—‘We will receive you with joy: it is not necessary that you should be known to us; it suffices that you are men, and in distress.’ He gave orders accordingly; and they were taken into the ship.

When they first came aboard, they were so exhausted and out of breath, that they could neither speak nor move; for they had been swimming a long time, and had struggled hard with the billows. They recovered, however, by degrees, and had change of apparel

brought them, their own being heavy with the water it had imbibed, which ran off from all parts. As soon as they were able to speak, the Phœnicians gathered round them, and were impatient to hear their adventures. ‘How,’ said the commander, ‘did you get into that island from whence you came hither? It is in the possession of a goddess, who suffers no man to enter it; and, indeed, it is surrounded by rocks, which are always beaten with so dreadful a surge, that it can scarce be approached without certain shipwreck.’ Mentor replied—‘We were driven on shore by a storm: we are Greeks from Ithaca, an island not far from Epirus, whither you are bound; and if you should not touch there, which, however, is in your course, we shall be satisfied to be put on shore at your port; for we shall find friends at Epirus who will procure us a passage over to Ithaca; and we shall still think ourselves indebted to your humanity for the happiness of being again restored to all that is dear to us in the world.’

Telemachus remained silent, and left Mentor to answer for them both; the faults which he had committed in the Island of Calypso having greatly increased his prudence: he was now dissident of himself; and so conscious how much

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he always stood in need of the direction of superior wisdom, that, when he had no opportunity of asking Mentor's advice, he watched his countenance, and endeavoured to discover his sentiments in his looks.

The Phœnician commander, observing the silence of Telemachus, looked earnestly at him, and thought he remembered to have seen him before; but not being able to recollect any particulars—'Permit me,' said he, 'to ask, if you have not some remembrance of having seen me before; for I think this is not the first time I have seen you; your countenance is not unknown to me; it struck me at the first glance: but I cannot recollect where we have met; perhaps, my memory may be assisted by yours.' Telemachus immediately replied, with a mixture of surprize and pleasure—'I have felt, at the sight of you, exactly what you felt at the sight of me: I well remember to have seen you; but I cannot recollect whether in Egypt or at Tyre.' The Phœnician, at the mention of Egypt and Tyre, like a man who, waking in the morning, has brought back by degrees, and as it were from a remote distance, the evanescent images of a dream which had fled with the shadows of the night, suddenly cried out—'Thou art Telemachus, with whom Narbal contracted a friendship when we were returning from Egypt! I am his brother; of whom you have, doubtless, heard him often speak: I left you with him when we arrived at Tyre, being myself obliged to make a voyage to Boetia, that celebrated country, near the Pillars of Hercules, on the remotest confines of the deep. Having therefore but just seen you, it is not strange that I did not perfectly recollect you at first sight.'

'I perceive,' said Telemachus, 'that you are Adoam: I had no opportunity of a personal acquaintance with you; but I have heard much of you from Narbal. How should I rejoice to hear of him from you! for, to me, his memory will be for ever dear. Is he still at Tyre? Has he suffered nothing from the suspicion and cruelty of Pygmalion?'—Telemachus, said Adoam, interrupting him, 'Fortune has now given you in charge to a man who will, to the utmost of his abi-

lities, deserve the trust: I will put you on shore at Ithaca before I proceed to Epirus; and you shall not find less friendship in the brother of Narbal than in Narbal himself.' Having looked aloft while he was speaking, he observed that the wind, for which he had waited, began to blow; he therefore gave orders instantly to weigh anchor; the sails were spread to the breeze, and the oars divided the flood.

Adoam then took Telemachus and Mentor apart. 'I will now,' said he to Telemachus, 'gratify your curiosity. The tyranny of Pygmalion is at an end; from that scourge the righteous gods have delivered the earth! As he dared to trust no man, so no man dared to trust him: the good were content to sigh in secret, and to hide themselves from his cruelty, without attempting any thing against him; the wicked thought there was no way of securing their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a man in Tyre who was not in perpetual danger of alarming his suspicion; and to this danger his guards themselves were more exposed than others. As his life was in their hands, he feared them in proportion to their power; and he sacrificed them to his safety upon the slightest mistrust: thus his very search of security rendered the finding it impossible. Those in whose hands he had deposited his life were themselves in perpetual danger by his suspicion; and the only expedient to deliver themselves from this dreadful situation was to anticipate the effects of his suspicion by his death. The first, however, who took a resolution to destroy him, was the impious Astarbe, whom you have heard so often mentioned already. She was passionately enamoured of a young Tyrian, who had great possessions, and whose name was Joazar; and had conceived a design of placing him upon the throne. To facilitate the execution of this project, she persuaded the king that Phadael, the eldest of his two sons, being impatient to succeed him, had conspired against his life: she suborned witnesses to support the charge; and the unhappy tyrant caused Phadael to be put to death. Balazar, his second son,

son, was sent to Samos, under the pretence of learning the manners and sciences of Greece; but, in reality, because Astarbe had persuaded the king that it was necessary to send him away, lest he should associate himself with the malecontents. The ship in which he was embarked had scarce quitted the port, when those who had been appointed to navigate her, having been corrupted by the perfidious inhumanity of Astarbe, contrived to make shipwreck of the vessel in the night; and having thrown the young prince into the sea, they preserved themselves by swimming to some foreign barks that waited for them at a convenient distance.

In the mean time, the amours of Astarbe were secrets to none but Pygmalion, who fondly imagined himself to be the only object of her affection: he, who heard even the whisper of the breeze with distrust and dread, relied on this abandoned woman with a blind and implicit confidence. At the time, however, when love rendered him the dupe of her artifices, he was incited by avarice to find some pretence for putting Joazar, her favourite, to death, that he might seize upon his riches.

But while suspicion, love, and avarice, were thus sharing the heart of Pygmalion, Astarbe was contriving his immediate destruction. She thought it possible that he might have discovered something of her connexion with Joazar; and, if not, she knew that avarice alone would furnish him with a sufficient motive to cut him off: she concluded, therefore, that not a moment was to be lost. She saw that all the principal officers of the court were ready to dip their hands in his blood, and she heard of some new conspiracy every day; yet there was none whom she could make the confidants of her design, without putting her own life in their power; and therefore she determined to destroy Pygmalion by poison, and to administer it herself.

It was his general practice to eat with her in private; and he always dressed his food himself, not daring to trust any hand but his own. While he was thus employed, he used to lock himself up in the most retired part of his palace, the better to con-

ceal his fears, and elude observation. He did not dare to enjoy any of the pleasures of the table, nor even to taste any thing which had not been prepared wholly by himself; he was thus precluded from the use, not only of delicacies and refinements in cookery, but of wine, bread, salt, oil, milk, and all other ordinary food: he lived entirely upon fruit, which he gathered himself from his garden; or such roots and herbs as he sowed and dressed with his own hands; he drank no liquor but the water which he drew from a fountain that was inclosed in a part of the palace, of which he always kept the key; and, notwithstanding his confidence in Astarbe, he did not in this particular lay aside his precaution even with respect to her: he made her eat and drink of every thing that furnished out their repast before he tasted it himself, that he might be sure not to be poisoned without her, and that she might have no hope of surviving him. She contrived, however, to render this precaution ineffectual; for she took a counter-poison, which she had obtained of an old woman yet more wicked than herself, whom upon this occasion she made no scruple to trust, as she was already the confidante of her amours. As she was thus secured against danger, in poisoning the king with food of which she was herself to partake, she accomplished her purpose in the following manner.

At the moment when they were sitting down to their repast, the old woman made a noise at one of the doors of the apartment; the king, always under the terrors of assassination, was greatly alarmed, and ran in haste to the door to see that it was secured: the old woman, having performed her part, withdrew; and the king stood torpid in suspense, not knowing what to think of the noise he had heard, nor daring to resolve his doubts by opening the door. Astarbe encouraged him, caressed him, and pressed him to eat, having thrown poison into his golden cup while he ran to the door upon the alarm. Pygmalion, with his usual precaution, gave the cup first into her hand; and she drank without fear, confiding in the antidote she had taken: Pygmalion then

drank himself; and, in a short time afterwards, sunk down in a state of total insensibility. Astarbe, who knew that he was capable of stabbing her to the heart upon the slightest suspicion; and that he might recover from this fit while he had yet strength to do it, immediately rent her cloaths, tore her hair, and burst into clamorous lamentations: she took the dying king in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and shed over him a flood of tears, which she had always at command; but when she saw that his strength was just exhausted, and the last agony coming on, she dropped the mask; and, to prevent a possibility of his recovery, threw herself upon him, and smothered him. She then took the royal signet from his finger, and the diadem from his head, and presented them both to Joazar, whom she called in for that purpose. She imagined that all her partizans would readily concur in the gratification of her passion; and that her lover would not fail to be proclaimed king: but those who had paid their court to her with the greatest assiduity were base and mercenary wretches, who were incapable of a sincere affection; and who, besides, being destitute of courage, were deterred from supporting Astarbe by the fear of her enemies: her own pride, dissimulation, and cruelty, were yet more formidable; and every one wished that she might perish, as a pledge of his own security. In the mean time, the palace was in the utmost confusion; nothing was heard but a repetition of the words—“The king is dead!” Some stood terrified and irresolute; others ran to arms; every one rejoiced at the event, but every one apprehended the consequences. The news presently circulated, from mouth to mouth, through the whole city; where there was not so much as a single person who regretted the death of the king, which was an universal deliverance and consolation.

Narbal, struck with an event so sudden and awful, compassionated the misfortunes of Pygmalion, though he could not but detest his vices; he regretted, like an honest man, his having betrayed himself to destruction by an unlimited and undeserved confidence in Astarbe; and chosen rather

to be a tyrant, disclaimed by nature, and abhorred by mankind, than to fulfil the duties of a sovereign, and become the father of his people. He was also attentive to the interests of the state; and made haste to assemble the friends of his country, to oppose the measures of Astarbe; under whose influence there was the greatest reason to apprehend a reign yet more oppressive than that of Pygmalion himself.

Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the sea; though the wretches who assured Astarbe of his death thought otherwise: he saved himself, under favour of the night, by swimming; and some Cretan merchants, touched with compassion, took him into their vessel. Having no reason to doubt but that his destruction was intended, and being equally afraid of the cruel jealousy of Pygmalion and the fatal artifices of Astarbe, he did not dare to return into his father's dominions, but wandered about on the coast of Syria, where he had been left by the Cretans who took him up, and gained a scanty subsistence by tending a flock of sheep. At length, however, he found means to make Narbal acquainted with his situation; not doubting but that he might safely trust his secret and his life with a man whose virtue had been so often tried. Narbal, though he had been ill-treated by the father, did not look with less tenderness on the son; nor was he less attentive to his interests, in which, however, his principal view was to prevent his undertaking any thing inconsistent with the duty he still owed to his father; and therefore he exerted all his influence to reconcile him to his ill fortune.

Baleazar had requested Narbal to send him a ring as a token, whenever it should be proper for him to repair to Tyre; but Narbal did not think it prudent during the life of Pygmalion, as it would have been attended with the utmost danger to them both; the tyrant's inquisitive circumspection being such, as no subtlety or diligence could elude: but as soon as the fate he merited had overtaken him, Narbal sent the ring to Baleazar. Baleazar set out immediately; and arrived at the gates of Tyre while the

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whole city was in the utmost trouble and perplexity to know who should succeed to the throne: he was at once known and acknowledged, as well by the principal Tyrians as by the people. They loved him, not for the sake of his father, who was the object of universal detestation, but for his own amiable and gracious disposition; and even his misfortunes now threw a kind of splendor round him, which shewed his good qualities to the greatest advantage, and produced a tender interest in his favour.

Narbal assembled the chiefs of the people, the elders of the council, and the priests of the great goddess of Phœnicia. They saluted Baëazar as their king; and he was immediately proclaimed by the heralds, amidst the acclamations of the people. The shouts were heard by Astarbe in one of the innermost recesses of the palace, where she had shut herself up with Joazar, her effeminate and infamous favourite. She was abandoned by all the sycophants and parasites, the corrupt prostitutes of power, who had attached themselves to her during the life of Pygmalion; for the wicked fear the wicked; they know them to be unworthy of confidence, and therefore do not wish they should be invested with power. Men of corrupt principles know how much others of the same character abuse authority, and to what excess they carry oppression; they wish rather to have the good set over them: for though they cannot hope for reward, they know they shall not suffer injury. Astarbe, therefore, was deserted by all but a few wretches, who had so far involved themselves in her guilt, that, whatever party they should espouse, they could not hope to escape punishment.

The palace was soon forced; guilt, naturally irresolute and timid, made little resistance, and the criminals endeavoured to save themselves by flight. Astarbe attempted to make her escape, disguised like a slave; but she was detected and seized by a soldier, who knew her; and it was with great difficulty that the people were prevented from tearing her to pieces: they had already thrown her down, and were dragging her along the pavement, when Narbal rescued her out of their hands. She then entreated that she

might speak to Baëazar, whom she hoped to influence by her beauty, and to impose upon, by pretending that she could make important discoveries. Baëazar could not refuse to hear her; and she approached him with an expression of sweetness and modesty in her countenance, which gave new power to her beauty, and might have softened Rage itself into pity and complacency. She addressed him with the most delicate and insinuating flattery; she conjured him, by the aches of his father, to take pity upon her, whom he had so tenderly loved; she invoked the gods, as if she had paid them the homage of sincere adoration; she shed a flood of tears; and, prostrating herself on the ground, she passionately embraced his knees. But as soon as she imagined these arts had gained an influence over him, she neglected nothing to render him suspicious of the most faithful and affectionate of his servants: she accused Narbal of having entered into a conspiracy against Pygmalion, and of intrigues to procure himself to be chosen king instead of Baëazar, whom she insinuated he had also intended to poison. In the same manner she calumniated every other person whom she knew to be a friend to virtue; and hoped to find Baëazar susceptible of the same distrust and suspicion as his father: but the young prince, discerning and disdaining both her subtlety and her malice, suddenly interrupted her, by calling in his guards: she was immediately carried to prison; and a proper number of persons, distinguished for their experience and their wisdom, were appointed to enquire into her conduct.

They discovered, with horror, that she had first poisoned, and then smothered, Pygmalion; and that her whole life had been one uninterrupted series of the most enormous crimes: she was therefore judged worthy of the severest punishment which the laws of Phœnicia could inflict, and condemned to be burnt by a slow fire. But as soon as she found that her crimes were known, and her judges inexorable, she gave way to all the furies that had taken possession of her soul; and she immediately swallowed poison, which she had taken care to conceal about her, as the means of a

‘ speedy

' speedy death, if she should be con-
 ' demned to suffer lingering torments.
 ' Those who were about her soon per-
 ' ceived that she suffered intolerable
 ' pain, and offered such relief as was in
 ' their power; but, without giving any
 ' answer, she made signs that she would
 ' receive no assistance. They then spoke
 ' to her of the righteous gods, whose
 ' anger she had provoked; but, instead
 ' of expressing contrition or remorse, she
 ' looked upward with a mixture of de-
 ' spite and arrogance, as if she abhorred
 ' their attributes and defied their ven-
 ' geance.

' The last agony now came on, and
 ' her dying aspect expressed only im-
 ' piety and rage: of that beauty, which
 ' had been fatal to so many, no remains
 ' were now left; every grace was van-
 ' ished; her eyes, upon which the
 ' hand of Death was already heavy,
 ' were turned hastily on every side,
 ' with a wild and unmeaning ferocity;
 ' her lips were convulsed, her mouth
 ' open; and her whole countenance dis-
 ' torted; a livid paleness succeeded, and
 ' her body became cold; yet sometimes
 ' she started, as it were, back to life;
 ' but it was only to express the pang
 ' that roused her by shrieks and groans.
 ' At length, however, she expired, leav-
 ' ing those that stood round her in a
 ' state of inexpressible confusion and
 ' horror. Her guilty soul, without
 ' doubt, descended to those mournful
 ' regions where the unrelenting daugh-
 ' ters of Danaus are perpetually em-
 ' ployed in filling vessels that will not
 ' hold water; where Ixion for ever
 ' turns his wheel; and Tantalus in
 ' vain endeavours to slake his everlast-
 ' ing thirst with the water that eludes
 ' his lips; where Sisyphus, with una-
 ' vailing labour, rolls up the stone,
 ' which eternally falls back; and where
 ' Tityus feels the vulture incessantly
 ' prey upon his heart, which as fast as
 ' it is devoured is renewed.

' Baleazar, having expressed his gra-
 ' titude to the gods for his deliverance
 ' from this monster by innumerable sa-
 ' crifices, began his reign by a con-
 ' duct altogether different from that of
 ' Pygmalion. He applies himself, with
 ' great diligence, to revive commerce,
 ' which had long languished by a gra-
 ' dual decline. In matters of great im-
 ' portance he takes the advice of Nar-
 ' bal; yet does not submit implicitly to

' his direction; in every instance he
 ' makes the administration of govern-
 ' ment his own act, and takes cogni-
 ' zance of all things with his own eye;
 ' he hears every one's opinion, and then
 ' determines according to his own; he
 ' is, consequently, the idol of his peo-
 ' ple; and, by possessing their affec-
 ' tions, he is master of more wealth
 ' than the cruel avarice of his father
 ' could ever hoard; for there is not a
 ' man in his dominions that would
 ' not freely part with his whole pro-
 ' perty, if, upon a pressing necessity,
 ' he should require it of him: what he
 ' leaves his people, therefore, is more
 ' effectually his own than it would be
 ' if he took it away. All precautions
 ' for the security of his person are un-
 ' necessary; for he is continually sur-
 ' rounded by an impregnable defence,
 ' the affection of the publick: there
 ' is not a subject in his kingdom who
 ' does not dread the loss of his prince
 ' as a calamity to himself; and who
 ' would not interpose between him and
 ' danger at the hazard of his life. He
 ' is happy, and all his people are happy
 ' with him: he is afraid of requiring
 ' too much of them; and they are afraid
 ' of offering him too little. His mode-
 ' ration leaves them in affluence; but
 ' this affluence renders them neither
 ' untractable nor insolent; for they are
 ' habitually industrious, addicted to
 ' commerce, and inflexible in support-
 ' ing the ancient purity of their laws.
 ' Phœnicia has now reached the sum-
 ' mit of greatness and of glory; and
 ' owes all her prosperity to her young
 ' king.

' Narbal is his minister, the instru-
 ' ment of his virtue and of his wis-
 ' dom.—O Telemachus! if he was now
 ' to see you, with what joy would he
 ' load you with presents, and send you
 ' back with magnificence to your coun-
 ' try! How would he have rejoiced to
 ' have placed the son of Ulysses upon
 ' the throne of Ithaca, to diffuse the
 ' same happiness through that island
 ' which Baleazar dispenses at Tyre!
 ' And how happy am I to render you
 ' this service in his stead!

Telemachus, who had listened with
 great pleasure to the relation of these
 events, and was yet more sensibly touch-
 ed with the tender and zealous friend-
 ship with which Adoam had received
 him in his misfortunes, replied only

by

by clasping him to his breast in a transport of gratitude, affection, and esteem. Adoam then enquired how he came on shore at the Island of Calypso: and Telemachus, in his turn, gave him the history of his departure from Tyre; of his passage to the Isle of Cyprus; of the manner of his finding Mentor; of their voyage to Crete; of the publick games for the election of a king after the flight of Idomeneus; of the resentment of Venus; of their shipwreck; of the pleasure with which Calypso received them; of her becoming jealous of Eucharis; and of his being thrown into the sea by Mentor upon his perceiving a Phœnician vessel at some distance from the coast.

Adoam then ordered a magnificent entertainment; and, as a farther testimony of his joy, he improved it with all the pleasures of which his situation would admit. During the repast, which was served by young Phœnicians, dressed in white garments, and crowned with flowers, the place was perfumed by burning the most odoriferous gums of the East: they were entertained with the sound of the flute by musicians, to whom the rowers had resigned their seats; and this melody was, from time to time, interrupted by Achitoas, who accompanied his lyre with his voice, in strains which were worthy to be heard at the table of the gods, and to which even Apollo might have listened with delight. The Tritons, Nereids, and all the deities who rule the waters in subordination to the father of the deep, and even all the monsters of those hoary regions, unknown to man, quitted the watery grottos of the abyss, and swam in crowds round the vessel to enjoy the harmony. A band of Phœnician youths, of exquisite beauty, cloathed in fine linen whiter than snow, entertained them a long time with dancing, in the manner of their country; afterwards with the dances of Egypt; and, at last, with those of Greece. At proper intervals, the shrill voice of the trumpet interposed; and the waves resounded to the distant shores. The silence of the night, the calmness of the sea, the lambent radiance of the moon which trembled on the surface of the waves, and the deep azure of the sky spangled with a thousand stars, concurred to heighten the beauty of the scene.

Telemachus, who was remarkable for a quick and lively sensibility, tasted all these pleasures with a high relish; yet he did not dare to give his heart up to their influence: since he had experienced in the Island of Calypso, to his great confusion and disgrace, how easily a young mind is enflamed, he regarded all pleasures, however innocent, with distrust and dread; and watched the looks of Mentor, to discover what he thought of these.

Mentor was pleased with his embarrassment, but without seeming to discover it. At length, however, touched with his self-denial, he said, with a smile—‘I know of what you are afraid; and your fear does you honour: do not, however, let it carry you too far; it is not possible to wish you the enjoyment of pleasure more earnestly than I wish it you, provided it is pleasure that neither enflames the passions, nor effeminates the character. Your pleasures must be such as unbend and refresh the mind, such as leave you compleat master of yourself; not such as subdue you to their power. Those that I wish you do not enflame the soul with a brutal fury; but soothe it, by a sweet and gentle influence, to a pure and peaceful enjoyment. You have endured toil and danger; and relaxation and solace are now necessary: accept, then, with gratitude to Adoam, the pleasures that he now offers to you; enjoy them, my dear Telemachus, enjoy them without fear or restraint. There is neither austerity nor affectation in Wisdom, who is, indeed, the parent of Delight; for she alone can render it pure and permanent; she alone has the secret of intermixing sports and merriment with serious thought and important labour: by labour she gives poignancy to pleasure, and by pleasure she restores vigour to labour. Wisdom blushes not to be merry when she sees a fit occasion for mirth.’

Mentor, as he pronounced these words, took up a lyre, which he touched with so much skill, that Achitoas, struck with surprize and jealousy, suffered his own instrument to drop from his hand; his eyes sparkled, his countenance changed colour, and his anguish and confusion would have been remarked

marked by all present, if their attention had not been wholly engrossed by the musick of Mentor: they were afraid even to breathe, lest they should mingle any other sound with his harmony, and lose some strain of his enchanting song. Their enjoyment would, indeed, have been perfect, if they had not feared it would end too soon; for the voice of Mentor, though it had no effeminate softness, was capable of all the varieties of modulation: it was equally melodious and strong; and had an expression perfectly adapted to the sentiment, even in the minutest particular.

He first sung the praises of Jupiter, the father and the sovereign of gods and men, who shakes the universe with a nod. He then represented, under the figure of Minerva issuing from his head, that Wisdom which, proceeding from himself, as it's only and eternal source, is diffused, in boundless emanations, to irradiate such created minds as are open to receive it. These truths he sung in such a strain of unaffected piety, and with such a sense of their sublimity and importance, that his audience imagined themselves transported to the summit of Olympus, and placed in the presence of Jupiter, whose eye is more piercing than his thunder. He then sung the fate of Narcissus; who, becoming enamoured of his own beauty, at which he gazed incessantly from the brink of a fountain that reflected it, pined away with ineffectual desire, and was changed into a flower that bears his name. And he last celebrated the untimely death of the beautiful Adonis, who perished by the tusks of a boar; and whom Venus, unable to revive, lamented with unavailing grief.

The passions of the audience corresponded with the subject of the song; they melted silently into tears, and felt an inexpressible delight in their grief. When the musick was at an end, the Phœnicians looked round upon each other with astonishment and admiration. One said—'This is certainly Orpheus! and these are the strains by which he tamed the wild beasts of the desert, and gave motion to trees and rocks: it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, suspended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and touched with pity the inexorable breast of Pluto, who permitted him to lead back the fair Eurydice from

his dominions.' Another said it was Linus, the son of Apollo: and a third, that it was Apollo himself. Even Telemachus was little less surprized than the rest; for he did not know that Mentor had been so excellent a proficient in musick. Achitoas, who had now sufficiently recollected himself to conceal his jealousy, began an encomium upon Mentor; but he blushed as he spoke, and found himself unable to proceed. Mentor, who perceived his confusion, was desirous to hide it from others; and, seeing he could not go on, he began to speak, that he might appear to interrupt him: he also endeavoured to console him, by giving him the praise that was due to his merit. Achitoas, however, could not be consoled; for he felt that Mentor surpassed him yet more in generosity than skill.

In the mean time, Telemachus addressed himself to Adoam. 'I remember,' said he, 'that you mentioned a voyage you made to Betica, since we returned together from Egypt. Betica is a country concerning which many wonders are related, which it is difficult to believe; tell me, therefore, whether they are true?'—'I shall be glad,' said Adoam, 'to describe that country to you; for it is well worthy of your curiosity, and is yet more extraordinary than Fame has reported it.'

'The River Betis flows through a fertile country, where the air is always temperate, and the sky serene. The river, which gives name to the country, falls into the ocean near the Pillars of Hercules, not far from the place where the sea heretofore, breaking it's bounds, separated the country of Tarsis from the vast continent of Africa. This region seems to have preserved all the felicity of the Golden Age. In the winter, the freezing breath of the north is never felt, and the season is therefore mild; but, in summer, there are always refreshing gales from the west, which blow about the middle of the day; and in this season, therefore, the heat is never intense: so that spring and autumn, espoused as it were to each other, walk hand in hand through the year. The vallies and the plains yield annually a double harvest; the hedges consist of laurels, pomegranates,

“ nates, jasmynes, and other trees, that
 “ are not only always green, but in flower;
 “ the mountains are covered with flocks,
 “ whose wool, for it's superior fineness,
 “ is sought by all nations. This beauti-
 “ ful country contains also many mines
 “ of gold and silver: but the inhabi-
 “ tants, happy in their simplicity, dis-
 “ dain to count silver and gold among
 “ their riches; and value that only
 “ which contributes to supply the real
 “ and natural wants of mankind.

“ When we first traded with these
 “ people, we found gold and silver used
 “ for ploughshares; and, in general,
 “ employed promiscuously with iron.
 “ As they carried on no foreign trade,
 “ they had no need of money; they
 “ were almost all either shepherds or
 “ husbandmen: for, as they suffered no
 “ arts to be exercised among them but
 “ such as tended immediately to answer
 “ the necessities of life, the number of
 “ artificers was consequently small;
 “ besides, the greater part even of
 “ those who live by husbandry, or
 “ keeping of sheep, are skilful in the
 “ exercise of such arts as are necessary
 “ to manners so simple and frugal.

“ The women are employed in spin-
 “ ning the wool, and manufacturing it
 “ into stuffs that are remarkably fine
 “ and white; they also make the bread,
 “ and dress the victuals, which costs
 “ them very little trouble; for they live
 “ chiefly upon fruits and milk, animal
 “ food being seldom eaten among them:
 “ of the skins of their sheep they make
 “ a light sort of covering for the legs
 “ and feet, with which they furnish
 “ their husbands and children. The
 “ women also make the habitations,
 “ which are a kind of tents, covered
 “ either with waxed skins, or the bark
 “ of trees: they make and wash all the
 “ cloaths of the family, and keep their
 “ houses in great neatness and order.
 “ Their cloaths, indeed, are easily
 “ made; for in that temperate climate
 “ they wear only a piece of fine white
 “ stuff, which is not formed to the
 “ shape of the body, but wrapped round
 “ it so as to fall in long plaits, and take
 “ what figure the wearer thinks fit.

“ The men cultivate the ground, and
 “ manage their flocks; and the other
 “ arts which they practise are those only
 “ of forming wood and iron into ne-
 “ cessary utensils; and of iron they
 “ make little use, except in instruments

“ of tillage. All the arts that relate
 “ to architecture are useless to them;
 “ for they build no houses. “ It shows
 “ too much regard to the earth,” say
 “ they, “ to erect a building upon it
 “ which will last longer than our-
 “ selves: if we are defended from the
 “ weather, it is sufficient.” As to
 “ the other arts, which are so highly
 “ esteemed in Greece, in Egypt, and
 “ in all other nations that have ad-
 “ mitted the innumerable wants of po-
 “ lished life, they hold them in the
 “ greatest detestation, as the invention
 “ of vanity and voluptuousness.

“ When they are told of nations who
 “ have the art of erecting superb build-
 “ ings, and of making splendid furni-
 “ ture of silver and gold stuffs, adorned
 “ with embroidery and jewels, exqui-
 “ site perfumes, delicious meats, and
 “ instruments of musick; they reply,
 “ that the people of such nations are
 “ extremely unhappy, to have employ-
 “ ed so much ingenuity and labour to
 “ render themselves at once corrupt
 “ and wretched. “ These superflu-
 “ inies,” say they, “ effeminate, in-
 “ toxicate, and torment, those who
 “ possess them; and tempt those who
 “ possess them not to acquire them by
 “ fraud and violence. Can that su-
 “ perfluity be good which tends only
 “ to make men evil? Are the people
 “ of these countries more healthy or
 “ robust than we are? Do they live
 “ longer, or agree better with each
 “ other? Do they enjoy more liberty,
 “ tranquillity, and cheerfulness? On
 “ the contrary, are they not jealous of
 “ each other? Are not their hearts
 “ corroded with envy, and agitated by
 “ ambition, avarice, and terror? Are
 “ they not incapable of pleasures that
 “ are pure and simple? And is not
 “ this incapacity the unavoidable con-
 “ sequence of the innumerable artifi-
 “ cial wants to which they are en-
 “ slaved, and upon which they make
 “ all their happiness depend?”

“ Such,” said Adoam, “ are the senti-
 “ ments of this sagacious people, who
 “ have acquired wisdom only by the
 “ study of nature. They consider our
 “ refinements with abhorrence; and it
 “ must be confessed, that in their sim-
 “ plicity there is something not only
 “ amiable but great: they live in com-
 “ mon, without any partition of lands.
 “ The head of every family is it's king;

M

this

• this patriarchal monarch has a right
 • to punish his children, or his grand-
 • children, if they are guilty of a fault;
 • but he first takes the advice of his
 • family. Punishment, indeed, is
 • very rare among them; for innocence
 • of manners, sincerity of heart, and
 • hatred of vice, seem to be the natu-
 • ral productions of the country. A-
 • strea, who is said to have quitted the
 • earth, and ascended to heaven, seems
 • still to be hidden among these happy
 • people: they have no need of judges,
 • for every man submits to the juris-
 • diction of conscience. They possess
 • all things in common; for the cat-
 • tle produce milk, and the fields and
 • orchards fruit and grain of every
 • kind in such abundance, that a peo-
 • ple so frugal and temperate have no
 • need of property. They have no
 • fixed place of abode; but when they
 • have consumed the fruits, and ex-
 • hausted the pasturage of one part of
 • the paradise which they inhabit, they
 • remove their tents to another: they
 • have, therefore, no opposition of in-
 • terest, but are connected by a frater-
 • nal affection, which there is nothing
 • to interrupt. This peace, this union,
 • this liberty, they preserve, by re-
 • jecting superfluous wealth and de-
 • ceitful pleasure: they are all free,
 • and they are all equal.

• Superior wisdom, the result either
 • of long experience or uncommon abi-
 • lities, is the only mark of distinction
 • among them; the sophistry of fraud,
 • the cry of violence, the contention of
 • the bar, and the tumult of battle, are
 • never heard in this sacred region,
 • which the gods have taken under
 • their immediate protection: this soil
 • has never been distained with human
 • blood; and even that of a lamb has
 • rarely been shed upon it. When the
 • inhabitants are told of bloody bat-
 • tles, rapid conquests, and the subver-
 • sion of empires, which happen in
 • other countries, they stand aghast
 • with astonishment. "What," say
 • they, "do not men die fast enough,
 • without being destroyed by each
 • other? Can any man be insensible of
 • the brevity of life? and can he who
 • knows it think life too long? Is it
 • possible to suppose that mankind
 • came into the world merely to pro-
 • pagate misery, and to harass and

• destroy one another?" Neither can
 • the inhabitants of Betica compre-
 • hend how these who, by subjugating
 • great empires, obtain the name of
 • conquerors, came to be so much the
 • objects of admiration. "To place
 • happiness in the government of
 • others," say they, "is madness,
 • since to govern well is a painful
 • task; but a desire to govern others
 • against their will is madness in a
 • still greater degree: a wise man can-
 • not, without violence to himself,
 • submit to take upon him the govern-
 • ment of a willing people whom the
 • gods have committed to his charge,
 • or who apply to him for guidance
 • and protection. To govern people
 • against their will, is to become mi-
 • serable for the false honour, of hold-
 • ing others in slavery. A conqueror
 • is one whom the gods, provoked by
 • the wickedness of mankind, send,
 • in their wrath, upon the earth, to
 • ravage kingdoms; to spread round
 • them, in a vast circle, terror, mis-
 • ery, and despair; to destroy the
 • brave, and enslave the free. Has
 • not he who is ambitious of glory,
 • sufficient opportunities of acquiring
 • it, by managing, with wisdom,
 • what the gods have entrusted to his
 • care? Can it be imagined, that
 • praise is to be merited only by arro-
 • gance and injustice, by usurpation
 • and tyranny? War should never
 • be thought of but in the defence of
 • liberty. Happy is he who, not be-
 • ing the slave of another, is free
 • from the frantick ambition of mak-
 • ing another a slave to him! These
 • conquerors, who are represented as
 • encircled with glory, resemble rivers
 • that have overflowed their banks;
 • which appear majestick indeed, but
 • which desolate the countries they
 • ought to fertilize."

After Adoam had given this de-
 scription of Betica, Telemachus, who
 had listened to it with great delight,
 asked him several questions, which
 would not have been suggested by com-
 mon curiosity. "Do the inhabitants
 of Betica," said he, "drink wine?"—
 "They are so far from drinking wine,"
 said Adoam, "that they make none;
 not because they are without grapes,
 for no country in the world produces
 them in greater plenty or perfection;
 but

“but they content themselves with eating them as they do other fruit, and are afraid of wine as the corrupter of mankind. “Wine,” they say, “is a species of poison, which produces madness; which does not kill men indeed, but degrades them into brutes. Men may preserve their health and their vigour without wine; but, with wine, not their health only, but their virtue, is in danger.”

Telemachus then enquired what laws were established in Betica relating to marriage. “No man,” said Adoam, “is allowed to have more than one wife; and every man is obliged to keep his wife as long as she lives. In this country, a man’s reputation depends as much upon his fidelity to his wife, as a woman’s reputation, in other countries, depends upon her fidelity to her husband. No people ever practised so scrupulous a decorum, or were so jealous of their chastity. Their women are beautiful, and have that sweet and tender sensibility which is more than beauty; but they borrow no advantages from art: there is all the simplicity of nature both in their manners and their dress; and they take their share of the labours of the day. Their marriages are peaceable, fruitful, and undefiled: the husband and wife seem to be two bodies animated by one soul; the husband manages affairs without, and the wife within; she provides for his refreshment at his return, and seems to live only to please him; she gains his confidence; and as she charms him yet more by her virtue than her beauty, their happiness is such as death only can destroy. From this temperance, sobriety, and simplicity of manners, they derive longevity and health; and it is common to see among them men of an hundred, or an hundred and twenty years old, who have all the cheerfulness and vigour that make life desirable.”

“But how,” said Telemachus, “do they escape the calamities of war? Are they never invaded by other nations?” — “Nature,” says Adoam, “has separated them from other nations by the sea on one side, and by mountains almost inaccessible on the other; besides, their virtue has im-

pressed foreign powers with reverence and awe. When any contest arises among the neighbouring states, they frequently make a common deposit of the territory in question in the hands of the Beticans, and appoint them arbitrators of the dispute. As these wise people are guilty of no violence, they are never mistrusted; and they laugh when they hear of kings who disagree about the boundaries of their country. “Are they afraid,” say they, “that the earth should not have room for it’s inhabitants? There will always be much more land than can be cultivated; and while any remains unappropriated by cultivation, we should think it folly to defend even our own against those who would invade it.” These people are, indeed, wholly free from pride, fraud, and ambition; they do no injury; they violate no compact; they covet no territory: their neighbours, therefore, having nothing to fear from them, nor any hope of making themselves feared by them, give them no disturbance. They would sooner abandon their country, or die upon the spot, than submit to a state of slavery; so that the same qualities that render them incapable of subjugating others, render it almost impossible for others to subjugate them. For these reasons, there is always a profound peace between them and their neighbours.”

Adoam proceeded to give an account of the traffick which the Phœnicians carried on in Betica. “The inhabitants of that happy country,” said he, “were astonished when they first saw the waves bring strangers from a distant region to their coast: they received us, however, with great benevolence; and gave us part of whatever they had, without asking or expecting a return. They suffered us to establish a colony on the Island of Gadir; and offered us whatever should remain of their wool, after their own necessities were supplied; sending us, at the same time, a considerable quantity of it as a present; for they have great pleasure in bestowing their superfluities upon strangers.”

“As to their mines, they made no use of them; and therefore, without reluctance,

“reluctance, left them entirely to us. Men, they thought, were not over-wise who, with so much labour, searched the bowels of the earth for that which could give no true happiness, nor satisfy any natural want. They admonished us not to dig in the earth so deep. “Content yourselves,” said they, “with ploughing it, and it will yield you real benefits in return: it will yield those things to which gold and silver owe all their value; for gold and silver are valuable only as a means of procuring the necessaries of life.”

“We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and carry some of their youth with us into Phœnicia; but they never would consent that their children should live as we do. “If our children were to go with you,” said they, “their wants would be soon as numerous as yours: the nameless variety of things which you have made necessary would become necessary to them; they would be restless till these artificial wants were supplied; and they would renounce their virtue by the practice of dishonest arts to supply them; they would soon resemble a man of good limbs and a sound constitution, who, having, by long inactivity,

“forgot how to walk, is under the necessity of being carried like a cripple.” As to navigation, they admire it as a curious art, but they believe it to be pernicious. “If these people,” say they, “have the necessaries of life in their own country, what do they seek in ours? Will not those things which satisfy the wants of nature satisfy their wants? Surely, they that defy the tempest, to gratify avarice or luxury, deserve shipwreck!”

Telemachus listened to this discourse of Adoam with unspeakable delight; and rejoiced that there was yet a people in the world who, by a perfect conformity to the law of nature, were so wise and so happy. “How different,” said he, “are the manners of this nation from those which, in nations that have obtained the highest reputation for wisdom, are tainted throughout with vanity and ambition! To us the follies that have depraved us are so habitual, that we can scarcely believe this simplicity, though it is indeed the simplicity of nature, can be real: we consider the manners of these people as a splendid fiction, and they ought to regard ours as a preposterous dream.”

END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK IX.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were engaged in this conversation, forgetful of sleep, and not perceiving that the night was already half spent, an unfriendly and deceitful power turned their course from Ithaca, which Athamas, their pilot, sought in vain. Neptune, although he was propitious to the Phœnicians, could not bear the escape of Telemachus from the tempest that had shipwrecked him on the Island of Calypso; and Venus was still more provoked at the triumph of a youth who had been victorious against all the power and wiles of Love. Her bosom throbbed at once with grief and indignation; and she could not endure the places where Telemachus had treated her sovereignty with contempt: turning, therefore, from Cythera, Paphos, and Idalia, and disregarding the homage that was paid her in the Isle of Cyprus, she ascended the radiant summit of Olympus, where the gods were assembled round the throne of Jupiter. From this place they behold the stars rolling beneath their feet; and this earth, an obscure and diminutive spot, is scarcely distinguished among them; the vast oceans, by which it's continents are divided, appear but as drops of water; and the most extended empires but as a little sand scattered be-

tween them; the innumerable multitudes that swarm upon the surface are but like little insects quickening in the sun; and the most powerful armies resemble a cluster of emmets that are contending for a grain of corn, or a blade of grass. Whatever is most important in the consideration of men, excites the laughter of the gods as the sport of children; and what we distinguish by the names of grandeur, glory, power, and policy, are, in their sight, no better than misery and folly.

On this awful, this stupendous height, Jupiter has fixed his everlasting throne: his eyes penetrate to the centre, and pass in a moment through all the labyrinths of the heart; his smile diffuses over all nature serenity and joy; but, at his frown, not earth only, but heaven, trembles. The gods themselves are dazzled with the glory that surrounds him, and approach not his throne but with reverence and fear.

He was now surrounded by the celestial deities; and Venus presented herself before him in all the splendor of that beauty of which she is herself the source: her robe, which flowed negligently round her, exceeded in brightness all the colours with which Isis decks herself amidst the dusky clouds, when she promises to affrighted mortals that the storm shall have an end, and that calm and sunshine shall return.

return. Her waist was encircled by that mysterious zone, which comprizes every grace that can excite desire; and her hair was tied negligently behind, in a fillet of gold. The gods were struck with her beauty, as if they had never seen it before; and their eyes were dazzled with it's brightness, like those of mortals, when the first radiance of the sun unexpectedly breaks upon them after a long night. They glanced a hasty look of astonishment at each other, but their eyes still centered in her: they perceived, however, that she had been weeping, and that grief was strongly pictured in her countenance.

In the mean time she advanced towards the throne of Jupiter, with a light and easy motion, like the flight of a bird, which glides unresisted through the regions of the air. The god received her with a smile of divine complacency; and, rising from his seat, embraced her. 'What is it, my dear child,' said he, 'that has troubled you? I cannot behold your tears with indifference: fear not to tell me all that is in your heart; you know the tenderness of my affection, and my readiness to indulge your wish.'

'O father, both of gods and men,' replied the goddess, with a sweet and gentle, but interrupted voice, 'can you, from whom nothing is hidden, be ignorant of the cause of my distress? Minerva, not satisfied with having subverted to it's foundation the superb city which was under my protection, nor with having gratified her revenge upon Paris for judging her beauty to be inferior to mine, conducts in safety, through every nation, and over every sea, the son of Ulysses, by whose cruel subtlety the ruin of Troy was effected. Minerva is now the companion of Telemachus; and it is therefore that her place among the deities who surround the throne of Jupiter is vacant: she has conducted that presumptuous mortal to Cyprus, only that he might insult me; he has despised my power; he disdained even to burn incense upon my altars; he turned with abhorrence from the feasts which are there celebrated to my honour; and he has barred his heart against every pleasure that I inspire. Neptune has, at my request, provoked the winds

and the waves against him in vain. He was shipwrecked in a dreadful storm upon the Island of Calypso; but he has there triumphed over Love himself, whom I sent to soften his unfeeling heart: neither the youth, nor the beauty of Calypso and her nymphs, nor the burning shafts of immortal Love, have been able to defeat the artifices of Minerva; she has torn him from that island; a stripling has triumphed over me; and I am overwhelmed with confusion.'

'It is true, my daughter,' said Jupiter, who was desirous to soothe her sorrows, 'that Minerva defends the breast of Telemachus against all the arrows of your son, and designs a glory for him which no youth has yet deserved. I am not pleased that he has despised your altars; but I cannot subject him to your power: I consent, however, for your sake, that he shall be still a wanderer by land and sea; that he shall be still distant from his country, and still exposed to danger and misfortune: but the Destinies forbid that he should perish; nor will they permit his virtue to be drowned in the pleasures which you vouchsafe to man. Take comfort, then, my child; remember over how many heroes and gods your sway is absolute, and be content.'

While he thus spoke, a gracious smile blended ineffable sweetness and majesty in his countenance; and a glancing radiance issued from his eye, brighter and more piercing than lightning; he kissed the goddess with tenderness, and the mountain was suffused with ambrosial odours. This favour from the sovereign of the skies could not fail to touch the sensibility of Venus; her countenance kindled into a lively expression of joy, and she drew down her veil to hide her blushes and confusion. The divine assembly applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without losing a moment, went in search of Neptune, to concert new means of revenging herself upon Telemachus.

She told Neptune all that Jupiter had said. 'I know already,' replied Neptune, 'the unchangeable decrees of Fate: but if we cannot overwhelm Telemachus in the deep, let us neglect nothing that may make him wretched, or delay his return to Ithaca. I cannot consent to destroy the Phoenician

‘ Phœnician vessel in which he is embarked: for I love the Phœnicians; they are my peculiar people; and they do more honour to my dominion than any other nation upon earth; they have rendered the ocean itself the bond of society, by which the most distant countries are united; their sacrifices continually smoke upon my altars; they are inflexibly just; they are the fathers of commerce, and diffuse through all nations convenience and plenty. I cannot, therefore, permit one of their vessels to suffer shipwreck; but I will cause the pilot to mistake his course, and steer from Ithaca, the port that he designs to make.’ Venus, satisfied with this promise, expressed her pleasure by a malignant smile; and turned the rapid wheels of her celestial chariot over the blooming plains of Idalia, where the Graces, the Sports, and the Smiles, expressed their joy at her return, by dancing round her, upon the flowers which, in that delightful country, variegated the ground with beauty, and impregnate the gale with fragrance.

Neptune immediately dispatched one of the deities that preside over those deceptions which resemble dreams; except that dreams affect only those that sleep, and these impose upon the waking. This malevolent power, attended by a multitude of winged illusions that perpetually fluttered around him, shed a subtle and fascinating liquor over the eyes of Athamas the pilot, while he was attentively considering the brightness of the moon, the course of the stars, and the coast of Ithaca, the cliffs of which he discovered not far distant. From that moment the eyes of Athamas became unfaithful to their objects, and presented to him another heaven and another earth; the stars appeared as if their course had been inverted; Olympus seemed to move by new laws; and the earth itself to have changed its position. A false Ithaca rose up before him, while he was steering from the real country; and the delusive shore fled as he approached it. He perceived that he did not gain upon it, and he wondered at the cause: yet sometimes he fancied he heard the noise of people in the port; and he was about to make preparations, according to the orders he had received, for putting Telemachus on

shore upon a little island adjacent to that of Ithaca, in order to conceal his return from the suitors of Penelope, who had conspired his destruction. Sometimes he thought himself in danger of the rocks which surround the coast, and imagined that he heard the dreadful roaring of the surge that broke against them: then the land suddenly appeared to be again distant; and the mountains looked but like the clouds which sometimes obscure the horizon at the setting of the sun.

Thus was Athamas astonished and confounded; and the influence of the deity which had deceived his sight impressed a dread upon his mind, which, till then, he had never felt: he sometimes almost doubted whether he was awake, or whether what he saw was not the illusion of a dream. In the mean time, Neptune commanded the east wind to blow, that the vessel might be driven upon the coast of Hesperia; and the wind obeyed with such violence, that the coast of Hesperia was immediately before them.

Aurora had already proclaimed the day to be at hand; and the stars, touched at once with fear and envy at the rays of the sun, retired to conceal their fading fires in the bosom of the deep; when the pilot suddenly cried out—‘ I am now sure of my port; the Island of Ithaca is before us, and we almost touch the shore.—Rejoice, O Telemachus! for in less than an hour you will again embrace Penelope, and, perhaps, again behold Ulysses upon his throne.’

This exclamation roused Telemachus, who was now in a profound sleep: he awaked, started up, and, running to the helm, embraced the pilot; at the same time, fixing his eyes, which were scarce open, upon the neighbouring coast, the view struck him at once with surprize and disappointment; for in these shores he found no resemblance of his country. ‘ Alas!’ said he, ‘ where are we? This is not Ithaca, the dear island that I seek. You are certainly mistaken, and are not perfectly acquainted with a country so distant from your own.’—‘ No,’ replied Athamas, ‘ I cannot be mistaken in the coast of this island; I have entered the port so often, that I am acquainted with every rock, and have not

not a more exact remembrance even of Tyre itself. Observe that mountain which runs out from the shore, and that rock which rises like a tower. Do not you see others that, projecting from above, seem to threaten the sea with their fall? And do not you hear the waves that break against them below? There is the temple of Minerva, which seems to penetrate the clouds; and there the citadel and the palace of Ulysses!—Still you are mistaken,” replied Telemachus; “I see a coast which is elevated, indeed, but level and unbroken; I perceive a city, but it is not Ithaca.—Is it thus, ye gods, that ye sport with men?”

While Telemachus was yet speaking, the eyes of Athamas were again changed; the charm was broken; he saw the coast as it was; and acknowledged his mistake. “I confess,” said he, “O Telemachus! that some unfriendly power has fascinated my sight. I thought I beheld the coast of Ithaca, of which a perfect image was represented to me, that is now vanished like a dream. I now see another city, and know it to be Salentum, which Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, is founding in Hesperia: I perceive rising walls as yet unfinished; and I see a port not entirely fortified.”

While Athamas was remarking the various works which were carrying on in this rising city, and Telemachus was deploring his misfortunes, the wind which Neptune had commanded to blow carried them, with full sails, into the road, where they found themselves under shelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of the resentment of Neptune, nor the cruel artifices of Venus, only smiled at the mistake of Athamas. When they had got safe into the road—“Jupiter tries you,” said he to Telemachus; “but he will not suffer you to perish: he tries you, that he may open before you the path of glory. Remember the labours of Hercules; and let the achievements of your father be always present to your mind: he that knows not how to suffer has no greatness of soul. You must weary Fortune, who delights to persecute you, by patience and fortitude; and be assured that you

are much less endangered by the displeasure of Neptune than by the caresses of Calypso. But why do we delay to enter the harbour? The people here are our friends, for they are natives of Greece; and Idomeneus, having himself been ill-treated by Fortune, will naturally be touched with pity at our distress.” They immediately entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnicians were admitted without scruple; for they are at peace and in trade with every nation upon earth.

Telemachus looked upon that rising city with admiration. As a young plant that has been watered with the dews of the night, feels the glow of the morning sun, grows under the genial influence, opens its buds, unfolds its leaves, spreads out its odoriferous flowers variegated with a thousand dyes, and discloses every moment some fresh beauty; so flourished this infant city of Idomeneus, on the borders of the deep. It rose into greater magnificence every hour; and discovered, in a distant prospect, to the strangers that approached it by sea, new ornaments of architecture, that seemed to reach the clouds. The whole coast resounded with the voices of workmen, and the strokes of the hammer, and huge stones were seen suspended from pulleys in the air. As soon as the morning dawned, the people were animated to their labour by their chiefs; and Idomeneus himself being present to dispense his orders, the works were carried on with incredible expedition.

As soon as the Phœnician vessel came to shore, the Cretans received Telemachus and Mentor with all the tokens of a sincere friendship; and immediately acquainted Idomeneus that the son of Ulysses was arrived in his dominions. “The son of Ulysses!” said he, “of my dear friend Ulysses! of him who is at once a hero and a sage; by whose counsel alone the destruction of Troy was accomplished! Let him be conducted hither, that I may convince him how much I loved his father!” Telemachus being then presented to him, told him his name, and then demanded the rights of hospitality.

Idomeneus received him with a smile of tender complacency. “I believe,” said he, “I should have known you, if I had not been told your name.”

name. I perceive your father's fire and firmness in your eye; the same coldness and reserve in your first address, which, in him, concealed so much vivacity and such various grace. You have his smile of conscious penetration; his easy negligence, and his sweet, simple, and insinuating elocution, which takes the soul captive before it can prepare for defence. You are, indeed, the son of Ulysses! From this hour you shall also be mine. Tell me, then,' says he, 'what adventure has brought you to this coast? Are you in search of your father? Alas! of your father I can give you no intelligence. Fortune has equally persecuted both him and me: he has never been able to return to his country; and I became the victim of Divine displeasure in mine.' While Idomeneus was thus speaking to Telemachus, he fixed his eyes attentively upon Mentor, as a man whose countenance was not wholly unknown to him, though he could not recollect his name.

In the mean time, the eyes of Telemachus were filled with tears. 'Forgive,' said he, 'O king, the grief that I cannot hide. I ought now, indeed, to betray no passion but joy at your presence, and gratitude for your bounty; yet, by the regret which you express for the loss of Ulysses, you impress me with a new sense of my misfortune in the loss of a father! I have already long sought him through all the regions of the deep. Such is the displeasure of the gods; that they neither permit me to find him, nor to learn whether the sea has not closed over him for ever; nor yet to return to Ithaca, where Penelope pines with an anxious desire to be delivered from her lovers. I hoped to have found you in Crete, where I only heard the story of your misfortunes; and I had then no thought of approaching the coast of Hesperia, where you have founded another kingdom: but Fortune, who sports with mankind, and keeps me wandering through every country that is distant from my own, has at length thrown me upon your coast; a misfortune which I regret less than any other, since, though I am driven from Ithaca, I am at least brought

to Idomeneus, the most generous of men.

Idomeneus, having embraced Telemachus with great tenderness, conducted him to his palace, where he enquired what venerable old man it was that accompanied him. 'I think,' said he, 'that I have somewhere seen him before.'—'That is Mentor,' replied Telemachus, 'the friend of Ulysses, to whose care he confided in infancy, and to whom my obligations are more than I can express.'

Idomeneus immediately advanced towards Mentor, and gave him his hand. 'We have seen each other before,' said he. 'Do not you remember the voyage that you made to Crete, and the good counsel that you gave me there? I was then carried away by the impetuosity of youth, and the love of deceitful pleasure. It was necessary, that what I refused to learn from Wisdom, I should be taught by Adversity. Would to Heaven that I had confided in your counsel! But I am astonished to see that so many years have made so little alteration in your appearance; there is the same freshness in your countenance; your stature is still erect; and your vigour is undiminished: I see no difference, except that there are a few more grey hairs upon your head.'

'If I was inclined to flatter,' replied Mentor, 'I would say that you also preserve the same bloom of youth which glowed upon your countenance before the siege of Troy; but I had rather deny myself the pleasure of gratifying you, than offend against truth. I perceive, indeed, by the wisdom of your discourse, that from flattery you could receive no gratification; and that he who speaks to Idomeneus risks nothing by sincerity. You are, indeed, much changed; so much, that I should scarce have known you: but I am not ignorant of the cause; the hand of Misfortune has been upon you: you are, however, a gainer even by your sufferings; for they have taught you wisdom; and the wrinkles that Time impresses upon the face ought not to be much regretted, if, in the mean while, he is planting virtue in the breast. Besides,

'sides, it should be considered, that
'kings must wear out faster than other
'men. In adversity, the solicitude of
'the mind, and the fatigues of the bo-
'dy, bring on the infirmities of age
'before they are old; and, in prosper-
'ity, the indulgences of a voluptuous
'life wear them out still more than
'corporal labour, or intellectual suf-
'ferance. Nothing is so fatal to
'health as immoderate pleasure: and
'therefore kings, both in peace and
'war, have pains and pleasures which
'precipitate old age. A sober, tempe-
'rate, and simple life, free from the
'inquietudes both of accident and
'passion, divided in due proportions
'between labour and rest, continues
'long, to the wise, the blessings of
'youth; which, if these precautions
'do not retain them, are ever ready to
'fly away upon the wings of Time.'

Idomeneus, who listened with de-
light to the wisdom of Mentor, would
longer have indulged himself in so no-
ble a pleasure, if he had not been re-
minded of a sacrifice which he was to
offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and
Mentor followed him to the temple,
surrounded by a crowd of people, who
gazed at the two strangers with great
eagerness and curiosity. 'These men,'
said they, 'are very different from
'each other. The younger has some-
'thing sprightly and amiable, that is
'hard to be defined; all the graces of
'youth and beauty are diffused over
'his whole person; yet he has nothing
'effeminately soft: though the bloom
'of youth is scarcely ripened into man-
'hood, he appears vigorous, robust,
'and inured to labour. The other,
'though much older, has suffered no
'injury from time: at the first view,
'his general appearance is less noble,
'and his countenance less gracious;
'but, upon a closer examination, we
'find, under his unassuming simpli-
'city, strong indications both of wis-
'dom and of virtue; with a kind of
'nameless superiority, that excites at
'once both reverence and admiration.
'When the gods descended upon the
'earth, they doubtless assumed the
'form of such strangers and travellers
'as these.'

In the mean time, they arrived at the
temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus,
who was descended from the god, had
adorned with the utmost magnificence.

It was surrounded with a double range
of columns of variegated marble,
the capitals of which were of silver.
The whole building was cased with
marble, enriched with bas-relief: the
carving represented the transformation
of Jupiter into a Bull, and his Rape of
Europa, whom he bore into Crete
through the waves, which seemed to
reverence the god, though he was
concealed under a borrowed form; and
the birth of Minos, the events of his
youth, and the dispensation of those
laws in his more advanced age, which
were calculated to perpetuate the pro-
sperity of his country. Telemachus
observed also representations of the prin-
cipal events in the siege of Troy, at
which Idomeneus acquired great mili-
tary reputation. Among these repre-
sentations, Telemachus looked for his
father; and he found him seizing the
horses of Rhesus, whom Diomedes had
just slain; disputing the armour of A-
chilles with Ajax before the princes of
Greece; and descending from the fatal
horse to deluge Troy with the blood of
her inhabitants. By these achieve-
ments Telemachus distinguished his fa-
ther; for he had frequently heard them
mentioned, and they had been particu-
larly described to him by Mentor. His
mind kindled as he considered them;
the tears swelled in his eyes, he chang-
ed colour, and his countenance was
troubled; he turned away his face to
conceal his confusion; which, however,
was perceived by the king. 'Do not
'be ashamed,' said Idomeneus, 'that
'we should see how sensibly you are
'touched with the glory and the mis-
'fortunes of your father.'

The people were now gathered in a
throng under the vast porticos which
were formed by the double range of
columns that surrounded the building.
There were two companies of boys and
virgins, who sung hymns to the praise
of the god in whose hand are the thun-
ders of the sky: they were selected for
their beauty, and had long hair, which
flowed in loose curls over their shoul-
ders; they were clothed in white, and
their heads were crowned with roses,
and sprinkled with perfume. Idome-
neus sacrificed an hundred bulls to Ju-
piter, to obtain success in a war which
he had undertaken against the neigh-
bouring states: the blood of the vic-
tims smoked on every side, and was re-
ceived

ceived into large vases of silver and gold.

Theophanes, the priest of the temple, venerable for his age, and beloved of the god, having kept his head covered, during the ceremony, with the skirt of his purple robe, proceeded to examine the still panting entrails of the victim: he then mounted the sacred tripod, and cried out—'Who, ye gods! are these strangers that ye have brought amongst us? Without them, the war which we have undertaken would have been fatal; and Salentum would have fallen into ruin, while it was yet rising from it's foundations. I see a hero in the bloom of youth; I see him conducted by the hand of Wisdom! To mortal lips thus much only is permitted.'

While he spoke, his looks became wild, and his eyes fiery; he seemed to see other objects than those that were before him: his countenance was enflamed; his hair stood up; his mouth foamed; his arms, which were stretched upwards, remained immovable; and all his faculties seemed to be under a supernatural influence; his voice was more than human; he gasped for breath, and was agonized by the divine spirit that moved within him. He soon burst into a new exclamation: 'O happy Idomeneus! What do I feel! tremendous evils! but they are averted. Within there is peace; but without there is battle! there is victory!—O Telemachus! thy achievements surpass those of thy father! Under thy falchion Pride and Hostility grovel in the dust together; and gates of brass, and inaccessible ramparts, fall in one ruin at thy feet!—O mighty goddess! let his father—Illustrious youth! thou shalt again behold—'. Here the words died upon his tongue, and his powers were involuntarily suspended in silence and astonishment.

The multitude was chilled with horror; Idomeneus trembled, and did not dare to urge Theophanes to proceed: Telemachus himself scarcely comprehended what he had heard; and almost doubted whether predictions so sublime and important had really been delivered. Mentor was the only person in that vast assembly whom the effusions of the divinity had not astonished: 'You hear,' said he to Idomeneus,

'the purposes of the gods; against whatever nation you shall turn your arms, your victory is sure; but it is to this youth, the son of your friend, that you will owe your success; be not jealous of his honour; but receive, with gratitude, what the gods shall give you by his hand.'

Idomeneus endeavoured to reply; but not being yet recovered from his surprise, he could find no words, and therefore remained silent. Telemachus was more master of himself. 'The promise of so much glory,' said he to Mentor, 'does not much affect me: I desire only to know the meaning of these last words—"Thou shalt again behold." Is it my father, or my country only, that I shall behold again? Why, alas! was the sentence left unfinished? Why was it so broken, as rather to increase than diminish my uncertainty?—O Ulysses! O my father! is it thy very self that I shall again behold! Is it possible! Alas! my wishes deceive me into hope; this cruel oracle has only sported with my misfortunes: one word more would have made me completely happy!—' Reverence what the gods have revealed,' said Mentor; 'and do not seek to discover what they have hidden: it is fit that presumptuous curiosity should be covered with confusion. The gods, in the abundance of their wisdom and mercy, have concealed the future, from the sight of man, in impenetrable darkness. It is proper, indeed, that we should know the event of what depends wholly upon ourselves, as a motive to rectitude of conduct; but it is equally fit that we should be ignorant of those events over which we have no influence, and of what the gods have determined to be our lot.'

Telemachus felt the force of this reply, yet he could not restrain himself without difficulty. In the mean time, Idomeneus, having perfectly recovered the possession of his mind, began to express his gratitude to Jupiter for having sent Telemachus and Mentor to give him victory over his enemies. A magnificent entertainment was given after the sacrifice; and he then addressed the strangers to this effect: 'I confess, that when I returned from the siege of Troy to Crete, I was not sufficiently acquainted with the arts of

government. You are not ignorant, my dear friends, of the misfortunes which excluded me from the sovereignty of that extensive island; for you tell me that you have been there since I quitted it: misfortunes, which I shall think more than atoned, if they teach me wisdom, and repress my passions! I traversed the seas like a fugitive, pursued by the vengeance both of heaven and earth. The elevation of my former state served but to aggravate my fall; and I sought an asylum for my household gods upon this desert coast, which I found covered with thorns and brambles, with impenetrable forests, as ancient as the earth on which they grew, and abounding with almost inaccessible rocks, in which the wild beasts, that prowled by night, took shelter in the day. Such was my necessity, that I was glad to take possession of this desolate wilderness with a small number of soldiers and friends, who kindly became the companions of my misfortunes, and to consider these deserts as my country. Having no hope of returning to that happy island in which it was the will of the gods that I should be born to reign, I felt the change with the keenest sensibility: "What a dreadful example," said I, "is Idomeneus to other kings! and what instruction may they derive from his sufferings! They imagine that their elevation above the rest of men is a security from misfortunes; but, alas! their very superiority is their danger!" I was dreaded by my enemies, and beloved by my subjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike nation; Fame had acquainted the remotest regions with my glory; I was the lord of a fertile and delightful country; I received tribute from the wealth of a hundred cities; I was acknowledged to be descended from Jupiter, who was born in the country that I governed; I was beloved as the grandson of Minos, whose laws at once rendered them powerful and happy: and what was wanting to my felicity but the knowledge how to enjoy it with moderation! My pride, and the adulation which gratified it, subverted my throne, and I fell as every king must fall who delivers himself up to his own passions, and to the counsels

of flattery. When I came hither, I laboured to conceal my anguish by a look of cheerfulness and hope, that I might support the courage of my companions. "Let us build a new city," said I, "to console us for what we have lost. We are surrounded with people who have set us a fair example for the undertaking: we see Tarentum rising near us, a city founded by Phalautus and his Lacedemonians: Philoctetes is building Petilia on the same coast; and Metapontum is another colony of the like kind. Shall we do less than these strangers have done, who are wanderers as well as we, and to whom Fortune has not been less severe?" But I wanted the comfort which I sought to bestow, and concealed in my bosom that anguish which I soothed in others. Of this I hoped no other alleviation than to be released from the constraint of hiding it, and anticipated the close of day with comfort; when, surrounded by the shades of night, I might indulge my sorrows without a witness. My eyes were then drowned in tears, and sleep was a stranger to my bed; yet the next morning I renewed my labour with equal ardour and perseverance: and these are the causes that I am old before my time.'

Idomeneus then requested the assistance of Telemachus and Mentor in the war that he had undertaken. 'I will send you to Ithaca,' said he, 'as soon as it shall be over; and, in the mean time, I will dispatch ships to every corner in quest of Ulysses; and from whatever part of the known world on which he shall have been cast by a tempest, or by the resentment of some adverse deity, he shall be brought in safety: may the gods grant that he be still alive! As for you, I will embark you in the best vessels that ever were built in the Island of Crete; vessels that are constructed of trees which grew upon Mount Ida, the birth-place of Jupiter: that sacred wood can never perish in the deep; it is revered equally by the rocks and winds; and Neptune himself, in the utmost fury of his wrath, does not dare to swell the waves against it. Be assured, therefore, that you shall return to Ithaca in safety; and that no adverse deity

shall

‘ shall again drive you to another coast.
 ‘ The voyage is short and easy. Dis-
 ‘ miss, therefore, the Phœnician vessel
 ‘ that has brought you hither, and
 ‘ think only of the glory you will
 ‘ acquire by establishing the new king-
 ‘ dom of Idomeneus, to atone for his
 ‘ sufferings that are past.—This, O son
 ‘ of Ulysses! shall prove that thou art
 ‘ worthy of thy father; and if the in-
 ‘ exorable Fates have already compel-
 ‘ led him to descend into the gloomy
 ‘ dominions of Pluto, Greece shall
 ‘ think, with pleasure, that she still
 ‘ sees her Ulysses in thee.’

Here Idomeneus was interrupted by

Telemachus. ‘ Let us send away the
 ‘ Phœnician vessel,’ said he: ‘ why
 ‘ should we delay to take arms against
 ‘ your enemies, since your enemies
 ‘ must also be ours? If we have been
 ‘ victorious in the behalf of Acestus, a
 ‘ Trojan, and consequently an enemy
 ‘ to Greece, should we not exert our-
 ‘ selves with more ardour; and shall we
 ‘ not be more favoured by the gods,
 ‘ in the cause of a Grecian prince, a
 ‘ confederate of those heroes by whom
 ‘ the perfidious city of Priam was over-
 ‘ turned? Surely the oracle that we
 ‘ have just heard has made doubt im-
 ‘ possible!’

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK X.



MENTOR turned to Telemachus, who, while he was speaking, felt an heroic ardour kindle in his bosom, with a look of calm complacency: 'I see with pleasure,' said he, 'O son of Ulysses! the desire of glory that now sparkles in your eye: but you must remember, that your father acquired his pre-eminence among the confederate princes at the siege of Troy by his superior wisdom and dispassionate counsels. Achilles, though he was invincible and invulnerable; though he was sure to spread terror and destruction wherever he fought; could never take the city of Troy, which, when he expired under her walls, stood yet unshaken, and triumphed over the conqueror of Hector; but Ulysses, whose valour was under the direction of consummate prudence, carried fire and sword to it's centre; and it is to Ulysses that we owe the fall of those lofty towers, which threatened confederate Greece more than ten years with destruction. A circumspect and sagacious valour is as much superior to a thoughtless and impetuous courage, as Minerva is to Mars: let us therefore, before we engage in this war, enquire upon what grounds it is undertaken. I am willing to incur any danger; but it

'is fit I should first learn, from Idomeneus, whether his war is just; against whom it is waged; and on what forces he builds his hopes of success.

'When we arrived at this coast,' replied Idomeneus, 'we found it inhabited by a savage people, who lived wild in the forests, subsisting upon such animals as they could kill by hunting, and such fruits and herbage as the seasons produced without culture. These people, who were called Mandurians, being terrified at the sight of our vessels and our arms, fled to the mountains; but as our soldiers were curious to see the country, and were frequently led far into it in pursuit of their game, they met with some of the fugitives, and were addressed by their chiefs to this effect: "We have abandoned the pleasant borders of the sea, that you might possess them; and nothing remains for us but mountains that are almost inaccessible: it is therefore but equitable, that of these mountains you should leave us the peaceable possession. You are fallen into our hands, a wandering, dispersed, and defenceless party; and we could now destroy you, without leaving to your companions a possibility of discovering your fate: but we will not dip our hands in the blood of those who,"

"though

“ though strangers, partake of one
 “ common nature with ourselves. Go
 “ then, in peace! Remember that you
 “ are indebted for your lives to our
 “ humanity; and that a people, whom
 “ you have stigmatized with the name
 “ of savages and barbarians, have giv-
 “ en you this lesson of moderation and
 “ generosity!”

“ Our people, thus dismissed by the
 “ barbarians, came back to the camp,
 “ and told what had happened. The sol-
 “ diers took fire at the relation; they
 “ disdained that Cretans should owe
 “ their lives to a company of wander-
 “ ing savages, who, in their opinion,
 “ were more like bears than men.
 “ They went out therefore to the chase
 “ in great numbers, and better armed;
 “ they soon fell in with a party of the
 “ natives, and immediately attacked
 “ them: the contest was bloody; the
 “ arrows flew on each side as thick as
 “ hail in a storm; and the savages were
 “ at length driven back to their moun-
 “ tains, whither our people did not dare
 “ to pursue them.

“ A short time afterwards they sent
 “ two of the wisest of their old men to
 “ me, demanding peace. They brought
 “ me such presents as they had, the
 “ skins of wild beasts, and the fruits of
 “ the country. After they had given
 “ them, they addressed me in these terms:
 “ We hold, as thou seest, O king! in
 “ one hand the sword, and an olive-
 “ branch in the other; peace and war;
 “ chuse either. Peace has the prefe-
 “ rence in our estimation; it is for
 “ peace that we have yielded to thy
 “ people the delightful borders of the
 “ sea, where the sun renders the earth
 “ fertile, and matures the most delici-
 “ ous fruits: peace is still more sweet
 “ than these fruits; and for peace we
 “ have retired to the mountains that
 “ are covered with eternal snow, where
 “ Spring is decorated with no flowers,
 “ and Autumn is enriched with no
 “ fruit. We abhor that brutality
 “ which, under the specious names of
 “ ambition and glory, desolates the
 “ earth, and destroys mankind. If thou
 “ hast placed glory in carnage and de-
 “ solation, we do not envy but pity the
 “ delusion; and beseech the gods, that
 “ our minds may never be perverted
 “ by so dreadful a phrenzy. If the
 “ sciences, which the Greeks learn
 “ with so much assiduity, and the po-

“ liteness which they boast of with such
 “ conscious superiority, inspire them
 “ with desires so sanguinary and inju-
 “ rious, we think ourselves happy to
 “ be without these advantages. It will
 “ be our glory to continue ignorant
 “ and unpolished, but just, humane,
 “ faithful, and disinterested; to be con-
 “ tent with little; and to despise the
 “ false delicacy which makes it neces-
 “ sary to have much. We prize nothing
 “ but health, frugality, freedom, and
 “ vigour both of body and of mind; we
 “ cultivate only the love of virtue, the
 “ fear of the gods, benevolence to our
 “ neighbours, zeal for our friends, and
 “ integrity to the world; moderation
 “ in prosperity, fortitude in distress,
 “ courage to speak truth in every situ-
 “ ation, and a just abhorrence and con-
 “ tempt of flattery. Such are the peo-
 “ ple whom we offer thee as neighbours
 “ and allies! If thou shalt be so blind-
 “ ed by the gods, in their displeasure,
 “ as to reject them, experience shall
 “ teach thee, when it is too late, that
 “ those whose moderation inclines them
 “ to peace, are most to be dreaded when
 “ compelled to war.”

“ While I listened to the untutored
 “ wisdom of these children of Nature,
 “ I regarded them with a fixed atten-
 “ tion; yet my eye was still unsatisfied.
 “ Their beards were long, just as they
 “ grew; their hair was shorter, but
 “ white as snow; their eye-brows were
 “ thick, and their eyes piercing; their
 “ look was firm, their speech delibe-
 “ rate and commanding, and their de-
 “ portment simple and ingenuous.
 “ They were covered only with some
 “ furs, which, being thrown loosely
 “ over them, were fastened with a knot
 “ on the shoulder, and discovered mus-
 “ cles of a bolder swell, and arms of
 “ more sinewy strength, than those of
 “ our wrestlers.

“ I told these singular envoys, that I
 “ was desirous of peace; and settled se-
 “ veral articles of a treaty between us,
 “ with an honest intention to fulfil them,
 “ which we called upon the gods to wit-
 “ ness; and, having made them pre-
 “ sents in my turn, I dismissed them.
 “ The gods, however, who had driven
 “ me from my kingdom that I was born
 “ to inherit, continued to persecute me
 “ in this. Our hunting parties that
 “ were at this time out, and were con-
 “ sequently ignorant of our treaty, met
 “ a nume-

‘ a numerous body of these poor savages, who had accompanied their envoys as they were returning home, on the very day that the treaty had been concluded; and, falling upon them with great fury, killed many of them, and pursued the rest into the woods. The war was thus kindled; and the barbarians have conceived an opinion, that we are not to be trusted either upon our promise or our oath.

‘ That they may be the better able to take the field against us, they have called in to their assistance the Locrians, the Apulians, the Lucanians, the Brutians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum, and Brundisium. The Lucanians come to battle with chariots that are armed with scythes; the Apulians are covered with the skins of the wild beasts they have slain, and are armed with maces that are covered with knots, and stuck full of iron spikes; they are of a gigantick stature; and the laborious exercises to which they are addicted render them so brawny and robust, that their very appearance is terrifying. The Locrians, who came anciently from Greece, have not yet lost all traces of their origin: they are less savage than the rest; but they have added, to the regular discipline of the Greek troops, the native vigour of the barbarians, and the habitual hardiness produced by constant activity and coarse fare, which render them invincible: they are armed with a long sword; and, for defence, carry a light target of wicker-work covered with skins. The Brutians are as light of foot as a roe, so that the grass scarcely bends under them; nor is it easy to trace their steps even upon the sand: they rush upon their enemies almost before they are seen, and again vanish with the same rapidity. The Crotonians are formidable for their archery; they carry such bows as few Greeks are able to bend; and if ever they should become candidates in the Olympick Games, they would certainly carry the prize: their arrows are dipped in the juice of some poisonous herb, which is said to grow upon the banks of Avernus, and the wound which they give is mortal. As for the inhabitants of Neritum and Brundisium, they have nothing to boast but corporal strength and in-

‘ stinctive courage; but they make their onset with a yell, which of all sounds is the most dreadful: they make no bad use of the sling, from which they discharge a shower of stones that darkens the air; but they fight altogether without order. You now know the origin of the war, and the nature of our enemies.’

After this explanation, Telemachus, who was impatient for a battle, thought only of taking the field. Mentor again perceived and restrained his ardour.

‘ How comes it,’ said he to Idomeneus, ‘ that the Locrians, who are themselves of Grecian origin, have taken up arms for the barbarians against the Greeks? How comes it, that so many colonies flourish upon the same coast, that are not threatened with the same hostilities? You say, O Idomeneus! that the gods are not yet weary of persecuting you; and I say, that they have not yet compleated your instruction. All the misfortunes that you have suffered hitherto have not taught you what should be done to prevent a war. What you have yourself related of the candid integrity of these barbarians, is sufficient to shew that you might have shared with them the blessings of peace; but pride and arrogance necessarily bring on the calamities of war. You might have changed hostages; and it would have been easy to have sent some persons, of proper authority, with the ambassadors, to have procured them a safe return. After the war had broken out, you might have put an end to it, by representing to the sufferers, that they were attacked by a party of your people who could have received no intelligence of the treaty which had been just concluded. Such sureties ought to have been given them as they should have required; and your subjects should have been enjoined to keep the treaty inviolate, under the sanction of the severest punishments. But what farther has happened since the war broke out?’

‘ I thought it beneath us,’ said Idomeneus, ‘ to make any application to these barbarians, when they had precipitately called together all their fighting men, and solicited the assistance of all the neighbouring nations, to which they necessarily rendered us hateful and suspected. I thought

thought the best thing I could do was suddenly to seize certain passes in the mountains that were not sufficiently secured, which was accordingly done; and this has put the barbarians very much in our power. I have erected towers in these passes, from which our people can so annoy the enemy, as effectually to prevent their invading our country from the mountains; while we can enter theirs, and ravage their principal settlements when we please. We are thus in a condition to defend ourselves against superior force, and keep off the almost innumerable multitude of enemies that surround us, although our force is not equal; but as to peace, it seems at present to be impossible. We cannot abandon these towers without exposing ourselves to invasion; and while we keep them, they are considered as fortresses, intended to reduce the natives to a state of slavish subjection.

I know, replied Mentor, that to the wisdom of Idomeneus Truth will be most welcome without ornament or disguise. You are superior to those who, with equal weakness and timidity, turn away their eyes at her approach; and not having courage to correct their faults, employ their authority to support them. I will, then, freely tell you, that these savages set you a noble example when they came with propositions of peace. Did they desire peace because they were not able to sustain a war? Did they want either courage or strength to take the field against you? Certainly they did not; for their martial spirit is now equally manifest, with the number and force of the allies. Why was not their example thought worthy of imitation? You have been deceived into misfortune by false notions both of honour and shame: you have been afraid of making your enemies proud; but have, without scruple, made them powerful by an arrogant and injurious conduct, which has united innumerable nations against you. To what purpose are these towers, of which you have so pompously displayed the advantages, but to reduce all the surrounding nations to the necessity either of perishing themselves, or of destroying you to preserve their free-

dom? You erected these towers for your security; but they are really the source of your danger. A kingdom is best fortified by justice, moderation, and good faith; by which neighbouring states are convinced that their territories will never be usurped. The strongest walls may give way, from various accidents which no sagacity can foresee; and the best-conducted war may be rendered unsuccessful by the mere caprice and inconstancy of Fortune: but the love and confidence of neighbouring states, that have experienced your moderation, will surround you with impregnable strength; with bulwarks against which no force can prevail, and which temerity will seldom attack. If you should be assailed by the folly and injustice of some neighbouring power, all the rest, being interested in your preservation, will unite in your defence: the assistance of united nations, who would find it their interest to support yours, would give you advantages greatly superior to any that you can hope from these boasted towers, which can only render irremediable those evils they were intended to obviate. If you had been careful at first to prevent jealousy in the neighbouring states, your rising city would have flourished in peace, and you would have become the arbiter of all the nations in Hesperia. Let us, however, at present consider only how the future can be made to atone for the past. You say, there are many colonies settled upon this coast from Greece; these, surely, are disposed to succour you; they cannot have forgotten the name of Minos, the son of Jupiter; they cannot have forgotten your achievements at the siege of Troy, where you often signalized yourself among the Grecian princes in the cause of Greece: why do you not engage these colonies in your interest?

These colonies, replied Idomeneus, have all resolved to stand neutral: they have, indeed, some inclination to assist me; but the magnificent appearance of our city, while it is yet rising from its foundation, has alarmed them. The Greeks, as well as the rest of our neighbours, are apprehensive that we have designs upon their liberty: they imagine that,

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after having subdued the barbarians of the mountains, we shall push our ambition farther. In a word, all are against us: those who do not openly attack us, secretly wish to see us humbled; and Jealousy has left us without a single ally.

'This is, indeed, a strange extremity,' said Mentor: 'by attempting to appear powerful, you have subverted your power; and, while you are the object of enmity and terror to your neighbours from without, your strength is exhausted within, to maintain a war which this enmity and terror have made necessary. You are indeed unfortunate to have incurred this calamity; but still more unfortunate to have derived from it but half the wisdom it might have taught you. Is it necessary you should lose a second kingdom before you learn to foresee those evils which expose you to such a loss? Leave your present difficulties, however, to me; tell me only what Grecian cities there are upon this coast.'

'The principal,' said Idomeneus, 'is Tarentum, which was founded about three years ago by Phalanthus. A great number of boys were born in Laconia of women that forgot their husbands during their absence in the Trojan war: when these husbands came back, the women renounced their children to atone for their crime; and the boys, being thus destitute both of father and mother, abandoned themselves, as they grew up, to the most criminal excesses. The laws being executed against them with great severity, they formed themselves into a body under Phalanthus, a bold, enterprising, and ambitious chief; who, by various artifices, having gained the hearts of the young men, brought them to this coast, where they have made another Lacedæmon of Tarentum. On another spot, Philoctetes, who gained so much renown at the siege of Troy, by bringing thither the arrows of Hercules, has raised the walls of Petilia; less powerful, indeed, than Tarentum, but governed with much greater wisdom. And, at a little distance, there is Metapontum, a city which the Pylians have founded under the direction of Nestor.'

'How!' said Mentor, 'have you

Nestor in Hesperia? and could you not engage him in your interest? Nestor, under whose eye you have so often fought before the walls of Troy, and who was then your friend, engaged in a common cause, and endeared by mutual danger?'—'I have lost him,' said Idomeneus, 'by the artifices of these people, who are barbarians only in name; for they have had the cunning to persuade him that I intended to make myself tyrant of Hesperia.'—'We will undeceive him,' replied Mentor: 'Telemachus saw him at Pylos before he founded this colony, and before we undertook to search the world for Ulysses. By Nestor Ulysses cannot be forgotten; and he must still remember the tenderness which he expressed for Telemachus his son. Our principal care must be to remove his suspicions. This war has been kindled by the jealousy which you have excited in your neighbours; and by removing that jealousy it will be extinguished. Once more I entreat you to leave the management of this affair to me.'

Idomeneus was so moved by this address of Mentor, that he was at first unable to reply, and could only clasp him to his breast in an ecstasy of speechless tenderness; at last, though not without difficulty, he found words. 'Thou art,' said he, 'the messenger of Heaven! I feel thy wisdom, and renounce my errors; yet I confess, that the same freedom in another would have provoked my anger. Thou only couldst have persuaded me to seek for peace; I had resolved to perish or to conquer; but it is better that I should be guided by thy counsel than my own passions. How happy is Telemachus, who, with such a guide, can never wander as I have wandered! I trust, with implicit confidence, to thee: to thee the gods have communicated celestial wisdom; nor could the counsel of Minerva have been more salutary than thine. Go, then; promise, conclude, concede, whatever my power can fulfil, ratify, or give up: all that Mentor shall do Idomeneus shall approve!'

While Idomeneus was yet speaking, they were alarmed by a sudden and confused noise; the rattling of chariots, the neighing of horses, the shouts of men, and the sound of the trumpet.

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The people cried out, that the enemy had taken a great compass, and come down, without attempting the passes that Idomeneus had secured, to besiege Salentum. The old men and the women were struck with consternation. 'Alas!' said they, 'have we then quitted our native country, the dear and fertile plains of Crete, and followed an unfortunate prince through all the dangers of the seas, to found a new city, which, like Troy, shall be reduced to ashes!' From the walls, which were scarcely finished, there appeared, in the vast plain below, the calques, cuirasses, and shields, of the enemy, which glittered in the sun, and almost dazzled the sight: their spears covered the earth to the horizon; like the rich harvests which Ceres, under the summer's sun, ripens in the fields of Enna, to reward the labour of the husbandman. Among these were discovered the chariots armed with scythes; and all the different nations in the confederacy were, by their arms and habits, easily to be distinguished.

Mentor, that he might view them to greater advantage, ascended a high tower, and Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. They presently discovered Philoctetes on one side, and Nestor, who was easily known by his venerable age, with his son Pisistratus, on the other. 'How is this!' cried Mentor; 'you supposed that Philoctetes and Nestor would content themselves with affording you no assistance; but you see that they are in arms against you; and, if I am not deceived, those other troops, that come on with so deliberate a pace, and in such perfect order, are Lacedemonians, under the command of Phalanthus. All are against you; there is not a single nation upon the coast of which you have not made an enemy, without intending it.'

Mentor, the moment he had made this discovery, descended hastily from the tower, and went towards a gate of the city, on that side towards which the enemy advanced: he immediately ordered the centinel to open it; and Idomeneus, astonished at the commanding dignity of his deportment, did not dare to ask his design. He went out at the gate; and, making a sign with his hand that nobody should follow him, ad-

vanced directly towards the front of the enemy; who were astonished to see a man, wholly unattended, present himself before them. While he was yet at a distance, he held out to them the branch of an olive, as a token of peace. When he was come neare enough to be heard, he demanded that their chiefs should be assembled; and as soon as they were got together, he addressed them in these terms.

'I see before me the strength of every nation that flourishes in this happy country; and I know that the generous purpose of this assembly is the defence of a common cause; of that liberty which is at once the birth-right, the happiness, and the glory, of mankind. I honour your zeal; but permit me to point out an easy way, by which your liberty and honour may be preserved, without the effusion of blood. Among other princes in this assembly, I see Nestor:—Thy years and wisdom, O Nestor! have acquainted thee with the calamities of war, even when it is undertaken with justice, and favoured by the gods. War is the most dreadful of all evils by which Heaven has afflicted man. Thou canst never forget what was suffered by the Greeks during the ten years that they spent before the walls of Troy; what divisions among their chiefs! what caprices of Fortune! what carnage by the hand of Hector! what calamity in distant cities, during the long absence of their kings; and what misfortunes at their return! how some were shipwrecked on the promontory of Caphareus; and some perished, with circumstances of yet more horror, in the bosoms of their wives. The gods, doubtless, in their wrath, suffered them to be seduced by the false splendor of that expedition.—May they never, O people of Hesperia! distinguish you by so fatal a victory! Troy, indeed, is in ashes; but it would have been better for Greece if she had still flourished in all her glory, and Paris had still enjoyed, with Helen, such pleasures as are permitted to infamy and guilt. Does not Philoctetes, who was so long wretched and abandoned in the Isle of Lemnos, fear the like calamities from a like war? Have not the

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‘ people of Laconia suffered equally by
 ‘ the long absence of their princes,
 ‘ their captains, and their soldiers,
 ‘ who went to the siege of Troy? And
 ‘ is there a single Grecian, at this
 ‘ hour, upon the coast of Hesperia,
 ‘ that is not a fugitive from his coun-
 ‘ try in consequence of that fatal expe-
 ‘ dition?’

During this address, Mentor ad-
 vanced towards the Pylians; and Nes-
 tor, recollecting his features, came
 forward to salute him. ‘ It is with
 ‘ great pleasure,’ said he, ‘ that I once
 ‘ more give my hand to Mentor. It
 ‘ is many years since I first saw you in
 ‘ Phocis: you was then only fifteen
 ‘ years old; but I perceived the dawn-
 ‘ ing of that wisdom which has since
 ‘ been so conspicuous to the world.
 ‘ Tell us, however, by what chance
 ‘ you came hither; and what expe-
 ‘ dient you have thought of to prevent
 ‘ a war? Idomeneus has compelled us
 ‘ to attack him. We demand only
 ‘ peace; which is our interest, and our
 ‘ desire: but it is impossible that peace
 ‘ should be secured till he is destroyed.
 ‘ He has violated all his engagements
 ‘ with the neighbouring people; and,
 ‘ if we were now to conclude a treaty
 ‘ with him, it would serve no other end
 ‘ than to dissolve our confederacy, up-
 ‘ on which only our safety depends.
 ‘ He has sufficiently manifested his
 ‘ ambition to reduce every other na-
 ‘ tion to slavery; and we have no
 ‘ means to establish our own liberty
 ‘ but the subversion of his new king-
 ‘ dom. His want of publick faith
 ‘ has reduced us to this alternative,
 ‘ either of putting an end to his power,
 ‘ or receiving his yoke. If you can
 ‘ shew that he may still be trusted with
 ‘ safety, and assure us of peace in con-
 ‘ sequence of a treaty, all the nations
 ‘ that you see here confederated against
 ‘ him will gladly lay down their arms,
 ‘ and we will confess that your wis-
 ‘ dom is greater than ours.’

‘ You know,’ replied Mentor, ‘ that
 ‘ Ulysses has entrusted his son Tele-
 ‘ machus to my care. The young
 ‘ man, impatient to discover what was
 ‘ become of his father, went first to
 ‘ Pylos, where you received him with
 ‘ all the kindness that he had reason to
 ‘ expect from the friend of his father;
 ‘ and when he left you, appointed your

‘ own son to conduct him on his way.
 ‘ He went afterwards many distant
 ‘ voyages by sea; he has visited Sicily
 ‘ and Egypt, and the Islands of Cy-
 ‘ prus and Crete: the winds, or rather
 ‘ the gods, have at length thrown him
 ‘ upon this coast, as he was returning
 ‘ to Ithaca. We are come just in time
 ‘ to spare you the horrors of another
 ‘ war; for you shall not now trust in
 ‘ Idomeneus, but in the son of Ulysses
 ‘ and myself, for the fulfilling of
 ‘ whatever shall be stipulated in a treaty
 ‘ of peace.’

During this conference between
 Mentor and Nestor, in the midst of the
 confederate troops, Idomeneus and
 Telemachus, with all the Cretans un-
 der arms, were spectators of the scene
 from the walls of Salentum: they were
 very attentive to discover in what man-
 ner Mentor's discourse was received;
 and wished they could have been pre-
 sent at the conference of two men so
 venerable for age and wisdom. Nestor
 had always been considered as super-
 ior to the other princes of Greece in
 experimental knowledge and graceful
 elocution: it was he that restrained the
 anger of Achilles, the pride of Aga-
 memnon, the ferocity of Ajax, and the
 precipitate courage of Diomedes. Per-
 suasion, sweet as honey, distilled from
 his lips; and the sound of his voice
 alone was sufficient to excite attention:
 when Nestor spoke, surrounding he-
 roes were silent, and he only had the
 power of soothing discord into peace.
 He began now to feel the chilling in-
 fluence of age; but his words were still
 forcible and sweet. He frequently re-
 lated past events, that youth might be
 instructed by his experience; and,
 though his speech was somewhat slow,
 yet his narratives were pleasing.

But this venerable sage, so admired
 by all Greece, seemed to lose all his
 eloquence, and all his dignity, from
 the moment that he appeared in com-
 petition with Mentor: in comparison
 with him, he seemed to be withered
 and depressed by age; for the vigour
 and activity of Mentor appeared to
 have suffered no injury from time. In
 the elocution of Mentor, though it was
 grave and simple, there was a vivacity
 and authority which began to be want-
 ing in that of Nestor: what he said was
 short, precise, and nervous; he made

no repetitions; and he spoke only to the point in question. If it was necessary to mention the same thing more than once, either to inculcate or persuade, it was always by some happy simile or allusion. He had also the art of insinuating truth by a kind of nameless complaisance and good-humour, when it was necessary to accommodate himself to particular dispositions and capacities. There was something in the appearance of these persons that strongly excited veneration and love

among the multitude that surrounded them: the forces that were confederated against Salentum crowded one upon another, that they might get a nearer view of their persons, and catch up some fragment of their discourse; and Idomeneus, and the people that were with him, fixed their eyes upon them with the utmost eagerness and ardour, to discover the purport of what they said by their gestures and countenance.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XI.

IN the mean time, Telemachus, who could no longer restrain his impatience, disengaged himself from the crowd; and running to the gate by which Mentor had gone out, commanded it to be opened, with a tone of authority which was immediately obeyed. Idomeneus, who believed him to be still standing at his side, was in a few moments surprized to see him running cross the plain, and not far from the place where Nestor stood. Nestor immediately knew him; and advanced with haste in his looks, but with a slow and heavy pace, to receive him. Telemachus threw himself on his neck, and held him locked in his arms, without power to speak: at last he cried out — O my father! I fear not to claim you by the dearest tie! The loss of him from whom I derive my birth, and the parental kindness which I have experienced in you, give me a right to call you by that tender name. You are a father, whom I am again permitted to embrace! O might I once more be permitted thus to embrace Ulysses! If any thing can atone for his loss, it is the finding his wisdom, his virtues, and his tenderness, in you.

The affectionate ardour of this ad-

dress melted Nestor into tears; and he was touched with a secret pleasure at perceiving the same expression of tender sensibility in his young friend, which gave new grace to his countenance. The beauty, the sweetness, and the noble confidence of this young stranger, who had, without precaution, ventured among so many enemies, astonished the allies. 'Is not this the son of the old man,' said they, 'who came to speak with Nestor? We certainly see the same wisdom at two ages; in one of them it is only in blossom, in the other it is matured into fruit.'

Mentor, who had with great pleasure observed the tenderness with which Nestor received Telemachus, availed himself of a disposition so favourable to his purpose. 'Here is the son of Ulysses,' said he, 'so dear to all Greece, and so tenderly beloved by you! I offer him as an hostage, as the dearest pledge that can be given, for the accomplishment of whatever shall be promised on the part of Idomeneus. You cannot suppose that I would aggravate the loss of the father by that of the son, or expose myself to the reproaches of Penelope for having sacrificed her child to the ambition of the new King of Salentum. With this pledge, ye na-

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tions of Hesperia! voluntarily offered by himself, and sent by the gods that are lovers of amity, I begin my propositions for establishing a lasting peace.

At the name of peace a confused murmur was heard spreading from rank to rank; an inarticulate expression of anger, which was with difficulty restrained; for all that were present thought every moment lost by which the battle was delayed: they imagined that Mentor had no design but to soften their resentment, and rob them of their prey. The Mandurians, in particular, could not bear to think of being again deceived; and, as they feared that the eloquence of Mentor would gain over their allies, they frequently attempted to interrupt him: they began to suspect all the Greeks that were in the field; and Mentor, who perceived this suspicion, immediately resolved to increase it, that he might weaken the confederacy by dividing it into factions.

'I confess,' said he, 'that the Mandurians have reason to complain, and to insist upon satisfaction for the injury they have suffered; but it is not equally reasonable that the ancient inhabitants of the country should regard all Greeks who have established colonies upon this coast, with suspicion and malignity: the Greeks, therefore, ought to maintain a firm union among themselves, that they may be able to compel a proper treatment from the nations that surround them; although they ought not, upon any pretence, to usurp their territory. I know that Idomeneus has unfortunately given sufficient cause of jealousy; but this jealousy may easily be removed: Telemachus and myself are both ready to become hostages for his future good faith, and to continue in your power till his stipulations shall be fulfilled. — I know,' said he, addressing himself to the Mandurians, 'that you are provoked at the Cretans having seized the passes of the mountains by surprize, and secured to themselves the power of entering, at pleasure, the country to which you have retired, that you might leave them the level country upon the sea-coast: these passes the Cretans have fortified by high towers, strongly garrisoned; these towers, then, are the immediate cause of the

war; if there is any other, let it be assigned.'

The chief of the Mandurians then advanced, and spoke to the following effect. 'Whatever is the cause of the war, we have done every thing that was possible to avoid it: the gods are our witnesses that we made use of every art to keep Peace among us, till she was driven away by the restless ambition of the Cretans, and the perfidy that made it impossible to trust them, even on their oath. These insatuated people have reduced us to the fatal necessity of perishing ourselves, or destroying them. While they continue in possession of the passes they have fortified, we shall always apprehend a design to invade our territory, and enslave our persons. If they had a sincere desire to live at peace with their neighbours, they would rest satisfied with the country that we have voluntarily ceded to them: they would have formed no ambitious design against the liberty of others; and, consequently, could never be solicitous to secure the avenues by which their territory could be invaded. But, wise as thou art, O full of days! thou knowest them not; and it is by misfortune only that we know them: cease, then, O beloved of Heaven! to prevent so just and necessary a war, without which Hesperia must for ever despair of peace. They are an ungrateful, a perfidious, and inhuman people, whom the gods have sent among us in their anger to interrupt our tranquillity, and punish our offences: but the gods, when they have punished, will avenge us; and our enemies also shall experience that they are just.'

At these words the whole assembly was moved; and it seemed as if Mars and Bellona were passing from rank to rank, and kindling in every bosom that rage of war which Mentor had laboured to extinguish. But he addressed himself again to the assembly in these terms. 'If I offered promises only, they might reasonably be rejected; but what I offer you is certain and immediate advantage. If you are not content to receive Telemachus and myself as hostages, twelve of the noblest and bravest Cretans shall be delivered into your hands. It is, however, but just that hostages should also be given on your

your part; for Idomeneus, though he desires peace, desires it without fear, and without meanness: he desires peace upon the same principles on which you say you desire it, wisdom and moderation; not because he desires to repose in voluptuous tranquillity, or is terrified by a prospect of the dangers of war: he is, like you, ready to perish or to conquer; but he prefers peace to the most splendid victory; he disdains the fear of being vanquished; but he confesses that he fears to be unjust, and is not ashamed to make an atonement for his faults. He offers you peace with the sword in his hand: but he would not haughtily impose it upon his own conditions; for he sets no value upon a compulsory treaty. He desires a peace in which all parties shall be content, which shall put an end to all jealousies, appease all resentment, and remove all distrust: his sentiments are just what you would wish them to be; and nothing is necessary but to convince you of this truth, which would not be difficult if you would hear me without prejudice and passion.—Hear, then, ye nations, distinguished by valour!—and hear, ye chiefs, whom wisdom has united!—what I shall now offer on the part of Idomeneus. It is not just that he should invade the territory of his neighbours; neither is it just that his territory should be invaded: he consents that the towers, by which he has fortified the passes, should be garrisoned by neutral troops.—You, Nestor—and you, Philoctetes—are of Grecian origin; yet, in this quarrel, you have declared against Idomeneus: you cannot, therefore, be suspected of partiality to his interests; you take part only in the common cause, the peace and liberty of Hesperia. To you, then, the passes which have been the cause of war shall be confided: you have not less interest in preventing the original natives of Hesperia from destroying Salentum, a new colony like your own, than in preventing Idomeneus from usurping the possessions of his neighbours; hold, then, the balance between them; and, instead of destroying, by fire and sword, a people whom you ought to cherish

and to love, secure to yourselves the glory of acting at once as mediator and judge. You will, perhaps, tell me, that these conditions are too good to be fulfilled; but I shall abundantly satisfy you that Idomeneus is sincere. The hostages which I have already mentioned shall be reciprocally given, and detained till the passes shall be put into your hands. When the security, not only of Salentum, but of all Hesperia, is at your discretion, will you not be content? Whom then can you distrust but yourselves? You do not dare to confide in Idomeneus: but, as a proof that his intention is honest, he is ready to confide in you; he is ready to trust you with the quiet, the life, and the liberty, of himself and his people. If it is true that you desire only an equitable and lasting peace, such a peace is now offered you upon terms that leave you no pretence to reject it. Let me, however, once more caution you against imagining that Idomeneus has made this proposal from fear: his motives are prudence and equity; and, conscious to the rectitude of his intention, he will be under no concern about your opinion, though you shall impute that to weakness which he knows to proceed from virtue. He was, in the beginning, guilty of some faults; and he thinks it an honour to acknowledge them, by the offer of such terms as anticipate your wishes. He who hopes that he shall be able to hide his faults, by affecting to support them with arrogance and pride, discovers the most deplorable weakness, the most despicable vanity, and the grossest ignorance of his own interest; but he who acknowledges his faults to an enemy, and offers reparation, gives the strongest proof that he can never commit them again; and displays a wisdom and fortitude which, if peace is rejected, must make his enmity formidable. Beware, then, that the fault in the present quarrel does not become yours. If you reject Justice and Peace, when they sue for your acceptance, be assured that the cause of Peace and Justice will be avenged; and Idomeneus, who had just reason to fear the displeasure of the gods, will engage

gage them in his favour against you. Telemachus and myself will take up arms in his defence; and I call all the powers, both of heaven and of hell, to witness, that the proposals which I have now offered you are just!

Mentor then lifted up the olive-branch which he held in his hand, that the distant multitude might behold the symbol of peace. The chiefs, who saw him near, were astonished and dazzled with the celestial radiance that sparkled in his eyes; and perceived in him something majestic and commanding beyond all that fancy had given to created beings. That magick of his eloquence, at once so forcible and so sweet, had, as it were, stolen away their hearts: it's power was secret, but irresistible; like that of the mysterious spells, which, in the dead silence of the night, arrest the moon and the stars of heaven, calm the raging of the sea, command the winds and the waves to be still, and suspend the most rapid rivers in their course.

He appeared, in the midst of this rude and impetuous multitude, like Bacchus surrounded by tigers, whose ferocity had been charmed away by the sweetness of his voice, till they expressed their fondness by their caresses, and their submission by licking his feet. At first, the whole assembly was silent; the chiefs looked upon each other, unable to oppose the eloquence of Mentor, and wondering who he could be. Every eye of the surrounding multitude was immoveably fixed upon him; and every tongue was held silent, for fear he should have still something to say, which the words of another might prevent from being heard. Though they conceived nothing that could be added to what he had said already, yet they wished that he had not been silent so soon; and his words might be said to be engraven upon their hearts. His elocution made him not only believed, but beloved; and held in suspense all the faculties of those that heard him, who scarce dared even to breathe, lest they should lose the least word which issued from his lips.

This silence was succeeded by a kind of low murmur, which gradually diffused itself through the whole assembly; it was not the confused sound of inarticulate indignation, but rather the

whisper of gentleness and complacency, which were before silently expressed in every countenance. The Mandurians, who had been so lately transported with rage, now let their weapons fall from their hands; and the fierce Phalanthus, with his Lacedemonians, wondered to find themselves softened into kindness: the rest of the united nations began to sigh after the peace which had been held up before them; and Philoctetes, whose sensibility had been increased by misfortune, could not refrain from tears. Nestor, who was so transported with admiration and delight at the discourse of Mentor, that he was unable to speak, embraced him with ineffable tenderness; and the whole multitude cried out together, as if by a signal—'O stranger! thy wisdom has disarmed us.—Peace! Peace!' In the first interval of silence, Nestor attempted to speak; but the troops, fearing he might start some difficulty, again cried out, with the utmost impatience—'Peace! Peace!' and the chiefs found no way of putting them to silence but by joining in the exclamation.

Nestor, perceiving that a set discourse could not be heard, contented himself with saying—'You see, O Mentor! what wonders the words of a good man can produce! When Wisdom and Virtue speak, every passion is calm: our resentment, however just, is changed into friendship; and our impatience for war into a desire of perpetual peace. The peace that you have offered we accept.' The chiefs, at the same time, stretched out their hands, in token of their consent.

Mentor now ran towards the gate of Salentum to get it opened, and to acquaint Idomeneus that he might leave the city without fear. In the mean time, Nestor went up to Telemachus, and embraced him. 'My amiable young friend,' said he, 'thy father was the wisest of all the princes of Greece! Mayest thou be favoured with equal wisdom, and with better fortune. The similitude of your persons is great; and the remembrance of Ulysses, which that has revived, contributed to soften our resentment.' Phalanthus, though he was by nature fierce and unfeeling, and though he had never seen Ulysses, was, notwithstanding, touched at his misfortunes, and

and those of his son; and the chiefs gathering round Telemachus, were pressing him to relate his adventures; when Mentor returned with Idomeneus, and the Cretan youth, who followed in his train.

At the sight of Idomeneus the resentment of the confederate nations began to revive; but Mentor extinguished the fire before it broke out. 'Why do we delay,' said he, 'to conclude this sacred alliance, which the powers of Heaven shall witness and defend? May the gods avenge it's violation, by whomsoever it shall be violated! and may all the horrors of war, averted from the faithful and the innocent, descend upon the perjured and execrable head of him whose ambition shall dare to trample upon the sacred rights of this alliance! May he be detested both in heaven and upon earth! May he derive no advantage from his perfidy! May the infernal Furies, in the most horrid forms, excite in his breast everlasting rage and despair! Let him perish without hope of burial! Let his limbs be the prey of vultures and of dogs! When he descends to the infernal regions, may the Gulph of Tartarus receive him! and may he there suffer severer torments than those of Tantalus, Ixion, and the Danaids, for ever and for ever! But may this peace rather remain unshaken, like the mountains of Atlas, that sustain the skies! May it be revered by every nation upon earth, and it's blessings descend from generation to generation! May the names of those who have made it be held in admiration and love by our latest posterity! Let it stand as a model for every peace that shall be hereafter founded upon equity and good faith! and let all nations, that desire to secure happiness by unanimity, follow the example of the people of Hesperia!'

Idomeneus, and the rest of the princes, then ratified the peace upon the conditions that had been proposed, by an oath; and twelve hostages were interchanged between them. Telemachus, by his own choice, was one of these given by Idomeneus; but the allies would not consent that Mentor should be another; insisting that he should re-

main with Idomeneus, that he might answer for his conduct, and superintend his council, till his engagements should be perfectly fulfilled. An hundred heifers, as white as snow, and an hundred bulls of the same colour, having their horns gilt, and adorned with garlands of flowers, were then sacrificed between the camp and the city. The bellowing of the victims that fell under the sacred knife resounded from the neighbouring hills; their blood flowed in a smoking torrent on every side; and the most exquisite wines were poured abundantly in libations to the gods: the aruspices consulted the entrails, still panting with the remains of life; and the priests burnt an incense upon the altar, which rose in a cloud of fragrance, and perfumed all the plain.

In the mean time, soldiers on both sides forgot that they had been enemies, and began to entertain each other with their adventures: they resigned themselves to a pleasing relaxation after their labours, and tasted the sweets of peace by anticipation. Many of those who had followed Idomeneus to the siege of Troy, recollected their acquaintance in the soldiers of Nestor, with whom they had fought in the same cause; they embraced each other with great affection, and mutually related all that happened to them, after they had laid the magnificent city, that was the glory of Asia, in ruins: they laid themselves down upon the grass, crowned themselves with flowers, and rejoiced over the wine which had been brought in large vases from the city to celebrate the blessings of the day.

During this scene of cheerfulness and amity, Mentor cried out, as by a sudden impulse—'Henceforth, O ye kings and leaders! these assembled nations, although disguised by various names, and governed by different chiefs, shall be one people! Thus do the gods, who love the creatures of their power, delight to become the band of union between them. What is the race of man, but one family widely scattered upon the earth! All men by nature are brothers, and should be mutually endeared by a brother's love: accursed be those impious barbarians, who seek for glory in the kindred blood,

blood, which differs but in name from their own! War, indeed, is sometimes necessary; but the necessity of war is the reproach of man. Let ambitious royalty no more pretend that war is to be desired as the means of glory; for nothing can be glorious that is inhuman. He that would acquire glory at the expence of humanity is a monster, and not a man; nor can true glory be thus acquired: glory is nothing more than the radiance of virtue; and the virtue of a prince is moderation and benevolence. The incense of adulation may be offered to the vanity and the folly of a tyrant; but even those that offer it confess, in the secret language of their heart, that glory is less deserved in proportion as it is dishonestly fought. He ought to be lightly esteemed of men, by whom men are so lightly esteemed, that, to gratify a brutal vanity, he will deluge the earth with their blood. Happy is the prince who loves his people, and is beloved by them; who has confidence in his neighbours, and whose neighbours have confidence in him; who is so far from making war against them, that he prevents their making war against each other; and who can excite envy in foreign states only by the happiness which he diffuses through his own! Let your assemblies, then, O ye powers of Hesperia! be frequent: let all the princes that are now present meet at least once in three years, to confirm the present peace by a reiterated vow; to repeat your mutual promises, and deliberate upon your common interests. While you possess the plenty of this delightful country, united by the bands of peace, you will at home be glorious, and abroad invincible. Discord only, that infernal fury, who ascends from hell to torment mankind, can interrupt the felicity which is designed you by the gods!

Our readiness to conclude a peace,' replied Nestor, 'is a sufficient testimony that we had been far from engaging in a war from vain glory, or with an unjust design of aggrandizing ourselves at the expence of our neighbours. But what can be done, when, among the princes that sur-

round us, there is one who acts by no law but his own interest, and loses no opportunity of invading the dominions of others? Do not imagine that I am now speaking of Idomeneus; for to him I no longer impute such a character: our danger now lies only from Adrastus the king of the Daunians. This tyrant despises the gods, and believes that all the people upon earth are born only to contribute to his glory by the most abject servitude: he does not desire subjects, to whom he would stand in the double relation of king and father; he desires only slaves and worshippers, and has directed divine honours to be paid him. The blind caprice of Fortune has hitherto prospered his undertakings. We were hastening to attack Salentum, that we might suppress a power in it's infancy, likely to become formidable, and be at liberty to turn our whole force against Adrastus, who is already a powerful enemy. He has taken several towns from our allies, and has defeated the Crotonians in two battles. He scruples nothing to gratify his ambition; and if he can crush his enemies, he cares not whether it be by fraud or force. He has amassed great treasures; his troops are well disciplined, and inured to war: he has experienced officers, and is well served; he superintends himself whatever is done by his orders; he severely punishes the least fault, and rewards services with great liberality. He sustains and animates his troops by his own courage; and if his conduct was regulated by equity and good faith, he would be a most accomplished prince: but he fears neither the vengeance of the gods, nor the reproaches of conscience; and he considers reputation itself as a mere phantom, by which weak minds only can be influenced. In his estimation, there is no real and substantial good, but the possession of great riches, the power of inspiring terror, and of trampling mankind under foot. His army will very soon enter our dominions; and if we cannot acquire strength to resist him by a general confederacy, all hope of liberty must cease for ever. It is not less the interest of

' Idomeneus, than of other powers, to
 ' oppose this tyrant, who will suffer no-
 ' thing to be free that his power can
 ' enslave. If we should be vanquish-
 ' ed, Salentum must fall with us: let
 ' us therefore unite, for our common

' defence, without delay.' While
 Nestor was thus speaking, they ad-
 vanced towards the city; for Idome-
 neus had invited all the kings and
 principal officers to pass the night with
 in the walls.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XII.



HE allies had now pitched their tents, and the field was covered with rich pavilions of all colours, in which the weary Hesperians resigned themselves to sleep. In the mean time, the princes and their retinue having entered the city, were struck with astonishment to see so many magnificent buildings, which had risen in so short a time; a city of which so formidable a war had retarded neither the growth nor the decoration.

They admired the wisdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded so splendid a kingdom; and concluding that the confederacy against the Daunians would acquire great strength by the accession of such an ally, they invited him to come into it. Idomeneus thought it reasonable to comply, and promised them troops; but as Mentor was perfectly acquainted with all that was necessary to render a kingdom flourishing, he had reason to believe that the power of Idomeneus was not so great in reality as in appearance; he therefore took him aside, and addressed him to this effect.

‘ You see that our endeavours have not been unsuccessful; we have secured Salentum from destruction, but you only can raise her to glory: the government of the people depends upon

‘ you; and it is your task to emulate the wisdom of Minos, and shew that you are worthy of your descent. I continue to speak freely to you, supposing that you love truth and despise flattery. While these princes were praising your magnificence, I could not but reflect in silence upon your temerity.’ At the word *temerity*, Idomeneus changed countenance; his eyes sparkled, his cheeks glowed, and he was on the point of interrupting Mentor by expressions of resentment. ‘ I see,’ says Mentor, in a voice that was modest and respectful, though not faltering or irresolute, ‘ that the word *temerity* has given you offence; and I confess that, if it had been used by any other than myself, your displeasure would have been just: for there is a respect due to kings; and they have a jealous sensibility, which even those who reprove them should be careful not to wound. To them the voice of Truth is sufficiently displeasing, however gentle the terms: but I hoped that you would have permitted me to speak of your faults without a studied softness of expression; that you would have indulged me in my design of accustoming you to hear things called by their names, and of teaching you to discover what others think, when their respect suppresses their thought. If you would not re-

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‘ sign yourself to voluntary deception, you must always conceive more than is said, when the subject is to your disadvantage. As to myself, I am ready to soften my expressions, if they must be softened; but it would surely be more for your interest, that a man, absolutely neutral in your affairs, without interest, connection, or dependance, should, when he speaks to you in private, speak plain. No other will ever dare to do it; you will be condemned to see Truth imperfectly; you will be a stranger to her face, for she will never appear before you but in a gaudy veil.’

Idomeneus, whose first impatience had already subsided, began now to be ashamed of his weakness. ‘ You see,’ said he to Mentor, ‘ what constant flattery will do. I owe to you the preservation of my new kingdom; and there is no truth that I shall not think myself happy to hear from your lips. Remember, with pity, that I have been long tainted with the poison of adulation; and that, even in my misfortunes, I was still a stranger to truth. Alas! no man has ever loved me enough to say what he thought I should be displeased to hear.’

The heart of Idomeneus melted as he spoke, the tears started to his eyes, and he embraced Mentor with great tenderness. ‘ It is with the utmost regret,’ said Mentor, ‘ that I give you pain: but I am constrained; I cannot betray you by concealing truth. Could you act otherwise in my place? If you have always been deceived till now, it was because you chose to be deceived; it was because you feared to find sincerity in those that were to give you counsel. Have you sought those who were most disinterested, those who were most likely to contradict you? Have you preferred such as were least devoted to your pleasure and their own interest; such as appeared most capable of opposing your passions when they were irregular, and your sentiments when they were unjust? When you have detected a flatterer, have you banished him from your presence, and withdrawn your confidence from those whom you suspected? Have you done what those do who love truth, and deserve to know it? Have you now fortitude to suffer the humiliation of hearing those truths

‘ by which you are condemned? Let me make the experiment: I must again tell you, that what has gained you so much praise deserves censure. While you are surrounded with enemies, and yet a foreigner in the country, you dream only of adorning your new city with magnificent buildings: to this, as you have confessed to me, you have sacrificed your repose, and in this you have exhausted your wealth. You have thought neither of augmenting your people, nor of cultivating the country. Does not your power depend wholly upon a numerous people, and a country highly cultivated for their subsistence? A long peace is necessary, at the first establishment of a state, for increasing the people; and you ought at present to think of nothing but agriculture and legislation. You have been hurried by a vain ambition to the brink of a precipice; and, to gain the appearance of being great, you have sapped the foundations of substantial grandeur. Let these errors be corrected without delay; suspend all these works of idle magnificence; renounce the pomp that will reduce your new city to ruins; release your people from fatigue, and endeavour to facilitate marriage, by procuring them plenty. Remember that you are a king only in proportion as you have subjects to govern; and that the measure of your power is not the extent of your dominions, but the number of their inhabitants. Let your territory be fertile, however small; and let it swarm with people at once well disciplined and industrious; and if you can make these people love you, you will be more powerful, more happy, and more glorious, than all the conquerors that have ravaged the earth.’

‘ What shall I do then,’ said Idomeneus, ‘ with respect to the princes that have solicited me to join the confederacy? Shall I confess to them the weakness of my state? It is, indeed, true that I have neglected agriculture, and even commerce, notwithstanding the uncommon advantages of my situation: I thought only of making a magnificent city; but must I, then, my dear Mentor, dishonour myself in the presence of so many kings, by acknowledging my indigence? If it must be done, I will do

do it readily, whatever mortification I suffer: for you have taught me, that a king is born for his people, owes himself wholly to them, and ought always to prefer the publick welfare to his own reputation.

'This sentiment,' said Mentor, 'is worthy the father of his people; and for this, and not for the vain magnificence of your city, I reverence you as a king worthy of the name. But your honour must be preserved, even for the advantage of your state; leave this to me. I will make these princes believe that you are engaged to establish Ulysses, if he is yet living; or his son, if he is dead; in the government of his kingdom, and drive the suitors of Penelope from Ithaca by force. They will at once perceive that this cannot be effected without numerous troops; and will therefore readily consent that you shall at first afford them but a slight assistance against the Daunians.'

At these words Idomeneus appeared like a man suddenly relieved from a burden that was crushing him by its weight. 'This, indeed,' said he, 'my dear Mentor, will preserve my reputation, and the honour of this rising city, by hiding its weakness from the neighbouring states: but with what appearance of truth can it be pretended that I am about to send troops to Ithaca, for the establishment of Ulysses, or at least of Telemachus, while Telemachus himself is engaged in a war against the Daunians?'—'Be in no pain about that,' replied Mentor; 'I will say nothing that is false. The vessels that you are fitting out to establish your commerce will sail to the coast of Epirus, and will effect two purposes at once; they will bring back the foreign merchants, whom high duties have driven from Salentum; and they will seek intelligence of Ulysses: if he is still living, he cannot be far from the seas that divide Greece from Italy; and it has been confidently reported, that he has been seen among the Phœnicians. But if Ulysses should not be found, your vessels will render an important service to his son; they will spread terror, with the name of Telemachus, through all Ithaca, and the neighbouring country, where it is now believed that he is dead, as well as his father: the

suitors of Penelope will be struck with astonishment to learn, that he is returning with the forces of a powerful ally; the Ithacans will be awed into obedience; and Penelope will be encouraged to persist in her refusal of a second husband. Thus will you render service to Telemachus, while he is rendering service to you, by taking your place in the confederacy against the Daunians.'—'Happy is the king,' said Idomeneus, 'that is favoured with such counsel; but doubly happy is he who feels its importance, and improves it to his advantage! A wise and faithful friend is better than a victorious army: yet kings too often withdraw their confidence from the faithful and the wise, of whose virtue they stand in awe; and resign themselves to flatterers, of whose perfidy they have no dread. I fell myself into that fatal error; and I will relate to you the misfortunes that I drew upon myself by a connection with a false friend, who flattered my passions, in hopes that, in my turn, I should gratify his.'

Mentor found it easy to convince the allies that Idomeneus ought to take charge of the affairs of Telemachus, while Telemachus was, on his behalf, engaged in the confederacy; and they were well satisfied to have among them the son of the great Ulysses, with a hundred Cretan youths, whom Idomeneus had put under his command: these young men were the flower of the nobility, whom Idomeneus had brought from their native country, and whom Mentor had advised him to send on this expedition. 'It is necessary,' said he, 'to increase the number of your people during peace; but, to prevent a national insensibility to military honour, and ignorance of military art, it is proper to send the young nobility into foreign service. This, by connecting the idea of a soldier's character with that of noble descent and elevated rank, will be sufficient to kindle and keep alive a national sense of glory, a love of arms, a patience of fatigue, a contempt of death, and even an experimental knowledge of the art of war.'

The confederate princes departed from Salentum, well content with Idomeneus, and charmed with the wisdom of Mentor. They were also highly pleased

pleased to be accompanied, by Telemachus: but Telemachus was overwhelmed with grief when he came to part with his friend. While the kings were taking their leave of Idomeneus, and vowing to preserve their alliance inviolable for ever, Mentor held Telemachus to his breast in a transport of silent tenderness, and found him wet with his tears. 'I have no joy,' said Telemachus, 'in the search of glory; I feel no passion but grief at our separation; and think that the fatal time is returned, when the Egyptians forced me from your arms to a distant country, without hope of seeing you again.' Mentor soothed him with words of gentleness and comfort. 'This separation,' said he, 'is very different from that in Egypt; it is voluntary, it will be short, and it will be rewarded with glory. You must love me, my son, with less tenderness, and more fortitude; you must accustom yourself to my absence; for the time is coming when we must part for ever! and you should learn what is right, rather from the inspiration of Wisdom and Virtue, than from the presence of Mentor.'

The goddess, who was concealed under the figure of Mentor, then covered Telemachus with her ægis, and diffused within him the spirit of wisdom and foresight, of intrepid courage, and gentle moderation; virtues which so rarely meet. 'Go,' said she, 'wherever you are called by duty, without considering whether it be dangerous or safe: a prince may avoid danger with less disgrace by declining a war, than by keeping aloof in battle. The courage of him who commands others should never be doubtful: if it is desirable that a nation should preserve its prince, it is still more desirable that the prince should preserve his honour. Remember, that the commander of others should also be their example, and excite the courage of his army by a display of his own. Fear no danger then, O Telemachus! but rather perish in the combat than bring your valour into question. The sycophants who would appear most forward in persuading you not to expose yourself to danger, when danger is become necessary, would be the first to whisper that you wanted courage, if you should take their advice. Do

not, however, incur danger unnecessarily; courage is a virtue only in proportion as it is directed by prudence; without prudence it is a senseless contempt of life, a mere brutal ardour. Precipitate courage secures no advantage: he who, in danger, does not possess the perfect recollection of his mind, is rather furious than brave; and is superior to fear only as he is incapable of thought; in proportion as he is free from perturbation, he is timid; and if he does not fly, is in confusion: his mind is not at liberty to dispense proper orders, nor to seize and improve the transient but important opportunities which arise in battle, of distressing the enemy, and doing service to his country. If he has the ardour of a soldier, he has not the discernment of a commander; neither has he that courage which is requisite even in the private man; for the private man ought to preserve, in the heat of action, such presence of mind as is necessary to understand and obey the orders of his officer. He that exposes himself rashly, interrupts the order and discipline of the troops, gives an example of pernicious temerity, and frequently exposes the whole army to irretrievable disadvantages. Those who prefer the gratification of their own idle ambition to the security of a common cause, deserve rather punishment than reward.

'Be careful, my dear son, to avoid precipitation, even in the pursuit of glory; for glory is to be acquired only by waiting in patient tranquillity for the moment of advantage. Virtue is more revered, in proportion as she appears to be quiet, placid, and unassuming. As the necessity of exposing yourself to danger increases, so should your expedients, your foresight, and your courage. Remember also to avoid whatever may draw upon you the envy of your associates; and never let the success of another excite envy in you: give praise liberally to whatever shall merit praise, yet never commend a mixed character indiscriminately; display the good with pleasure, hide the bad, and let it not be remembered but with compassion. Never decide in the presence of old commanders, who have all the experience that you want: hear their opinions with deference, consult them, solicit

' solicit the assistance of the most skillful, and never be ashamed to attribute your best actions to their counsel.

' Lastly, Never listen to any discourse which tends to make you jealous or mistrustful of other chiefs. Speak your mind to them with confidence and ingenuity. If you think their behaviour to you has been exceptionable, open your heart to them at once, and tell them why you think so: if they are capable of feeling the noble generosity of this conduct, they will be delighted with it; and you will find no difficulty in obtaining from them all the concessions that you can reasonably expect. If their insensibility is so gross, that the rectitude of this behaviour is lost upon them, you will at least have gained an experimental knowledge of what may be expected from them; you will order matters so, that you may have no more contest with them during the war; and you will have nothing to reproach yourself with on their account. But, above all, be careful never to drop the least hint of your displeasure before sycophants, who are ever busy to sow jealousy and division. I will remain here,' continued Mentor, ' to assist Idomeneus in taking those measures which are indispensably necessary for the good of his people, and for completing the correction of those faults which evil counsellors and flatterers have seduced him to commit, in the establishment of his new kingdom.'

At this slight censure of Idomeneus, Telemachus could not help expressing some surprize at his conduct, not without some mixture of contempt. But Mentor checked him in a tone of severity: ' Do you wonder,' said he, ' that the most estimable of men are men still; and, among the innumerable snares and perplexities which are inseparable from royalty, discover some traces of human infirmity? In Idomeneus, the ideas of pomp and magnificence have been planted and nurtured from his youth: and where is the philosopher who, in his place, would always have been superior to flattery? He has, indeed, suffered himself to be too much influenced by those in whom he confided: but the wisest kings, whatever is their precaution, are often deceived. A king cannot do every thing himself; he must

therefore have ministers, and in these ministers he must confide: besides, a king cannot know those that surround him so well as they are known by others; for, in his presence, they never appear without a mask; and every artifice that cunning can devise is practised to deceive him. Alas, my dear Telemachus! your own experience will confirm this truth but too well. We never find either the virtues or abilities in mankind that we seek; and with whatever diligence and penetration we study their characters, we are every day mistaken in our conclusions. We can never avail the publick of all the virtues and abilities that we find; for the best men have their prejudices, their aversions, and their jealousies; they will seldom give up any opinion, however singular, or renounce any foible, however pernicious. The greater the dominion, the more numerous must be the ministry; for there will be more that the prince cannot do himself, and therefore more that he must do by others: and the greater the number of those to whom he must delegate his authority, the more liable he is to be somewhere mistaken in his choice. He who is a severe censor of kings to-day, would to-morrow govern much worse than those whom he condemns; and if he was entrusted with the same power, would commit the same faults, and many others much greater. A private station, if a man has some degree of natural eloquence, conceals defects, displays shining talents to advantage, and makes him appear worthy of all the posts that he does not fill: but authority brings a man's abilities to a severe test, and discovers great faults, which the shades of obscurity concealed. Greatness resembles those glasses which represent every object larger than it is; every defect seems to expand in an elevated situation; where things, in themselves small, are in their consequences great, and the slightest faults excite vehement opposition. A prince is an individual, whose conduct the whole world is perpetually employed to watch, and disposed to condemn. He is judged with the utmost rigour by those who can only guess at his situation; who have not the least sense of the difficulties that attend it; and who expect that, to answer their ideas of

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‘perfection, he should be no longer a man. A king, however, can be no more: his goodness and his wisdom are bounded by his nature; he has humours, passions, and habits, which it is impossible he should always surmount; he is continually beset by self-interest and cunning; he never finds the assistance that he seeks; he is perpetually led into mistakes, sometimes by his own passions, and sometimes by those of his ministers; and can scarce repair one fault before he falls into another. Such is the situation even of those kings who have most wisdom and most virtue; and the longest and best reign is too short, and too defective, to correct, at the end, what has undesignedly been done amiss in the beginning. Such evils are inseparable from royalty; and human weakness must sink under such a load. Kings should be pitied and excused. Should not they be pitied who are called to the government of an innumerable multitude, whose wants are infinite, and who cannot but keep every faculty of those who would govern them well upon the stretch? or, to speak freely, are not men to be pitied, for their necessary subjection to a mortal like themselves? A god only can fulfil the duties of dominion. The prince, however, is not less to be pitied than the people; a weak and imperfect creature, the governor of a corrupt and deceitful multitude!’

‘But,’ said Telemachus with some vivacity, ‘Idomeneus has already lost Crete, the kingdom of his ancestors, by his indiscretion; and he would have lost Salentum, which he is founding in it’s stead, if it had not been preserved by your wisdom.’

‘I confess,’ replied Mentor, ‘that Idomeneus has been guilty of great faults; but look through Greece, and every other country upon earth, and see whether, among those that are most improved, you can find one prince that is not, in many instances, excusable. The greatest men have, in their natural disposition, and the constitutional character of their minds, defects, which sometimes mislead them; and the best men are those who have fortitude to acknowledge these defects, and make conscience of repairing the mischiefs that they produce. Do you imagine that Ulysses,

the great Ulysses your father, who is considered as an example by all the sovereigns of Greece, is without weakness and imperfection? If he had not been favoured with the perpetual guidance and protection of Minerva, how often would he have sunk under the dangers and difficulties to which the wanton malignity of Fortune has exposed him? How often has the goddess restrained and corrected him, that he might walk on in the path of virtue till he arrived at glory! And when you shall see him reign in all the splendor of his excellence in Ithaca, do not expect to find him perfect. He has been the admiration of Greece, of Asia, and of all the islands of the sea, notwithstanding his failings; which, among the shining wonders of his character, are forgotten. If you also can thus admire him, and, by a happy emulation of his wisdom and his virtue, transplant them into your own bosom, you will need no other happiness or honour.

‘Accustom yourself not to expect, from the greatest men, more than human nature can effect: it is common for the inexperience and presumption of youth to indulge a severity of judgment, which leads them to condemn the characters that they ought to imitate, and produces an hopeless indolence. You ought not only to love, and respect, and imitate, your father, notwithstanding his imperfections; but you ought also very highly to esteem Idomeneus, notwithstanding such parts of his character and conduct as I have shewn to deserve censure. He is naturally sincere, upright, equitable, kind, and munificent: his courage is perfect; and he spontaneously detests fraud the moment he perceives it. All his external qualifications are great, and suitable to his rank; his ingenuous disposition to acknowledge his errors, his mild and patient endurance of my severe reprehension, his fortitude against himself to make publick reparations for his faults, and thus to place himself above the censure of others, are indubitable testimonies that he has true greatness of mind. There are some faults from which a man of little merit may be preserved by good fortune, or by good counsel; but it is only by one effort of the most exalted virtue that a king who has been so long seduced by flattery

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terry can correct his faults: it is more glorious thus to rise, than never to have fallen. The faults of Idomeneus are such as almost all kings have committed; but his reparation is such as has been made by none. As for myself, while I reprov'd, I admir'd him; for he permitted my reproof: and do you admire him also, my dear Telemachus! it is less for his reputation than your advantage that I give you this counsel.'

By this discourse, Mentor made Telemachus sensible, that he who judges with severity of others endangers his own virtue, especially if they are distressed by the perplexities and difficulties of government. 'But it is now,' said he, 'time to part. Farewell! I will wait here, my dear Telemachus, for your return. Remember, that those who fear the gods have nothing to fear from men! You will be exposed to extreme danger; but remember, that you will never be forsaken by Minerva.'

At this moment Telemachus became conscious to the presence of the goddess; and he would have known that it was the very voice of Minerva that had inspired him with fortitude, if she had not immediately recalled the image of Mentor to his mind, by addressing him in the character she had assumed. 'Remember,' said she, 'my son, the care which I took, during your infancy, to render you as wise and as brave as your father! do nothing that is unworthy of his example, or of my precepts.'

The sun had already risen, and tinged the summits of the mountains with gold, when the confederate kings departed from Salentum, and returned to their people. The troops that had been encamped round the city now began to march under their leaders; their pikes rose like a forest on every side; their shields glittered in the sun; and a cloud of dust ascended to the sky. The kings were conducted to the plain by Idomeneus and Mentor, who attended them to a considerable distance from the city. At last they parted, having given and received reciprocal testimonies of sincere friendship. And the allies, being now acquainted with the true character of Idomeneus, which had suffered so much by misrepresentation, had no doubt but that the peace would be

lasting: they had, indeed, formed their judgments of him, not from his natural sentiments, but from the pernicious counsel of flatterers, which he had implicitly taken.

When the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. 'Let us see,' said Mentor, 'how many people you have, as well in the city as in the country; let us number the whole; and let us also examine how many of them are husbandmen. Let us enquire how much corn, wine, oil, and other necessaries, your lands will produce one year with another: we shall then know whether your country will subsist its inhabitants, and whether it will yield a surplus for foreign trade. Let us also see how many vessels you have, and how many sailors to man them, that we may be able to judge of your strength.' He then visited the port, and went on board every vessel; he informed himself of the several ports to which they traded; what merchandize they carried out, and what they brought back in return; what was the expence of the voyage; what were the loans of the merchants to each other; and what trading societies were established among them, that he might know whether their articles were equitable, and faithfully observed. He also enquired, what was the risque of the several voyages, and to what losses the trade was exposed, that such restrictions might be made as would prevent the ruin of the merchants, who sometimes, from too eager a desire of gain, undertake what they are not in a condition to accomplish.

He ordered that bankruptcy should be punished with great severity, because it is generally the effect of rashness and indiscretion, if not of fraud: he also formed regulations by which bankruptcies might easily be prevented; he obliged the merchants to give account of their effects, their profits, their expences, and their undertakings, to magistrates established for that purpose; he ordered, that they should never be permitted to risque the property of another, nor more than half their own; that they should undertake by association what they could not undertake singly; and that the observance of the conditions of such association should be enforced by severe penalties. He ordered also, that trade should be perfectly open

and free; and, instead of loading it with imposts, that every merchant who brought the trade of a new nation to the port of Salentum should be entitled to a reward.

These regulations brought people in crowds from all parts, and the trade of Salentum was like the flux and reflux of the sea; riches flowed in upon it with an impetuous abundance, like wave impelling wave; every thing was freely brought in and carried out of the port; every thing that was brought was useful, and every thing that was carried out left something of greater advantage in its stead. Justice presided over the port, which was the centre of innumerable nations, with inflexible severity; and from the lofty towers, that were at once its ornament and defence, Freedom, Integrity, and Honour, seemed to call together the merchants of the remotest regions of the earth; and these merchants, whether they came from the shores of the East, where the sun rises from the parting wave to begin the day; or from that boundless ocean, where, wearied with his course, he extinguishes his fires; all lived together in Salentum, as in their native country, with security and peace.

Mentor then visited the magazines, warehouses, and manufactories, of the interior part of the city. He prohibited the sale of all foreign commodities that might introduce luxury or effeminacy: he regulated the dress, and the provisions of the inhabitants of every rank; and the furniture, the size, and ornaments of silver and gold. 'I know but one thing,' said he to Idomeneus, 'that can render your people modest in their expences; the example of their prince. It is necessary that there should be a certain dignity in your appearance; but your authority will be sufficiently marked by the guards, and the great officers of your court, that will always attend you. As to your dress, be content with the finest cloth of a purple colour; let the dress of your principal officers be of a cloth equally fine; and let your own be distinguished only by the colour, and a slight embroidery of gold round the edge: different colours will serve to distinguish different conditions, without either gold, or silver, or jewels; and let these conditions be regulated by birth.

'Put the most ancient and illustrious nobility in the first rank: those who are distinguished by personal merit, and the authority of office, will be content to stand second to those who have been long in possession of hereditary honour. Men who are not noble by descent, will readily yield precedence to those that are, if you take care not to encourage a false opinion of themselves, by raising them too suddenly and too high; and never fail to gratify those with praise who are modest in prosperity. No distinction so little excites envy as that which is derived from ancestors by a long descent.

'To stimulate virtue, and excite an emulation to serve the state, it will be sufficient to reward publick merit with honorary distinctions; a crown, or a statue, which may be made the foundation of a new nobility for the children of those to whom they are decreed.

'The habit of persons of the first rank may be white, bordered with a fringe of gold: they may also be distinguished by a gold ring on their finger, and a medal of gold, impressed with your image, hanging from their neck. Those of the second rank may be dressed in blue, with a silver fringe, and be distinguished by the ring without the medal. The third rank may be dressed in green, and wear the medal without either fringe or ring. The colour of the fourth class may be a full yellow; the fifth a pale red; the sixth a mixture of red and white; and the seventh a mixture of white and yellow. Dresses of these different colours will sufficiently distinguish the freemen of your state into seven classes. The habit of slaves should be dark grey: and thus each will be distinguished according to his condition, without expence; and every art which can only gratify pride will be banished from Salentum. All the artificers, who are now employed so much to the disadvantage of their country, will betake themselves to such arts as are useful, which are few; or to commerce or agriculture. No change must be suffered to take place, either in the quality of the stuff, or the form of the garment. Men are by nature formed for serious and important employments; and it is unworthy

‘unworthy of them to invent affected novelties in the cloaths that cover them; or to suffer the women, whom such employment would less disgrace, to fall into an extravagance so contemptible and pernicious.’

Thus Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops from his fruit-trees the useless wood, endeavoured to retrench the parade that insensibly corrupts the manners, and to reduce every thing to a frugal and noble simplicity. He regulated even the provisions, not of the slaves only, but those of the highest rank. ‘What a shame is it,’ said he, ‘that men of exalted stations should place their superiority in eating such food as effeminates the mind, and subverts the constitution! They ought to value themselves for the regulation of their own desires, for their power of dispensing good to others, and for the reputation which the exercise of private and publick virtue will necessarily procure. To the sober and temperate, the simplest food is always pleasant; and the simplest food only can produce the most vigorous health, and give at once capacity and disposition for the purest and the highest enjoyments. Your meal should consist of the best food; but it should always be plainly dressed: the art of cookery is the art of poisoning mankind, by rendering appetite still importunate, when the wants of nature are supplied.’

Idomeneus easily conceived that he had done wrong in suffering the inhabitants of this new city to corrupt and effeminate their manners, by violating the sumptuary laws of Minos; but Mentor farther convinced him that the revival of those laws would produce little effect, if the king did not give them force by his example: he therefore immediately regulated his own table, where he admitted only plain food, such as he had eaten with other Grecian princes at the siege of Troy, with the finest bread, and a small quantity of the wine of the country, which was generous and well-flavoured. No man dared to murmur at a regulation which the king imposed upon himself; and the profusion and false delicacy of the table were given up without a struggle.

Mentor suppressed also two kinds of musick; the soft and effeminate strains,

which dissolve the soul into languishment and desire; and the Bacchanalian airs, that transport it with causeless, tumultuous, and opprobrious joy: he allowed only that sacred and solemn harmony, which, in the temples of the gods, kindles devotion, and celebrates heroick virtue. To the temples also he confined the superb ornaments of architecture, columns, pediments, and porticoes: he gave models, in a simple but elegant stile of building, for houses, that would contain a numerous family, on a moderate extent of ground: so designed, that they should be at once pleasant and convenient; that they should have a healthful aspect, and apartments sufficiently separated from each other; that order and decency might be easily preserved, and that they might be repaired at a small expence. He ordered, that every house above the middling class should have a hall, and a small peristyle, with separate chambers, for all the free persons of the family; but he prohibited, under severe penalties, the superfluous number and magnificence of apartments that ostentation and luxury had introduced. Houses erected upon these models, according to the size of the family, served to embellish one part of the city at a small expence, and give it a regular appearance; while the other part, which was already finished according to the caprice and vanity of individuals, was, notwithstanding its magnificence, less pleasing and convenient. This city was built in a very short time, because the neighbouring coast of Greece furnished very skilful architects; and a great number of masons repaired thither from Epirus, and other countries, upon the promise that, after they had finished their work, they should be established in the neighbourhood of Salentum, where land should be granted them to clear, and where they would contribute to people the country.

Painting and sculpture were arts which Mentor thought should by no means be proscribed; but he permitted the practice of them to few. He established a school under masters of an exquisite taste, by whom the performances of the pupils were examined. ‘There should be no mediocrity,’ says he, ‘in the arts which are not necessary to life; and, consequently, no youth

‘ youth should be permitted to practise them but such as have a genius to excel: others were designed by Nature for less noble occupations, and may be very usefully employed in supplying the ordinary wants of the community. Sculptors and painters should be employed only to preserve the memory of great men and great actions; and the representations of whatever has been achieved by heroic virtue, for the service of the publick, should be preserved only in publick buildings, or on the monuments of the dead.’ But, whatever was the moderation or frugality of Mentor, he indulged the taste of magnificence in the great buildings that were intended for publick sports, the races of horses and chariots, combats with the cestus, wrestling, and all other exercises, which render the body more agile and vigorous.

He suppressed a great number of traders that sold wrought stuffs of foreign manufacture; embroidery of an excessive price; vases of silver and gold, embossed with various figures in bas-relief; distilled liquors, and perfumes: he ordered also, that the furniture of every house should be plain and substantial, so as not soon to wear out. The people of Salentum, therefore, who had been used to complain of being poor, began to perceive that they abounded in superfluous riches; but that this superfluity was of a deceitful kind, that they were poor in proportion as they possessed it, and that, in proportion as they relinquished it only, they could be rich. ‘ To become truly rich,’ said they, ‘ is to despise such riches as exhaust the state; and to lessen the number of our wants, by reducing them to the necessities of virtue.’

Mentor also took the first opportunity to visit the arsenals and magazines, and examine whether the arms, and other necessities of war, were in a good condition. ‘ To be always ready for war,’ said he, ‘ is the surest way to avoid it.’ He found many things wanting, and immediately employed artificers in brass and iron to supply the defects. Furnaces are immediately built; and smoke and flame ascend in cloudy volumes, like those that issue from the subterranean fires of Mount *Ætna*: the hammerings upon the an-

vil, which groans under the stroke, the neighbouring shores and mountains re-echo to the sound; and a spectator of these preparatives for war, made by a provident sagacity during a profound peace, might have thought himself in that island where *Vulcan* animates the Cyclops, by his example, to forge thunder for the father of the gods.

Mentor then went, with *Idomeneus*, out of the city, and found a great extent of fertile country wholly uncultivated; besides considerable tracts that were cultivated but in part, through the negligence or poverty of the husbandmen, or the want of spirit, or the want of hands. ‘ This country,’ said he to the king, ‘ is ready to enrich it’s inhabitants; but the inhabitants are not sufficient to cultivate the country: let us, then, remove the superfluous artificers from the city, whose professions serve only to corrupt the manners of the people, and let us employ them in fertilizing these plains and hills. It is a misfortune that these men, having been employed in arts which require a sedentary life, are unused to labour: but we will try to remedy this evil; we will divide these uncultivated lands in lots among them, and call in the neighbouring people to their assistance, who will gladly undertake the most laborious part of the work, upon condition that they shall receive a certain proportion of the produce of the lands they clear; they may afterwards be made proprietors of part of it, and be thus incorporated with your people, who are by no means sufficiently numerous. If they prove diligent, and obedient to the laws, they will be good subjects, and increase your power. The artificers, whom you shall transplant from the city to the fields, will bring up their children to the labours of rural life; and the foreigners whom you have employed to assist in building your city, have engaged to clear part of your lands and become husbandmen: these men, as soon as they have finished the publick buildings, you should incorporate with your people; they will think themselves happy to pass their lives under a government so gentle as that which you have now established; and as they are robust and laborious, their example will animate

animate the transplanted artificers, with whom they will be mixed; and in a short time your country will abound with a vigorous race, wholly devoted to agriculture.

When this is done, be in no pain about the multiplication of your people: they will, in a short time, become innumerable if you facilitate marriage; and the most simple way of facilitating marriage is the most effectual. All men are naturally inclined to marry; and nothing prevents them from indulging this inclination but the prospect of difficulty and distress: if you do not load them with taxes, their families will never become a burden; the earth is never ungrateful, but always affords sustenance to those who diligently cultivate it; it refuses it's bounty only to those who refuse their labour. Husbandmen are always rich in proportion to the number of their children, if their prince does not make them poor; for their children afford them some assistance, even from their infancy: the youngest can drive the flock to pasture; those that are farther advanced can look after the cattle; and those of the third stage can work with their father in the field. In the mean time, the girls assist the mother, who prepares a simple but wholesome repast for those that are abroad, when they return home fatigued with the labour of the day: she milks her cows and her sheep; and the pails overflow with longevity and health: she brings out her little stores, her cheeses, and her chestnuts, with fruits that she has preserved from decay; she piles up the social fire, and the family gathers round it; every countenance brightens with the smile of innocence and peace; and some rural ditty diverts them till the night calls them to rest. He that attended the flock returns with his pipe; and, when the family is got together, he sings them some new song that he has learnt at the neighbouring village. Those that have been at work in the fields come in with their plough, and the weary oxen, that hang down their heads, and move with a slow and heavy pace, notwithstanding the goad which now urges them in vain. All the sufferings of labour end with the

day: the poppies which, at the command of the gods, are scattered over the earth by the hand of Sleep, charm away every care; sweet enchantment lulls all nature into peace, and the weary rest without anticipating the troubles of to-morrow. Happy, indeed, are these unambitious, mistrustless, artless people, if the gods vouchsafe them a king that disturbs not their blameless joy! And of what horrid inhumanity are they guilty, who, to gratify pride and ambition, wrest from them the sweet product of the field, which they owe to the liberality of Nature, and the sweat of their brow! In the fruitful lap of Nature there is inexhaustible plenty for temperance and labour: if none were luxurious and idle, none would be wretched and poor.

But what shall I do, said Idomeneus, if the people that I scatter over this fertile country should neglect to cultivate it?—You must do, said Mentor, just contrary to what is commonly done: rapacious and inconsiderate princes think only of taxing those who are most industrious to improve their lands; because upon these, they suppose a tax will be more easily levied; and they spare those whom idleness has made indigent: Reverse this mistaken and injurious conduct, which oppresses virtue, rewards vice, and encourages a supineness that is equally fatal to the king and to the state. Let your taxes be heavy upon those who neglect the cultivation of their lands; and add to your taxes fines and other penalties, if it is necessary: punish the negligent and the idle, as you would the soldier who should desert his post. On the contrary, distinguish those who, in proportion as their families multiply, cultivate their lands with the greater diligence, by special privileges and immunities. Every family will then become numerous; and every one will be animated to labour, not by the desire of gain only, but of honour: the state of husbandry being no longer wretched, will no longer be contemptible; the plough, once more held in honour, will be guided by the victorious hands that have defended the country; and it will not be less glorious to cultivate a paternal inheritance in the security

of

of peace; than to draw the sword in its defence when it is endangered by war. The whole country will bloom around you; the golden ears of ripe corn will again crown the temples of Ceres; Bacchus will tread the grapes in rich clusters under his feet; and wine, more delicious than nectar, will flow from the hills like a river: the vallies will resound to the song of the shepherds; who, dispersed along the banks of a transparent stream, shall join their voices with the pipe; while their flocks shall frolick round them, and feast upon the flowery pasture without fear of the wolf.

O Idomeneus! will it not make you supremely happy to be the source of such prosperity; to stretch your protection, like the shadow of a rock, over so many people, who will repose under it in security and peace? Will you not, in the consciousness of this, enjoy a noble elation of mind, a calm sense of superior glory; such as can never touch the bosom of the tyrant who lives only to desolate the earth, and who diffuses, not less through his own dominions than those which he conquers from others, carnage and tumult, horror and anguish, consternation, famine, and despair? Happy, indeed, is the prince whom his own greatness of soul, and the distinguishing favour of the gods, shall render thus the delight of his people, and the example of succeeding ages! The world, instead of taking up arms to oppose his power, will be found prostrate at his feet, and suing to be subject to his dominion.

But, said Idomeneus, when the people shall be thus blessed with plenty and peace, will not their happiness corrupt their manners? Will they not turn against me the very strength I have given them?—There is no reason to fear that, said Mentor: the sycophants of prodigal princes have suggested it as a pretence for oppression; but it may easily be prevented. The laws which we have established with respect to agriculture will render life laborious; and the people, notwithstanding their plenty, will abound only in what is necessary; for we have prohibited the arts that furnish superfluities: and the plenty even of necessaries will be

restrained within due bounds by the facility of marriage, and the multiplication of families. In proportion as a family becomes numerous, their portion of land being still the same in extent, a more diligent cultivation will become necessary; and this will require incessant labour. Luxury and idleness only render people indolent and rebellious: they will have bread, indeed, and they will have bread enough; but they will have nothing more, except what they can gain from their own ground by the sweat of their brow.

That your people may continue in this state of mediocrity, it will be necessary that you should now limit the extent of ground that each family is to possess. We have, you know, divided your people into seven classes, according to their different conditions; and each family, in each class, must be permitted to possess only such an extent of ground as is absolutely necessary to subsist it. This regulation being inviolably observed, the nobles can never get possession of the lands of the poor: every one will have land; but so much only as will make a diligent cultivation necessary. If, in a long course of years, the people should be so much increased, that land cannot be found for them at home, they may be sent to form colonies abroad, which will be a new advantage to the mother-country.

I am of opinion, that care should be taken even to prevent wine from being too common in your kingdom: if you find that too many vines are planted, you should cause them to be grubbed up. Some of the most dreadful mischiefs that afflict mankind proceed from wine; it is the cause of disease, quarrels, sedition, idleness, aversion to labour, and every species of domestick disorder. Let wine, then, be considered as a kind of medicine; or as a scarce liquor, to be used only at the sacrifices of the gods, or in seasons of publick festivity. Do not, however, flatter yourself that this regulation can ever take place without the sanction of your own example.

The laws of Minos with respect to the education of children must also be inviolably preserved; publick schools must be established to teach them

' them the fear of the gods, the love
 ' of their country, a reverence of the
 ' laws, and a preference of honour,
 ' not only to pleasure, but to life.
 ' Magistrates must be appointed to su-
 ' perintend the conduct, not of every
 ' family only, but of every person: you
 ' must keep also your own eye upon
 ' them; for you are a king only to be
 ' the shepherd of your people, and to
 ' watch over your flock night and day.
 ' By this unremitted vigilance you
 ' will prevent many disorders and many
 ' crimes: such as you cannot prevent,
 ' you must immediately punish with
 ' severity; for, in this case, severity to
 ' the individual is clemency to the
 ' publick; it stops those irregularities
 ' at their source, which would deluge
 ' the country with misery and guilt:
 ' the taking away of one life upon a
 ' proper occasion will be the preserva-
 ' tion of many; and will make a prince
 ' sufficiently feared, without general
 ' or frequent severity. It is a detesta-
 ' ble maxim, that the security of the
 ' prince depends only upon the op-
 ' pression of the people. Should no
 ' care be taken to improve their know-
 ' ledge or their morals? Instead of be-
 ' ing taught to love him whom they
 ' are born to obey, should they be
 ' driven by terror to despair, and re-
 ' duced to the dreadful necessity either
 ' of throwing off the yoke of their
 ' tyrant, or perishing under it's weight?
 ' Can this be the way to reign with
 ' tranquillity? Can this be the path
 ' that leads to glory?

' Remember, that the sovereign who
 ' is most absolute is always least power-
 ' ful: he seizes upon all, and his grasp
 ' is ruin. He is, indeed, the sole pro-
 ' prietor of whatever his state contains;
 ' but, for that reason, his state con-
 ' tains nothing of value: the fields are

' uncultivated, and almost a desert;
 ' the towns lose some of their few in-
 ' habitants every day; and trade every
 ' day declines. The king, who must
 ' cease to be a king when he ceases to
 ' have subjects, and who is great only
 ' in virtue of his people, is himself in-
 ' sensibly losing his character and his
 ' power, as the number of his people,
 ' from whom alone both are derived,
 ' insensibly diminishes; and his do-
 ' minions are at length exhausted of
 ' money and of men: the loss of men
 ' is the greatest and the most irrepara-
 ' ble he can sustain. Absolute power
 ' degrades every subject to a slave; the
 ' tyrant is flattered even to an appear-
 ' ance of adoration, and every one
 ' trembles at the glance of his eye:
 ' but, at the least revolt, this enormous
 ' power perishes by it's own excess. It
 ' derived no strength from the love of
 ' the people; it wearied and provoked
 ' all that it could reach; and rendered
 ' every individual of the state impa-
 ' tient of it's continuance. At the first
 ' stroke of opposition, the idol is over-
 ' turned, broken in pieces, and trodden
 ' under foot: contempt, hatred, fear,
 ' resentment, distrust, and every other
 ' passion of the soul, unite against so
 ' hateful a despotism. The king who,
 ' in his vain prosperity, found no man
 ' bold enough to tell him the truth, in
 ' his adversity finds no man kind enough
 ' to excuse his faults, or to defend him
 ' against his enemies.'

Idomeneus then hastened to distribute
 his uncultivated lands, to people them
 with useless artificers, and to carry all
 the counsels of Mentor into execution;
 reserving for the builders such parts as
 had been allotted them, which they
 were not to cultivate till they had
 finished the city.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK XXI.



HE mild and equitable government of Idomeneus soon brought the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries in crowds to Salentum, to be incorporated with his people, and share the felicity of his reign. The fields, which had long been overgrown with thorns and brambles, now promised a rich harvest, and fruits that were unknown before; the earth opens her bosom to the ploughshare, and gets ready her treasures to reward the husbandman; every eye sparkles with hope; innumerable flocks whiten alike the vallies and the hills; the mountains resound with the lowings of cattle, which, in large herds, share the pasture with the sheep; and the pasture thus manured becomes more fertile, in proportion to the number that it feeds. These flocks and herds were procured by the contrivance of Mentor, who advised Idomeneus to exchange for them with the Peucetes, a neighbouring people, such superfluities as were prohibited by the new regulations at Salentum.

At the same time, the city and the adjacent villages were filled with the youth of both sexes, who had long languished in dejection and indigence, and did not dare to marry for fear of increasing their distress. When they

perceived that Idomeneus had adopted sentiments of humanity, and was become the father of his people, they feared no longer the want of food, nor any other scourge with which Heaven chastises the earth. Nothing was heard but the shouts of joy, and the songs of shepherds and husbandmen at the celebration of their marriages: Pan seemed himself to be among them; and fauns and satyrs to mix with nymphs in the dance, which the rural pipe prompted in the chequered shade. Tranquillity was every where heightened into joy; but the joy was no where perverted into riot; it served only as a relaxation from labour; and that labour rendered it at once more poignant and more pure.

The old men were astonished to see what they had never dared to hope through the whole course of a long life, and burst into tears with excess of tenderness and joy. Their pleasure soon kindled into devotion; and, raising their tremulous hands to Heaven, they cried out—'O mighty Jupiter! bless the prince that resembles thee, and is himself the greatest blessing thou couldst bestow upon us. He is born for the benefit of mankind: return to him the benefits that we receive from him. The children of these marriages, and their descendants to the last generation, will be indebted

indebted to him for their existence; and he will be truly the father of his people! The young couples that were married expressed their joy, by singing the praises of him from whom it was derived: his name was continually in their lips, and his image in their hearts; they thought themselves happy if they could see him; and they feared his death as the greatest evil that could befall them.

And now Idomeneus confessed to Mentor, that he had never felt any pleasure equal to that of diffusing happiness, and exciting affection. 'It is a pleasure,' said he, 'of which I had no idea. I thought the greatness of a prince consisted in his being the object of fear; and that the rest of mankind were made only for him. What I had heard of kings, that were the love and the delight of their people, I despised as a fable; but I now revere it as a truth. I will, however, tell you by what means these false notions, the cause of all my misfortunes, were early planted in my heart.

Among other persons whom I loved when I was very young, were Proteusilaus and Philocles. Proteusilaus was somewhat older than myself, and was my chief favourite: his natural disposition, which was sprightly and enterprising, exactly corresponded with my own; he entered into all my pleasures, he flattered all my passions, and he endeavoured to render me suspicious of Philocles. Philocles had great reverence for the gods, an elevated mind, and obedient passions: he placed greatness, not in the acquisition of power, but the conquest of himself, and in never stooping to a mean action. He often warned me of my faults with great freedom; and when he did not dare to speak, his silence, and the sorrow that was expressed in his countenance, sufficiently convinced me that I had given cause for reproach.

This sincerity at first gave me pleasure; and I frequently protested, that I would always listen to the truths he told me, as the best preservatives against flattery. He directed me how to walk in the steps of Minos, and give happiness to my people: his wisdom was not, indeed, equal to thine; but I now know that his counsel was

good. By degrees, however, the artifices of Proteusilaus, who was jealous and aspiring, succeeded. The frankness and integrity of Philocles disgusted me: he saw himself decline under the ascendancy of Proteusilaus without a struggle; and contented himself with always telling me the truth whenever I would hear it; for he had my advantage, and not his own interest, in view.

Proteusilaus insensibly persuaded me, that he was of a morose and haughty temper; that he was a severe censor of my conduct, from a spirit of discontent; that he asked me no favour, only because he disdained obligation, and aspired to the character of a man superior to any honours that could be conferred by his prince. He added, that this youth, who spoke so freely of my faults to myself, spoke of them also with the same freedom to others; that he insinuated I was little worthy of esteem; and that, by thus rendering me cheap in the eyes of the people, and by the artful parade of an austere virtue, he intended to open himself a way to the throne. At first I could not believe that Philocles intended to deprive me of my crown: there is in true virtue something open and ingenuous, which no art can counterfeit, and which, if it is attended to, can never be mistaken. But the steadiness with which Philocles opposed my follies began to weary me; and the flattering compliance of Proteusilaus, and his indefatigable industry to procure me new pleasures, made me still more impatient of his rival's austerity.

In the mean time, Proteusilaus, perceiving that I did not believe all he had told me of Philocles, and his pride disdaining the suspicion which his falsehood had deserved, resolved to say nothing more to me about him, but to remove my doubts by stronger evidence than speculation and argument: he therefore advised me to give him the command of some vessels that were fitted out against a fleet of the Carpathians, and supported his advice with great subtlety. "You know," says he, "that my commendations of Philocles cannot be suspected of partiality: he is certainly brave, and has a genius for war; he is more fit for this service

"than any other person you can send;
 "and I prefer the advancement of your
 "interest to the gratification of my
 "own resentment."

"This instance of generous integrity
 "in a man to whom I had entrusted
 "the most important affairs, delighted
 "me: I embraced him in a transport of
 "joy; and thought myself superlatively
 "happy to have placed my confidence
 "in a man who appeared to be at once
 "superior to passion and to interest.
 "But, alas! how much are princes to
 "be pitied! This man knew me bet-
 "ter than I knew myself; he knew that
 "kings are generally mistrustful and
 "indolent; mistrustful, by perpetually
 "experiencing the artifices of the de-
 "signing and corrupt; and indolent,
 "by the pleasures that solicit them,
 "and an habit of leaving all business
 "to others, without taking the trouble
 "so much as to think for themselves;
 "he knew, therefore, that it would not
 "be difficult to render me jealous of a
 "man who could not fail to perform
 "great actions, especially when he was
 "not present to detect the fallacy.

"Philocles foresaw, at his departure,
 "what would happen. "Remember,"
 "says he, "that I can no longer de-
 "fend myself; that you will be ac-
 "cessible only to my enemy; and that
 "while I am serving you at the risque
 "of my life, I am likely to obtain no
 "other recompence than your indig-
 "nation."—"You are mistaken,"
 "said I: "Protesilaus does not speak
 "of you as you speak of him; he com-
 "mends, he esteems you; and thinks
 "you worthy of the most important
 "trust: if he should speak against you,
 "he would forfeit my confidence; go
 "therefore upon your expedition
 "without fear, and think only how
 "to conduct it with advantage." He
 "departed, and left me in uncommon
 "perplexity.

"I confess that I saw very clearly the
 "necessity of consulting many under-
 "standings; and that nothing could
 "more injure my reputation, or my in-
 "terest, than an implicit resignation to
 "the counsels of an individual. I
 "knew that the prudent advice of Phi-
 "locles had preserved me from many
 "dangerous errors, which the haugh-
 "tiness of Protesilaus would have led
 "me into: I was conscious that, in the
 "mind of Philocles, there was a fund

"of probity and wisdom that I did not
 "find in Protesilaus; but I had suffered
 "Protesilaus to assume a kind of dicta-
 "torial manner, which at length I
 "found myself scarce able to resist. I
 "grew weary of consulting two men
 "who could never agree; and chose
 "rather to hazard something in the ad-
 "ministration of my affairs, than con-
 "tinue the trouble of examining op-
 "posite opinions, and judging for my-
 "self which was the best. It is true,
 "I did not dare to assign the motives
 "of so shameful a choice even to myself;
 "but these motives still continued their
 "secret influence in my heart, and di-
 "rected all my actions.

"Philocles surprized the enemy; and,
 "having gained a compleat victory,
 "was hastening home to prevent the ill
 "offices he had reason to fear; but
 "Protesilaus, who had not had time to
 "effect his purpose, wrote him word,
 "that it was my pleasure he should im-
 "prove his victory, by making a de-
 "scent upon the island of Carpathus.
 "He had, indeed, persuaded me, that
 "a conquest of that island might easily
 "be made; but he took care that many
 "things necessary to the enterprize
 "should be wanting: he gave Philocles
 "also such orders as could not fail to
 "embarrass him in the execution of it.
 "In the mean time, he engaged one of
 "my domesticks, a man of very corrupt
 "manners, who was much about me,
 "to observe all that passed, even to the
 "minute incident, and give him an
 "account of it, though they appeared
 "seldom to see each other, and never to
 "agree. This domestick, whose name
 "was Timocrates, came to me one day,
 "and told me, as a great secret, that he
 "had discovered a very dangerous af-
 "fair. "Philocles," says he, "in-
 "tends, by the assistance of your forces,
 "to make himself King of Carpathus.
 "The officers are all in his interest;
 "and he has gained the private men,
 "partly by his liberality, but princi-
 "pally by the pernicious irregularities
 "which he tolerates among them. He
 "is greatly elated by his victory;
 "and here is a letter, which he has
 "written to one of his friends, concern-
 "ing his project, which, after such
 "evidence, it is impossible to doubt."

"I read the letter, which appeared
 "to me to be in the hand-writing of
 "Philocles; but it was a forgery, con-
 "certed

certed and executed between Protefilaus and Timocrates. This letter threw me into great astonishment. I read it again and again; and when I called to mind how many affecting proofs Philocles had given me of disinterested fidelity, I could not persuade myself that he was the writer; yet, seeing the characters to be his, what could I determine?

When Timocrates perceived that his artifice had thus far succeeded, he pushed it farther. "May I presume," said he, hesitating, "to make one remark upon this letter? Philocles tells his friend, that he may speak in confidence to Protefilaus of one thing; but he expresses that one thing by a cypher. Protefilaus is certainly a party in the project of Philocles, and they have accommodated their differences at your expense. You know it was Protefilaus that pressed you to send Philocles upon this expedition; and, for some time, he has desisted from speaking against him as he used to do: he now takes every opportunity to excuse and commend him; and they have frequently met upon very good terms. There is no doubt that Protefilaus has concerted measures with Philocles to share his conquest between them. You see that he urged you to this enterprize against all rules of prudence and of policy; and that, to gratify his ambition, he has endangered the loss of your fleet: is it possible that he would have rendered himself thus subservient to the ambition of Philocles, if there had been enmity between them? It is manifest, that they are associated in a design to aggrandize themselves; and, perhaps, to supplant you in the throne. I know that, by thus revealing my suspicions, I expose myself to their resentment, if you shall still leave your authority in their hands: however, since I have done my duty, I am careless of the event."

The last words of Timocrates sunk deep into my mind. I made no doubt but that Philocles was a traitor; and I suspected Protefilaus as his friend. In the mean time, Timocrates was continually telling me, that if I waited till Philocles had made a conquest of Carpathus, it would be too late to frustrate his de-

signs. "You must," says he, "secure him while he is in your power." But I was struck with such horror at the deep dissimulation of mankind, that I knew not whom to trust: after having discovered Philocles to be a traitor, I knew no man whose virtue could preclude suspicion. I resolved to cut off Philocles immediately; but I feared Protefilaus; and, with respect to him, I was in doubt what to do; I feared equally to find him guilty and to trust him as innocent.

Such was the perplexity of my mind, that I could not forbear telling him I had some suspicions of Philocles. He heard me with an appearance of the greatest surprize: he reminded me of his integrity and moderation in many instances; he exaggerated his services; and did every thing that could strengthen my suspicions of there being too good an understanding between them. Timocrates, at the same time, was equally diligent, on his part, to fix my attention upon every circumstance that favoured the notion of a confederacy; and was continually urging me to destroy Philocles, while it was in my power. How unhappy a state, my dear Mentor, is royalty! and how much are kings the sport of other men, while other men appear to be trembling at their feet!

I thought it would be a stroke of profound policy, and totally disconcert Protefilaus, to cut off Philocles immediately, by sending Timocrates secretly to the fleet for that purpose. Protefilaus, in the mean time, carried on his dissimulation with the steadiest perseverance, and most refined subtlety: he deceived me, by appearing to be himself deceived. I sent away Timocrates, who found Philocles greatly embarrassed in making his descent, for which he was wholly unprovided. Protefilaus, foreseeing that his forged letter might fail of its effect, had taken care to have another resource, by making an enterprize difficult which he had persuaded me would be easy, and the miscarriage of which, therefore, could not fail of exposing Philocles, who conducted it, to my resentment. Philocles, however, sustained himself under all difficulties, by his courage, his ge-

nious,

nus, and his popularity, among the troops. There was not a private soldier in the army who did not see that the project of a descent was rash and impracticable; yet every one applied to the execution of it with the same activity and zeal as if his life and fortune depended upon its success; and every one was, at all times, ready to hazard his life under a commander who was universally revered for his wisdom, and loved for his benevolence.

Timocrates had every thing to fear from an attempt upon the life of a general, in the midst of an army by which he was adored: but the fury of ambition is always blind; and he saw neither difficulty nor danger in any measure that could gratify Proteuslaus, in concert with whom he hoped to govern me without controul, as soon as Philocles should be dead. Proteuslaus could not bear the presence of a man whose very looks were a silent reproach, and who could at once disappoint all his projects by disclosing them to me.

Timocrates having corrupted two of Philocles's officers, who were continually about his person, by promising them a great reward in my name, sent him word, that he had some private instructions to communicate to him from me, and that those two officers only must be present. Philocles immediately admitted them into a private room, and shut the door. As soon as they were alone, Timocrates made a stroke at him with a poignard, which entering obliquely, made but a slight wound. Philocles, with the calm fortitude of a man familiar with danger, forced the weapon out of his hand, and defended himself with it against the assassins, at the same time calling for assistance. Some of the people that waited without immediately forced the door, and disengaged him from his assailants, who, being in great confusion, had made a feeble and irresolute attack. They were immediately secured; and such was the indignation of the soldiers, that they would the next moment have been torn to pieces if Philocles had not interposed. After the first tumult had subsided, he took Timocrates aside, and asked him, without any tokens of resentment, what

had prompted him to so horrid an attempt. Timocrates, who was afraid of being instantly put to death, made haste to produce the written order, which I had given him, for what he had done; and, as every villain is a coward, he thought only of saving his life; and therefore, without reserve, disclosed the whole treachery of Proteuslaus.

Philocles, though he was unmoved at the danger of the project which had been formed against him, was yet terrified at its guilt; he thought himself not a match for the malice of mankind, and therefore determined no longer to struggle with it. He declared to the troops, that Timocrates was innocent: he took care to secure him from their resentment; and he sent him back in safety to Crete. He then gave up the command of the army to Polimenes, whom I had appointed, by a written order, to succeed him; and, having exhorted the troops to continue steadfast in the fidelity they owed me, he went on board a small bark in the night, which landed him upon the Island of Samos; where he lives still with great tranquillity, in poverty and solitude. He procures a scanty subsistence by working as a statuary; and wishes not so much as to hear of men who are perfidious and unjust; much less of kings, whom he believes to be the most deceived, and the most unhappy, of men.

Idomeneus was here interrupted by Mentor: 'Was it long,' said he, 'before you discovered the truth?'—'No,' said Idomeneus; 'but I discovered it by degrees. It was, indeed, not long before Proteuslaus and Timocrates quarrelled; for it is with great difficulty that the wicked can agree; and their dissention at once discovered the depth of the abyss into which they had thrown me.'—'Well,' said Mentor, 'and did you not immediately dismiss them both?'—'Alas!' said Idomeneus, 'can you be so ignorant of my weakness, or the perplexity of my situation? When a prince has once delivered up himself, with implicit confidence, to bold and designing men, who have the art of rendering themselves necessary, he must never more hope to be free. Those whom he most despises he most distinguishes by his favour, and loads

with

with benefits. I abhorred Proteſilaus, and yet left him in the poſſeſſion of all my authority. Strange infatuation! I was pleaſed to think that I knew him; yet I had not reſolution enough to avail myſelf of that knowledge, and reſume the power of which he was unworthy. I found him, indeed, pliant and attentive; very diligent to flatter my paſſions, and very zealous to advance my intereſts. I had, beſides, ſome reaſons which enabled me to excuſe my weakneſs to myſelf: having, unhappily, never choſen perſons of integrity to manage my affairs, I doubted whether there was any ſuch thing as integrity in the world. I conſidered virtue rather as a phantom than a reality; and thought it ridiculous to get out of the hands of one bad man, with great ſtruggle and commotion, merely to fall into the hands of another, who would neither be leſs intereſted, nor more ſincere. In the mean time, the fleet, commanded by Polimenes, returned to Crete: I thought no more of the conqueſt of Carpathus; and Proteſilaus's diſſimulation was not ſo deep but that I could perceive he was greatly mortified to hear that Philocles was out of danger at Samos.

But, ſaid Mentor, though you ſtill continued Proteſilaus in his poſt, did you ſtill truſt your affairs implicitly to his management? — I was, ſaid Idomeneus, too much an enemy to buſineſs and application to take them out of his hands: the trouble of inſtructing another would have broken in upon the plan of life which my indolence had formed; and I had not reſolution to attempt it. I choſe rather to ſhut my eyes, than to ſee the artifices that were practiſed againſt me; and contented myſelf with letting a few of my favourites know that I was not ignorant of his treachery. Thus, knowing that I was cheated, I imagined myſelf to be cheated but to a certain degree. I ſometimes made Proteſilaus ſenſible that I was offended at his uſurpation: I frequently took pleaſure in contradicting him; in blaming him publickly for ſomething he had done; and deciding contrary to his opinion. But he knew my ſupineness and ſtoth

too well to have any apprehenſions upon this account; he always returned reſolutely to the charge, ſometimes with argument and importunity, ſometimes with ſoftneſs and inſinuation; and, whenever he perceived that I was offended, he redoubled his aſſiduity, in furniſhing ſuch new amuſements as were moſt likely to ſoothe and ſoften me, or to engage me in ſome affair which he knew would make his aſſiſtance neceſſary, and afford him an opportunity of ſhewing his zeal for my reputation.

This method of flattering my paſſions always ſucceeded, notwithſtanding I was upon my guard againſt it. He knew all my ſecrets, he relieved me in every perplexity, and he made the people tremble at my name: I could not, therefore, reſolve to part with him; and yet, by keeping him in his place, I put it out of the power of honeſt men to ſhew me my true intereſt. No man ſpoke freely in my council: Truth withdrew far from me; and Error, the harbinge of the fall of kings, perpetually puniſhed me for having ſacrificed Philocles to the cruel ambition of Proteſilaus. Even thoſe who were beſt affected to my perſon and government, thought themſelves not obliged to undeceive me, after ſo dreadful an example; and I myſelf, my dear Mentor, even I myſelf, was ſecretly afraid that truth ſhould burſt through the cloud of flattery that ſurrounded me, and reach me with irrefiſtible radiance; for I ſhould have been troubled at the preſence of a guide which I could not but approve, yet wanted reſolution to follow. I ſhould have regretted my vaſſalage without ſtruggling to be free; for my own indolence, and the aſcendency which Proteſilaus had gained over me, concurred to chill me with the torpor of deſpair. I was conſcious to a ſhameful ſituation, which I wiſhed alike to hide from others and myſelf. You know, that vain pride and falſe glory are hereditary to kings, who can never bear to acknowledge either an error or a fault: to conceal one, they will commit an hundred; and, rather than acknowledge they have been once deceived, they will ſuffer themſelves to be

be deceived for ever. Such is the condition of weak and indolent princes; and such was mine when I set out for the siege of Troy!

I left the sole administration of my government to Proteusilaus; and he behaved, during my absence, with great haughtiness and inhumanity. The whole kingdom groaned under his oppression; but no man dared to send information of it to me: they knew that I dreaded the sight of truth; and that I always gave up to the cruelty of Proteusilaus those that ventured to speak against him; but the mischief increased in proportion to the fear that concealed it. He afterwards obliged me to dismiss Merion, who followed me to the siege of Troy, and acquired immortal honour in the expedition: he grew jealous of him after my return, as he did of every man who was distinguished either by my favour or his own virtue.

This ascendancy of Proteusilaus, my dear Mentor, was the source of all my misfortunes: the revolt of the Cretans was not so much the effect of the death of my son, as of the vengeance of the gods, whom my follies had provoked; and the hatred of the people, which Proteusilaus had drawn upon me. An oppressive and tyrannical government had totally exhausted the patience of my subjects, when I embued my hands in the blood of my son; and the horror of that action only threw off the veil from what had long lain concealed in their hearts.

Timocrates went with me to the siege of Troy; and gave private intelligence to Proteusilaus, by letter, of all that he could discover. I was conscious that I was in captivity; but, instead of making an effort to be free, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts in despair. When the Cretans revolted at my return, Proteusilaus and Timocrates were the first that fled; and would certainly have abandoned me, if I had not been obliged to fly almost at the same time. Be assured, my dear Mentor, that those who are insolent in prosperity are passive and timid in distress: the moment they are dispossessed of their authority, all is consternation and despair; in proportion as they have been haughty, they be-

come abject; and they pass in a moment from one extreme to the other.

But how comes it, said Mentor, that, notwithstanding you perfectly know the wickedness of these men, I still see them about you? I can account for their following you hither, because they had no prospect of greater advantage; and I can easily conceive, that you might afford them an asylum in this rising city from a principle of generosity: but from what motive can you still deliver yourself up to their management, after such dreadful experience of the mischiefs it must produce?

You are not aware, said Idomeneus, how little experience itself can avail to the indolent, who are equally averse to business and reflection: they are, indeed, dissatisfied with every thing; but, for want of resolution, they reform nothing. An habitual connection with these men, which many years had confirmed, at length bound me to them by shackles that I could not break. As soon as I came hither, they precipitated me into that excessive expence of which you have been witness; they have exhausted the strength of this rising state; they involved me in the war which, without your assistance, must have destroyed me; and I should soon have experienced, at Salentum, the same misfortunes which banished me from Crete: but you have at once opened my eyes, and inspired me with resolution. In your presence I am conscious to an influence for which I cannot account; my weaknesses drop from me, like mortality from the soul when she is dismissed to the skies; and I feel myself a new being, in a more exalted state.

Mentor then asked Idomeneus how Proteusilaus had behaved during the change of measures which had lately taken place. He has behaved, replied Idomeneus, with the most refined subtlety. When you first arrived, he laboured to alarm my suspicions by indirect insinuations: he alledged nothing against you himself; but now one, and then another, were perpetually coming to tell me that the two strangers were much to be feared. "One of them," said they, "is the son of the crafty and designing

“ designing Ulysses; the other seems
 “ to have deep designs, and to be of a
 “ dark and involved spirit. They
 “ have been accustomed to wander
 “ from one kingdom to another; and
 “ who knows but they may have form-
 “ ed some design against this? It ap-
 “ pears, even by their own account,
 “ that they have been the cause of
 “ great troubles in the countries
 “ through which they have passed;
 “ and we should remember, that this
 “ state is still in it's infancy; that it is
 “ not firmly established; and that a
 “ slight commotion will overturn it.”

“ Upon this subject Protefilaus was
 “ silent; but he took great pains to
 “ convince me that the reformation
 “ which, by your advice, I had be-
 “ gun, was dangerous and extravagant.
 “ He urged me, by arguments drawn
 “ from my particular interest. “ If
 “ you place your people,” said he, “ in
 “ a state of such ease and plenty, they
 “ will labour no more; they will be-
 “ come insolent, untractable, and fac-
 “ tious; weakness and distress only
 “ can render them supple and obedi-
 “ ent.” He frequently endeavoured
 “ to gain his point, by assuming his
 “ former ascendancy over me: but he
 “ concealed it under an appearance of
 “ zeal for my service. “ By easing
 “ your people,” said he, “ you will
 “ degrade the regal authority; and
 “ this will be an irreparable injury,
 “ even to the people themselves: no-
 “ thing but keeping them in the lowest
 “ subjection can preserve them from
 “ the restlessness of discontent and the
 “ turbulence of faction.” To all
 “ this I replied, that I could easily keep
 “ the people to their duty, by making
 “ them love me; by exerting all my
 “ authority without abusing it; by stea-
 “ dily punishing all offenders; by tak-
 “ ing care that children should be pro-
 “ perly educated; and by maintaining
 “ such discipline among the people as
 “ should render life simple, sober, and
 “ laborious. “ What!” said I, “ can
 “ no people be kept in subjection but
 “ those that are perishing with hun-
 “ ger? Does the art of government
 “ exclude kindness; and must the po-
 “ litician be necessarily divested of hu-
 “ manity? How many nations do we
 “ see governed with a gentle hand, yet
 “ inflexibly loyal to their prince! Fac-
 “ tion and revolt are the effects of

“ restlessness and ambition in the
 “ great, whose passions have been in-
 “ dulg'd to excess, and who have been
 “ suffered to abuse freedom into licen-
 “ tiousness; of the effeminacy, luxury,
 “ and idleness, of great numbers of
 “ all ranks; of too large a military
 “ establishment, which must consist of
 “ persons wholly unacquainted with
 “ every occupation that can be useful
 “ in a time of peace; and chiefly of
 “ the wrongs of an injured people,
 “ whom intolerable oppression has at
 “ last made desperate. The severity,
 “ the pride, and the indolence, of
 “ princes, which render them incapa-
 “ ble of that comprehensive vigilance
 “ which alone can prevent disorder in
 “ the state, are the first causes of tu-
 “ mult and insurrection; and not the
 “ secure and peaceful repast of the
 “ husbandman, upon that bread which
 “ he has obtained by the sweat of his
 “ brow.”

“ When Protefilaus perceived that,
 “ in these principles, I was inflexible,
 “ he totally changed his method of at-
 “ tack: he began to act upon those
 “ very maxims which he had laboured
 “ in vain to subvert; he pretended to
 “ adopt them from conviction, and
 “ with a relish; and expressed great ob-
 “ ligations to me for removing his pre-
 “ judices, and throwing new light up-
 “ on his mind. He anticipates my
 “ very wishes: and, in order to relieve
 “ the poor, he is the first to represent
 “ their necessities, and to exclaim a-
 “ gainst unnecessary expence. He is
 “ even, as you know, become eloquent
 “ in your praise; he expresses the great-
 “ est confidence in your wisdom and
 “ integrity; and neglects nothing that
 “ he thinks will give you pleasure.
 “ His friendship with Timocrates seems
 “ to decline: Timocrates is endeavour-
 “ ing to throw off his dependence;
 “ Protefilaus is become jealous of him;
 “ and it is partly by their disagreement
 “ that I have discovered their trea-
 “ chery.”

“ You have then,” said Mentor, with
 “ a smile, “ been weak enough to suffer
 “ even by detected villainy; and to
 “ continue subservient to traitors after
 “ you knew their treason.”—“ Alas!”
 “ said Idomeneus, “ you do not know
 “ the power of artful men over a weak
 “ and indolent prince, who has put
 “ the whole management of his affairs

‘ into their hands: besides, Protefilaus, as I have just told you, now enters, with great zeal, into all your projects for the general advantage of the state.’

‘ I know but too well,’ said Mentor, with a look of some severity, ‘ that, of those that surround a prince, the wicked prevail over the good. Of this truth you are yourself a dreadful example: you say, that I have opened your eyes to your true interest; yet you are still so blind as to trust the administration of your government to a wretch that is not fit to live. It is time you should learn that a man may perform good actions, and be still wicked; that men of the worst principles and dispositions do good, when it serves their purpose, with the same facility as evil. It is true that they do evil without reluctance, because they are withheld neither by sentiment nor principle; but it is also true that they do good without violence to themselves, because the success even of their vices depends upon appearances of virtue, which they do not possess; and because they gratify their own depravity, while they are deceiving mankind. They are, however, incapable of virtue, though they appear to practise it; they can only add to every other vice, that which is more odious than all, hypocrisy. While you continue resolute and pe-

remptory that good shall be done, Protefilaus will do good to preserve his authority; but if he perceives the least tendency to relaxation, he will seize, and with all his powers improve, the opportunity to bewilder you again in perplexity and error, and resume his natural dissimulation and ferocity. Is it possible that you should live with honour, or in peace, while you see such a wretch as Protefilaus for ever at your side; and remember that Philocles, the faithful and the wise, still lives in poverty and disgrace at Samos?

‘ You acknowledge, O Idomeneus! that princes are overborne and misled by bold and designing men that are about them; but you should not forget that princes are liable to another misfortune by no means inferior, a propensity to forget the virtues and the services of those that are absent. Princes, being continually surrounded by a multitude, are not forcibly impressed by any individual; they are struck only with what is present and pleasing: the remembrance of every thing else is soon obliterated; virtue affects them less than any other object, for virtue can seldom please, as it opposes and condemns their follies. Princes love nothing but pomp and pleasure; and who, therefore, can wonder that princes are not beloved?’

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE



THE ADVENTURES

OF

TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIV.



AFTER this conversation, Mentor persuaded Idomeneus immediately to dismiss Protefilaus and Timocrates, and recal Philocles. The king would immediately have complied, if there had not been a severity of virtue in Philocles, of which he feared the effects. 'I confess,' said he, 'that, though I love and esteem him, I cannot perfectly reconcile myself to his return. I have, even from my infancy, been accustomed to praise, assiduity, and compliances; which, in Philocles, I shall not find. Whenever I took any measure that he disapproved, the dejection of his countenance was sufficient to condemn me; and when we were together in private, his behaviour was respectful and decent indeed, but it was ungracious and austere.'

'Do you not see,' replied Mentor, 'that to princes who have been spoiled by flattery, every thing that is sincere and honest appears to be ungracious and austere? Such princes are even weak enough to suspect a want of zeal for their service, and respect for their authority, where they do not find a servility that is ready to flatter them in the abuse of their power: they are offended at all freedom of speech, all generosity of sentiment,

'as pride, censoriousness, and sedition; and contract a false delicacy, which every thing short of flattery disappoints and disgusts. But let us suppose that Philocles is really ungracious and austere; will not his austerity be preferable to the pernicious flattery of those that are now about you? Where will you find a man without fault? And is not that of speaking truth, in a manner something too rough and free, a fault from which you have less to fear than any other? Is it not, indeed, a fault which your own indiscretion has made necessary to your interest, as that only which can surmount the aversion to truth that flattery has given you? You stand in need of a man who loves only truth and you; who loves you better than you know how to love yourself; who will speak truth notwithstanding your opposition, and force a way for it through all your entrenchments. Such a man, and so necessary, is Philocles. Remember, that the greatest good fortune a prince can hope is, that one man of such magnanimous generosity should be born in his reign: in comparison of such a man, all the treasures of the state are of no value; and a prince can suffer no punishment so dreadful as that of losing him by becoming unworthy of his virtue, and not knowing how to profit by his services.'

‘services. You ought certainly to
 ‘avail yourself of worthy men, though
 ‘it is not necessary that you should be
 ‘blind to their faults; in these never
 ‘implicitly acquiesce, but endeavour
 ‘to correct them. Give merit, how-
 ‘ever, always a favourable hearing;
 ‘and let the publick see that you at
 ‘once distinguish and honour it: but,
 ‘above all things, strive to be no longer
 ‘what you have been. Princes, whose
 ‘virtues, like yours, have suffered by
 ‘the vices of others, generally content
 ‘themselves with a speculative disap-
 ‘probation of corrupt men; and at
 ‘the same time employ them with the
 ‘utmost confidence, and load them
 ‘with riches and honour: on the other
 ‘hand, they value themselves upon
 ‘discerning and approving men of
 ‘virtue, but they reward them only
 ‘with empty praise, and want mag-
 ‘nanimity to assign them employments,
 ‘to admit them to their friendship, or
 ‘distinguish them by their favour.’

Idomeneus then confessed that he was
 ashamed of having so long delayed to
 deliver innocence from oppression, and
 to punish those that had abused his
 confidence; and all scruples about re-
 calling Philocles being removed, Men-
 tor had no difficulty in persuading the
 king to dismiss his favourite; for when
 once an opposition to a favourite has so
 far succeeded, that he is suspected and
 becomes troublesome, the prince, feel-
 ing himself perplexed and uneasy,
 thinks only how to get rid of him: all
 friendship vanishes, and all services are
 forgotten. The fall of a favourite
 gives no pain to his master, if, as soon
 as he is undone, he is removed out of
 sight.

Idomeneus immediately gave private
 orders to Hegesippus, one of the prin-
 cipal officers of his household, to seize
 Proteusilaus and Timocrates, and con-
 duct them in safety to the isle of Samos;
 to leave them there; and to bring Phi-
 locles back to Salentum. Hegesippus,
 at the receipt of this order, burst into
 tears of surprize and joy. ‘You will
 ‘now,’ said he to the king, ‘make
 ‘every heart in your dominions glad;
 ‘for these men were the cause of all
 ‘the misfortunes that have befallen
 ‘you and your people. Good men
 ‘have now groaned twenty years un-
 ‘der an oppression so severe, that they
 ‘scarce dared even to groan: to com-

plain was impossible; for those who
 attempted to approach you, otherwise
 than by the favourites, were sure to
 be immediately crushed by their
 power.’

Hegesippus then acquainted the king
 with innumerable instances of their
 treachery and inhumanity, of which he
 had never heard, because nobody dared
 to accuse them; and told him also, that
 he had discovered a conspiracy against
 the life of Mentor. The king was
 struck with horror at the relation.

Hegesippus, that he might seize Pro-
 tesilaus without delay, went immedi-
 ately to his house. It was not so large
 as the palace; but it was better design-
 ed, both for convenience and pleasure:
 the architecture was in a better taste,
 and it was decorated with a profusion
 of expence, which the most cruel op-
 pression had supplied. He was then in
 a marble saloon that opened to his
 baths, reclining negligently upon a
 couch that was covered with purple
 embroidered with gold: he appeared to
 be weary, and even exhausted with his
 labours; there was a gloom of discon-
 tent upon his brow, and his eye ex-
 pressed a kind of agitation and fero-
 city not to be described. The prin-
 cipal persons of the kingdom sat round
 him upon carpets, watching his looks
 even to the slightest glance of his eye,
 and reflecting every expression of his
 countenance from their own: if he
 opened his mouth, all was extasy and
 admiration; and, before he had uttered
 a word, they vied with each other
 which should be loudest in the praise of
 what he had to say. One of them re-
 galed him with an account of the ser-
 vices he had rendered to the king,
 heightened with the most ridiculous ex-
 aggeration; another declared that his
 mother had conceived him by Jupiter
 in the likeness of her husband, and that
 he was son to the father of the gods.
 In some verses that were recited by a
 poet, he was said to have been instruct-
 ed by the Muses, and to have rivalled
 Apollo in all the works of imagination
 and wit; and another poet, still more
 servile and shameless, celebrated him as
 the inventor of the polite arts, and the
 father of a people among whom he had
 scattered plenty and happiness, from
 the horn of Amalthea, with a liberal
 hand.

Protesilaus heard all this adulation
 with

with a cold, negligent, and disdainful air, as if he thought his merit was without bounds, and that he honoured those too much from whom he condescended to receive praise. Among other flatterers, there was one who took the liberty to whisper some jest upon the new regulations that were taking place under the direction of Mentor: the countenance of Proteusilaus relaxed into a smile; and immoderate laughter immediately shook the whole company, though the greatest part knew nothing of what had been said. The countenance of Proteusilaus became again haughty and severe; and every one immediately shrunk back into timidity and silence: all watched for the happy moment in which he would turn his eye upon them, and permit them to speak; and each having some favour to ask, discovered the greatest agitation and perplexity. Their supplicatory posture supplied the want of words; and they seemed to be impressed with the same humility and reverence as a mother who petitions the gods, at their altar, for the life of an only son. Every countenance expressed a tender complacency and admiration; but every heart concealed the most malignant envy and implacable hatred.

At this moment Hegesippus entered the saloon; and, seizing the sword of Proteusilaus, acquainted him that he had the king's orders to carry him to Samos. At these dreadful words, all the arrogance of the favourite fell from him in a moment, like the fragment of a rock that is broken from the summit: he threw himself at the feet of Hegesippus; he wept; hesitated; faltered; trembled; and embraced the knees of a man upon whom, an hour before, he would have disdained to turn his eye. At the same time his flatterers, who saw that his ruin was complete and irreparable; insulted him with a meanness and cruelty worthy of their adulation.

Hegesippus would not allow him time even to take leave of his family, or secure his private papers, which were all seized and put into the king's hands. Timocrates was also arrested at the same time, to his inexpressible surprize; for, being upon ill terms with Proteusilaus, he had not the least apprehension of being involved in his ruin; and they were both carried on

board a vessel which had been prepared to receive them.

They arrived in safety at Samos, where Hegesippus left his prisoners; and, to compleat their misfortune, he left them together. Here, with a rancour natural to their circumstances and disposition, they reproached each other with the crimes that had brought on their ruin: here they were condemned to live, without the least hope of returning to Salentum, at a distance from their wives and children, not to mention friends, for a friend they never had. With the country they were wholly unacquainted, and had no means of subsistence, but by their labour; a situation, of which the disadvantages were greatly aggravated by the luxury and splendor which long habit had made almost as necessary to them as food and rest. In this condition, like two wild beasts of the forest, they were always ready to tear each other to pieces.

In the mean time, Hegesippus enquired in what part of the island Philocles was to be found; and he was told that he lived at a considerable distance from the city, upon a mountain, in which there was a cave that served him for a habitation. Every one spoke of him with the utmost admiration and esteem. 'He has never given offence,' said they, 'in a single instance, since he has been in the island; every heart is touched at the patience of his labour, and the cheerfulness of his indigence; he possesses nothing, yet is always content. Though he is remote both from the business and the pleasures of the world, without property, and without affluence, yet he can still find means to oblige merit, and has a thousand contrivances to gratify his neighbours.'

Hegesippus immediately repaired to the cave, which he found empty and open; for the poverty of Philocles, and the simplicity of his manners, made it unnecessary for him to shut his door when he went out. A mat of coarse rushes served him for a bed; he rarely kindled a fire, because his food was generally such as needed no dressing; in summer he lived upon fruits fresh gathered, and upon dates and dried figs in winter, quenching his thirst at a clear spring that fell in a natural cascade from the rock. His cave contained

contained nothing but his tools, and some books that he read at certain hours, which he appropriated to that purpose; not to decorate his mind, or gratify his curiosity, but that, while he rested from his labour, he might gain instruction, and avoid being idle by learning to be good: and he employed himself in sculpture, not to procure reputation or wealth, but merely to keep his body in exercise, and procure the necessaries of life without contracting obligations.

When Hegesippus entered the cave, he admired the pieces of art that were begun. He observed a Jupiter, in whose countenance there was a serene majesty, by which he was immediately known to be the father of gods and men; he perceived also a Mars, well distinguished by a proud and menacing ferocity; but he was most struck with a Minerva, that was represented as encouraging the arts; the expression of her countenance was at once noble and gracious; her stature was tall, her shape easy, and her attitude so natural, that the spectator was almost persuaded she would move. Hegesippus, having viewed these statues with great pleasure, retired; and, as he was coming out of the cave, saw Philocles at a distance, sitting upon the grass under the shade of a large tree, and reading. He immediately advanced towards him; and Philocles, who perceived him, scarce knew what to think. 'Is not that Hegesippus,' said he to himself, 'with whom I was so long familiar at Crete? But what can have brought him to an island so remote as Samos? Is he not dead, and is not this his shade, which has returned from the banks of the Styx to revisit the earth?'

While he was thus doubting of what he saw, Hegesippus came so near, that his doubts were at an end. 'Is it you, then,' said he, embracing him, 'my dear, my early friend? What accident, or what tempest, has thrown you upon this coast? Have you voluntarily deserted the island of Crete? or have you been driven from your country by a misfortune like mine?'

'It is not misfortune,' said Hegesippus, 'but the favour of the gods, that has brought me hither.' He then gave his friend a particular account of the long tyranny of Proteus, of his in-

trigues with Timocrates, of the calamities which they had brought upon Idomeneus; of his expulsion from the throne, his flight to Hesperia, the founding of Salentum, the arrival of Mentor and Telemachus, the wisdom which Mentor had diffused into the mind of the king, and the disgrace of the traitors by whom he had been abused. He added, that he had brought them in exile to Samos, whither they had banished Philocles; and concluded, that he had orders to bring him back to Salentum, where the king, who was convinced of his integrity, intended to entrust him with the administration of his government, and distinguish him by rewards adequate to his merit.

'You see that cave,' said Philocles, 'which is more fit for the haunt of wild beasts than the habitation of a man; and yet, in that cave I have enjoyed more tranquillity and repose than in the gorgeous palaces of Crete. I am no more deceived by man; for with man I have no more connexion: I neither see, nor hear, nor need him; my own hard hands, which are now inured to labour, supply me with such simple food as Nature has made necessary; and this slight stuff that you see, sufficing to cover me, I am without wants; and I enjoy a serene, perfect, and delightful freedom, of which the wisdom that is contained in my books teaches me the proper use. Why, then, should I again mix with mankind, and again suffer by their jealousy, fraud, and caprice? Envy not, my dear Hegesippus, the good fortune I possess. Proteus has betrayed the king, and would have murdered me: he is fallen into his own snare, but he has done me no hurt. He has eventually done me good in the highest degree; he has delivered me from the tumult and slavery of publick business; and to him I am indebted for this sweet solitude, and the pleasures I enjoy.—Return, then, my friend, to your prince; assist him under the necessary infelicities of grandeur, and do for him whatever you wish should be done by me: and since his eyes, which were so long shut against truth, have been at last opened by the wisdom of a person whom you call Mentor, let him also keep that person about him. As for me, having once suffered shipwreck,

‘ it is by no means fit that I should
 ‘ forsake the port in which the tempest
 ‘ has so fortunately thrown me, and
 ‘ tempt again the caprice of the winds.
 ‘ Alas! how much are kings to be pi-
 ‘ tied! How worthy of compassion are
 ‘ those that serve him! If they are
 ‘ wicked, what misery do they diffuse
 ‘ among others, what punishment do
 ‘ they treasure up for themselves! If
 ‘ they are good, what difficulties have
 ‘ they to surmount, what snares to
 ‘ avoid, what evils to suffer! Once
 ‘ more, my dear Hegesippus, leave me
 ‘ poor, that I may be happy.’

Philocles expressed these sentiments with great vehemence; and Hegesippus looked upon him with astonishment. He had known him in Crete, when he conducted the business of the state; and he was then pale, languishing, and emaciated: the natural ardour of his temper, and his scrupulous regard to rectitude, made a publick station fatal to his health. He could not see vice go unpunished without indignation, nor suffer even unavoidable irregularities without regret. At Crete, therefore, he suffered a perpetual decay; but at Samos he was vigorous and lusty; and a new youth, in spite even of years, bloomed upon his countenance. A life of temperance, tranquillity, and exercise, seemed to have restored the constitution which Nature had given him. ‘ You are surprized to see me so altered,’ said Philocles with a smile; ‘ but I owe this freshness, this perfection of health, to my retirement: my enemies, therefore, have given me more than Fortune could bestow. Can you wish me to forsake substantial for imaginary good, and incur again the misfortunes from which it is now my happiness to be free? You would not, surely, be more cruel than Protefilaus; you cannot envy me the good fortune that he has bestowed.’

Hegesippus then urged him, from every motive that he thought likely to touch his sensibility, but without effect: ‘ Would the sight of your family and friends, then,’ said he, ‘ give you no pleasure; of those who languish for your return, and live but in the hope of once more pressing you to their bosoms? And is it nothing in your estimation, who fear the gods, and make conscience of your duty, to render service to your prince, to

‘ assist him in the exercise of virtue,
 ‘ and the diffusion of happiness? Is it
 ‘ blameless to indulge an unsocial philosophy, to prefer your own interest to that of mankind, and chuse rather to procure ease to yourself than to give happiness to them? Besides, if you persist in your resolution not to return, it will be imputed to resentment against the king; and if he intended evil against you, it was only because he was a stranger to your merit. It was not Philocles, the faithful, the just, the good, that he would have cut off, but a man of whom he had conceived a very different idea. He now knows you; and it being now impossible he should mistake you for another, his first friendship will revive with new force. He expects you with impatience; his arms are open to receive you; he numbers the days, and even the hours, of your delay. Can you, then, be inexorable to your king? Can your heart resist the tender solitudes of friendship?’

Philocles, whom the first recollection of Hegesippus had melted into tenderness, now resumed a look of distance and severity: he remained immovable as a rock, against which the tempest rages in vain, and the roaring surge dashes only to be broken; neither entreaty nor argument found any passage to his heart. But the piety of Philocles would not suffer him to indulge his inclination, however supported by his judgment, without consulting the gods; and he discovered, by the flight of birds, by the entrails of victims, and by other presages, that it was their pleasure he should go with Hegesippus; he therefore resisted no more, but complied with the request of Hegesippus, and prepared for his departure. He did not, however, quit the solitude in which he had lived so many years, without regret. ‘ Must I then,’ said he, ‘ forsake this pleasant cell, where peaceful and obedient slumbers came every night to refresh me after the labours of the day! where my easy life was a silken thread, which the Sisters, notwithstanding my poverty, entwined with gold!’ The tears then started to his eye; and, prostrating himself on the earth, he adored the Naiad of the translucent spring, that had quenched his thirst, and the nymphs of the

the mountain that surrounded his retreat. Echo heard his expressions of tenderness and regret; and, with a gentle and plaintive voice, repeated them to all the sylvan deities of the place.

Philocles then accompanied Hegesippus to the city, in order to embark. He thought that Proteusilaus, overwhelmed with confusion, and burning with resentment, would be glad to avoid him: but he was mistaken; men without virtue are without shame, and always ready to stoop to any meanness. Philocles modestly concealed himself, for fear the unhappy wretch should see him; for he supposed, that to see the prosperity of an enemy, which was founded on his ruin, would aggravate his misery: but Proteusilaus sought him out with great eagerness, and endeavoured to excite his compassion, and engage him to solicit the king for permission to return to Salentum. Philocles, however, was too sincere to give him the least hope that he would comply; and he knew, better than any other, the mischiefs that his return would produce: but he soothed him with expressions of pity, offered him such consolation as his situation would admit, and exhorted him to propitiate the gods by purity of manners, and resignation to his sufferings. As he had heard that the king had taken from him all the wealth that he had unjustly acquired, he promised him two things, which he afterwards faithfully performed; to take his wife and children, who remained at Salentum, exposed to all the miseries of poverty, and all the dangers of popular resentment, under his protection; and to send him some supplies of money, to alleviate the distress he must suffer in a state of banishment so remote from his country.

The wind being fair, Hegesippus hastened the departure of his friend. Proteusilaus saw them embark: his eyes were directed invariably towards the sea; and pursued the vessel as she made her way through the parting waves; and the wind every moment increased her distance. When his eye could distinguish it no more, it's image was still impressed upon his mind; at last, seized with the phrenzy of despair, he rolled himself in the sands, tore his hair, and reproached the gods for the severity of their justice; he called at last upon Death, but even Death rejected his petition to die, and disdained to de-

liver him from the misery from which he wanted courage to deliver himself.

In the mean time the vessel, favoured by Neptune and the winds, soon arrived at Salentum. When the king was told that it was entering the port, he ran out with Mentor to meet Philocles, whom he tenderly embraced, and expressed the utmost regret at having so injuriously authorized an attempt upon his life. This acknowledgment was so far from degrading him in the opinion of his people, that every one considered it as the effort of an exalted mind, which, as it were, triumphed over it's own failings, by confessing them with a view to reparation. The publick joy, at the return of Philocles, the friend of man, and at the wisdom and goodness expressed by the king, was so great, that it overflowed in tears.

Philocles received the caresses of his prince with the most respectful modesty, and was impatient to escape from the acclamations of the people. He followed Idomeneus to the palace; and, though Mentor and he had never seen each other before, there was immediately the same confidence between them as if they had been familiar from their birth; as if the gods, who have withheld from the wicked the power of distinguishing the good, had imparted to the good a faculty of distinguishing each other: those who have a love for virtue cannot be together without being united by that virtue which they love. Philocles, after a short time, requested the king to dismiss him to some retirement near Salentum, where he might live in the same obscurity that he had enjoyed at Samos. The king granted his request; but went almost every day with Mentor to visit him in his retreat, where they consulted how the laws might best be established, and the government fixed upon a permanent foundation for the advantage of the people.

The two principal objects of their consideration were the education of children, and the manner of life to be prescribed during peace. As to the children, Mentor said, that they belonged less to their parents than to the state. 'They are the children of the community,' said he; 'and they are at once it's hope and it's strength. It is too late to correct them when habits of vice have been acquired; and it is doing little to exclude them from

from employments when they are become unworthy of trust. It is always better to prevent evil than to punish it. The prince who is the father of his people, is more particularly the father of the youth, who may be considered as the flower of the nation; and it is in the flower that care should be taken of the fruit: a king, therefore, should not disdain to watch over the rising generation, nor to appoint others to watch with him. Let him enforce, with inflexible constancy, the laws of Minos, which ordain that children shall be so educated as to endure pain without impatience, and expect death without terror: that the contempt of luxury and wealth shall be honour; and injustice, ingratitude, and voluptuous idleness, infamy; that children, from their tenderest youth, shall be taught to commemorate the achievements of heroes, the favourites of Heaven, who have sacrificed private interest to their country, and signalized their courage in battle; by joining in songs to their honour, at once to animate them by examples of heroick virtue, and harmonize their souls by musick: that they should learn to be tender to their friends, faithful to their allies, and equitable to all men, their enemies not excepted. Above all things, that they should be taught to dread the reproach of conscience, as an evil much greater than torture and death. If these maxims are impressed early upon the heart, with all the power of eloquence and the charms of musick, there will be few, indeed, in whom they will not kindle the love of virtue and of fame.

‘It is,’ added Mentor, ‘of the utmost importance to establish publick schools for inuring youth to the most robust exercises, and preserving them from effeminacy and idleness, which render the most liberal endowments of Nature useless.’ He advised the institution of publick games and shews, with as much variety as could be contrived, to rouse the attention, and interest the passions, of the people; but, above all, to render the body supple, vigorous, and active: and he thought it proper to excite emulation, by giving prizes to those that should excel. He wished also, as the most powerful preservative against general depravity of

manners, that the people might marry early; and that parents, without any views of interest, would leave the young men to the free choice of such wives as their inclinations naturally led them to prefer.

But, while these measures were concerted, to preserve a blameless simplicity among the rising generation, to render them laborious and tractable, and at the same time to give them a sense of honour, Philocles, whose military genius made him fond of war, observed to Mentor, that it would signify little to institute publick exercises, if the youth were suffered to languish in perpetual peace, without bringing their courage to the test, or acquiring experience in the field. ‘The nation,’ says he, ‘will be insensibly enfeebled; courage will relax into effeminate softness; and a general depravity, the necessary effect of uninterrupted abundance and tranquillity, will render them an easy prey to any warlike nation that shall attack them; and, to avoid the miseries of war, they will incur the most deplorable slavery.’

‘The calamities of war,’ said Mentor, ‘are more to be dreaded than you imagine. War never fails to exhaust the state, and endanger it’s destruction, with whatever success it is carried on. Though it may be commenced with advantage, it can never be finished without danger of the most fatal reverse of fortune. With whatever superiority of strength an engagement is begun, the least mistake, the slightest accident, may turn the scale, and give victory to the enemy. Nor can a nation that should be always victorious prosper: it would destroy itself by destroying others; the country would be depopulated, the soil untilled, and trade interrupted; and, what is still worse, the best laws would lose their force, and a corruption of manners insensibly take place. Literature will be neglected among the youth; the troops, conscious of their own importance, will indulge themselves in the most pernicious licentiousness with impunity, and the disorder will necessarily spread through all the branches of government. A prince who, in the acquisition of glory, would sacrifice the life of half his subjects, and the happiness of the rest,

is unworthy of the glory he would acquire; and deserves to lose what he rightfully possesses, for endeavouring unjustly to usurp the possessions of another.

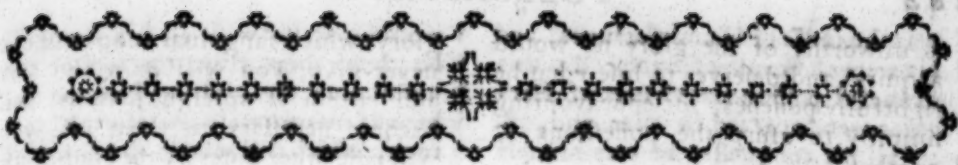
It is, however, easy to exercise the courage of the people in a time of peace. We have already instituted publick exercises, and assigned prizes to excite emulation; we have directed that the achievements of the brave shall be celebrated in songs to their honour, which kindle, in the breasts even of children, a desire of glory, and animate them to the exercise of heroick virtue; we have also taken care that they shall be inured to sobriety and labour. But this is not all: when any of your allies shall be engaged in a war, the flower of your youth, particularly those who appear to have a military genius, and will profit most by experience, should be sent as auxiliaries into the service; you will thus stand high in the estimation of the states with which you are connected; your friendship will be sought, and your displeasure dreaded; and, without being engaged in a war in your own country, and at your own expence, you will always have a numerous youth of habitual courage and experimental skill. Though you are at peace yourselves, you should treat, with great honour, those who have distinguished abilities for war: for the best way of keeping war at a distance, is to encourage military knowledge, to honour those who excel in the profession of arms, and to have some of your people always in foreign service, who will know the strength and discipline of the neighbouring states, and the manner of their military operations; to be at once superior to the ambition that would court war, and to the effeminacy that would fear it. Thus, being always prepared for war, when you are driven into it by necessity, you will find that the necessity of making war will seldom happen.

When your allies are about to make war upon each other, you should always interfere as mediator. You will thus acquire a genuine and lasting

glory, which sanguinary conquest can never give; you will gain the love and esteem of foreign nations, and become necessary to them all; you will rule other states by the confidence they place in you, as you govern your own by the authority of your station; you will be the common repository of their secrets, the arbiter of their differences, and the object of their love: your fame will then fly to the remotest regions of the earth; and your name, like incense from the altars of the gods, shall be wafted from clime to clime, as far as virtue can be known and loved. If, in possession of this influence, and this honour, a neighbouring nation should, contrary to all the rules of justice, commence hostilities against you, it will find you disciplined and ready; and, which is yet more effectual strength, beloved and succoured when you are in danger: your neighbours will be alarmed for themselves, and consider your preservation as essential to the publick safety. This will be your security, in comparison of which walls and ramparts are no defence: this is true glory; the bright reality, which few kings have distinguished and pursued, which few kings have not left unknown behind them to follow an illusive phantom, still distant from the prize, in proportion to their speed!

When Mentor had done speaking, Philocles fixed his eyes upon him with an astonishment that prevented reply; then looking upon the king, he was delighted to perceive that he drank the wisdom which flowed from the lips of the stranger, as the traveller, thirsting in the desert, drinks of an unexpected spring.

Thus Minerva, under the figure of Mentor, established the best laws, and the wisest principles of government, at Salentum; not so much that the kingdom of Idomeneus might flourish, as to shew Telemachus, at his return, by a striking example, what may be effected by a wise government, with respect to the happiness of the people, and the honour of the prince.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XV.



TELEMACHUS, in the mean time, was displaying his courage among the perils of war. As soon as he had quitted Salentum, he applied himself with great diligence to gain the esteem of the old commanders, whose reputation and experience were consummate. Nestor, who had before seen him at Pylos, and who had always loved Ulysses, treated him as if he had been his son; he gave him many lessons of instruction, and illustrated his precepts by examples. He related all the adventures of his youth, and told him the most remarkable achievements which he had seen performed by the heroes of the preceding age; for the memory of Nestor, who had lived to see three generations, contained the history of ancient times with the same fidelity as an inscription upon marble or brass.

Philoctetes did not at first regard Telemachus with the same kindness: the enmity which he had so long cherished in his breast against Ulysses prejudiced him against his son; and he could not see, without pain, that the gods appeared to interest themselves in his fortunes, and to intend him a glory equal to that of the heroes by whom Troy had been overthrown. But the unaffected modesty of Telemachus at length surmounted his resentment, and he could

not but love that virtue which appeared so amiable and sweet. He frequently took him aside, and talked to him with the most unreserved confidence. 'My son,' said he, 'for I now make no scruple to call you so, I must confess that your father and I have been long enemies to each other. I acknowledge also, that my enmity was not softened by mutual danger and mutual success, for it continued unabated after we had laid Troy in ruins; and when I saw you, I found it difficult to love even virtue in the son of Ulysses. I have often reproached myself for this reluctance, which, however, I still felt; but virtue, when it is gentle, placid, ingenuous, and unassuming, must at last compel affection and esteem.' Philoctetes, in the course of these conversations, was insensibly led to acquaint Telemachus with what had given rise to the animosity between him and Ulysses.

'It is necessary,' said he, 'that I should tell my story from the beginning. I was the inseparable companion of Hercules, the great example of divine virtue, the destroyer of monsters, whose prowess was a blessing to the earth; and, compared with whom, all other heroes are but as reeds to the oak, or sparrows to the eagle. Love, a passion that has produced every species of calamity,

‘ was the cause of his misfortunes; and
 ‘ his were the cause of mine. To this
 ‘ shameful passion the virtues of Her-
 ‘ cules were opposed in vain; and, af-
 ‘ ter all his conquests, he was himself
 ‘ the sport of Cupid. He never re-
 ‘ membered, without a blush of inge-
 ‘ nuous shame, his having laid by his
 ‘ dignity to spin in the chamber of
 ‘ Omphale, like the most abject and
 ‘ effeminate of men: he has frequently
 ‘ deplored this part of his life, as hav-
 ‘ ing sullied his virtue, and obscured
 ‘ the glory of his labours; and yet,
 ‘ such is the weakness and inconsistency
 ‘ of man, who thinks himself all-suffi-
 ‘ cient, that he yields without a struggle;
 ‘ the great Hercules was again taken
 ‘ in the snare of love, and sunk again
 ‘ into a captivity which he had so often
 ‘ remembered with indignation and
 ‘ contempt. He became enamoured
 ‘ of Deianira, and would have been
 ‘ happy if he had continued constant in
 ‘ his passion for this woman, whom he
 ‘ made his wife; but the youthful
 ‘ beauty of Iole, to whom the Graces
 ‘ had given all their charms, soon se-
 ‘ duced him to a new passion. Deia-
 ‘ nira became jealous; and, unhappily,
 ‘ recollected the fatal garment which
 ‘ had been given her by Nessus the
 ‘ Centaur, when he was dying, as a
 ‘ certain means of reviving the love of
 ‘ Hercules, if he should ever neglect
 ‘ her for another. This garment had
 ‘ imbibed the blood of the Centaur, to
 ‘ which the arrow that slew him had
 ‘ communicated its poison; for the
 ‘ arrows of Hercules were dipped in
 ‘ the blood of the Lernæan hydra,
 ‘ which gave them a malignity so
 ‘ powerful, that the slightest wound
 ‘ they could make was mortal.

‘ As soon as Hercules had put on the
 ‘ garment, he felt the poison burn even
 ‘ to the marrow in the bone: he cried
 ‘ out, in his agony, with a voice more
 ‘ than human; the sound was returned
 ‘ by Mount Oeta, the echo deepened in
 ‘ the vallies, and the sea itself seemed
 ‘ to be moved. The roar of the most
 ‘ furious bulls, when they fight, was
 ‘ not so dreadful as the cries of Her-
 ‘ cules! Lycas, who brought him the
 ‘ garment from Deianira, happening
 ‘ unfortunately to approach him, he
 ‘ seized him in the distraction of his
 ‘ torments, and, whirling him round
 ‘ as a sling, whirls a stone that he

‘ would dismiss with all his strength,
 ‘ he threw him from the top of the
 ‘ mountain; and, falling into the sea,
 ‘ he was immediately transformed to a
 ‘ rock, which still retains the figure of
 ‘ a man; and which, still beaten by
 ‘ the surge, alarms the pilot, while he
 ‘ is yet distant from the shore.

‘ After the fate of Lycas, I thought
 ‘ I could trust Hercules no more; and
 ‘ therefore endeavoured to conceal my-
 ‘ self in the caverns of the rock. From
 ‘ this retreat I saw him, with one hand,
 ‘ root up the lofty pines that towered
 ‘ to the sky, and oaks which had re-
 ‘ pelled the storms of successive gene-
 ‘ rations; and, with the other, endea-
 ‘ voured to tear off the fatal garment,
 ‘ which adhered like another skin, and
 ‘ seemed to be incorporated with his
 ‘ body: in proportion as he tore it off,
 ‘ he tore off also the flesh; his blood
 ‘ followed in a torrent, and the earth
 ‘ was empurpled round him. But his
 ‘ virtue at length surmounted his sense
 ‘ of pain; and he cried out—“ Thou
 ‘ art witness, O Philoctetes! to the
 ‘ torments which the gods inflict upon
 ‘ me; and they are just. I have of-
 ‘ fended Heaven, and violated the
 ‘ vows of connubial love: after all
 ‘ my conquests, I have meanly given
 ‘ up my heart to forbidden beauty. I
 ‘ perish; and am content to perish,
 ‘ that Divine Justice may be satisfied!
 ‘ But, alas! my dear friend, whither
 ‘ art thou fled! Transported by ex-
 ‘ cess of pain, I have, indeed, destroyed
 ‘ unhappy Lycas by an act of cruelty
 ‘ for which I abhor myself: he was a
 ‘ stranger to the poison that he brought
 ‘ me; he committed no crime; he de-
 ‘ served no punishment! But could
 ‘ the sacred ties of friendship be for-
 ‘ gotten? Could I attempt the life of
 ‘ Philoctetes? My love for him can
 ‘ cease only with my life; into his
 ‘ breast will I breathe my departing
 ‘ spirit, and to his care will I confide
 ‘ my ashes! Where art thou, then,
 ‘ my dear Philoctetes? Where art
 ‘ thou, Philoctetes? the only object
 ‘ of my hope on earth!”

‘ Struck with this tender expostula-
 ‘ tion, I rushed towards him, and he
 ‘ stretched out his arms to embrace
 ‘ me; yet, before I reached him, he
 ‘ drew them back, lest he should kindle
 ‘ in my bosom the fatal fires that con-
 ‘ sumed his own. “Alas!” said he,
 ‘ even

“ even this consolation is denied me ! ”

“ He then turned from me ; and, collecting all the trees that he had rooted up into a funeral-pile upon the summit of the mountain, he ascended it with a kind of dreadful tranquillity : he spread under him the skin of the Nemean lion, which, while he was traversing the earth from one extremity to the other, destroying monsters, and succouring distress, he had worn as a mantle ; and, reclining upon his club, he commanded me to set fire to the wood. This command, though I trembled with horror, I could not refuse to obey ; for his misery was so great, that life was no longer a bounty of Heaven ; and I feared that, in the extremity of his torment, he might do something unworthy of the virtue which had astonished the world.

“ When he perceived that the pile had taken fire—“ Now,” said he, “ my dear Philoctetes ! I know that thy friendship is sincere ; for my honour is dearer to thee than my life : may thy reward be from Heaven ! I give thee all I can bestow : these arrows, dipped in the blood of the Lernaean hydra, I valued more than all that I possessed ; and they are thine. Thou knowest that the wounds which they make are mortal : they rendered me invincible, and so they will render thee ; nor will any man dare to lift up his hand against thee. Remember, that I die faithful to our friendship ; and forget not how close I held thee to my heart. If thou art indeed touched with my misfortunes, there is still one consolation in thy power : promise to acquaint no man with my death, and never to reveal the place where thou shalt hide my ashes.” I promised, in an agony of tenderness and grief ; and I consecrated my promise by an oath. A beam of joy sparkled in his eyes ; but a sheet of flame immediately surrounded him, stifled his voice, and almost hid him from my sight. I caught, however, a glimpse of him through the flame ; and I perceived that his countenance was as serene as if he had been surrounded with festivity and joy at the banquet of a friend, covered with perfume, and crowned with flowers.

“ The flames quickly consumed his terrestrial and mortal part : of that nature which he had received from his mother Alcmena, there were no remains ; but he preserved, by the decree of Jove, that pure and immortal essence, that celestial flame ; the true principle of life, which he had received from the father of the gods. With the gods, therefore, he drank immortality under the golden roofs of Olympus ; and they gave him Hebe to wife ; the lovely Hebe, the goddess of youth, who had filled the bowl of nectar to Jupiter, before that honour was bestowed upon Ganymede.

“ In the mean time, the arrows that had been given me as a pledge of superior prowess and fame, proved an inexhaustible source of misfortune. When the confederate princes of Greece undertook to revenge the wrong done to Menelaus by Paris, who had basely stolen away Helen, and to lay the kingdom of Priam in ruins, they learned from the oracle of Apollo, that in this enterprize they would never succeed, if they did not take with them the arrows of Hercules.

“ Your father Ulysses, whose penetration and activity rendered him superior in every council, undertook to persuade me to accompany them to the siege of Troy, and to take the arrows of Hercules, which he believed to be in my possession, with me. It was now long since Hercules had appeared in the world ; no exploit of the hero was related ; and monsters and robbers began to appear with impunity. The Greeks knew not what opinion to form concerning him : some affirmed that he was dead ; others, that he was gone to subdue the Scythians under the frozen bear ; but Ulysses maintained that he was dead, and engaged to make me confess it. He came to me, while I was still lamenting the loss of my illustrious friend with inconsolable sorrow ; he found it extremely difficult to speak to me ; for I avoided the sight of mankind. I could not think of quitting the deserts of Mount Oeta, where I had been witness to the death of Alcides ; and was wholly employed in forming his image in
my

‘ my mind, and weeping at the remembrance of his sufferings, which every view of these mournful places renewed. But upon the lips of your father there was a sweet and irresistible eloquence: he seemed to take an equal part in my affliction, and when I wept, he wept with me; he gained upon my heart by an insensible approach; and he obtained my confidence even before I knew it. He interested my tenderness for the Grecian princes, who had undertaken a just war, in which, without me, they could not be successful: he could not, however, draw from me the secret that I had sworn to keep; but, though I did not confess it, he had sufficient evidence that Hercules was dead; and he pressed me to tell him where I had concealed his ashes.

‘ I could not think of perjury without horror: and yet, alas! I eluded the vow that I had made to Hercules and to Heaven. I discovered the place where I had deposited the remains of the hero, by striking it with my foot; and the gods have punished me for the fraud. I then joined the confederates, who received me with as much joy as they would have received Hercules himself. When we were on shore at the Island of Lemnos, I was willing to shew the Greeks what my arrows would do; and therefore prepared to shoot a deer which I saw rush into the forest: but, by some accident I let the shaft slip out of my hand, and falling upon my foot, it gave me a wound, of which I still feel the effects. I was immediately seized with the same pains that had destroyed Hercules; and the echoes of the island repeated my complaints day and night. A black and corrupted blood flowed incessantly from my wound, infected the air, and filled the camp with an intolerable stench: the whole army was struck with horror at my condition, and concluded it to be the just punishment of the gods.

‘ Ulysses, who had engaged me in this expedition, was the first to abandon me, as I have since learned, because he preferred victory, and the common interest of Greece, to private friendship, and the punctilios of decorum. The horror of my wound, the infection that it spread, and the

‘ dreadful cries that it forced from me, produced such an effect upon the army, that it was no longer possible to sacrifice in the camp. But when the Greeks abandoned me by the counsel of Ulysses, I considered his policy as the most aggravated inhumanity, and the basest breach of faith. I was blinded by prejudice and self-love; and did not perceive that the wisest men were most against me, and that the gods themselves were become my enemies.

‘ I remained, during almost the whole time that Troy was besieged, alone without succour, without consolation, without hope; the victim of intolerable anguish, in a desolate island, where I saw no object but the rude productions of uncultivated nature, and heard only the roaring of the surge that was broken against the rocks. In one of the mountains of this desert I found a cavern; the summit, which towered to the skies, was divided into a fork, and at the bottom was a spring of clear water. This cavern, my only dwelling, was the retreat of wild beasts of various kinds, to whose fury I was exposed night and day. I gathered a few leaves into an heap for my bed; and my whole possessions were a wooden vessel of the rudest workmanship, and a few tattered garments, which I wrapped round my wound to staunch the blood, and used also to clean it. In this place, forsaken of man, and hateful to the gods, I sometimes endeavoured to suspend the sense of my misery by shooting at the pigeons, and other birds that flew round the rock: when I had brought one to the ground, I crawled, with great pain and difficulty, to take it up, that it might serve me for food; and thus my own hands provided me subsistence.

‘ The Greeks, indeed, left me some provisions when they quitted the island; but these were soon exhausted. I dressed such as I procured at a fire, which I kindled by striking a flint: and this kind of life, rude and forlorn as it was, would not have been unpleasing to me, the ingratitude and perfidy of man having reconciled me to solitude, if it had not been for the pain that I endured from my wound, and the perpetual review
‘ of

of my singular misfortunes. "What!" said I to myself, "seduce a man from his country, upon pretence that he alone can avenge the cause of Greece; and then leave him in an uninhabited island, while he is asleep!" for I was asleep when the Greeks deserted me; and you may judge in what an agony of consternation and grief I awaked, and saw their fleet standing from the shore. I looked round me, to find some gleam of comfort; but all was desolation and despair.

This island had neither port nor commerce; and was not only without inhabitants, but without visitors, except such as came by force. As no man set foot on the shore but those who were driven thither by tempests, I could hope for society only by shipwreck; and I knew, that if distress should force any unfortunate mariners upon the island, they would not dare to take me with them when they left it, lest they should incur the resentment, not of the Greeks only, but of the gods. I suffered remorse, and pain, and hunger, ten years; I languished with a wound that I could not cure; and hope itself was extinguished in my breast.

One day, as I returned from seeking some medicinal herbs for my wound, I was surprized to find, at the entrance of my cave, a young man of a graceful appearance, but a lofty and heroick port. I took him, at the first glance, for Achilles, whom he greatly resembled in his features, aspect, and deportment; and I was convinced of my mistake only by his age. I observed, that his whole countenance expressed perplexity and compassion: he was touched to see with what pain and difficulty I crawled along; and his heart melted at my complaints, which the echoes of the shore returned.

I called out, while I was yet at a distance—"O stranger! what misfortune has cast thee upon this island, forsaken of men? I know thy habit to be Grecian; an habit which, in spite of my wrongs, I love. O let me hear thy voice; and once more find, upon thy lips, that language which I learned in infancy, and which this dreadful solitude has so long forbidden me to speak. Let

not my appearance alarm you; for the wretch whom you behold is not an object of fear but of pity." The stranger had no sooner answered—"I am a Greek!" than I cried out—"After such silence without associate, such pain without consolation, how sweet is the sound! O my son! what misfortune, what tempest, or rather what favouring gale, has brought thee hither, to put an end to my sufferings?" He replied—"I am of the island of Scyros, whither I am about to return; and it is said that I am the son of Achilles: I have now answered your enquiries." So brief a reply left my curiosity unsatisfied. "O son of Achilles!" said I, "the friend of my heart, who wert fostered by Lycomedes with the tenderness of a parent, whence art thou come, and what has brought thee to this place?"—"I come," he replied, "from the siege of Troy."—"Thou wast not," said I, "in the first expedition."—"Wast thou in it then?" said he. "I perceive," said I, "that thou knowest neither the name, nor the misfortunes, of Philoctetes. Wretch that I am! my persecutors insult me in my calamity. Greece is a stranger to my sufferings, which every moment increase. The Atrides have reduced me to this condition; may the gods reward them as they deserve!"

I then related the manner in which I had been abandoned by the Greeks: and, as soon as Neoptolemus had heard my complaints, he made me the confidante of his own. "After the death of Achilles—" said he; "How!" said I; "is Achilles dead?" Forgive the tears that interrupt you, for I owe them to the memory of your father."—"Such interruption," replied Neoptolemus, "is soothing to my sorrow. What can so much alleviate my loss as the tears of Philoctetes!"

Neoptolemus then resumed his story. "After the death of Achilles," said he, "Ulysses and Phoenix came to me, and told me that Troy could not be taken till I came to the siege. I was easily persuaded to go with them; for my grief for the death of Achilles, and a desire of inheriting his glory in so celebrated a war,

"a war, were inducements that almost made persuasion unnecessary. When I arrived at Sigetum, the whole army gathered round me; every one was ready to swear that he beheld Achilles: but, alas! Achilles was no more! In the presumption of youth and inexperience, I thought I might hope every thing from those who were so liberal of praise; I therefore demanded my father's arms of the Atrides; but their answer was a cruel disappointment of my expectations. "You shall have," said they, "whatever else belonged to your father; but his arms are allotted to Ulysses."

"This threw me into confusion, and tears, and rage. But Ulysses replied, without emotion—"You have not endured, with us, the dangers of a tedious siege; you have not merited such arms; you have demanded them too proudly, and they shall never be yours." My right being thus unjustly wrested from me, I am returning to the isle of Scyros, yet more incensed against the Atrides than Ulysses. To all who are their enemies, may the gods be friends!—And now, Philoctetes, I have told thee all."

"I then asked Neoptolemus, how it happened, that Ajax, the son of Telemachus, did not interpose, to prevent so flagitious an injustice? "Ajax," said he, "is dead."—"Is Ajax dead," said I, "and Ulysses alive and prosperous?" I then enquired after Antilochus, the son of Nestor; and Patroclus, the favourite of Achilles. "They also," said he, "are dead."—"Alas!" said I, "are Antilochus and Patroclus dead? How does War, with unrelenting and undistinguishing destruction, sweep away the righteous, and spare the wicked! Ulysses lives; and so, I doubt not, does Therites. Such is the ordination of the gods! and yet we still honour them with praise."

"While I was thus burning with resentment against your father, Neoptolemus continued to destroy me. "I am going," said he, with a mournful accent, "to live content in the isle of Scyros; which, though uncultivated and obscure, is yet far from the armies of Greece, where evil prevails over good. Farewell!

"May the gods vouchsafe to restore thy health!"—"O my son!" said I, "I conjure thee by the manes of thy father, by thy mother, and by all that is dear to thee upon earth, not to leave me alone in this extremity of pain and sorrow: I know I shall be a burden to you; but it would disgrace your humanity to leave me here. Place me in the prow, the stern, or even the hold of your vessel, wherever I shall least offend you: in the estimation of a noble mind there is glory in doing good. Do not abandon me in a desert, where there are no traces of men: take me with you to Scyros, or leave me at Eubœa, where I shall be near to Mount Oeta, to Trachin, and the pleasing banks of Thessalian Sperchius; or send me back to my father. Alas! my fears suggest that my father is dead: I sent to him for a vessel which has never arrived; and it is therefore certain, either that he is dead, or that those who promised to acquaint him with my distress have betrayed their trust. My last hope is in thee, O my son! Consider the uncertainty of all sublunary things: the prosperous should fear to abuse prosperity; and never fail to succour the distress which they are liable to feel!"

"Such, in the intolerable anguish of my mind, was my address to Neoptolemus; and he promised to take me with him. My heart then leaped for joy. "O happy day!" said I; "O amiable Neoptolemus, worthy to inherit the glory of thy father!—Ye dear companions, with whom I shall return to the world of life, suffer me to bid this mournful retreat farewell! See where I have lived, and consider what I have endured! My sufferings have been more than another could sustain; but I was instructed by Necessity, and she teaches what otherwise could not be known: those who are without sufferings are without knowledge; they distinguish neither good nor evil; and are alike strangers to mankind and to themselves." After this effusion of my heart, I took my bow and arrows in my hand.

"Neoptolemus then requested that I would permit him to kiss the celebrated arms that had been consecrated
by

by the invincible Alcides. "To you," said I, "all things are permitted: you, my son, restore me to light and life, to my country, my father, my friends, and myself; you may touch these arms; and boast, that you are the only Greek who deserves to touch them." Neoptolemus immediately came into my cell to admire my arrows. At this moment a sudden pang totally suspended my faculties; I no longer knew what I did, but called for a sword, that I might cut off my foot. I cried out for Death, and reproached him with delay. "Burn me," said I to Neoptolemus, "this moment, as I burnt the son of Jove upon Mount Oeta!—O Earth! receive a dying wretch, who shall never more rise from thy bosom!" I fell immediately to the ground without appearance of life, a state in which these fits of pain usually left me: a profuse sweat at length relieved me, and a black and corrupted ichor flowed from my wound. While I continued insensible, it would have been easy for Neoptolemus to have carried off my arms; but he was the son of Achilles, and his nature was superior to fraud.

When I recovered, I perceived great confusion in his countenance; and he sighed like a man new to dissimulation, and practising it with violence to himself. "What!" said I, "do you meditate, to take advantage of my infirmity?"—"You must go with me," said he, "to the siege of Troy."—"What do I hear!" said I. "I am betrayed.—O my son! give me back the bow; to withhold it is to rob me of life.—Alas! he answers me nothing; he looks steadily upon me, without emotion; over his heart I have no power.—Ye winding shores!—ye promontories that overhang the deep!—ye broken rocks!—ye savage beasts; that prowl these scenes of desolation!—I complain to you; for, beside you, there are none to whom I can complain: to you my groans are familiar. Must I be thus betrayed by the son of Achilles! He robs me of the bow which the hand of Hercules has made sacred; he would compel me to the camp of Greece, as a trophy of the war; nor

sees that his victory is not over the living but the dead; a shade, a phantom, that exists only in idea! O that he had assailed me when my vigour was unimpaired! but even now he has taken me by surprize. What expedient shall I try!—Restore what thou hast taken; restore my arms, O my son! and let thy conduct be worthy of thy father and thyself. What dost thou answer? Thou art inexorably silent.—To thee, thou barren rock, I once more return, naked and miserable, forlorn and destitute! In this cave I shall perish alone; for, having no weapon to destroy the beasts, the beasts will inevitably devour me: and why should I desire to live?—But as to thee, my son, the mark of wickedness is not upon thee; thou art, surely, the instrument of another's hand! Restore my arms, and leave me to my fate!"

Neoptolemus was touched with my distress; the tears started to his eye; and he sighed to himself—"Would to God that I had still continued at Scyros!" At this moment, I cried out—"What do I see! Surely, that is Ulysses!"—Immediately the voice of Ulysses confirmed it; and he answered—"It is I!" If the gloomy dominions of Pluto had been disclosed before me, and I had suddenly beheld the shades of Tartarus, which the gods themselves cannot see without dread, I should not have been seized with greater horror. I then cried out again—"I attest thee, O earth of Lemnos!—O sun! dost thou behold and suffer this?" Ulysses answered, without emotion—"This is ordained by Jupiter; and I but execute his will."—"Darest thou," said I, "prophane the name of Jove with unhallowed lips? Hast thou not compelled this youth to practise a fraud which his soul abhors?"—"We come," replied Ulysses, "neither to deceive nor injure you: we come to deliver you from solitude and misery; to heal your wound; to give you the glory of subverting Troy; and restore you in safety to your native country. It is thyself, and not Ulysses, that is the enemy of Philoctetes."

I answered only by reproaches and insult. "Since thou hast abandoned me upon this inhospitable coast,"

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said

“ said I, “ why hast thou interrupted
 “ such rest as it can give? Go, and se-
 “ cure to thyself the glory of battle,
 “ and the delights of peace; enjoy the
 “ sweets of prosperity with the Atrides,
 “ and leave pain and sorrow to me.
 “ Why shouldst thou compel me to go
 “ with thee? I am sunk into nothing;
 “ I am dead already. Thou wast once
 “ of opinion that I ought to be left
 “ here; that my complaints, and the
 “ infection of my wound, would in-
 “ terrupt the sacrifices of the gods: and
 “ why is not this thy opinion now?
 “ Thou author of all my misery! may
 “ the gods—but the gods hear me
 “ not; they take part with my enemy!
 “ —O my country! these eyes shall be-
 “ hold thee no more!—O ye gods! if
 “ there is yet one among you so just as
 “ to compassionate my wrongs, avenge
 “ them; punish Ulysses, and I shall
 “ believe that I am whole!”

“ While I was thus indulging an
 “ impotent rage, your father looked
 “ upon me with a calm compassion,
 “ which, instead of resenting the intem-
 “ perate sallies of a wretch distracted
 “ by misfortune, makes allowance for
 “ his infirmity, and bears with his ex-
 “ cess; he stood silent, and unmoved,
 “ in the stability of his wisdom, till my
 “ passion should be exhausted by its
 “ own violence; as the summit of a rock
 “ stands unshaken, while it is beaten
 “ by the winds, which, at length,
 “ wearied by their idle fury, are heard
 “ no more. He knew that all attempts
 “ to reduce the passions to reason are
 “ ineffectual till their violence is past;
 “ when I paused, therefore, and not be-
 “ fore, he said—“ Where are now, O
 “ Philoctetes! thy reason and thy cou-
 “ rage? This is the moment in which
 “ they can most avail thee! If thou
 “ shalt refuse to follow us, and to con-
 “ cur with the great designs which Ju-
 “ piter has formed for thee, farewell;
 “ thou art not worthy to atchieve the
 “ deliverance of Greece, or the de-
 “ struction of Troy. Live still an
 “ exile in Lemnos: these arms, which
 “ I have secured, will obtain a glory
 “ for Ulysses that was designed for
 “ thee.—Let us depart, Neoptole-
 “ mus! argument is lost upon him:
 “ and compassion for an individual
 “ should not make us give up the com-
 “ mon interest of Greece.”

“ This threw me into a new tran-
 “ sport of rage; and I was like a lioness
 “ when she is robbed of her young, and
 “ makes the woods echo with her roar.
 “ O cave!” said I, “ thou shalt not
 “ henceforth be forsaken; I will enter
 “ thee as my grave for ever: receive
 “ me, O mansion of sorrow! receive me
 “ to famine and despair!—O for a
 “ sword, that I might die at once! O
 “ that the birds of prey would devour
 “ me! my arrows shall pierce them no
 “ more.—O intemperate bow, conse-
 “ crated by the hand of the son of Jove!
 “ —O Hercules! if thou art still con-
 “ scious to what passes upon earth,
 “ does not thy breast burn with indig-
 “ nation? This bow is no longer in
 “ the possession of thy friend, but in
 “ the profane and faithless hands of
 “ Ulysses!—Come, without fear, ye
 “ birds of prey, and ye beasts of the
 “ desert, to your ancient dwelling!
 “ there are now no fatal arrows in my
 “ hands: wretch that I am! I can
 “ wound you no more; come, then,
 “ and devour me.—Or rather, inex-
 “ orable Jove! let thy thunders crush
 “ me to nothing.”

“ Your father, having tried every
 “ other art of persuasion in vain, thought
 “ it best to return me my arms; he
 “ therefore made a sign to Neoptolemus
 “ for that purpose, who instantly put
 “ the arrows and the bow into my
 “ hand. “ Thou art indeed,” said I,
 “ the son of Achilles, and worthy of
 “ his blood! but stand aside, that I
 “ may pierce my enemy to the heart!”
 “ I then drew an arrow against your
 “ father, but Neoptolemus held my
 “ hand. “ Your anger,” says he, “ dis-
 “ tracts you; you are not conscious of
 “ the enormity you would commit.”

“ But Ulysses stood equally unmoved
 “ against danger and reproach; and his
 “ patience and intrepidity struck me
 “ with reverence and admiration; I was
 “ ashamed of the transport which hur-
 “ ried me to use, for his destruction,
 “ the arms that he had restored: my re-
 “ sentment, however, was not yet
 “ wholly appeased; and I was grieved,
 “ beyond comfort, to have received my
 “ weapons from a man whom I could
 “ not love. But my attention was now
 “ engaged by Neoptolemus. “ Know,”
 “ said he, “ that the divine Helenus,
 “ the son of Priam, came to us from
 “ the

“ the city, impelled by the command
 “ and inspiration of the gods, and dis-
 “ closed to us the secrets of futurity.
 “ Unhappy Troy,” said he, “ must fall;
 “ but not till he who bears the shafts of
 “ Hercules shall come against her.
 “ Under the walls of Troy only he
 “ can be cured; the sons of *Æscula-*
 “ *pius* shall give him health.”

“ At this moment I felt my heart di-
 “ vided; I was touched with the in-
 “ genuous simplicity of *Neoptolemus*,
 “ and the honesty with which he restor-
 “ ed my bow: but I could not bear the
 “ thought of submitting to *Ulysses*;
 “ and a false shame held me some time
 “ in suspense. “ Will not the world,”
 “ said I, “ despise me, if I become at
 “ last the associate of *Ulysses* and the
 “ *Atrides*?”

“ While I stood thus torpid in su-
 “ spense, I was suddenly roused by a
 “ voice that was more than human;
 “ and looking up, I saw *Hercules*: he
 “ descended in a shining cloud, and was
 “ surrounded with rays of glory. He
 “ was easily distinguished by his strong
 “ features, his robust form, and the
 “ graceful simplicity of his gesture;
 “ but in his present appearance there
 “ was a loftiness and dignity not equal-
 “ ly conspicuous when he was destroy-
 “ ing monsters upon earth. “ Thou
 “ hearest,” said he, “ and thou be-
 “ holdest *Hercules*. I am descended
 “ from *Olympus* to acquaint thee with
 “ the commands of *Jove*. Thou
 “ knowest by what labours I acquired
 “ immortality; and if thou wouldst
 “ follow me in the path of glory, the
 “ son of *Achilles* must be now thy
 “ guide. Thy wound shall be healed;
 “ *Paris*, who has filled the world with
 “ calamity, shall fall by my arrows from
 “ thy hand. When *Troy* shall be
 “ taken, thou shalt send costly spoils
 “ to *Pæas* thy father, upon *Mount*
 “ *Oeta*, and he shall place them upon
 “ my tomb, as a monument of the
 “ victory which my arrows obtained.—
 “ Thou canst not, O son of *Achilles*!
 “ conquer without *Philoctetes*; nor
 “ can *Philoctetes* conquer without
 “ thee.—Go, then, like two lions who

“ chase their prey together.—Thou,
 “ *Philoctetes*, shalt be healed by the
 “ skill of *Æsculapius* at *Troy*.—But,
 “ above all things, keep alive in your
 “ hearts the love and reverence of the
 “ gods; all other passions and plea-
 “ sures shall perish with their objects;
 “ these only are immortal and di-
 “ vine.”

“ At these words I cried out, in a
 “ transport of joy—“ The night is
 “ past; the dawn breaks upon me!—O
 “ cheering light! after these years of
 “ darkness, art thou again returned?
 “ I feel thy influence, and I follow thy
 “ guiding ray. I quit these scenes,
 “ and stay only to bid them farewell.—
 “ Farewel, my grotto!—Ye nymphs
 “ that haunt these dewy fields, fare-
 “ wel!—I shall hear the sullen sound of
 “ these inexorable waves no more.—
 “ Farewel, ye cliffs, where I have shi-
 “ vered in the tempest, and been
 “ drenched in the rain!—Farewel, ye
 “ rocks, whose echoes have so often
 “ repeated my complaints!—Farewel,
 “ ye sweet fountains, which my suffer-
 “ ings embittered to me!—And thou,
 “ uncultivated soil, farewell!—But to
 “ my departure be propitious. Since I
 “ follow the voice of Friendship and
 “ the gods!”

“ We then set sail from the coast, and
 “ arrived in the Grecian army before
 “ the walls of *Troy*. *Machaon* and
 “ *Podalirius*, by the sacred science of
 “ their father *Æsculapius*, healed my
 “ wound, at least restored me to the
 “ state you see. I am free from pain,
 “ and I have recovered my strength;
 “ but I am still somewhat lame. I
 “ brought *Paris* to the ground, like
 “ a timid fawn that is pierced by the
 “ arrows of the huntsman; and the
 “ towers of *Ilium* were soon in ashes.
 “ All that followed you know already.
 “ But the remembrance of my suffer-
 “ ings, notwithstanding the success and
 “ glory that followed, still left upon
 “ my mind an aversion to *Ulysses*, which
 “ all his virtues could not surmount;
 “ but loving irresistibly his resemblance
 “ in a son, my enmity to the father in-
 “ sensibly relents.”

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XVI.



WHILE Philoctetes was thus relating his adventures, Telemachus stood suspended and immovable: his eyes were fixed upon the hero that spoke; and all the passions which had agitated Hercules, Philoctetes, Ulysses, and Neoptolemus, appeared by turns in his countenance, as they were successively described in the series of the narration. Sometimes he interrupted Philoctetes by a sudden and involuntary exclamation; and sometimes he appeared to be absorbed in thought, like a man who reasons deeply from causes to effects. When Philoctetes described the confusion of Neoptolemus, in his first attempt at dissimulation, the same confusion appeared in Telemachus; and he might, in that moment, have been taken for Neoptolemus himself.

The allied army marched, in good order, against Adrastus, the tyrant of Daunia, a contemner of the gods, and a deceiver of men. Telemachus found it very difficult to behave, without offence, among so many princes who were jealous of each other: it was necessary that he should give cause of suspicion to none, and that he should conciliate the good-will of all. There was great goodness and sincerity in his disposition; but he was not naturally obliging, and gave himself little trouble to

please others; he was not fond of money, yet he knew not how to give it away: and thus, with an elevated mind, and a general disposition to good, he appeared to be neither kind nor liberal; to be neither sensible of friendship, nor grateful for favours, nor attentive to merit. He indulged his humour, without the least regard to the opinion of others; for his mother Penelope, notwithstanding the care of Mentor, had encouraged a pride of birth and lofty demeanor, which cast a shade over all his good qualities: he considered himself as participating a nature superior to the rest of men, whom, he seemed to think, the gods had placed upon the earth merely for his pleasure and convenience, to prevent his wishes, and refer all to him as a visible divinity. To serve him was, in his opinion, a happiness that sufficiently recompensed the service: nothing that he required was to be supposed impossible; and, at the least delay, the impetuous ardour of his temper burst into a flame. Those who should have seen him thus, unguarded and unrestrained, would have concluded him incapable of loving any thing but himself, and sensible only to the gratification of his own appetites and vanity: but this indifference for others, and perpetual attention to himself, was merely the effect of the continual agitation that he suffered from the

the violence of his passions. He had been flattered and humoured by his mother from the cradle, and was a striking example of the disadvantages of high birth. Misfortune had not yet abated either his haughtiness or impetuosity; in every state of dereliction and distress, he had still looked round him with disdain; and his pride, like the palm, still rose under every depression.

While he was with Mentor, his faults were scarce visible; and they became insensibly less and less every day: like a fiery steed, that in his course disdains the rock, the precipice, and the torrent, and is obedient only to one commanding voice, and one guiding hand; Telemachus, impelled by a noble ardour, could be restrained only by Mentor. But Mentor could arrest him with a look in the midst of his career: he knew, he felt, the meaning of his eye, the moment that it glanced upon him; his heart became sensible to virtue, and his countenance softened into serenity and complacency; the rebellious tempest is not more suddenly rebuked into peace when Neptune lifts his trident, and frowns upon the deep.

When Telemachus was left to himself, all his passions, which had been restrained like the course of a torrent by a mound, burst away with yet greater violence. He could not suffer the arrogance of the Lacedemonians, nor of Phalanthus their commander. This colony, which had founded Tarentum, consisted of young men who, having been born during the siege of Troy, had received no education: their illegitimate birth, the dissoluteness of their mothers, and the licentiousness in which they had been brought up, gave them an air of savage barbarity; they resembled rather a band of robbers than a Grecian colony.

Phalanthus took every opportunity to shew his contempt of Telemachus; he frequently interrupted him in their public councils, and treated his advice as the crude notions of puerile inexperience: he also frequently made him the subject of his raillery, as a feeble and effeminate youth; he pointed out his slightest failings to the chiefs; and was perpetually busy in fomenting jealousies, and rendering the haughty manner of Telemachus odious to the allies.

Telemachus having one day taken

some Daunians prisoners, Phalanthus pretended that they belonged to him, because, as he said, he had defeated the party at the head of his Lacedemonians; and Telemachus, finding them already vanquished and put to flight, had nothing to do but to give quarter to those that threw down their arms, and lead them to the camp. Telemachus, on the contrary, insisted that he had prevented Phalanthus from being defeated by that very party, and had turned the scale in his favour. This question was disputed before an assembly of all the princes of the alliance; and Telemachus being so far provoked as to threaten Phalanthus, they would immediately have fought, if the assembly had not interposed.

Phalanthus had a brother, whose name was Hippias, and who was much celebrated for his courage, strength, and dexterity. 'Pollux,' said the Tarentines, 'could not wield the cestus better; nor could Castor surpass him in the management of a horse.' He had almost the stature and the strength of Hercules; and he was the terror of the whole army: for he was yet more petulant and brutal than courageous and strong.

Hippias, having remarked the haughtiness with which Telemachus had menaced his brother, went in great haste to carry off the prisoners to Tarentum, without waiting for the determination of the assembly; and Telemachus, who was privately informed of it, rushed out after him, burning with rage. He ran eagerly from one part of the camp to the other, like a boar who, being wounded in the chase, turns enraged upon the hunter: his eye looked round for his enemy; and his hand shook the spear, which he was impatient to launch against him. He found him at length; and at the sight of him he was transported with new fury.

He was no longer Telemachus, a noble youth, whose mind Minerva, under the form of Mentor, had enriched with wisdom; but an enraged lion, or a lunatick urged on by desperate phrenzy. 'Stay!' said he to Hippias; 'thou basest of mankind, stay! and let us see if thou canst wrest from me the spoils of those whom I have overcome. Thou shalt not carry them to Tarentum; thou shalt this moment

moment descend to the gloomy borders of the Styx! His spear instantly followed his words; but he threw it with so much fury, that he could take no aim, and it fell, wide of Hippias, to the ground. He then drew his sword, of which the guard was gold, and which had been given him by Laertes, when he departed from Ithaca, as a pledge of his affection. Laertes had used it with glory when he himself was young; and it had been stained with the blood of many chiefs of Epirus, during a war in which Laertes had been victorious.

This sword was scarcely drawn by Telemachus, when Hippias, willing to avail himself of his superior strength, rushed upon him, and endeavoured to force it from his hand: the weapon broke in the contest; they then seized each other, and were in a moment locked together. They appeared like two savage beasts striving to tear each other in pieces; fire sparkled in their eyes; their bodies are now contracted, and now extended; they now stoop, and now rise; they spring furiously upon each other, and pant with the thirst of blood. Thus they engaged, foot to foot, and hand to hand; and their limbs were so entwined with each other, that they seemed to belong to one body. The advantage at last inclined to Hippias, to whom a full maturity of years had given firmness and strength, which to the tender age of Telemachus was wanting. His breath now failed him, and his knees trembled: Hippias perceived his weakness; and, doubling his efforts, the fate of Telemachus would now have been decided, and he would have suffered the punishment due to his passion and temerity, if Minerva, who still watched over him from afar, and suffered him to fall into this extremity of danger only for his instruction, had not determined the victory in his favour.

She did not herself quit the palace of Salentum, but sent Iris, the swift messenger of the gods, who, spreading her light wings to the air, divided the pure and unbounded space above, leaving behind her a long train of light, which diversified the silver clouds with a thousand dyes. She descended not to the earth till she came to the sea-shore where the innumerable army of the allies was encamped. She saw the con-

test at a distance, and marked the violence and fury of the combatants: she perceived the danger of Telemachus, and trembled with apprehension; she approached in a thin vapour, which she had condensed into a cloud; and at the moment when Hippias, conscious of his superior strength, believed his victory to be secure, she covered the young charge of Minerva with the shield of the goddess, which for this purpose had been confided to her care. Telemachus, who was exhausted and fainting, instantly became sensible of new vigour; and, in proportion as he revived, the strength and courage of Hippias declined: he was conscious to something invisible and divine, which overwhelmed and confounded him. Telemachus now pressed him closer, and assailed him, sometimes in one posture, and sometimes in another: he perceived him stagger; and, leaving him not a moment's respite to recover, he at length threw him down, and fell upon him. An oak of Mount Ida, which at last yields to a thousand strokes that have made the depths of the forest resound, falls not with a more dreadful noise than Hippias; the earth groaned beneath him, and all that was around him shook.

But the ægis of Minerva infused into Telemachus wisdom as well as strength; and, at the moment that Hippias fell under him, he was touched with a sense of the fault he committed by attacking the brother of one of the confederate princes whom he had taken arms to assist. He recollected the counsels of Mentor, and they covered him with confusion; he was ashamed of his victory, and conscious that he ought to have been vanquished. In the mean time, Phalanthus, transported with rage, ran to the succour of his brother, and would have pierced Telemachus with the spear that he carried in his hand, if he had not feared to pierce Hippias also, whom Telemachus held under him in the dust. The son of Ulysses might then easily have taken the life of his enemy; but his anger was appeased, and he thought only of atoning for his rashness by shewing his moderation. Getting up, therefore, from his antagonist, he said—'I am satisfied, O Hippias! with having taught thee not to despise my youth. I give thee life; and I admire thy
valour

valour and thy strength. The gods have protected me: yield, therefore, to the power of the gods. Henceforth let us think only of uniting our strength against the common enemy.

While Telemachus was speaking, Hippias rose from the ground, covered with dust and blood, and burning with shame and indignation. Phalanthus did not dare to take the life of him who had so generously given life to his brother; yet he was confused, and scarce knew what he would do. All the princes of the alliance ran to the place, and carried off Telemachus on one side; and, on the other, Phalanthus, with Hippias; who, having lost all his arrogance, kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. The whole army was struck with astonishment, to find that Telemachus, a youth of so tender an age, who had not yet acquired the full strength of a man, had been able to prevail against Hippias; who, in strength and stature, resembled the giants; those children of the earth who once attempted to dispossess the gods of Olympus.

Telemachus, however, was far from enjoying his victory; and, while the camp was resounding with his praise, he retired to his tent, overwhelmed with the sense of his fault, and wishing to escape from himself. He bewailed the impetuosity of his temper, and abhorred himself for the injurious extravagances which his passions hurried him to commit; he was conscious to something of vanity and meanness in his unbounded pride; and he felt, that true greatness consists in moderation, justice, modesty, and humanity. He saw his defects; but he did not dare to hope that, after being so often betrayed into the same fault, he should be ever able to correct them. He was at war with himself; and, in the anguish of the conflict, his complaints were like the roaring of a lion.

Two days he remained alone in his tent, tormented by self-reproach, and ashamed to return back to society. 'How can I,' said he, 'again dare to look Mentor in the face! Am I the son of Ulysses, the wisest and most patient of men; and have I filled the camp of the allies with dissension and

disorder! Is it their blood, or that of their enemies, the Daunians, that I ought to have spilt? I have been rash even to madness, so that I knew not even how to launch a spear: I exposed myself to danger and disgrace, by engaging Hippias with inferior strength; and had reason to expect nothing less than death, with the dishonour of being vanquished. And what if I had thus died? My faults would have perished with me; and the turbulent pride, the thoughtless presumption, of Telemachus, would no longer have disgraced the name of Ulysses, or the counsels of Mentor! O that I could but hope never more to do what now, with unutterable anguish, I repent having done! I should then, indeed, be happy; but, alas! before the sun that is now risen shall descend, I shall, with the full consent of my will, repeat the very same faults that I now regret with shame and horror! O fatal victory! O mortifying praise! at once the memorial and reproach of my folly!'

While he was thus alone, and inconsolable, he was visited by Nestor and Philoctetes. Nestor had intended to convince him of his fault; but instantly perceiving his distress and contrition, he changed his remonstrances into consolation; and, instead of reproving his misconduct, endeavoured to soothe his despair.

This quarrel retarded the confederates in their expedition; for they could not march against their enemies till they had reconciled Telemachus to Phalanthus and his brother. They were in continual dread, lest the Tarentines should fall upon the company of young Cretans who had followed Telemachus to the war. Every thing was thrown into confusion merely by the folly of Telemachus; and Telemachus, who saw how much mischief he had caused already, and how much more might follow from his indiscretion, gave himself up to remorse and sorrow. The princes were extremely embarrassed; they did not dare to put the army in motion, lest the Tarentines and Cretans should fall upon each other in their march; for it was with great difficulty that they were restrained even in the camp, where a strict watch

was

was kept over them. Nestor and Philoctetes were continually passing and repassing between the tents of Telemachus and Phalanthus. Phalanthus was implacable; he had an obdurate ferocity in his nature; and, being perpetually stimulated to revenge by Hippias, whose discourse was full of rage and indignation, he was neither moved by the eloquence of Nestor, nor the authority of Philoctetes. Telemachus was more gentle; but he was overwhelmed with grief, and refused all consolation.

While the princes were in this perplexity, the troops were struck with consternation; and the camp appeared like a house in which the father of the family, the support of his relations, and the hope of his children, is just dead.

In the midst of this distress and disorder, the army was suddenly alarmed by a confused and dreadful noise, the rattling of chariots, the clash of arms, the neighing of horses, and the cries of men: some victorious, and urging the slaughter; some flying, and terrified; some wounded, and dying. The dust rose as in a whirlwind, and formed a cloud that obscured the sky, and surrounded the camp: in a few moments this dust was mixed with a thick smoke, which polluted the air, and prevented respiration. Soon after was heard a hollow noise, like the roaring of Mount *Ætna* when her fires are urged by Vulcan and the Cyclops, who forge thunder for the father of the gods: every knee trembled, and every countenance was pale.

Adrastus, vigilant and indefatigable, had surprized the allies in their camp. He had concealed his own march; and, perfectly acquainted with theirs, he had, with incredible expedition and labour, marched round a mountain of very difficult access, the passes of which had been secured by the allies. Not dreaming that he would march round it, and knowing that the defiles, by which alone it could be passed, were in their hands, they not only imagined themselves to be in perfect security, but had formed a design to march through these defiles, and fall upon their enemy behind the mountain, when some auxiliaries, which they expected, should come up.

Of this design, Adrastus, who spared no money to discover the secret of an enemy, had gained intelligence; for Nestor and Philoctetes, notwithstanding their wisdom and experience, were not sufficiently careful to conceal their undertakings. Nestor, who was in a declining age, took too much pleasure in telling what he thought would procure him applause. Philoctetes was naturally less talkative; but he was hasty, and the slightest provocation would betray him into the discovery of what he had determined to conceal: artful people, therefore, soon found the way to unlock his breast, and get possession of whatever it contained. Nothing more was necessary than to make him angry; he would then lose all command of himself, express his resentment by menaces, and boast that he had certain means to accomplish his purposes: if this was ever so slightly doubted, he would immediately disclose his project, and give up the dearest secret of his heart. Thus did this great commander resemble a cracked vessel, which, however precious its materials, suffers the liquors that are entrusted with it to drain away.

Those who had been corrupted by the money of Adrastus, did not fail to take advantage of the weakness both of Nestor and Philoctetes. They flattered Nestor with excessive and perpetual praise; they related the victories he had won, and expatiated upon his foresight in extasies of admiration. On the other side, they were continually laying snares for the impatience of Philoctetes: they talked to him of nothing but difficulties, crosses, dangers, inconveniences, and irremediable mistakes; and, the moment his natural impetuosity was moved, his wisdom forsook him, and he was no longer the same man.

Telemachus, notwithstanding his faults, was much better qualified to keep a secret: he had acquired a habit of secrecy by his misfortunes, and the necessity he had been under of concealing his thoughts from the suitors of Penelope even in his infancy. He had the art of keeping a secret without falsehood, and even without appearing to have a secret to keep, by that reserved and mysterious air which generally distinguishes close people.

A secret

A secret did not appear to lay him under the least difficulty or restraint: he seemed to be always unconstrained, easy, and open, as if his heart was upon his lips; he said all that might be said safely, with the utmost freedom and unconcern; but he knew, with the utmost precision, where to stop, and could, without the least appearance of design, avoid whatever glanced, however obliquely, at that which he would conceal. His heart, therefore, was wholly inaccessible; and his best friends knew only what he thought was necessary to enable them to give him advice, except only Mentor, from whom he concealed nothing. In other friends he placed different degrees of confidence, in proportion as he had experienced their fidelity and wisdom.

Telemachus had often observed that the resolutions of the council were too generally known in the camp, and had complained of it to Nestor and Philoctetes, who did not treat it with the attention it deserved. Old men are too often inflexible, for long habit scarce leaves them the power of choice. The faults of age are hopeless: as the trunk of an old knotty tree, if it is crooked, must be crooked for ever; so men, after a certain age, lose their pliancy, and become fixed in habits which have grown old with them, and become, as it were, part of their constitution. They are sometimes sensible of these habits; but at the same time are also sensible that they cannot be broken, and sigh over their infirmity in vain: youth is the only season in which human nature can be corrected; and, in youth, the power of correction is without limits.

There was in the allied army a Delopian, whose name was Eurymachus; an insinuating sycophant, who paid his court to all the princes, and could accommodate himself to every one's taste and inclination! His invention and diligence were continually upon the stretch to render himself agreeable. If Eurymachus might be believed, nothing was difficult: if his advice was asked, he guessed immediately what answer would be most pleasing, and gave it. He had a talent at humour, which he indulged at raillery against those from whom he had nothing to fear; but to others he was respectful and complaisant; and had the art of rendering flattery so deli-

cate, that the most modest received it without disgust. He was grave with the sober, and with the jovial he was gay: he could assume all characters, however different, with equal facility. Men of sincerity appear always in their own; and their conduct, being regulated by the unalterable laws of virtue, is steady and uniform; they are therefore much less agreeable to princes than those who assimilate themselves to their predominant passions. Eurymachus had considerable military skill, and was very able in business: he was a soldier of fortune, who, having attached himself to Nestor, had entirely gained his confidence; and could, by flattering that vanity and fondness for praise which a little sullied the lustre of his character, draw out of him whatever he wanted to know.

Philoctetes, though he never trusted him, was not less in his power; for, in him, irascibility and impatience produced the same effect that an ill-placed confidence produced in Nestor. Eurymachus had nothing to do but to contradict him; for when once he was provoked, all his secrets were discovered. This man had been bribed with large sums of money to betray the counsels of the allies to Adrastus; who had in his army a certain number of chosen men, who went over to the allies as deserters, and came back, one by one, with intelligence from Eurymachus, as often as he had any thing of importance to communicate: this treachery was practised without much danger of detection; for these messengers carried no letters, and therefore, if they happened to be seized, nothing was found upon them that could render Eurymachus suspected. Every project of the allies, therefore, was constantly defeated by Adrastus; for an enterprize was scarcely resolved upon in council, before the Daunians made the very dispositions which alone could prevent it's success. Telemachus was indefatigable to discover the cause; and endeavoured to put Nestor and Philoctetes upon their guard, by alarming their suspicion; but his care was ineffectual, and their blindness desperate.

It had been resolved, in council, to wait for a considerable reinforcement that was expected; and a hundred vessels were dispatched secretly by night,

to convey these troops from that part of the coast whither they had been ordered to repair, to the place where the army was encamped, with greater speed and facility; the ground, over which they would otherwise have been obliged to march, being in some places very difficult to pass. In the mean time, they thought themselves in perfect security, having taken possession of the passes of the neighbouring mountain, which was a part of the Appenines most difficult of access. The camp was upon the banks of the River Galesus, not far from the sea, in a delightful country, abounding with forage, and whatever else was necessary for the subsistence of an army. Adrastus was on the other side of the mountain, which it was thought impossible for him to pass; but as he knew the allies to be then weak, that a large reinforcement was expected to join them, that vessels were waiting to receive them on board, and that dissention and animosity had been produced in the army by the quarrel between Telemachus and Phalanthus, he undertook to march round without delay. He proceeded with the utmost expedition, advancing night and day along the borders of the sea, through ways which had always been thought impassable: thus, courage and labour surmount all obstacles; and to those who can dare and suffer, nothing is impossible; and those who, slumbering in idleness and timidity, dream that every thing is impossible that appears to be difficult, deserve to be surprized and subdued.

Adrastus fell unexpectedly upon the hundred vessels of the allies, at break of day. As they were not prepared for defence, and those on board had not the least suspicion of an attack, they were seized without resistance, and served to transport his troops, with the greatest expedition, to the mouth of the Galesus: he then proceeded without delay up the river. The advanced guard of the allies on that side, believing that these vessels brought the reinforcements they expected, received them with shouts of joy; and Adrastus and his men got on shore before they discovered their mistake. He fell upon them when they had no suspicion of danger; and he found the camp open, without order, without chief, and without arms.

The quarter of the camp which he first attacked was that of the Tarentines commanded by Phalanthus. The Daunians entered so suddenly, and with so much vigour, that the surprize of the Lacedemonians rendered them incapable of resistance; and while they were seeking their arms, with a confusion that made them embarrass and impede each other, Adrastus set fire to the camp. The flames immediately rose from the tents to the sky; and the noise of the fire was like that of a torrent, which rolls over a whole country, bearing down trees of the deepest root, and sweeping away the treasured harvest, with the barns, and flocks, and herds, with the fold and the stall. The flames were driven by the wind from tent to tent; and the whole camp had soon the appearance of an ancient forest, which some accidental spark had set on fire.

Phalanthus, though he was nearest to the danger, could apply no remedy. He saw that all his troops must perish in the conflagration, if they did not immediately abandon the camp; yet he was sensible, that a sudden retreat before a victorious enemy might produce a final and fatal disorder. He began, however, to draw up his Lacedemonian youth before they were half armed; but Adrastus gave him no time to breathe; a band of expert archers killed many of them on one side, and a company of slingers threw stones as thick as hail on the other. Adrastus himself, sword in hand, at the head of a chosen number of Daunians, pursued the fugitives by the light of the flames, and put all that escaped the fire to the sword. Blood flowed round him in a deluge, yet he was still insatiable of blood: his fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, when they tear in pieces the shepherd with the flock. The troops of Phalanthus stood torpid in despair; Death appeared before them like a spectre led by an infernal fury, and their blood froze in their veins; their limbs would no longer obey their will, and their trembling knees deprived them even of the hope of flight.

Phalanthus, whose faculties were in some degree roused by shame and despair, lifted up his hands and eyes to Heaven; he saw his brother Hippia fall at his feet, under the hand of Adrastus. He was stretched upon the earth,

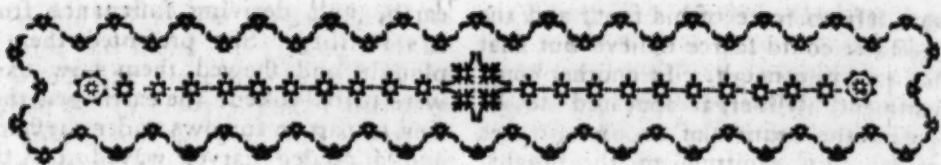
earth, and rolled in the dust; the blood gushed from a deep wound in his side like a river: his eyes closed against the light; and his soul, furious and indignant, issued with the torrent of his blood. Phalanthus himself, covered with the vital effusion from his brother's wound, and unable to afford him succour, was instantly surrounded by a

crowd of enemies, who pressed him with all their power; his shield was pierced by a thousand arrows, and he was wounded in many parts of his body; his troops fled, without a possibility of being brought back to the charge; and the gods looked down upon his sufferings without pity.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

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THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK XVII.



JUPITER, surrounded by the celestial deities, surveyed the slaughter of the allies from the summit of Olympus; and, looking into futurity, he beheld

the chiefs whose thread of life was that day to be divided by the Fates. Every eye in the divine assembly was fixed upon the countenance of Jupiter, to discover his will: but the father of gods and men thus addressed them with a voice in which majesty was tempered with sweetness. 'You see the distress of the allies, and the triumph of A-draftus: but the scene is deceitful; the prosperity and honour of the wicked are short; the victory of A-draftus, the impious and perfidious, shall not be compleat. The allies are punished by this misfortune only that they may correct their faults, and learn better to conceal their counsels: Minerva is preparing new laurels for Telemachus, whom she delights to honour.' Jupiter ceased to speak; and the gods continued in silence to behold the battle.

In the mean time, Nestor and Philoctetes received an account, that one part of the camp was already burned, and that the wind was spreading the flames to the rest; that the troops were in disorder; and that Phalanthus,

with his Lacedemonians, had given way. At this dreadful intelligence, they ran to arms, assembled the leaders, and gave orders for the camp to be immediately abandoned, that the men might not perish in the conflagration.

Telemachus, who had been pining with inconsolable dejection, forgot his anguish in a moment, and resumed his arms. His arms were the gift of Minerva, who, under the figure of Mentor, pretended to have received them from an excellent artificer of Salentum; but they were indeed the work of Vulcan, who, at her request, had forged them in the smoking caverns of Mount Ætna.

These arms had a polish like glass, and were effulgent as the rays of the sun. On the cuirass was the representation of Neptune and Pallas disputing which of them should give name to a rising city. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and a horse sprung out at the blow: his eyes had the appearance of living fire, and the foam of his mouth sparkled like light; his mane floated in the wind; and his legs, at once nervous and supple, played under him with equal agility and vigour. His motion could not be reduced to any pace; but he seemed to bound along with a swiftness and elasticity that

that left no trace of his foot, and the spectator could scarce believe but that he heard him neigh. In another compartment, Minerva appeared to be giving the branch of an olive, a tree of her own planting, to the inhabitants of her new city; the branch, with it's fruit, represented that plenty and peace which Wisdom cannot fail to prefer before the disorders of war, of which the horse was an emblem. This simple and useful gift decided the contest in favour of the goddess; and Athens*, the pride of Greece, was distinguished by her name. Minerva was also represented as assembling the liberal arts, under the symbols of little children with wings: they appeared to fly to her for protection, terrified at the brutal fury of Mars, who marks his way with desolation, as lambs gather round their dam at the sight of a hungry wolf, who has already opened his mouth to devour them. The goddess, with a look of disdain and anger, confounded, by the excellence of her works, the presumptuous folly of Arachne, who vied with her in the labours of the loom; Arachne herself was also to be seen in the piece; her limbs attenuated and disfigured, and her whole form changed into that of a spider. At a little distance, Minerva was again represented as giving counsel to Jupiter, when the giants made war upon heaven, and encouraging the inferior deities in their terror and consternation. She was also represented with her spear and ægis upon the borders of Simois and Scamander, leading Ulysses by the hand, animating the flying Greeks with new courage, and sustaining them against the heroes of Troy, and the prowess even of Hector himself. She was last represented as introducing Ulysses into the fatal machine, by which, in one night, the whole empire of Priam was subverted.

Another part of the shield represented Ceres in the fruitful plains of Enna, the centre of Sicily. The goddess appeared to be collecting a scattered multitude, who were seeking subsistence by the chace, or gathering up the wild fruit that fell from the trees. To these ignorant barbarians she seemed to teach the art of meliorating the

earth, and deriving sustenance from it's fertility. She presented them a plough, and shewed them how oxen were to be yoked: the earth was then seen to part in furrows under the share, and a golden harvest waved upon the plain; the reaper put in his sickle, and was rewarded for all his labour. Steel, which in other places was devoted to works of destruction, was here employed only to produce plenty, and provide for delight. The nymphs of the meadows, crowned with flowers, were dancing on the borders of a river, with a grove not far distant: Pan gave the musick of his pipe; and the fawns and satyrs were seen frolicking together, in a less conspicuous portion of the compartment. Bacchus was also represented crowned with ivy, leaning with one hand on his thyrsus, and holding the branch of a vine, laden with grapes, in the other. The beauty of the god was effeminate, but mingled with something noble, impassioned, and languishing, that cannot be expressed. He appeared upon the shield as he did to the unfortunate Ariadne, when he found her alone, forsaken, and overwhelmed with grief, a stranger upon a foreign shore.

Numbers of people were seen crouding from all parts: old men carrying the first-fruits of their labour as an offering to the gods; young men returning, weary with the labour of the day, to their wives, who were come out to meet them, leading their children in their hands, and interrupting their walk with caresses. There were also shepherds, some of whom appeared to be singing, while others danced to the musick of the reed. The whole was a representation of peace, plenty, and delight; every thing was smiling and happy: wolves were sporting with the sheep in the pastures; and the lion and tiger, quitting their ferocity, grazed peaceably with the lamb. A shepherd, that was still a child, led them, obedient to his crook, in one flock; and Imagination recalled the pleasures of the golden age.

Telemachus, having put on this divine armour, took, instead of his own shield, the dreadful ægis of Minerva, which had been sent him by Iris, the

* The Greek name of Minerva is Athens, Athene.

speedy messenger of the gods. Iris had, unperceived, taken away his shield, and had left in it's stead thisegis, at the sight of which the gods themselves are impressed with dread.

When he was thus armed, he ran out of the camp to avoid the flames; and called to him all the chiefs of the army: he called with a voice that restored the courage they had lost, and his eye sparkled with a brightness that was more than human. His aspect was placid, and his manner easy and composed: he gave orders with the same quiet attention as that of an old man, who regulates his family and instructs his children; but, in action, he was sudden and impetuous. He resembled a torrent, which not only rolls on it's own waves with irresistible rapidity, but carries with it the heaviest vessel that floats upon it's surface.

Philoctetes and Nestor, the chiefs of the Mandurians, and the leaders of other nations, felt themselves influenced by an irresistible authority; age appeared to be no longer conscious of experience; and every commander seemed to give up, implicitly, all pretensions to counsel and wisdom; even jealousy, a passion so natural to man, was suspended; every tongue was silent, and every eye was fixed with admiration upon Telemachus; all stand ready to obey him without reflection, as if they had always been under his command. He advanced to an eminence, from which the disposition of the enemy might be discovered; and at the first glance he saw that not a moment was to be lost; that the burning the camp had thrown the Daunians into disorder, and that they might now be surprized in their turn. He therefore took a circuit with the utmost expedition, followed by the most experienced commanders, and fell upon them in the rear, when they believed the whole army of the allies to be surrounded by the conflagration.

This unexpected attack threw them into confusion; and they fell under the hand of Telemachus, as leaves fall from the trees in the declining year, when the northern tempest, the harbinger of winter, makes the veterans of the forest groan, and bends the branches to the trunk. Telemachus strewed the earth with the victims of

his prowess, and his spear pierced the heart of Iphicles, the youngest son of Adrastus: Iphicles rashly presented himself before him in battle, to preserve the life of his father, whom Telemachus was about to attack by surprise. Telemachus and Iphicles were equal in beauty, vigour, dexterity, and courage; they were of the same stature, had the same sweetness of disposition, and were both tenderly beloved by their parents; but Iphicles fell like a flower of the field, which, in the full pride of it's beauty, is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Telemachus then overthrew Euphorion, the most celebrated of all the Lydians that came from Etruria; and his sword at last pierced the breast of Cleomenes, who had just plighted his faith in marriage, and had promised rich spoils to the wife whom he was destined to see no more.

Adrastus beheld the fall of his son and of his captains, and saw his victory wrested from him when he thought it secure, in a transport of rage, which shook him like the hand of Death. Phalanthus, almost prostrate at his feet, was like a victim, wounded but not slain, that starts from the sacred knife, and flies terrified from the altar: in one moment more his life would have been the prize of Adrastus; but in this crisis of his fate he heard the shout of Telemachus rushing to his assistance, and looked upward; his life was now given him back, and the cloud which was settling over his eyes vanished. The Daunians, alarmed at this unexpected attack, abandoned Phalanthus, to repress a more formidable enemy; and Adrastus was stung with new rage, like a tiger from whom the shepherds, with united force, snatch the prey that he was ready to devour. Telemachus fought him in the throng; and would have finished the war at a stroke, by delivering the allies from their implacable enemy; but Jupiter would not vouchsafe him so sudden and easy a victory: and even Minerva, that he might better learn to govern, was willing that he should longer continue to suffer. The impious Adrastus, therefore, was preserved by the father of the gods, that Telemachus might acquire new virtue, and be distinguished by greater glory. A thick cloud was

was interposed by Jupiter, between the Daunians and their enemies; the will of the gods was declared in thunders that shook the plain, and threatened to crush the reptiles of the earth under the ruins of Olympus: the lightning divided the firmament from pole to pole; and the light which this moment dazzled the eye, left it the next in total darkness; an impetuous shower, that immediately followed, contributed to separate the two armies.

Adrastus availed himself of the succour of the gods, without any secret acknowledgment of their power; an instance of ingratitude which made him worthy of more signal vengeance! He possessed himself of a situation between the ruins of the camp and a morass, which extended to the river, with such promptness and expedition, as made even his retreat an honour; and at once shewed his readiness at expedients, and perfect possession of himself. The allies, animated by Telemachus, would have pursued him; but he escaped, by favour of the storm, like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

The allies had now nothing to do but to return to the camp, and repair the damage it had suffered: but the scene, as they entered it, exhibited the miseries of war in their utmost horror. The sick and wounded, not having strength to quit their tents, became a prey to the flames; and many that appeared to be half burnt were still able to express their misery in a plaintive and dying voice, calling upon the gods, and looking upward. At these sights, and these sounds, Telemachus was pierced to the heart, and burst into tears: he was seized at once with horror and compassion; and involuntarily turned away his eyes from objects which he trembled to behold; wretches whose death was inevitable, but painful and slow; whose bodies, in part devoured by the fire, had the appearance of the flesh of victims that is burnt upon the altar, and mixes the savour of sacrifices with the air.

'Alas!' said Telemachus, 'how various, and how dreadful, are the miseries of war! What horrid insatiation impels mankind! their days upon the earth are few, and those few are evil: why then should they

'precipitate death, which is already near? Why should they add bitterness to life that is already bitter? All men are brothers; and yet they hunt each other as prey. The wild beasts of the desert are less cruel; lions wage not war against lions; and to the tiger the tiger is peaceable: the only objects of their ferocity are animals of a different species; man does, in opposition to reason, what by animals, that are without reason, is never done. And for what are these wars undertaken? Is there not land enough in the world for every man to appropriate more than he can cultivate? Are there not deserts, which the whole race could never people? What then is the motive to war? Some tyrant sighs for a new appellation; he would be called a conqueror; and for this he kindles a flame that desolates the earth. Thus a wretched individual, who would not have been spared but for the anger of the gods, brutally sacrifices his species to his vanity: ruin must spread, blood must flow, fire must consume, and he who escapes from the flames and the sword must perish by famine, with yet more anguish and horror; that one man, to whom the miseries of a world is sport, may from this general destruction obtain a fanciful possession of what he calls glory. How vile the perversion of so sacred a name! how worthy, above all others, of indignation and contempt, those who have so far forgotten humanity! Let those who fancy they are demigods henceforth remember that they are less than men; and let every succeeding age, by which they hoped to be admired, hold them in execration. With what caution should princes undertake a war! Wars, indeed, ought always to be just; but that is not sufficient; they ought also to be necessary to the general good. The blood of a nation ought never to be shed, except for its own preservation in the utmost extremity. But the perfidious counsels of flattery, false notions of glory, groundless jealousies, insatiable ambition, disguised under specious appearances, and connexions insensibly formed, seldom fail to engage princes in a war which renders them unhappy; in which

‘ which every thing is put in hazard
‘ without necessity; and which pro-
‘ duces as much mischief to their sub-
‘ jects as to their enemies.’ Such were
the reflections of Telemachus.

But he did not content himself with deploring the evils of war; he endeavoured to mitigate them. He went himself from tent to tent, affording to the sick, and even to the dying, such assistance and comfort as they could receive; he distributed among them not only medicine, but money; he soothed and consoled them by expressions of tenderness and friendship, and sent others on the same errand to those whom he could not visit himself.

Among the Cretans that had accompanied him from Salentum, were two old men, whose names were Traumatophilus and Nosophagus. Traumatophilus had been at the siege of Troy with Idomeneus, and had learned the art of healing wounds from the son of Æsculapius. He poured into the deepest and most malignant sores an odoriferous liquor, which removed the dead and mortified flesh without the assistance of the knife, and facilitated the formation of a new substance of a fairer and better texture than the first. Nosophagus had never seen the sons of Æsculapius; but, by the assistance of Merion, he had procured a sacred and mysterious book, which was written by Æsculapius for the instruction. Nosophagus was also beloved by the gods; he had composed hymns in honour of the offspring of Latona: and he offered every day a lamb, white and spotless, to Apollo, by whom he was frequently inspired.

As soon as he saw the sick, he knew, by the appearance of the eyes, the colour of the skin, the temperament of the body, and the state of respiration, what was the cause of the disease. Sometimes he administered medicines that operated by perspiration; and the success shewed how much the increase or diminution of that secretion can influence the mechanism of the body for its hurt or advantage. To those that were languishing under a gradual decay, he gave infusions of certain salutary herbs, that by degrees fortified the noble parts, and, by purifying the blood, brought back the vigour and the

freshness of youth. But he frequently declared, that if it were not for criminal excesses, and idle fears, there would be but little employment for the physician. ‘ The number of diseases,’ says he, ‘ is a disgrace to mankind; for virtue produces health. Intemperance converts the very food that should sustain life into a poison that destroys it; and pleasure, indulged to excess, shortens our days more than they can be lengthened by medicine. The poor are more rarely sick for want of nourishment, than the rich by taking too much: high-seasoned meats, that stimulate appetite after nature is sufficed, are rather poison than food. Medicines themselves offer violence to nature; and should never be used but in the most pressing necessity. The great remedy, which is always innocent, and always useful, is temperance, a moderate use of pleasure, tranquillity of mind, and exercise of body: these produce a pure and well-tempered blood, and throw off superfluous humours that would corrupt it.’ Thus was Nosophagus yet less honoured for the medicine by which he cured diseases, than for the rules he prescribed to prevent them, and render medicine unnecessary.

These excellent persons were sent by Telemachus to visit the sick of the army; many of whom they recovered by their remedies, but yet more by the care which they took to have them properly attended, to keep their persons clean, and the air about them pure; at the same time confining the convalescent to an exact regimen, as well with respect to the quality as the quantity of their food.

The soldiers, touched with gratitude at this seasonable and important relief, gave thanks to the gods for having sent Telemachus among them. ‘ He is not,’ said they, ‘ a mere mortal, like ourselves; he is certainly some beneficent deity in human shape; or if he is indeed a mortal, he bears less resemblance to the rest of men than to the gods. He is an inhabitant of the earth only to diffuse good: his affability and benevolence recommend him still more than his valour. O that we might have him for our king! But the gods reserve him for some

‘ some more favoured and happy people, among whom they design to restore the golden age!’

These encomiums were overheard by Telemachus, while he was going about the camp in the night, to guard against the stratagems of Adrastus; and therefore could not be suspected of flattery, like those which designing sycophants often bestow upon princes to their faces; insolently presuming that they have neither modesty nor delicacy; and that nothing more is necessary to secure their favour than to load them with extravagant praise. To Telemachus, that only was pleasing which was true; he could bear no praise but that which, being given when he was supposed to be absent, he might reasonably conclude to be just. To such praise he was not insensible; but tasted the pure and serene delight which the gods have decreed alone to virtue, and which vice can neither enjoy nor conceive. He did not, however, give himself up to this pleasure: his faults immediately rushed into his mind; he remembered his excessive regard for himself, and indifference to others; he felt a secret shame at having received from Nature a disposition which made him appear to want the feelings of humanity; and he referred to Minerva all the praise that he had received, as having grafted excellence upon him, which he thought he had no right to appropriate to himself. ‘ It is thy bounty,’ said he, ‘ O goddess! which has given me Mentor, to fill my mind with knowledge, and correct the infirmities of my nature. Thou hast vouchsafed me wisdom to profit by my faults, and mistrust myself. It is thy power that restrains the impetuosity of my passions; and the pleasure that I feel in comforting the afflicted is thy gift. Men would hate me but for thee; and without thee I should deserve hatred; I should be guilty of irreparable faults; and resemble an infant, who, not conscious of it’s own weakness, quits the side of it’s mother, and falls at the next step.’

Nestor and Philoctetes were astonished to see Telemachus so affable, so attentive to oblige, so ready to supply the wants of others, and so diligent to prevent them. They were struck with the difference of his behaviour, but

could not conceive the cause; and what surprized them most was, the care that he took about the funeral of Hippias. He went himself and drew the body, bloody and disfigured, from the spot where it lay hidden under a heap of the slain; he was touched with a pious sorrow, and wept over it. ‘ O mighty shade!’ said he, ‘ thou art now ignorant of my reverence for thy valour. Thy haughtiness, indeed, provoked me; but thy fault was from the ardour of youth: alas! I know but too well how much youth has need of pardon. We were in the way to be united by friendship. O why have the gods snatched thee from me before I had an opportunity to compel thy esteem!’

Telemachus caused the body to be washed with odoriferous liquors; and by his orders a funeral pile was prepared. The lofty pines groaned under the strokes of the axe; and, as they fell, rolled down the declivity of the mountain. Oaks, those ancient children of the earth, which seemed to threaten Heaven, and elms and poplars adorned with thick foliage of vivid green, with the spreading beach, the glory of the forest, strewed the borders of the River Galesus; and a pile was there raised with such order, that it resembled a regular building: the flame began to sparkle among the wood, and a cloud of smoke ascended in volumes to the sky.

The Lacedemonians advanced with a slow and mournful pace, holding their lances reversed, and fixing their eyes upon the ground: the ferocity of their countenances was softened into grief; and the silent tear dropped, unbidden, from their eyes. These Lacedemonians were followed by Phericides, an old man, yet less depressed by the weight of years than by sorrow to have survived Hippias, whom he had educated from his earliest youth. He raised his hands, and his eyes that were drowned in tears, to Heaven: since the death of Hippias he had refused to eat; and the lenient hand of Sleep had not once closed his eyes, or suspended the anguish of his mind. He walked on with trembling steps, implicitly following the crowd, and scarce knowing whither he went: his heart was too full for speech, and his silence was that of

Y

dejection

dejection and despair: but when he saw the pile kindled, a sudden transport seized him, and he cried out—'O Hippias, Hippias! I shall see thee no more. Hippias is dead; and I am still living. O my dear Hippias! it was I that taught thee, cruel and unrelenting! it was I that taught thee the contempt of death. I hoped that my dying eyes would have been closed by thy hand, and that I should have breathed the last sigh into thy bosom.

—Ye have prolonged my life, ye gods, in your displeasure, that I might see the life of Hippias at an end.—O my child, the dear object of my care and hope, I shall see thee no more! but I shall see thy mother, who, dying of grief, will reproach me with thy death; and I shall see thy wife, fading in the bloom of youth, and agonized with despair and sorrow, of which I am the cause! O call me from these scenes to the borders of the Styx, which have received thy shade: the light is hateful to my eyes; and there is none but thee whom I desire to behold! I live, O my dear Hippias! only to pay the last duty to thy ashes!

The body of the hero appeared stretched upon a bier, that was decorated with purple and gold. His eyes were extinguished in death; but his beauty was not totally effaced, nor had the graces faded wholly from his countenance, however pale. Around his neck, that was whiter than snow, but reclined upon the shoulder, floated his long black hair, still more beautiful than that of Atys or Ganymede, but in a few moments to be reduced to ashes; and on his side appeared the wound, through which, issuing with the torrent of his blood, his spirit had been dismissed to the gloomy regions of the dead.

Telemachus followed the body sorrowful and dejected, and scattered flowers upon it; and when it was laid upon the pile, he could not see the flames catch the linen that was wrapped about it without again bursting into tears. 'Farewel,' said he, 'O magnanimous youth! for I must not presume to call thee friend. Let thy shade be appeased, since thy glory is full, and my envy is precluded only by my love. Thou art delivered from

the miseries that we continue to suffer; and hast entered a better region by the most glorious path! How happy should I be to follow thee by the same way! May the Styx yield a passage to thy shade, and the fields of Elysium lye open before thee! May thy name be preserved with honour to the latest generation, and thy ashes rest for ever in peace!

As soon as Telemachus, who had uttered these words in a broken and interrupted voice, was silent, the whole army sent up a general cry. The fate of Hippias, whose exploits they recounted, melted them into tenderness; and grief at once revived his good qualities, and buried in oblivion all the failings which the impetuosity of youth, and a bad education, had concurred to produce. They were, however, yet more touched by the tender sentiments of Telemachus. 'Is this,' said they, 'the young Greek that was so proud, so contemptuous, and untractable? He is now affable, humane, and tender. Minerva, who has distinguished his father by her favour, is also certainly propitious to him: she has undoubtedly bestowed upon him the most valuable gift which the gods themselves can bestow upon man; a heart that is at once replete with wisdom, and sensible to friendship.'

The body was now consumed by the flames; and Telemachus himself sprinkled the still smoking ashes with water, which gums and spices had perfumed: he then deposited them in a golden urn, which he crowned with flowers; and he carried the urn to Phalanthus. Phalanthus was stretched upon a couch, his body being pierced with many wounds; and life was so far exhausted, that he saw, not far distant, the irremovable gates of Death.

Traumatophiles and Nosophagus, whom Telemachus sent to his assistance, had exerted all their art; they had brought back his fleeting shade by degrees, and he was insensibly animated with new strength: a gentle but penetrating power, a new principle of life, gliding from vein to vein, reached even to the heart; and a genial warmth relaxing the frozen hand of Death, the tyrant remitted his grasp. But the insensibility of a dying languor was immediately

mediately succeeded by an agony of grief; and he felt the loss of a brother, which before he was not in a condition to feel. 'Alas!' said he, 'why all this assiduity to preserve my life? It would be better that I should follow Hippias to the grave; my dear Hippias! whom I saw perish at my side!—O my brother! thou art lost for ever; and, with thee, all the comforts of my life! I shall see thee, I shall hear thee, I shall embrace thee, no more! I shall no more unburden my breast of its troubles to thee; and my friendship shall participate of thy sorrows no more!—And is Hippias thus lost for ever! O ye gods, that delight in the calamities of men! can it be; or is it not a dream, from which I shall awake? Ah, no! it is a dreadful reality!—I have, indeed, lost thee, O Hippias! I saw thee expire in the dust; and I must, at least, live till I have avenged thee; till I have offered up to thy manes the merciless Adrastus, whose hands are stained with thy blood!'

While Phalanthus was uttering these passionate exclamations, and the divine dispensers of health were endeavouring to soothe him into peace, left the perturbation of his mind should increase his malady, and render their medicines ineffectual, he suddenly beheld Telemachus, who had approached him unperceived. At the first sight of him he felt the conflict of two opposite passions in his bosom: his mind still glowed with resentment at the remembrance of what had passed between Telemachus and Hippias; and the grief that he felt for the loss of his brother gave this resentment new force; but he was also conscious that he was himself indebted for his life to Telemachus, who had rescued him, bleeding and exhausted, from the hands of Adrastus. During this struggle he remarked the golden urn that contained the dear remains of his brother; and the sight instantly melted him into tears: he embraced Telemachus, at first without power to speak; but at length he said, in a feeble and interrupted voice—'Thy virtue, O son of Ulysses! has compelled my love! I am indebted to thee for my life: I am indebted to thee also for something yet more pre-

cious than life itself! The limbs of my brother would have been a prey to the vulture but for thee; and, but for thee, the rites of sepulture had been denied him! His shade would have wandered, forlorn and wretched, upon the borders of the Styx, still repulsed by Charon with inexorable severity! Must I lie under such obligations to a man whom I have so bitterly hated? May the gods reward thee, and dismiss me from life and misery together! Render to me, O Telemachus! the last duties that you have rendered to my brother; and your glory shall be complete!'

Phalanthus then fell back, fainting and overwhelmed with grief: Telemachus continued near him; but, not daring to speak, waited in silence till his spirits should return. He revived after a short time; and, taking the urn out of the hands of Telemachus, he kissed it many times, and wept over it. 'O precious dust!' said he, 'when shall mine be mingled with you in the same urn?—O my brother! I will follow thee to the regions of the dead! There is no need that I should avenge thee; for Telemachus will avenge us both!'

By the skill of the two sages, who practised the science of Æsculapius, Phalanthus gradually recovered. Telemachus was continually with them at the couch of the sick, that they might exert themselves with more diligence to hasten the cure; and the whole army was more struck with admiration at the tenderness with which he succoured his most inveterate enemy, than at the wisdom and valour with which he had preserved the army of the allies. He was however, at the same time, indefatigable in the ruder labours of war: he slept but little; and his sleep was often interrupted, sometimes by the intelligence which was brought him at every hour of the night, as well as of the day; and sometimes by examining every quarter of the camp, which he never visited twice together at the same hour, that he might be more sure to surprize those that were negligent of their duty. Though his sleep was short, and his labour great, yet his diet was plain: he fared, in every respect, like the common soldiers, that he might

give them an example of patience and sobriety; and provisions becoming scarce in the camp, he thought it necessary to prevent murmurings and discontent by suffering voluntarily the same inconveniences which they suffered by necessity. But this labour and temperance, however severe, were so

far from impairing his vigour, that he became every day more hardy and robust: he began to lose the softer graces, which may be considered as the flower of youth; his complexion became browner and less delicate, and his limbs more muscular and firm.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK XVIII.



ASTRATUS, whose troops had been considerably diminished by the battle, retired behind Mount Aulon, where he expected a reinforcement, and watched for another opportunity of surprizing the allies. Thus a hungry lion, who has been repulsed from the fold, retires into the gloomy forest, enters again into his den, and waits for some favourable moment when he may destroy the whole flock.

Telemachus, having established an exact discipline among the troops, turned his mind entirely to the execution of a design which, though he had formed a considerable time, he had wholly concealed from the commanders of the army. He had been long disturbed in the night by dreams, in which he saw his father Ulysses. The vision never failed to return at the end of the night, just before the approach of Aurora, with her prevailing fires, to chase from Heaven the doubtful radiance of the stars, and from earth the pleasing delusions of sleep. Sometimes he thought he saw Ulysses naked upon the banks of a river, in a flowery meadow of some blissful island, surrounded by nymphs, who threw cloaths to cover him within his reach: sometimes he thought he saw him in a palace that

shone with ivory and gold, where a numerous audience, crowned with flowers, listened to his eloquence with delight and admiration; he sometimes appeared suddenly among the guests at a magnificent banquet, where joy shone upon every countenance; and the soft melody of a voice, accompanied by the lyre, gave sweeter musick than the lyre of Apollo, and the voices of the Nine.

From these pleasing dreams Telemachus always awaked dejected and sorrowful; and, while one of them was recent upon his mind, he cried out—
' O my father! O my dear father Ulysses! the most frightful dreams
' would be more welcome to me than these! These representations of felicity convince me that thou art already descended to the abodes of those
' happy spirits whom the gods reward for their virtue with everlasting rest:
' I think I behold the fields of Elysium!
' How dreadful is the loss of hope!
' Must I, then, O my father! see thee
' no more for ever? Must I no more
' embrace him to whom I was so dear,
' and whom I seek with such tender
' solicitude and persevering labour?
' Shall I no more drink wisdom from
' his lips? Shall I kiss those hands,
' those dear, those victorious hands,
' which have subdued so many enemies,
' no more? Shall they never pu-
' nish

* nish the presumptuous suitors of Penelope? And shall the glory of Ithaca never be restored?

* You, ye gods, who are unpropitious to Ulysses, have sent these dreams to expel the last hope from my breast, and leave me to despair and death! I can no longer endure this dreadful suspense. Alas! what have I said? Of the death of my father I am but too certain! I will then seek his shade in the world below. To those awful regions Theseus descended in safety; yet Theseus, with the most horrid impiety, sought only to violate the deities of the place: my motive, the love of my father, is consistent with my duty to the gods. Hercules also descended, and returned: I pretend not, indeed, to his prowess; but, without it, I dare to imitate his example. Orpheus, by the recital of his misfortunes, softened into pity that deity who was thought to be inexorable, and obtained permission for the return of Eurydice to the world of life: I am more worthy of compassion than Orpheus; the loss that I have sustained is greater than his; for what is a youthful beauty, to whom a thousand youthful beauties are equal, in comparison of the great Ulysses, unrivalled and alone, the admiration and the pride of Greece! The attempt shall be made; and if I perish, I perish. Why should death be dreadful, when life is so wretched? —I come, then, O Pluto!—O Proserpine!—to prove whether ye are indeed without pity!—O my father! having traversed the earth and the seas, in vain, to find thee, I will now seek thee among the gloomy dwellings of the dead! If the gods will not permit me to possess thee upon the earth, and enjoy with thee the light of Heaven, they may, perhaps, vouchsafe me the sight of thy shade, by the dim twilight of the realms of darkness!

He immediately rose from the bed which he had bedewed with his tears; and hoped that the cheerful light of the morning would have dissipated the melancholy that he suffered from the dreams of the night: he found, however, that the shaft which had pierced him was still in the wound, and that he carried it with him whithersoever he went. He determined, therefore, to

descend into hell by a celebrated avenue not far from the camp. This avenue was near a city called Acherontia, from a dreadful cavern that led down to the banks of Acheron, an infernal river, which the gods themselves attest with reverence and dread. The city was built upon the summit of a rock, like a nest upon the top of a tree. At the foot of the rock was the cavern, which no man ventured to approach. The shepherds were always careful to turn their flocks another way; and the sulphureous vapour that exhaled by this aperture from the Stygian fens, contaminated the air with a pestilential malignity: the neighbouring soil produced neither herb nor flower; and in this place the gentle gales of the zephyr, the rising beauties of the spring, and the rich gifts of autumn, were alike unknown. The ground was thirsty and sterile, and presented nothing to the eye but a few naked shrubs, and the cyprus clothed with a funeral green. In the fields that surrounded it, even at a distance, Ceres denied her golden harvests to the plough; Bacchus never gave the delicious fruit which he seemed to promise; for the grapes withered, instead of ripening, upon the tree. The Naiads mourned; and the waters of their urn flowed, not with a gentle and translucent wave, but were bitter to the taste, and impenetrable to the eye. Thorns and brambles here covered the ground; and, as there was no grove for shelter, there were no birds to sing; their strains of love were warbled beneath a milder sky; and here nothing was to be heard but the hoarse croaking of the raven, and the boding screams of the owl. The very herbage of the field was bitter; and the flocks of these joyless pastures felt not the pleasing impulse that makes them bound upon the green; the bull turned from the heifer, and the dejected shepherd forgot the musick of his pipe. A thick black smoke frequently issued from the cavern in a cloud, that covered the earth with untimely darkness in the midst of the day: at these seasons the neighbouring people doubled their sacrifices, to propitiate the infernal gods; yet the infernal gods were frequently inexorable, and would accept no sacrifice but youth in it's sweetest blossom, and manhood in it's ripest vigour, which they cut off by a fatal contagion.

In this place Telemachus resolved to seek the way that led down to the dark dominions of Pluto. Minerva, who watched over him with incessant care, and covered him with her ægis, had rendered Pluto propitious; and, at her request, Jupiter himself had commissioned Mercury, who descends daily to the infernal regions to deliver a certain number of the dead to Charon, to tell the sovereign of the shades, it was his pleasure that Telemachus should be permitted to enter his dominions.

Telemachus withdrew secretly from the camp in the night; and, going on by the light of the moon, he invoked that powerful divinity, who in Heaven is the radiant planet of the night, upon earth the chaste Diana, and the tremendous Hecate in hell: the goddess heard his prayer, and accepted it; for she knew that his heart was upright, and his intentions pious.

As he drew near to the cavern, he heard the subterraneous empire roar; the earth trembled under his feet, and the heavens seemed to rain down fire upon his head. A secret horror thrilled to his heart, and his limbs were covered with a cold sweat: yet his fortitude sustained him; and, lifting up his hands and his eyes to Heaven—'Great gods,' said he, 'I accept these omens, and believe them to be happy; fulfil them, and confirm my hope!' His breast glowed with new ardour as he spoke, and he rushed forward to the mouth of the pit.

The thick smoke, which rendered it fatal to all that approached it, immediately disappeared; and the pestilential stench was for a while suspended. He entered the cavern alone; for who would have dared to follow him? Two Cretans, to whom he had communicated his design, and who accompanied him part of the way, remained pale and trembling, in a temple at some distance, putting up prayers for his deliverance, but despairing of his return.

Telemachus, in the mean time, plunged into the tremendous darkness before him, having his sword drawn in his hand. In a few minutes he perceived a feeble and dusky light, like that which is seen at midnight upon the earth: he could also distinguish airy shades that fluttered round him, which he dispersed with his sword; and soon after he discovered the mournful banks

of the Styx, whose waters, polluted by the marsh they cover, moved slowly in a fullen stream, that returns in perpetual eddies upon itself. Here he perceived an innumerable multitude of those who, having been denied the rites of sepulture, presented themselves to inexorable Charon in vain. Charon, whose old age, though vigorous and immortal, is always gloomy and severe, kept them back with menaces and reproach; but he admitted the young Greek into his bark as soon as he came up.

The ear of Telemachus, the moment he entered, was struck with the groans of inconsolable grief. 'Who art thou,' said he to the complaining ghost; 'and what is thy misfortune?'—'I was,' replied the phantom, 'Nabopharzan, the king of Babylon the great. All the nations of the East trembled at the sound of my name; and I compelled the Babylonians to worship me in a temple of marble, where I was represented by a statue of gold, before which the most costly perfumes of Ethiopia were burnt night and day. No man contradicted me without instant punishment; and every invention was upon the stretch to discover some new pleasures, that might heighten the luxury of my life. I was then in the full bloom and vigour of youth; and life, with all its pomp and pleasures, was still before me. But, alas! a woman, whom I loved with a passion that she did not return, too soon convinced me that I was not a god: she gave me poison; and I now am nothing. Yesterday they deposited my ashes, with great solemnity, in a golden urn; they wept, they tore their hair, and seemed ready to throw themselves on the funeral pile, that they might perish with me: they are now surrounding the superb mausoleum, in which they placed my remains, with all the external parade of sorrow; but secretly, and in sincerity, I am regretted by none. Even my family hold my memory in abhorrence; and here I have been already treated with the most mortifying indignity!'

An object so deplorable touched the breast of Telemachus with pity. 'And was you then truly happy,' said he, 'during your reign? Did you taste that sweet tranquillity, without which the heart shrinks and withers like a blighted

‘ blighted flower; nor, even in prosperity, can expand to delight?—’ Far from it,’ replied the monarch; ‘ I knew it not, even in idea. A peace like this, indeed, has been extolled by the sages as the only good, but it never made my felicity: my heart was perpetually agitated by new desires, and throbbing with fear and hope; I wished that passion should perpetually succeed to passion, with a tumultuous rapidity, which excluded thought; and practised every artifice to effect it. This was my expedient to avoid the pangs of reflection; such was the peace I procured; I thought all other a fable and a dream; and such were the pleasures I regret!’

During this relation, Nabopharzan wept with the effeminate pusillanimity of a man enervated by good fortune; unacquainted with adversity, and therefore a stranger to fortitude. There were with him some slaves, who had been put to death to honour his funeral, and whom Mercury had delivered to Charon with their king; giving them, at the same time, an absolute power over him, who had been their tyrant upon earth. The shades of these slaves no longer feared the shade of Nabopharzan; they held him in a chain, and treated him with the most cruel indignity. ‘ As men,’ said one of them, ‘ had we not the same nature with thee? How couldst thou be so stupid as to imagine thyself a god, and forget that thy parents were mortal?’— ‘ His unwillingness to be taken for a man,’ said another, ‘ was right; for he was a monster without humanity.’— ‘ Well,’ said another, ‘ what are become of your flatterers now? Poor wretch! there is now nothing that thou canst either give or take away; thou art now become the slave even of thy slaves. The justice of the gods is slow; but the criminal is at last certainly overtaken!’

Nabopharzan, stung with these insults, threw himself upon his face, in an agony of rage and despair; but Charon bade the slaves pull him up by his chain. ‘ He must not,’ said he, ‘ be allowed the consolation even of hiding his shame, of which all the ghosts that throng the borders of the Styx must be witnesses, that the gods, who so long suffered this impious tyrant to oppress the earth, may at last be justified.—Yet this, O scourge of Ba-

bylon! is but the beginning of sorrows; the judgment of Minos, impartial and inexorable, is at hand!’

The bark now touched the dominions of Pluto; and the ghosts ran down in crowds to the shore, gazing, with the utmost curiosity and wonder, at the living mortal, who stood distinguished among the dead in the boat: but the moment Telemachus set his foot on the shore, they vanished like the shades of the night before the first beams of the morning. Then Charon, turning towards him, with a brow less contracted into frowns, and a look less severe than usual—‘ O favoured of Heaven!’ said he, ‘ since thou art permitted to enter the realms of darkness, which to all the living besides thyself are interdicted, make haste to push forward, whithersoever the Fates have called thee. Proceed, by this gloomy path, to the palace of Pluto, whom thou wilt find sitting upon his throne, and who will permit thee to enter those recesses of his dominion, the secrets of which I am not permitted to reveal.’

Telemachus, immediately pressing forward with an hasty step, discovered the shades gliding about on every side, more numerous than the sands upon the sea-shore; and he was struck with a religious dread, to perceive that, in the midst of the tumult and hurry of this incredible multitude, all was silent as the grave. He sees, at length, the gloomy residence of unrelenting Pluto; his hairs stand erect, his legs tremble, and his voice fails him. ‘ Tremendous power!’ said he, with faltering and interrupted speech, ‘ the son of the unhappy Ulysses now stands before thee. I come to enquire whether my father is descended into your dominions, or whether he is still a wanderer upon the earth.’

Pluto was seated upon a throne of ebony; his countenance was pale and severe, his eyes hollow and ardent, and his brow contracted and menacing. The sight of a mortal still breathing the breath of life was hateful to his eyes, as the day is hateful to those animals that leave their recesses only by night. At his side sat Proserpine, who seemed to be the only object of his attention, and to soften him into some degree of complacency: she enjoyed a beauty that was perpetually renewed; but there was mingled with her immortal charms something

something of her lord's inflexible severity.

At the foot of the throne sat the pale father of destruction, Death, incessantly whetting a scythe, which he held in his hand. Around this horrid spectre hovered repining Cares, and injurious Suspicions; Vengeance distained with blood, and covered with wounds; causeless Hatred; Avarice, gnawing her own flesh; and Despair, the victim of her own rage; Ambition, whose fury overturns all things like a whirlwind; and Treason thirsting for blood, and not able to enjoy the mischiefs she produces; Envy, shedding round her the venom that corrodes her heart, and sickening with rage at the impotence of her malice; and Impiety, that opens for herself a gulf without bottom, in which she shall plunge at last without hope. Besides these were nameless spectres without number, all hideous to behold; phantoms that represent the dead to terrify the living; frightful dreams, and the horrid vigils of Disease and Pain! By these images of woe was Pluto surrounded; and such were the attendants that filled his palace. He replied to the son of Ulysses in a hollow tone; and the depths of Erebus re-murmured to the sound.

'If it is by Fate, O mortal! that thou hast violated this sacred asylum of the dead, that fate, which has thus distinguished thee, fulfil! Of thy father I will tell thee nothing: it is enough that here thou art permitted to seek him. As upon the earth he was a king, thy search may be confined, on one side, to that part of Tartarus where wicked kings are consigned to punishment; and, on the other, to that part of Elysium where the good receive their reward: but from hence thou canst not enter the fields of Elysium till thou hast passed through Tartarus. Make haste thither; and linger not in my dominions!'

Telemachus instantly obeyed, and passed through the dreary vacuity that surrounded him, with such speed, that he seemed almost to fly; such was his impatience to behold his father, and to quit the presence of a tyrant, equally the terror of the living and the dead! He soon perceived the gloomy tract of Tartarus at a small distance before him: from this place ascended a black cloud of pestilential smoke, which would have

been fatal in the realms of life. This smoke hovered over a river of fire; the flames of which, returning upon themselves, roared in a burning vortex, with a noise like that of an impetuous torrent precipitated from the highest rock; so that in this region of woe no other sound could be distinctly heard.

Telemachus, secretly animated by Minerva, entered the gulf without fear. The first object that presented was a great number of men, who, born in a mean condition, were now punished for having sought to acquire riches by fraud, treachery, and violence. Among them he remarked many of those impious hypocrites, who, affecting a zeal for religion, played upon the credulity of others, and gratified their own ambition. These wretches, who had abused virtue itself, the best gift of Heaven, to dishonest purposes, were punished as the most criminal of men: the child who had murdered his parents, the wife who had embroiled her hands in a husband's blood, and the traitor who had sold his country in violation of every tie, were punished with less severity than these. Such was the decree pronounced by the judges of the dead; because hypocrites are not content to be wicked upon the common terms; they would be vicious with the reputation of virtue; and, by an appearance of virtue, which at length is found to be false, they prevent mankind from putting confidence in the true. The gods, whose omniscience they mock, and whose honour they degrade, take pleasure in the exertion of all their power to avenge the insult.

After these appeared others, to whom the world scarce imputes guilt, but whom the Divine Vengeance pursues without pity: the liar, the ungrateful, the parasite who lavishes adulation upon vice, and the slanderer who falsely detracts from virtue; all who judge rashly of what they know but in part, and thus injure the reputation of the innocent.

But, among all who suffered for ingratitude, those were punished with most severity who had been ungrateful to the gods. 'What!' said Minos, 'is he considered as a monster who is guilty of ingratitude to his father, or his friend, from whom he has received some such benefits as mortals can bestow; and shall the wretch glory in his crime, who is ungrateful to God,

‘ the giver of life, and of every blessing
 ‘ it includes? Does he not owe his ex-
 ‘ istence rather to the Author of Na-
 ‘ ture than to the parents through
 ‘ whom his existence was derived?
 ‘ The less these crimes are censured
 ‘ and punished upon earth, the more
 ‘ are they obnoxious in hell to impla-
 ‘ cable vengeance, which no force can
 ‘ resist, and no subtlety elude.’

Telemachus seeing a man condemned by the judges, whom he found sitting, ventured to ask them what was his crime. He was immediately answered by the offender himself: ‘ I have done,’ said he, ‘ no evil; my pleasure con-
 ‘ sisted wholly in doing good. I have
 ‘ been just, munificent, liberal, and
 ‘ compassionate; of what crime, then,
 ‘ can I be accused?’—‘ With respect
 ‘ to man,’ replied Minos, ‘ thou art
 ‘ accused of none; but didst thou not
 ‘ owe less to man than to the gods?
 ‘ If so, what are thy pretensions to
 ‘ justice? Thou hast punctually ful-
 ‘ filled thy duty to men, who are but
 ‘ dust; thou hast been virtuous; but
 ‘ thy virtue terminated wholly in thy-
 ‘ self, without reference to the gods
 ‘ who gave it: thy virtue was to be
 ‘ thy own felicity; and to thyself thou
 ‘ wast all in all. Thou hast, indeed,
 ‘ been thy own deity; but the gods,
 ‘ by whom all things have been cre-
 ‘ ated, and who have created all things
 ‘ for themselves, cannot give up their
 ‘ rights: thou hast forgotten them, and
 ‘ they will forget thee. Since thou
 ‘ hast desired to exist for thyself, and
 ‘ not for them, to thyself they will de-
 ‘ liver thee up: seek, then, thy conso-
 ‘ lation in thine own heart. Thou art
 ‘ separated for ever from man, whom,
 ‘ for thy own sake, thou hast desired to
 ‘ please; and left to thyself alone, that
 ‘ idol of thy heart! Learn now, at least,
 ‘ that piety is that virtue of which the
 ‘ gods are objects; and that without
 ‘ this no virtue can deserve the name.
 ‘ The false lustre of that with which
 ‘ thou hast long dazzled the eyes of
 ‘ men, who are easily deceived, will
 ‘ deceive no more: men distinguish
 ‘ that only from which they derive
 ‘ pain or pleasure into virtue and vice;
 ‘ and are therefore alike ignorant both
 ‘ of good and evil: but here, the per-
 ‘ spicacity of Divine Wisdom discerns
 ‘ all things as they are. The judgment
 ‘ of men from external appearances is

‘ reserved: what they have admired
 ‘ is frequently condemned; and what
 ‘ they have condemned, approved.’

These words, to the boaster of philosophick virtue, were like a stroke of thunder; and he was unable to sustain the shock. The self-complacence with which he had been used to contemplate his moderation, his fortitude, his generosity, was now changed to anguish and regret: the view of his own heart, at enmity with the gods, became his punishment. He now saw, and was doomed for ever to see, himself by the light of truth: he perceived that the approbation of men, which all his actions had been directed to acquire, was erroneous and vain. When he looked inward, he found every thing totally changed: he was no longer the same being; and all comfort was eradicated from his heart. His conscience, which had hitherto witnessed in his favour, now rose up against him, and reproached him even with his virtues; which, not having the Deity for their principal and end, were erroneous and illusive: he was overwhelmed with consternation and trouble; with shame, remorse, and despair. The Furies, indeed, forbore to torment him; he was delivered over to himself, and they were satisfied: his own heart was the avenger of the gods, whom he had despised. As he could not escape from himself, he retired to the most gloomy recesses, that he might be concealed from others: he sought for darkness, but he found it not; light still persecuted and pursued him. The light of truth, which he had not followed, now punished him for the neglect; and all that he had beheld with pleasure became odious in his eyes, as the source of misery that could never end. ‘ Dreadful situation!’ said he; ‘ I have known neither the gods, ‘ mankind, nor myself! I have, indeed, ‘ known nothing; since I have not dis- ‘ tinguished from specious evil that ‘ only which is truly good! All my ‘ steps have deviated from the path I ‘ should have trodden: all my wisdom ‘ was folly; and all my virtue was ‘ pride, which sacrificed, with a blind ‘ impiety, only to that vile idol my- ‘ self!’

The next objects that Telemachus perceived, as he went on, were kings that had abused their power. An avenging fury held up before them a mirror,

mirror, which reflected their vices in all their deformity: in this they beheld their undistinguishing vanity, that was gratified by the grossest adulation; their want of feeling for mankind, whose happiness should have been the first object of their attention; their insensibility to virtue, their dread of truth, their partiality to flatterers, their dissipation, effeminacy, and indolence; their causeless suspicions; their vain parade, and ostentatious splendor, an idle blaze, in which the publick welfare is consumed; their ambition of false honour, procured at the expence of blood; and their inhuman luxury, which extorted a perpetual supply of superfluous delicacies from the wretched victims of grief and anguish. When they looked into this mirror, they saw themselves faithfully represented; and they found the picture more monstrous and horrid than the chimera vanquished by Bellerophon; the Lernæan hydra slain by Hercules; even Cerberus himself, though from three infernal mouths he disgorges a stream of pestilential fire, the fumes of which are sufficient to destroy the whole race of men that breathe upon the earth. At the same time, another fury tauntingly repeated all the praises which sycophants had lavished upon them in their lives, and held up another mirror, in which they appeared as flattery had represented them. The contrast of these pictures, so widely different, was the punishment of their vanity: and it was remarkable, that the most wicked were the objects of the most extravagant praise; because the most wicked are most to be feared; and because they exact, with less shame, the servile adulation of the poets and orators of their time.

Their groans perpetually ascended from this dreadful abyss, where they saw nothing but the derision and insult of which they were themselves the objects; where every thing repulsed, opposed, and confounded them. As they sported with the lives of mankind upon the earth, and pretended that the whole species was created for their use, they were, in Tartarus, delivered over to the capricious tyranny of slaves, who made them taste all the bitterness of servitude in their turn: they obeyed with unutterable anguish, and without hope, that the iron hand of Oppression would

lie lighter upon them. Under the strokes of these slaves, now their merciless tyrants, they lay passive and impotent, like an anvil under the hammers of the Cyclops, when Vulcan urges their labour at the flaming furnaces of Mount Ætna.

Telemachus observed the countenances of these criminals to be pale and ghastly, strongly expressive of the torment they suffered at the heart. They looked inward with a self-aborrence, now inseparable from their existence; their crimes themselves were become their punishment, and it was not necessary that greater should be inflicted; they haunted them like hideous spectres, and continually started up before them in all their deformity. They wished for a second death, that might separate them from these ministers of vengeance, as the first had separated their spirits from the body; a death that might at once extinguish all consciousness and sensibility: they called upon the depths of hell to hide them from the persecuting beams of truth in impenetrable darkness; but they are reserved for the cup of vengeance, which, though they drink of it for ever, shall be for ever full! The truth, from which they fled, has overtaken them, an invincible and unrelenting enemy! The ray, which once might have illuminated them like the mild radiance of the day, now pierces them like lightning; a fierce and fatal fire that, without injury to the external parts, infixes a burning torment at the heart! By truth, now an avenging flame, the very soul is melted, like metal in a furnace; it dissolves all, but destroys nothing; it disunites the first elements of life, yet the sufferer can never die: he is, as it were, divided against himself, without rest, and without comfort; animated by no vital principle, but the rage that kindles at his own misconduct, and the dreadful madness that results from despair!

Among these objects, at the sight of which the hair of Telemachus stood erect, he beheld many of the ancient kings of Lydia, who were punished for having preferred the selfish gratifications of an idle and voluptuous life to that labour for the good of others, which, to royalty, is a duty of indispensable obligation.

These kings mutually reproached each other with their folly. 'Did not I often recommend to you,' said one of them to his son, 'during the last years of my life, when old age had given weight to my counsel, the reparation of the mischief which my negligence had produced?' — 'Unhappy wretch!' replied the son, 'thou art the cause of my perdition: it was thy example that made me vain-glorious, proud, voluptuous, and cruel! While I saw thee surrounded with flattery, and relaxed in luxury and sloth, I also insensibly acquired the love of pleasure and adulation. I thought the rest of men were to kings, what horses and other beasts of burden are to men; animals wholly unworthy of regard, except for the drudgery they perform, and the conveniences they procure: this was my opinion; and I learned it of thee. I followed thy example; and I share thy misery!' These reproaches were mingled with the most horrid execrations; and mutual rage and indignation aggravated the torments of hell.

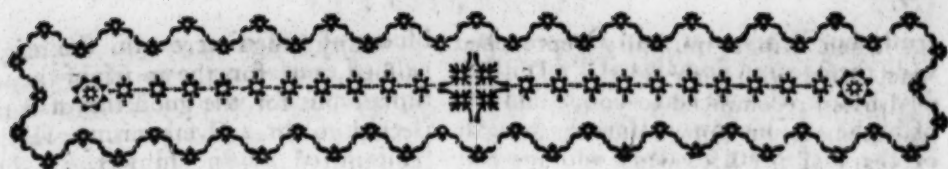
Around these wretched princes there still hovered, like owls in the twilight, causeless Jealousies, and vain Alarms; Mistrust and Dread, which revenge upon kings their disregard of mankind; Avarice, insatiable of wealth; false Honour, ever tyrannical and oppressive; and effeminate Luxury, a deceitful daemon, that aggravates every evil, and bestows only imaginary good.

Many kings were also severely punished, not for the mischief they had done, but for the good they had neglected to do. Every crime which is committed by the subject, in consequence of laws not enforced, is the crime of the king; for kings reign only as ministers of the law. To kings also are imputed all the disorders that arise from pomp, luxury, and every other excess which excites irregular and impetuous passions, that cannot be gratified but by the violation of the common rights of mankind: but the princes who, instead of watching over their people as a shepherd watches over his flock, worried and devoured them like the wolf, were punished with the most exemplary severity.

In this abyss of darkness and misery Telemachus beheld, with yet greater astonishment, many kings who had been honoured for their personal virtues upon earth; but were, notwithstanding, condemned to the pains of Tartarus, for implicitly leaving the administration of government to wicked and crafty men: they were punished for mischiefs which they had suffered to be perpetrated under the sanction of their authority. The greater part of them, indeed, had been by principle neither virtuous nor vicious; supinely taking the colour impressed upon them from without: they did not shun the truth when it presented itself; but they had no relish for virtue, no delight in doing good.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.
BOOK XIX.



WHEN Telemachus quitted this place, he felt himself relieved, as if a mountain had been removed from his breast. This relief, so sudden and so great, impressed him with a strong sense of the misery of those who are confined in it without hope of deliverance. He was terrified at having seen so many kings punished with much greater severity than any other offenders. 'Have kings, then,' said he, 'so many duties to fulfil, so many difficulties to surmount, and so many dangers to avoid? Is the knowledge that is necessary to put them upon their guard, as well against themselves as others, so difficult to be acquired? and, after all the envy, tumult, and opposition, of a transitory life, are they consigned to the intolerable and eternal pains of hell? What folly, then, to wish for royalty! How happy the peaceful private station, in which the practice of virtue is comparatively easy!'

These reflections filled him with confusion and trouble; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed with perturbation, and he felt something like that hopeless misery, of which he had just been a spectator: but, in proportion as he advanced, and the realms of darkness, despair, and horror, became more remote, he felt new courage gradually spring

up in his breast; he breathed with greater freedom; and perceived, at a distance, the pure and blissful light which brightens the residence of heroic virtue.

In this place resided all the good kings who had governed mankind from the beginning of time. They were separated from the rest of the just; for, as wicked princes suffer more dreadful punishment than other offenders in Tartarus, so good kings enjoy infinitely greater felicity than other lovers of virtue in the fields of Elysium.

Telemachus advanced towards these happy and illustrious beings, whom he found in groves of delightful fragrance, reclining upon the downy turf, where the flowers and herbage were perpetually renewed: a thousand rills wandered through these scenes of delight, and refreshed the soil with a gentle and unpolluted wave: the song of innumerable birds echoed in the grove; and while Spring strewed the ground with her flowers, Autumn loaded the trees with her fruit. In this place the burning heat of the dog-star was never felt; and the stormy North was forbidden to scatter over it the frosts of winter. Neither War, that is athirst for blood; not Envy, that wounds with an envenomed tooth, like the vipers that are wreathed round her arms, and fostered in her bosom; nor Jealousy, nor Distrust,

trust, nor Fears, nor vain Desires, invade these sacred domains of Peace: the day is here without end, and the shades of night are unknown. Here the bodies of the blessed are cloathed with a pure and lambent light, as with a garment; a light not resembling that vouchsafed to mortals upon earth, which is rather darkness visible, but a celestial radiance without a name; an emanation that penetrates the grossest body with more subtlety than the rays of the sun penetrate the purest crystal; which rather strengthens than dazzles the sight, and diffuses through the soul a serenity which no language can express. By this ethereal essence the blessed are sustained in everlasting life; it pervades them, it incorporates with them as food incorporates with the mortal body: they see it, they breathe it, and it produces in them an inexhaustible source of serenity and joy. It is a fountain of delight, in which they are absorbed, as fishes are absorbed in the sea; they wish for nothing, and, having nothing, they possess all things. This celestial light satiates the hunger of the soul; every desire is precluded; and they have a fulness of joy which sets them above all that mortals seek with such restless ardour to fill the vacuity that aches for ever in their breasts. All the delightful objects that surround them are disregarded, for their felicity springs up within, and, being perfect, can derive nothing from without: so the gods, satiated with nectar and ambrosia, disdain, as gross and impure, all the dainties of the most luxurious table upon earth. From these seats of tranquillity all evils fly to a remote distance: death, disease, poverty, and pain; regret and remorse; fear, and even hope, which is sometimes not less painful than fear itself; animosity, disgust, and resentment; are for ever denied access.

The lofty mountains of Thrace, whose summits, hoary with everlasting snows, have pierced the clouds from the beginning of time, might sooner be overturned from their foundations, though deep as the centre, than the peace of these happy beings be interrupted for a moment. They are, indeed, touched with pity at the miseries of life; but it is a soothing and tender passion, that takes nothing from their immutable felicity. Their countenances shine with a divine glory; with the

bloom of unfading youth, the brightness of everlasting joy; of joy which, superior to the wanton levity of mirth, is calm, silent, and solemn, the sublime fruition of truth and virtue. They feel, every moment, what a mother feels at the return of an only son, whom she believed to be dead; but the pleasure which, in the breast of the mother is transient, is permanent in theirs; it can neither languish nor cease. They have all the gladness that is inspired by wine, without either the tumult or the folly; they converse together concerning what they see, and what they enjoy; they despise the opprobrious luxury and idle pomp of their former condition, which they review with disgust and regret; they enjoy the remembrance of their difficulties and distress, during the short period in which, to maintain their integrity, it was necessary they should strive, not only against others, but themselves; and they acknowledge the guidance and protection of the gods, who conducted them in safety through so many dangers, with gratitude and admiration. Something ineffable and divine is continually poured into their hearts; something like an efflux of Divinity itself, which incorporates with their own nature. They see, they feel, that they are happy; and are secretly conscious that they shall be happy for ever. They sing the praises of the gods, as with one voice: in the whole assembly there is but one mind, and one heart; and the same stream of divine felicity circulates through every heart.

In this sacred and supreme delight whole ages glide away unperceived, and seem shorter than the happiest hours upon earth; but gliding ages still leave their happiness entire. They reign together, not upon thrones which the hands of men can overturn, but in themselves, with a power that is absolute and immutable, not derived from without, or dependant upon a despicable and wretched multitude. They are not distinguished by the crowns that so often conceal, under a false lustre, the mournful gloom of anxiety and terror; the gods themselves have placed upon their heads diadems of everlasting splendor, the symbols and the pledges of happiness and immortality.

Telemachus, who looked round these fields for his father in vain, was so struck

struck with the calm but sublime enjoyments of the place, that he was now grieved not to find him among the dead, and lamented the necessity he was under himself of returning back to the living. 'It is here alone,' says he, 'that there is life; the shadow only, and not the reality, is to be found upon earth.' He observed, however, with astonishment, that the number of kings that were punished in Tartarus was great, and the number of those that were rewarded in Elysium was small: from this disproportion he inferred, that there were but few princes whose fortitude could effectually resist their own power, and the flattery by which their passions were continually excited. He perceived that good kings were, for this reason, rare; and that the greater number are so wicked, that if the gods, after having suffered them to abuse their power during life, were not to punish them among the dead, they would cease to be just.

Telemachus, not seeing his father Ulysses among these happy few, looked round for his grandfather, the divine Laertes. While his eyes were ineffectually employed in this search, an old man advanced towards him, whose appearance was in the highest degree venerable and majestic: his old age did not resemble that of men who bend under the weight of years upon earth; it was a kind of nameless indication that he had been old before he died; it was something that blended all the dignity of age with all the graces of youth; for to those who enter the fields of Elysium, however old and decrepid, the graces of youth are immediately restored. This venerable figure came up hastily to Telemachus; and, looking upon him with a familiar complacency, as one whom he knew and loved, the youth, to whom he was wholly a stranger, stood silent, in confusion and suspense. 'I perceive, my son,' said the shade, 'that thou dost not recollect me; but I am not offended. I am Arcegius, the father of Laertes; and my days upon earth were accomplished a little before Ulysses, my grandson, went from Ithaca to the siege of Troy: thou wast yet an infant in the arms of thy nurse; but I had then conceived hopes of thee, which are now justifi-

fied; since thou hast descended into the dominions of Pluto in search of thy father, and the gods have sustained thee in the attempt. The gods, O fortunate youth! regard thee with peculiar love; and will distinguish thee by glory equal to that of Ulysses. I am happy once more to behold thee: but search for Ulysses no more among the dead; he still lives; and is reserved to render my line illustrious by new honours at Ithaca. Laertes himself, though the hand of Time is now heavy upon him, still draws the breath of life, and expects that his son shall return to close his eyes. Thus transitory is man, like the flower that blows in the morning, and in the evening is withered, and trodden under foot! One generation passes away after another, like the waves of a rapid river; and Time, rushing on with silent but irresistible speed, carries with him all that can best pretend to permanence and stability. Even thou, O my son! alas! even thou, who art now happy in the vigour, the vivacity, and the bloom of youth, shalt find this lovely season, so fruitful of delight, a transient flower, that fades as soon as it is blown: without having been conscious that thou wert changing, thou wilt perceive thyself changed; the train of graces and pleasures that now sport around thee, health, vigour, and joy, shall vanish like the phantoms of a dream, and leave thee nothing but a mournful remembrance that they once were thine. Old age shall insensibly steal upon thee; that enemy to joy shall diffuse through thee his own languors; shall contract thy brow into wrinkles, incline thy body to the earth, enfeeble every limb, and dry up for ever that fountain of delight which now springs in thy breast: thou shalt look round upon all that is present with disgust; anticipate all that is future with dread; and retain thy sensibility only for pain and anguish. This time appears to thee to be far distant; but, alas! thou art deceived; it approaches with irresistible rapidity; and is therefore at hand: that which draws near so fast can never be remote; and the present, for ever flying, is remote already; even while we

' we speak, it is past, and it returns no
 ' more. Let the present, therefore,
 ' be light in thy estimation; tread the
 ' path of virtue, however rugged,
 ' with perseverance; and fix thine eye
 ' upon futurity: let purity of man-
 ' ners, and a love of justice, secure
 ' thee a place in this happy residence
 ' of peace. Thou shalt soon see thy
 ' father resume his authority in Itha-
 ' ca; and it is decreed that thou shalt
 ' succeed him on the throne. But
 ' royalty, O my son! is a deceitful
 ' thing; those who behold it at a dis-
 ' tance see nothing but greatness,
 ' splendor, and delight; those who
 ' examine it near, find only toil, per-
 ' plexity, solicitude, and fear. In a
 ' private station, a life of ease and
 ' obscurity is no reproach; but a king
 ' cannot prefer ease and leisure to the
 ' painful labours of government with-
 ' out infamy; he must live, not for
 ' himself, but for those he governs:
 ' the least fault he commits produces
 ' infinite mischief; for it diffuses mi-
 ' sery through a whole people, and
 ' sometimes for many generations. It
 ' is his duty to humble the insolence of
 ' guilt, to support innocence, and re-
 ' press calumny. It is not enough to
 ' abstain from doing evil, he must ex-
 ' ert himself to the uttermost in doing
 ' good: neither will it suffice to do
 ' good as an individual; he must pre-
 ' vent the mischief that others would
 ' do if they were not restrained.
 ' Think then of royalty, O my son!
 ' as a state, not of ease and security,
 ' but of difficulty and danger; and
 ' call up all thy courage to resist thy-
 ' self, to controul thy passions, and
 ' disappoint flattery.'

While Arceſius was yet ſpeaking, he
 ſeemed to glow with the divine ardour
 of inſpiration; and when he diſplayed
 the miſeries of royalty, Telemachus
 perceived in his countenance ſtrong ex-
 preſſions of pity. 'Royalty,' ſaid
 he, 'when it is aſſumed to procure
 ' ſelfiſh indulgences, degenerates into
 ' tyranny; when it is aſſumed to ful-
 ' fil it's duties, to govern, cheriſh, and
 ' protect, an innumerable people, as a
 ' father protects, cheriſhes, and go-
 ' verns his children, it is a ſervitude
 ' moſt laborious and painful, and re-
 ' quires the fortitude and patience of
 ' heroick virtue. It is, however,
 ' certain, that thoſe who fulfil the du-

' ties of government with diligence
 ' and integrity, ſhall here poſſeſs all that
 ' the power of the gods can beſtow to
 ' render happineſs compleat!'

While Telemachus liſtened to this
 diſcourſe, it ſunk deep into his heart:
 it was engraven upon that living tablet,
 as the ſculptor engraves upon braſs the
 characters which he would tranſmit to
 the laſt generation. It was an ema-
 nation of truth and wiſdom, that, like
 a ſubtle flame, pervaded the moſt ſe-
 cret receſſes of his ſoul; it at once
 moved and warmed him; and he felt
 his heart, as it were, diſſolved by a
 divine energy not to be expreſſed; by
 ſomething that exhausted the fountain
 of life: his emotion was a kind of de-
 ſire that could not be ſatiſfied; an im-
 pulſe that he could neither ſupport nor
 reſiſt; a ſenſation exquisitely pleaſing,
 and yet mixed with ſuch pain as it was
 impoſſible long to endure.

After ſome time, it's violence abated,
 he breathed with more freedom, and
 he diſcovered in the countenance of
 Arceſius a ſtrong likeneſs of Laertes;
 he had alſo a confuſed remembrance of
 ſomething ſimilar in the features of U-
 lyſſes, when he ſet out for the ſiege of
 Troy.

This remembrance melted him into
 tears of tenderneſs and joy: he wiſhed
 to embrace a perſon whom he now re-
 garded with reverence and affection,
 and attempted it many times in vain.
 The ſhade, light and unſubſtantial,
 eluded his graſp, as the flattering ima-
 ges of a dream deceive thoſe who ex-
 pect to enjoy them: the thirſty lip is
 ſometimes in purſuit of water that re-
 ceedes before it; ſometimes the imagi-
 nation forms words which the tongue
 reſuſes to utter; and ſometimes the
 hand is eagerly ſtretched out, but can
 graſp nothing. So the tender wiſh of
 Telemachus could not be gratified; he
 beheld Arceſius, he heard him ſpeak,
 and he ſpoke to him; but to touch him
 was impoſſible. At length he en-
 quired who the perſons were that he
 ſaw round him.

'You ſee,' ſaid the hoary ſage,
 ' thoſe who were the ornament of their
 ' age, and the glory and happineſs of
 ' mankind; the few kings who have
 ' been worthy of dominion, and filled
 ' the characters of deities upon earth.
 ' Thoſe whom you ſee not far diſtant,
 ' but ſeparated from them by that
 ' ſmall





Plate II.

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small cloud, are allotted to much inferior glory; they were heroes indeed, but the reward of courage and prowess is much less than that of wisdom, integrity, and benevolence.

Among those heroes you see Theseus, whose countenance is not perfectly chearful: some sense of his misfortune, in placing too much confidence in a false and designing woman, still remains; and he still regrets his having unjustly demanded the death of his son Hypolitus at the hands of Neptune: how happy had it been for Theseus if he had been less liable to sudden anger! You see also Achilles, who, having been mortally wounded in the heel by Paris, supports himself upon a spear: if he had been as eminent for wisdom, justice, and moderation, as for courage, the gods would have granted him a long reign; but they had compassion for the nations whom he would have governed by a natural succession, after the death of Peleus his father; and would not leave them at the mercy of the rashness and presumption of a man more easily irritated than the sea by a tempest. The thread of his life was cut short by the Fates; and he fell as a flower scarce blown falls under the ploughshare, and withers before the day is past in which it sprung up. They made use of him only as they do of torrents and tempests, to punish mankind for their crimes: he was the instrument by which they overthrew the walls of Troy, to punish the perjury of Laomedon, and the criminal desires of Paris. When this was done, they were appeased; and they were implored in vain, even by the tears of Thetis, to suffer a young hero to remain longer upon the earth, who was fit only to destroy cities, to subvert kingdoms, and to fill the world with confusion and trouble.

You see another, remarkable for the ferocity of his countenance; that is Ajax, the son of Telamon, and the cousin of Achilles: you cannot be ignorant of his glory in battle. After the death of Achilles, he laid claim to his arms, which he said ought not to be given to another; but they were claimed also by your

father, who insisted upon his right: the Greeks determined in favour of Ulysses, and Ajax slew himself in despair. The marks of rage and indignation are still visible in his countenance: approach him not, my son, for he will think you come to insult the misfortune that you ought to pity; he has discovered us already, and he rushes into the thick shade of the wood that is behind him to avoid a sight that is hateful to his eyes. On the other side you see Hector, who would have been invincible if the son of Thetis had lived in another age. That gliding shade is Agamemnon, whose countenance still expresses a sense of the perfidy of Clytemnestra. O my son! the misfortunes that have avenged the impiety of Tantalus in his family still make me tremble: the mutual enmity of the two brothers, Atreus and Thyestes, filled the house of their father with horror and death. Alas! how is one crime, by a kind of dreadful necessity, the cause of more! Agamemnon returned in triumph from the siege of Troy; but no time was allowed him to enjoy in peace the glory he had acquired in war. Such is the fate of almost all conquerors! All that you see have been great in battle; but they have neither been amiable nor virtuous, and they enjoy only the second place in the fields of Elysium.

Those who have reigned with justice, and loved their people, are considered as the friends of the gods: while Achilles and Agamemnon, still full of their quarrels and their combats, are not perfect even here, but retain their natural defects, and suffer the infelicity they produce. These heroes regret, in vain, the life that they have lost, and grieve at their change from a substance to a shade: but the kings who, with an equal hand, have dispensed justice and mercy, being purified by the divine light which perpetually renovates their being, feel their wishes anticipated, and their happiness complete. They look back upon the vain solicitude of mankind with compassion, and despise the great affairs that busy ambition as the play of an infant: they drink of truth and virtue at the fountain-head, and are satiated;

“fied; they can suffer nothing, either
“from themselves or others; they have
“no wants, no wishes, no fears; with
“respect to them all is finished, except
“their joy, which shall have no end.

“The venerable figure you see yon-
“der is Inachus, who founded the
“kingdom of Argos. The character
“of old age is tempered with ineffable
“sweetness and majesty; he moves with
“a light and gliding pace, that re-
“sembles the flight of a bird, and may
“be traced by the flowers that spring
“up under his feet; he holds a lyre of
“ivory in his hand; and an eternal
“rapture impels him to celebrate the
“wonders of the gods with eternal
“praise; his breath is a gale of fra-
“grance, like the breath of the morn-
“ing in spring; and the harmony of
“his voice and his lyre might add to
“the felicity, not of Elysium only,
“but Olympus. This is the reward
“of his paternal affection to the people,
“whom he surrounded with the walls
“of a new city, and secured in the
“blessings of society by legislation.

“Among those myrtles, at a little
“distance, you see also Cecrops the
“Egyptian, the first sovereign of A-
“thens, a city dedicated to the god-
“dess of Wisdom, whose name it bears.
“Cecrops, by bringing excellent laws
“from Egypt, the great source from
“which learning and good morals have
“flowed through all Greece, softened
“the natural ferocity of the people that
“he found in the scattered villages of
“Attica, and united them by the bands
“of society. He was just, humane,
“and compassionate; he left his people
“in affluence, and his family in a mo-
“dest mediocrity; for he was not will-
“ing that his children should succeed
“to his power, because there were
“others whom he judged more worthy
“of the trust.

“But I must now shew you Erichon:
“you see him in that little valley.
“Erichon was the first who introduced
“the use of silver as money, in order
“to facilitate commerce among the
“islands of Greece; but he foresaw the
“inconveniences which would natural-
“ly result from his expedient. “Ap-
“ply yourselves,” says he to the peo-
“ple among whom he circulated his
“new coin, “to accumulate natural
“riches; for they only deserve the
“name. Cultivate the earth, that you

“may have wealth in corn and wine,
“and oil and fruit: multiply your
“flocks to the utmost, that you may
“be nourished by their milk, and
“cloathed with their wool; and it will
“then be impossible that you should be
“poor. The increase even of your
“children will be the increase of your
“wealth, if you inure them early to
“diligence and labour; for the earth
“is inexhaustible, and will be more
“fruitful in proportion as it is culti-
“vated by more hands: it will reward
“labour with boundless liberality;
“but to idleness it will be parsimonious
“and severe. Seek principally, there-
“fore, for that which is truly wealth,
“as it supplies that which is truly
“want. Make no account of money,
“but as it is useful either to support
“necessary wars abroad, or for the
“purchase of such commodities as are
“wanted at home; and, indeed, it is to
“be wished that no commerce should
“be carried on in articles that can only
“support and gratify luxury, vanity,
“and sloth. My children,” said the
“wise Erichon, who thought frequent
“admonition necessary, “I greatly
“fear that I have made you a fatal
“present: I foresee that this money
“will excite avarice and ambition,
“the lust of the eye, and the pride of
“life; that it will produce innume-
“rable arts, which can only corrupt
“virtue and gratify idleness; that it
“will destroy your relish for that happy
“simplicity which is at once the bles-
“sing and the security of life; and
“make you look with contempt upon
“agriculture, the support of our exist-
“ence, and the source of every valu-
“able possession. But I call the gods
“to witness that I made you acquainted
“with money, a thing useful in it-
“self, in the integrity of my heart!”
“Erichon, however, having lived to
“see the mischiefs that he dreaded come
“to pass, retired, overwhelmed with
“grief, to a desert mountain, where
“he lived to an extreme old age, in po-
“verty and solitude, disgusted with go-
“vernment, and deploring the folly of
“mankind.

“Not long afterwards, Greece be-
“held a new wonder in Triptolemus,
“to whom Ceres had taught the art of
“cultivating the earth, and of covering
“it every year with a golden harvest.
“Mankind were, indeed, already ac-
“quainted

' quanted with corn, and the manner
 ' of multiplying it by seed; but they
 ' knew only the first rudiments of til-
 ' lage; and Triptolemus being sent by
 ' Ceres, came with the plough in his
 ' hand, to offer the bounty of that
 ' goddess to all who had spirit to sur-
 ' mount the natural love of rest, and
 ' apply themselves diligently to la-
 ' bour. The Greeks soon learnt of
 ' Triptolemus to part the earth into
 ' furrows, and render it fertile by
 ' breaking up it's surface. The yel-
 ' low corn soon strewed the fields under
 ' the sickle of the reapers; and the wan-
 ' dering barbarians, that were dis-
 ' persed in the forests of Epirus and
 ' Etolia, seeking acorns for their sub-
 ' sistence, when they had learnt to
 ' sow corn, and make bread, threw off
 ' their ferocity, and submitted to the
 ' laws of civil society. Triptolemus
 ' made the Greeks sensible of the plea-
 ' sure that is to be found in that inde-
 ' pendent wealth which a man derives
 ' from his own labour; and in the
 ' possession of all the necessities and
 ' conveniences of life, the genuine pro-
 ' duce of his own field. This abun-
 ' dance, so simple and so blameless,
 ' arising from agriculture, recalled to
 ' their minds the counsel of Erichon.
 ' They held money in contempt, and
 ' all other factitious wealth, which
 ' has no value but in the vain imagi-
 ' nations of men; which tempts them
 ' to pleasures that are neither sincere
 ' nor safe, and diverts them from that
 ' labour which alone supplies all that
 ' is of real value with innocence and
 ' liberty. They were now convinced
 ' that a paternal field, with a kindly
 ' soil, and diligent cultivation, was
 ' the best inheritance for those that were
 ' wisely content with the simple plenty
 ' that contented their fathers, who,
 ' wanting nothing that was useful, de-
 ' sired nothing that was vain. Happy
 ' would it have been for the Greeks if
 ' they had steadily adhered to these
 ' maxims, so fit to render them free,
 ' powerful, and happy; and to inspire
 ' and maintain a uniform and active
 ' virtue, which would have made them
 ' worthy of such blessings! But, alas!
 ' they began to admire false riches; by
 ' degrees they neglected the true, and
 ' they degenerated from this admirable
 ' simplicity! O my son! the sceptre of
 ' thy father shall one day descend to

' thee: in that day remember to lead
 ' thy people back to agriculture, to
 ' honour the art, to encourage those
 ' that practise it, and to suffer no man
 ' either to live in idleness, or employ
 ' himself only to propagate luxury and
 ' sloth. These men, who governed
 ' with such benevolence and wisdom
 ' upon earth, are here the favourites
 ' of Heaven! They were, in compa-
 ' rison with Achilles, and other he-
 ' roes who excelled only in war, what
 ' the gentle and genial gales of spring
 ' are to the desolating storms of
 ' winter: and they now as far surpass
 ' them in glory as the sun that gives
 ' the day surpasses, in splendor, the
 ' moon that can only lessen the dark-
 ' ness of the night.'

While Arceus was thus speaking,
 he perceived that Telemachus had fixed
 his eyes upon a little grove of laurels,
 and a rivulet of pure water that was
 bordered with roses, violets, lilies, and
 a thousand other odoriferous flowers,
 the vivid colours of which resembled
 those of Iris, when she descends upon
 earth with some message from the gods
 to men. He saw, in this delightful
 spot, an inhabitant of Elysium, whom
 he knew to be Sesostris. There was
 now a majesty in the appearance of this
 great prince infinitely superior to that
 which distinguished him upon the throne
 of Egypt: his eyes sparkled with a di-
 vine radiance, that Telemachus could
 not steadfastly behold; and he appeared
 to have drank, even to excess, of im-
 mortality and joy; such was the rap-
 ture, beyond all that mortals have the
 power to feel, which the divine Spirit,
 as the reward of his virtue, had poured
 into his breast!

' O my father! said Telemachus to
 Arceus, ' I know him; it is Sesostris,
 ' the wise and the good, whom I beheld
 ' not long since, upon this throne in
 ' Egypt! — ' It is he,' replied Arce-
 sius; ' and in him you have an example
 ' of the boundless liberality with which
 ' good kings are rewarded by the gods:
 ' yet all the felicity which now over-
 ' flows his bosom, and sparkles in his
 ' eye, is nothing in comparison of
 ' what he would have enjoyed, if, in
 ' the excess of prosperity, he had been
 ' still moderate and just. An ardent
 ' desire to abase the pride and insolence
 ' of the Tyrians, impelled him to take
 ' their city. This acquisition kindled

' a desire of more, and he was seduced
 ' by the vain glory of a conqueror: he
 ' subdued, or rather he ravaged, all
 ' Asia. At his return into Egypt he
 ' found the throne usurped by his bro-
 ' ther, who had rendered the best laws
 ' of the country ineffectual by an in-
 ' quitous administration. His con-
 ' quests of other kingdoms, therefore,
 ' served only to throw his own into
 ' confusion; yet he was so intoxicated
 ' with the vanity of conquest, that he
 ' harnessed the princes whom he sub-
 ' dued to his chariot. This was less
 ' excusable than all the rest; but he be-
 ' came at length sensible of his fault,
 ' and ashamed of his inhumanity. Such
 ' was the fruit of his victories! and
 ' the great Sesostris has left an example
 ' of the injury done by a conqueror
 ' to his country and himself, when he
 ' usurps the dominions of others: this
 ' degraded the character of a prince, in
 ' other respects so just and beneficent;
 ' and this has diminished the glory
 ' which the gods intended for his re-
 ' ward.

' But seest thou not another shade,
 ' my son, distinguished by a wound,
 ' and a lambent light that plays round
 ' it like a glory? That is Dioclide, a
 ' king of Caria, who voluntarily gave
 ' up his life in battle, because an oracle
 ' had foretold that, in a war between
 ' the Carians and the Lycians, the na-
 ' tion whose king should be slain would
 ' be victorious.

' Observe yet another: that is a wife
 ' legislator, who, having instituted such
 ' laws as could not fail to render his
 ' people virtuous and happy, and
 ' bound them by a solemn oath not to
 ' violate them in his absence, imme-
 ' diately disappeared, became a volun-
 ' tary exile from his country, and
 ' died poor and unnoticed on a foreign
 ' shore: that his people might, by that
 ' oath, be obliged to keep his laws in-
 ' violate for ever.

' He whom thou seest not far off
 ' from these is Euneſimus, a king of
 ' Pylos, and an ancestor of Nestor.
 ' During a pestilence that desolated the
 ' earth, and crowded the banks of
 ' Acheron with shades newly dismissed
 ' from above, he requested of the gods
 ' that he might be permitted to redeem

' the lives of his people with his own:
 ' the gods granted his request; and
 ' have here rewarded it with felicity
 ' and honour, in comparison of which,
 ' all that royalty upon earth can be-
 ' stow is vain and unsubstantial, like
 ' a shadow or a dream.

' That old man, whom you see
 ' crowned with flowers, is Belus. He
 ' reigned in Egypt, and espoused An-
 ' chinoe, the daughter of the god Ni-
 ' lus, who fertilizes the earth with the
 ' flood that he pours over it from a se-
 ' cret source. He had two sons, Da-
 ' naiis, whose history you know; and
 ' Egyptus, from whom that mighty
 ' kingdom derives it's name. Belus
 ' thought himself more enriched by
 ' the plenty which he diffused among
 ' his people, and the love that he ac-
 ' quired in return, than by all the le-
 ' vies he could have raised, if he had
 ' taxed them to their utmost ability.
 ' These, my son, whom you believe to
 ' be dead, these only are the living;
 ' those are the dead who languish upon
 ' earth the victims of disease and sor-
 ' row! the terms are inverted, and
 ' should be restored to their proper
 ' place. May the gods vouchsafe thee
 ' such virtue as this life shall reward;
 ' a life which nothing shall embitter
 ' or destroy! But haste now from this
 ' world, to which thou art yet unborn:
 ' it is time the search for thy father
 ' should be renewed. Alas, what
 ' scenes of blood shalt thou behold be-
 ' fore he is found! What glory awaits
 ' thee in the fields of Hesperia! Re-
 ' member the counsels of Mentor; let
 ' these be the guide of thy life; and
 ' thy name shall be great to the utmost
 ' limits of the earth, and the remotest
 ' period of time!

Such was the admonition of Arce-
 sius; and he immediately conducted
 Telemachus to the ivory gate, that
 leads from the gloomy dominions of
 Pluto. Telemachus parted from him
 with tears in his eyes; but it was not
 possible to embrace him: and leaving
 behind him the shades of everlasting
 night, he made haste back to the camp
 of the allies, having joined the two
 young Cretans in his way, who had
 accompanied him to the mouth of the
 cavern, and despaired of his return.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK XX.



IN the mean time the chiefs of the army assembled, to consider whether it was expedient to possess themselves of Venusium, a strong town which Adrastus had formerly taken from a neighbouring people, the Peucetian Apulians. They had entered into the alliance that was formed against him, to obtain satisfaction for the injury; and Adrastus, to soften their resentment, had put the town as a deposit into the hands of the Lucanians; he had, however, at the same time, corrupted the Lucanian garrison and it's commander with money, so that he had still more authority in Venusium than the Lucanians; and the Apulians, who had consented that Venusium should be garrisoned with Lucanian forces, were thus defrauded in the negociation.

A citizen of Venusium, whose name was Demophantes, had secretly offered to put the allies in possession of one of the gates by night; an advantage which was of the greater importance, as Adrastus had placed his magazine of military stores and provisions in a neighbouring castle, which could not hold out against an enemy that was in possession of Venusium. Philoctetes and Nestor had already given their opinion, that this offer should be accepted; and the rest of the chiefs, influenced by

their authority, and struck with the facility of the enterprize, and it's immediate advantages, applauded their determination: but Telemachus, as soon as he returned, exerted his utmost abilities to set it aside.

'I confess,' said he, 'that if any man can deserve to be surprized and deceived, it is Adrastus, who has practised fraud against all mankind: and I am sensible, that the surprize of Venusium will only put you into possession of a town, which by right is yours already, because it belongs to the Apulians, who are confederates in your expedition: I also acknowledge, that you may improve this opportunity with the greater appearance of justice, as Adrastus, who has made a deposit of the town in question, has at the same time corrupted the commander and the garrison, to suffer him to enter it whenever he shall think fit: and I am convinced, as well as you, that if you should take possession of Venusium to-day, you would to-morrow be masters of the neighbouring castle, in which Adrastus has formed his magazine; and that the day following, this formidable war would be at an end. But is it not better to perish than to conquer by means like these? Must fraud be counteracted by fraud? Shall it be said that so many kings, who

who united to punish the perfidy of Adrastus, were themselves perfidious! If we can adopt the practices of Adrastus without guilt, Adrastus himself is innocent, and our attempt to punish him injurious. Has all Hesperia, sustained by so many colonies of Greece, by so many heroes returned from the siege of Troy, no other arms to oppose the fraud and treachery of Adrastus than treachery and fraud! You have sworn, by all that is most sacred, to leave Venusium a deposit in the hands of the Lucanians: the Lucanian garrison, you say, is corrupted by Adrastus, and I believe it to be true; but this garrison is still Lucanian; it receives the pay of the Lucanians, and has not yet refused to obey them; it has preserved at least an appearance of neutrality; neither Adrastus nor his people have yet entered it; the treaty is still subsisting; and the gods have not forgotten your oath. Is a promise never to be kept but when a plausible pretence to break it is wanting? Shall an oath be sacred only when nothing is to be gained by its violation? If you are insensible to the love of virtue, and the fear of the gods, have ye no regard to your interest and reputation? If you give so pernicious an example to mankind, by breaking your promise, and violating your oath, in order to put an end to a war, how many wars will this impious conduct excite? By which of our neighbours will you not be at once dreaded and abhorred? and by whom will you afterwards be trusted in the most pressing necessity? What security can you give for your faith when you design to keep it? and how will you convince your neighbours that you intend no fraud even when you are sincere? Shall this security be a solemn treaty? You have trodden treaties under foot! Shall it be an oath? Will they not know that you set the gods at defiance, when you can derive any advantage from perjury? With respect to you, peace will be a state of no greater security than war; for whatever you do will be considered as the operation of war, either secret or avowed. You will be the constant enemies of all who have the misfortune to be your neighbours. Every affair which

requires reputation, probity, or confidence, will to you become impracticable; and you will never be able to make any promise that can be believed. But there is yet another interest still nearer and more pressing, which must strike you, if you are not lost to all sense of probity, and wholly blind to your advantage; a conduct so perfidious will be a canker in the very heart of your alliance, which it must finally destroy. The fraud that you are about to practise against Adrastus will inevitably render him victorious.

At these words the assembly demanded, with great emotion, how he could take upon him to affirm, that the alliance would be ruined by a measure that would procure them certain and immediate victory? 'How can you,' said he, 'confide in each other, if you violate the only bond of society and confidence, your plighted faith? After you have admitted this maxim, that the laws of honesty and truth may be violated to secure a considerable advantage, who among you will confide in another, when that other may secure a considerable advantage by breaking his promise and defrauding you? And when this is the case, what will be your situation? which of you would not practise fraud to preclude the fraudulent practices of his neighbour? What must become of an alliance consisting of so many nations, each of which has a separate interest, when it is agreed among them, in a publick deliberation, that every one is at liberty to circumvent his neighbour, and violate his engagements? Will not the immediate consequence be, distrust and dissention; an impatience to destroy each other, excited by the dread of being destroyed? Adrastus will have no need to attack you; you will effect his purpose upon yourselves, and justify the perfidy you combined to punish.

Ye mighty chiefs! renowned for magnanimity and wisdom, who govern innumerable people with experienced command, despise not the counsel of a youth. Whatever is your danger or distress, your resources should be diligence and virtue. True fortitude can never despair: but if once you pass the barrier of integrity and honour, your retreat is cut off, and your ruin inevitable; you can

never

never more establish that confidence; without which no affair of importance can succeed; you can never make those hold virtue sacred, whom you have once taught to despise it. And, after all, what have you to fear? Will not your courage conquer, without so base an auxiliary as fraud? Are not your own powers, and the strength of united nations, sufficient? Let us fight, and if we must, let us die; but let us not conquer with the loss of virtue and of fame. Adrastus, the impious Adrastus, is in our power; and nothing can deliver him but our participation of the crimes that expose him to the wrath of Heaven.

When Telemachus had done speaking, he perceived that his words had carried conviction to the heart. He observed, that of all who were present, not one offered to reply; their thoughts were fixed; not indeed upon him, nor the graces of his elocution, but upon the truths that he had displayed. At first, all was silent astonishment, expressed only by the countenances; but after a short time a confused murmur spread by degrees through the whole assembly; they looked upon each other; and all were impatient to declare their sentiments, though every one was afraid to speak first. It was expected that the chiefs of the army should give their opinion; and the venerable Nestor, at length, spoke as follows.

The gods, O son of Ulysses! have spoken by thy voice: Minerva, who has so often inspired thy father, has suggested to thee the wise and generous counsel which thou hast given to us. I think not of thy youth; for when I hear thee, Pallas only is present to my mind. Thou hast been the advocate of virtue. The greatest advantage without virtue is loss; without virtue, men are suddenly overtaken by the vengeance of their enemies, they are distrusted by their friends, abhorred by good men, and obnoxious to the righteous anger of the gods. Let us, then, leave Venusium in the hands of the Lucanians, and think of defeating Adrastus only by our own magnanimity.

Thus Nestor spoke, and the whole assembly applauded; but their eyes were fixed upon Telemachus; and every one thought he saw the wisdom of the

goddess that inspired him lighten in his countenance.

This question being determined, the council began immediately to debate another, in which Telemachus acquired equal reputation. Adrastus, with a perfidy and cruelty natural to his character, had sent one Acanthus into the camp as a deserter, who had undertaken to destroy the principal commanders of the army by poison; and had a particular charge not to spare Telemachus, who was already become the terror of the Daunians. Telemachus, who was too generous and brave easily to entertain suspicion, readily admitted this wretch to his presence, and treated him with great kindness; for having seen Ulysses in Sicily, he recommended himself by relating his adventures. Telemachus took him under his immediate protection, and consoled him under his misfortunes; for he pretended to have been defrauded, and treated with indignity, by Adrastus. Telemachus, however, was warming and cherishing a viper in his bosom, which his kindness only could enable to destroy him. Acanthus had dispatched another deserter, whose name was Arion, from the camp of the allies to Adrastus, with particular intelligence of it's situation; and assurances that he would give poison to the chief commanders, particularly to Telemachus, the next day, at an entertainment, to which he had been invited as a guest. It happened that this man was detected and seized, as he was escaping from the camp; and, in the terror and confusion of conscious guilt, he confessed his treachery. Acanthus was suspected to have been his accomplice, because a remarkable intimacy had been observed between them; but Acanthus, who had great courage, and was profoundly skilled in dissimulation, made so artful a defence, that nothing could be proved against him, nor could the conspiracy be traced to it's source.

Many of the princes were of opinion, that he ought certainly to be sacrificed to the publick safety. He must, at all events, said they, be put to death; for the life of a private individual is nothing in competition with the lives of so many kings. It is possible he may die innocent; but that consideration should have no weight, when

* the vicerents of the gods are to be
* secured from danger.'

* This horrid maxim,' said Tele-
machus, 'this barbarous policy, is a
* disgrace to human nature. Is the
* blood of men to be so lightly spilt?
* and are they to be thus wantonly de-
* stroyed by those who are set over them
* only for their preservation? The gods
* have made you, to mankind, what the
* shepherd is to his flock; and will
* you degrade yourselves into wolves,
* and worry and devour those whom
* you ought to cherish and protect!
* Upon your principles, to be accused
* and to be guilty is the same thing;
* and every one that is suspected must
* die. Envy and calumny will destroy
* innocence at pleasure; the oppressed
* will be sacrificed to the oppressor;
* and, in proportion as tyranny makes
* kings distrustful, judicial murders
* will depopulate the state.'

Telemachus uttered this remonstrance
with a vehemence and authority that
gave it invincible force, and covered
those who gave the counsel he had re-
proved, with confusion. He perceived
it, and softened his voice: 'As for my-
self,' said he, 'I am not so fond of
* life as to secure it upon such terms.
* I had rather Acanthus should be
* wicked than Telemachus; and would
* more willingly perish by his treason,
* than destroy him unjustly while I
* doubt only of his crime. A king is,
* by his office, the judge of his people;
* and his decisions should be directed
* by wisdom, justice, and moderation:
* let me, then, examine Acanthus in
* your presence.'

Every one acquiesced; and Telema-
chus immediately questioned him con-
cerning his connection with Arion; he
pressed him with a great variety of par-
ticulars; and he frequently took occa-
sion to intimate a design of sending him
back to Adrastus as a deserter: this, if
he had really deserted, would have
alarmed him; for Adrastus would cer-
tainly have punished him with death;
but Telemachus, who watched the ef-
fect of this experiment with great atten-
tion, perceived not the least token of
fear, either in his countenance or his
voice; and therefore thought it proba-
ble that he was guilty of the conspi-
racy.

Not being able, however, fully to
convict him, he demanded his ring. 'I

* will send it,' said he, 'to Adrastus.'
At the demand of his ring Acanthus
turned pale; and Telemachus, who
kept his eyes fixed upon him, perceived
that he was in great confusion. The
ring being delivered—'I will send Po-
lytropus,' said Telemachus, 'a Lu-
canian whom you well know, to A-
draustus, as a messenger dispatched
* with private intelligence from you,
* and he shall produce this ring as a
* token. If it is acknowledged by A-
draustus, and by this means we dis-
cover that you are his emissary, you
* shall be put to death by torture; but
* if you will now voluntarily confess
* your guilt, we will remit the punish-
* ment it deserves, and only banish you
* to some remote island, where every
* thing shall be provided for your sub-
sistence.' Acanthus being now urged
both by fear and hope, made a full con-
fession; and Telemachus prevailed with
the kings to give him his life, as he had
promised it; and he was sent into one
of the Echinadian islands, where he
passed his days in security and peace.

Not long afterwards, a Daunian of
obscure birth, but of a daring and vio-
lent spirit, whose name was Dioscorus,
came into the camp of the allies by
night, and offered to assassinate Adras-
tus in his tent. This offer it was in
his power to make good; for whoever
despises his own life, can command that
of another. Dioscorus had no wish but
for revenge. Adrastus had forcibly
taken away his wife, whom he loved to
distraction, and who was equal in beauty
to Venus herself; and he had determin-
ed either to kill the tyrant, and recover
his wife, or perish in the attempt. He
had received secret instructions how to
enter the tent in the night, and had
learnt that his enterprize would be fa-
voured by many officers in the service:
but he thought it would also be neces-
sary that the allies should attack the
camp at the same time; as the confusion
would facilitate his escape, and afford
him a fairer opportunity to carry off
his wife.

As soon as this man had made the
confederate princes acquainted with his
design, they turned towards Telema-
chus, as referring implicitly to his de-
cision. 'The gods,' said he, 'who
* have preserved us from traitors, for-
* bid us to employ them. It would
* be our interest to reject treachery, if

we had not sufficient virtue to detest it: if we should once practise it against others, our example would justify others in the practice of it against us; and then who among us will be safe? If Adrastus should avoid the mischief that threatens him, it will recoil upon ourselves; the nature of war will be changed; military skill and heroick virtue will have no object; and we shall see nothing but perfidy, treason, and assassination: we shall ourselves experience their fatal effects; and deserve to suffer every evil to which we have given sanction by our practice. I am therefore of opinion, that we ought to send back this traitor to Adrastus; not for his sake; indeed; but the eyes of all Hesperia, and of all Greece, are upon us, and we owe this testimony of our abhorrence of perfidy to them, and to ourselves; we owe it also to the gods, for the gods are just.

Dioecorus was accordingly sent away to Adrastus; who trembled at a review of his danger, and was beyond expression amazed at the generosity of his enemies; for the wicked have no idea of disinterested virtue. He contemplated what had happened with admiration, a secret and involuntary praise; but he did not dare to applaud it openly, being conscious that it would condemn himself: it brought into his mind the fraud and cruelty he had practised, with a painful sense both of guilt and shame. He endeavoured to account for appearances, without imputing to his enemies such virtue as he could not emulate: and, while he felt himself indebted to them for his life, he could not think of ingratitude without compunction; but in those who are habitually wicked, remorse is of short duration.

Adrastus, who saw the reputation of the allies perpetually increase, thought it absolutely necessary to attempt something of importance against them immediately: as he found they must of necessity foil him in virtue, he could only hope to gain the advantage of them in arms; and therefore prepared to give them battle without delay.

The day of action arrived; and Aurora had scarce strewed her roses in the path of the sun, and thrown open the gates of the east before him, when Telemachus, anticipating the vigilance of experience and age, broke from the soft embraces of Sleep, and put all the com-

manders in motion. His helmet, covered with horse-hair that floated in the wind, already glittered upon his head; his cuirass diffused a new sun-shine upon the plain; and his shield, the work of Vulcan, besides it's natural beauty, shone with a divine effulgence, which it derived from the ægis of Minerva, that was concealed under it. In one hand he held a lance, and with the other he pointed out the posts which the several divisions of the army were to occupy. Minerva had given a fire to his eye that was more than human, and animated his countenance with an expression of awful majesty, that seemed to be an earnest of victory. He marched, and all the princes of the confederacy, forgetting their dignity and their age, followed him by an irresistible impulse; their hearts were inaccessible even to envy; and every one yielded, with a spontaneous obedience, to him who was under the immediate, but invincible, conduct of Minerva. There was now nothing impetuous or precipitate in his deportment; he possessed himself with the most placid tranquillity and condescending patience; he was ready to hear every opinion, and to improve every hint; but he shewed also the greatest activity, vigilance, and foresight: he provided against the remotest contingencies; he was neither disconcerted himself, nor disconcerted others; he excused all mistakes; regulated all that was amiss; and obviated difficulties even in their causes, before they could take effect: he exacted no unreasonable service, he left every man at liberty, and enjoyed every man's confidence. When he gave an order, he expressed himself with the greatest plainness and perspicuity; he repeated it, to assist the apprehension and memory of those who were to execute it: he consulted all their looks while he was speaking, to know whether he was perfectly understood; and he made them express their sense of his orders in their own words. When he had satisfied himself of the abilities of the persons he employed, and perceived that they perfectly entered into his views, he never dismissed them without some mark of his esteem and confidence: every one, therefore, that was engaged in the execution of his designs, was interested in the success, from a principle of love to their commander, whom they wished, more

than all things, to please. Nor was their activity restrained by the fear of having misfortune imputed to them as a fault; for he blamed none that were unsuccessful even by mistake, if their intentions appeared to have been good.

The first rays of the sun now tinged the horizon with a glowing red, and the sea sparkled with the reflected fires of the rising day; the plain was thronged with men and arms, and horses and chariots were every where in motion. An almost infinite variety of sounds produced a loud but hoarse noise, like that of the sea, when a mighty tempest, at the command of Neptune, moves the world of waters to it's foundation; and Mars, by the din of arms, and the dreadful apparatus of war, began to scatter the seeds of rage in every breast. Spears stood erect in the field as thick as corn that hides the furrows of the plough in autumn; a cloud of dust arose in the air, which hid both heaven and earth by degrees from the sight of man; and inexorable Death advanced, with Confusion, Horror, and Carnage, in his train.

The moment the first flight of arrows was discharged, Telemachus, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, pronounced these words: 'O Jupiter, father both of gods and men! thou see'st justice on our side; and peace, which we have not been ashamed to seek: we draw the sword with reluctance, and would spare the blood of men. Against even this enemy, however cruel, perfidious, and profane, we have no malice. Judge, therefore, between him and us. If we must die, it is thy hand that resumes the life it has given! If Hesperia is to be delivered, and the tyrant abased, it is thy power, and the wisdom of Minerva, that shall give us victory! The glory will be due to thee; for the fate of battle is weighed in thy balance. We fight in thy behalf, for thou art righteous; and Adrastus is therefore more thy enemy than ours! If in thy behalf we conquer, the blood of a whole hecatomb shall smoke upon thy altars before the day is past!'

Then, shaking the reins over the fiery and foaming coursers of his chariot, he rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The first that opposed

him was Periander the Locrian: he was covered with the skin of a lion, which he had slain when he was travelling in Silicia; and he was armed, like Hercules, with a club of enormous size: he had the stature and the strength of a giant; and, as soon as he saw Telemachus, he despised his youth, and the beauty of his countenance. 'Is it for thee,' said he, 'effeminate boy! to dispute the glory of arms with us? Hence! and seek thy father in the dominions of the dead!' He spoke, and lifted his ponderous and knotted mace against him; it was studded with spikes of steel, and had the appearance of a mast. All that were near trembled at it's descent; but Telemachus avoided the blow, and rushed upon his enemy with a rapidity equal to the flight of an eagle. The mace falling upon the wheel of a chariot that was near him, dashed it to pieces; and, before Periander could recover it, Telemachus pierced his neck with a dart. The blood, which gushed in a torrent from the wound, instantly stifled his voice; his hands relaxed; and the reins falling upon the necks of his coursers, they started away with ungoverned fury. He fell from the chariot; his eyes were suffused with everlasting darkness; and his countenance, pale and disfigured, was still impressed with the agonies of death. Telemachus was touched with pity at the sight, and immediately gave the body to his attendants; reserving to himself the lion's skin and mace as trophies of his victory.

He then sought Adrastus in the thickest of the battle, and overturned a crowd of heroes in his way: Hileus, who had harnessed to his chariot two coursers bred in the vast plains that are watered by the Ausidus, and scarcely inferior to those of the sun; Demoleon, who, in Sicily, had almost rivalled Eryx in combats with the cestus; Crantor, who had been the host and the friend of Hercules, when he passed through Hesperia, to punish the villainies of Cacus with death; Menecrates, who, in wrestling, was said to have rivalled Pollux; Hypocoon the Salapian, who, in managing the horse, had the grace and dexterity of Castor; the mighty hunter Eurymedes, who was almost stained with the blood of bears and wild boars that he slew upon the frozen summits

summits of the Appenines, and who was said to have been so great a favourite of Diana, that she taught him the use of the bow herself; Nicostratus, who had conquered a giant, among the rocks of Mount Garganus, that vomited fire; and Eleanthus, who was betrothed to Pholoe, a youthful beauty, the daughter of the god that pours the River Liris from his urn.

She had been promised, by her father, to him who should deliver her from a winged serpent which was bred on the borders of the stream, and which an oracle had predicted should in a few days devour her. Eleanthus, for the love of Pholoe, undertook to destroy the monster, and succeeded; but the Fates withheld from him the fruits of his victory; and, while Pholoe was preparing for their union, and expecting the return of her hero with a tender and timid joy, she learned that he had followed Adrastus to the war, and that his life was cut off by an untimely stroke. Her sighs were wafted to the surrounding woods and mountains upon every gale; her eyes overflowed with tears; and the flowers which she had been wreathing into garlands were neglected: in the distraction of her grief she accused Heaven of injustice; but the gods beheld her with compassion; and, accepting the prayers of her father, put an end to her distress. Her tears flowed in such abundance, that she was suddenly changed into a fountain, which, at length, mingled with the parent stream: but the waters are still bitter; no herbage blossoms upon the banks; and no tree but the cypress refreshes them with a shade.

In the mean time, Adrastus, who learned that Telemachus was spreading terror on every side, went in search of him with the utmost ardour and impatience. He hoped to find him an easy conquest, as he had yet scarcely acquired the full strength of a man: the tyrant did not, however, trust wholly to this advantage, but took with him thirty Daunians of uncommon boldness, dexterity, and strength, to whom he had promised great rewards for killing Telemachus in any manner. If at this time they had met, and the thirty Daunians had surrounded the chariot of the young hero, while Adrastus had

attacked him in front, he would certainly have been cut off without difficulty; but Minerva turned this formidable band another way.

Adrastus, thinking he distinguished the voice and figure of Telemachus among a crowd of combatants that were engaged in a small hollow at the foot of a hill, rushed to the spot, that he might satiate his revenge; but, instead of Telemachus, he found Nestor, who, with a feeble hand, threw some random shafts that did no execution. Adrastus, in the rage of disappointment, would instantly have slain him, if a troop of Pylians had not surrounded their king. And now a multitude of arrows obscured the day, and covered the contending armies like a cloud; nothing was to be heard but the groans of death, and the clashing armour of those that fell: the ground was loaded with mountains of the slain, and deluged with rivers of blood. Mars and Bellona, attended by the infernal Furies, and cloathed in garments that dropped with gore, enjoyed the horrors of the battle, and animated the combatants with new fury. By these relentless deities, enemies to man, Pity, generous Valour, and mild Humanity, were driven from the field; and Slaughter, Revenge, Despair, and Cruelty, raged amidst the tumult without controul. Minerva, the wise and invincible, shuddered, and turned with horror from the scene.

Philoctetes, in the mean time, though he walked, with difficulty, with the shafts of Hercules, limped to the assistance of Nestor with all his might. Adrastus, not being able to penetrate the guard of Pylians that surrounded him, laid many of them in the dust. He slew Etefilaus, who was so light of foot that he scarcely imprinted the sand; and, in his own country, left the rapid waves of Eurotas and Alpheus behind him: he overthrew also Eutiphron, who exceeded Hylas in beauty, and Hypolitus in the chace; Pterelaus, who had followed Nestor to the siege of Troy, and was beloved by Achilles for his prowess and valour; Aristogiton, who, having bathed in the River Achelous, was said to have received from the deity of the stream the secret gift of assuming whatever form he desired,

and who had, indeed, a suppleness and agility that eluded the strongest grasp; but Adrastus, by one stroke of his lance, rendered him motionless for ever; and his soul rushed from the wound with his blood.

Nestor, who saw the bravest of his commanders fall under the cruel hand of Adrastus, as ears of corn, ripened into a golden harvest, fall before the sickle of the reaper, forgot the danger to which, tremulous and feeble with age, he exposed himself in vain: his attention was wholly fixed upon his son Pisistratus, whom he followed with his eye, as he was bravely sustaining the party that defended his father. But now the fatal moment was come when Nestor was once more to feel the infelicity of having lived too long.

Pisistratus made a stroke against Adrastus with his lance, so violent, that, if the Daunian had not avoided it, it must have been fatal. The assailant, having missed his blow, staggered with its force; and, before he could recover his position, Adrastus wounded him with a javelin in the belly: his bowels, in a torrent of blood, followed the weapon; his colour faded like a flower that is broken from its root; his eyes became dim, and his voice faltered. Alcæus, his governor, who fought near him, sustained him as he fell; and had just time to place him in the arms of his father before he expired. He looked up, and made an effort to give the last token of his tenderness; but, having opened his lips to speak, the spirit issued with his breath.

Nestor, now defended against Adrastus by Philoctetes, who spread carnage and horror round him, still supported the body of his son, and pressed it in an agony to his bosom. The light was now hateful to his eyes; and his passion burst out in exclamation and complaint: 'Wretched man!' said he, 'to have been once a father, and to have lived so long!—Wherefore, O inexorable Fates! would you not take my life when I was chasing the Calydonian boar; sailing in the expedition to Colchos; or courting danger in the first siege of Troy? I should then have died with glory, and tasted no bitterness in death. I now languish with age and sorrow; I am now feeble and despised; I live only

to suffer, and have sensibility only for affliction!—O my son! O my dear son Pisistratus! when I lost thy brother Antilochus, I had still thee to comfort me; but I now have thee no more! I possess nothing; and can receive no comfort! With me all is at an end; and even in hope, that only solace of human misery, I have no portion!—O my children! Antilochus and Pisistratus! I feel this day as if this day I had lost ye both; and the first wound in my heart now bleeds afresh! Alas! I shall see you no more! Who shall close my eyes when I die? and who shall collect my ashes for the urn?—Thou hast died, O my dear Pisistratus! like thy brother, the death of a hero; and to die is forbidden only to me!

In this transport of grief he would have killed himself with a javelin that he held in his hand; but he was prevented by those who stood by. The body of his son was forced from his arms; and, sinking under the conflict, he fainted: he was carried, in a state of insensibility, to his tent; where soon after reviving, he would have returned to the combat, if he had not, by a gentle force, been restrained.

In the mean time, Adrastus and Philoctetes were mutually in search of each other: their eyes sparkled like those of the leopard and the lion when they fight in the plains that are watered by the Caister; their looks were savage, and expressed hostile fury and unrelenting vengeance; every lance that they dismissed was fatal; and the surrounding warriors gazed at them with terror. At last, they got sight of each other; and Philoctetes applied one of those dreadful arrows to his bow which, from his hand, never missed the mark, and which inflicted a wound that no medicine could cure. But Mars, who favoured the fearless cruelty of Adrastus, would not yet suffer him to perish: it was the pleasure of the god that he should prolong the horrors of the war, and increase the number of the dead; and he was still necessary to Divine Justice for the punishment of man.

Philoctetes, at the very moment when he was fitting the shaft against Adrastus, was himself wounded with a lance: the blow was given by Amphimachus, a young

a young Lucanian, more beautiful than Nireus; who, among all the commanders at the siege of Troy, was excelled in person only by Achilles. Philoctetes, the moment he received the wound, discharged the arrow at Amphimachus. The weapon transfixed his heart; the lustre of his eyes, so beautifully black, was extinguished, and they were covered with the shades of death: his lips, in comparison of which the roses that Aurora scatters in the horizon are pale, lost their colour; and his countenance, so blooming and lovely, became ghastly and disfigured. Philoctetes himself was touched with compassion; and, when his body lay weltering in his blood, and his tresses, which might have been mistaken for Apollo's, were trailed in the dust, every one lamented his fall.

Philoctetes, having slain Amphimachus, was himself obliged to retire from the field: he became feeble by the loss of blood; and he had exerted himself so much in battle, that his old wound became painful, and seemed ready to break out afresh; for, notwithstanding the divine science of the sons of Æsculapius, the cure was not perfect. Thus exhausted, and ready to fall upon the heaps of the slain that surrounded him, he was borne off by Archidamas, who excelled all the Oebelians that he brought with him to found the city of Petilia in dexterity and courage, just at the moment when Adrastus might, with ease, have laid him dead at his feet. And now the tyrant found none that dared to resist him, or retard his victory: all his enemies were either fallen or fled; and he might justly be resembled to a torrent which, having overflowed its bounds, rushes on with tumultuous impetuosity, and sweeps away the harvest and the flock, the shepherd and the village, together.

Telemachus heard the shouts of the victors at a distance; and saw his people flying before Adrastus with disorder and precipitation; like a timid hind, that, pursued by the hunter, traverses the plain, rushes through the forest, leaps the precipice, and plunges into the flood. A groan issued from his breast, and his eyes sparkled with indignation: he quitted the spot where he had long fought with so much danger and glory, and hastened to sustain his

party; he advanced, covered with the blood of a multitude whom he had extended in the dust; and in his way he gave a shout that was at once heard by both armies.

Minerva had communicated a kind of nameless terror to his voice, which the neighbouring mountains returned. The voice even of Mars was never heard louder in Thrace, when he called up the infernal furies, War and Death. The shout of Telemachus animated his people with new courage, and chilled his enemies with fear. Adrastus himself was moved, and blushed at the confusion that he felt. A thousand fatal presages thrilled him with secret horror; and he was actuated rather by despair than courage: his trembling knees thrice bent under him, and he thrice drew back, without knowing what he did; his countenance faded to a deadly pale, and a cold sweat covered his body; his voice became hollow, tremulous, and interrupted; and a kind of sullen fire gleamed in his eyes, which appeared to be starting from their sockets. All his motions had the sudden violence of a convulsion; and he looked like Orestes when he was possessed by the Furies. He now began to believe there were gods; he fancied that he saw them denouncing vengeance; and that he heard a hollow voice issuing from the depths of hell, and calling him to everlasting torment. Every thing impressed him with a sense that a divine and invisible hand was raised against him, and that it would crush him in its descent. Hope was extinguished in his breast; and his courage fled as light flies when the sun plunges in the deep, and the earth is enveloped in the shades of night.

Adrastus, whose tyranny would already have been too long, if the earth had not needed so severe a scourge, the impious Adrastus, had now filled up the measure of his iniquity, and his hour was come. He rushed forward to meet his fate with a blind fury, which horror, remorse, indignation, and despair, united to inspire. At the first sight of Telemachus, he thought that Avernus opened at his feet, and the fiery waves of Phlegeton roared to receive him: he uttered a cry of terror, and his mouth continued open, but he

was



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK XXI.



HE Daunians, as soon as Adrastus was dead, instead of deploring their defeat, and the loss of their chief, rejoiced in their deliverance; and gave their hands to the allies in token of peace and reconciliation. Metrodorus, the son of Adrastus, whom the tyrant had brought up in the principles of dissimulation, injustice, and cruelty, pusillanimously fled: but a slave, who had been the confidante and companion of his vices, whom he had enfranchized and loaded with benefits, and to whom alone he trusted in his flight, thought only how he might improve the opportunity to his own advantage; he therefore attacked him behind as he fled; and, having cut off his head, brought it into the camp of the allies, hoping to receive a great reward for a crime which would put an end to the war: the allies, however, were struck with horror at the fact, and put the traitor to death.

Telemachus, when he saw the head of Metrodorus, a youth of great beauty and excellent endowments, whom the love of pleasure and bad examples had corrupted, could not refrain from tears. 'What an instance,' said he, 'of the mischief of prosperity to a young prince! The greater his elevation, and the keener his sensibility, the

' more easy and the more certain is his seduction from virtue! And what has now happened to Metrodorus, might, perhaps, have happened to me, if I had not been favoured by the gods with early misfortune and the counsels of Mentor.'

The Daunians being assembled, required, as the only condition of peace, that they should be permitted to choose a king of their own nation, whose virtues might remove the disgrace which Adrastus had brought upon royalty: they were thankful to the gods who had cut him off; they came in crowds to kiss the hand of Telemachus, as the instrument of Divine Justice; and they celebrated their defeat as a triumph. Thus the power which threatened all Hesperia, and struck united nations with terror, fell in a moment, totally and for ever! So the ground that is gradually undermined, in appearance maintains it's stability; the slow progress of the work below is disregarded or despised; nothing shakes, nothing is broken, and, in appearance, nothing is weak; yet the secret support is certainly, though insensibly, destroyed; and the moment at last arrives when the whole falls at once into ruin, and nothing remains but an abyss, in which the surface, and all that covered it, is swallowed up. An illegal authority, however founded, is gradually sub-
verted

verted by fraud and cruelty; it is gazed at with admiration and terror, and every one trembles before it, till the moment when it sinks into nothing: it falls by its own weight, and it can rise no more, for its support is not only removed, but annihilated; justice and integrity are wanting, which alone can produce confidence and love.

On the next day, the chiefs of the army assembled to give the Daunians a king. They saw the two camps intermingled by an amity so sudden and unexpected, and the two armies, as it were, incorporated into one, with infinite pleasure. Nestor, indeed, could not be present; for the death of his son was more than the weakness of age could support: he sunk under this misfortune, in the decline of life, as a flower sinks under the showers of the evening, which was the glory of the field when Aurora first gave the day; his eyes continually overflowed from an inexhaustible source; the lenient hand of Sleep closed them no more; and the soothing prospects of hope, in which misery itself can rejoice, were cut off. All food was bitter to his taste, and light was painful to his eye; he had no wish but to be dismissed from life, and covered with the veil of eternal darkness. The voice of friendship soothed and expostulated in vain; for even kindness itself disgusted him, as the richest dainties are disgusting to the sick. To soft condolence, and tender expostulation, he answered only by sounds of inarticulate sorrow; yet he was sometimes heard to break out into passionate exclamations alone. 'O Pifistratus!' he would say; 'O my son! thou callest me, and I will follow thee: thou hast made death welcome; and I have no wish but once more to behold thee upon the borders of the Styx!' After such bursts of grief, he would pass whole hours in silence, except that, lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven, groans would involuntarily escape him.

In the mean time, the princes that were assembled, waited impatiently for Telemachus, who still continued near the body of Pifistratus, burning the richest perfumes, scattering flowers over it with a liberal hand, and mingling the fragrant shower with his tears. 'O my dear companion!' said he, 'can our first meeting at Pylos, our

journey to Sparta, and our meeting on the coast of Hesperia, be forgotten? How many obligations am I under to thee! How tenderly did I love thee! and how faithfully was my love returned! I knew thy valour; it would have rivalled the greatest heroes of Greece: but, alas! it has destroyed thee! it has, indeed, consecrated thy name; but it has impoverished the world! We have lost the virtues that would have been equal to those of thy father; another Nestor, whose wisdom and eloquence would, in future times, have been the pride and admiration of Greece! That soft persuasion was already upon thy lips, which, when Nestor speaks, is irresistible; that native simplicity and truth, that gentle expostulation, which soothes anger into peace; and that authority, which equanimity and wisdom necessarily acquire, were already thy own! To thy voice every ear was attentive, and every heart was inclined to approve thy judgment! Thy words, plain and artless, distilled upon the heart as the dews of Heaven distil upon the rising herbage of the field! In thee how many blessings, within a few hours, did we possess! with thee how many blessings have we now lost for ever! Pifistratus, whom but yesterday I clasped to my breast, is now insensible to my friendship; and a mournful remembrance of him is all that remains! If, instead of our closing thy eyes, thou hadst closed the eyes of Nestor, the gods would have spared him this sight of anguish and horror; and he would not have been distinguished among fathers by unexampled calamity!

After these exclamations of tenderness and pity, Telemachus ordered the blood to be washed from the wounded side of Pifistratus, and the body to be laid upon a purple bier. Upon this bed of death his head reclined, and his countenance pale; he resembled a young tree, which, having covered the earth with its shade, and shot up its branches to Heaven, is cut down with the axe by an untimely stroke; it is severed at once from its root, and from the Earth, a prolific mother, that cherishes her offspring in her bosom! The branches languish, and the verdure fades; it is no longer self-supported; it falls to the ground,

ground, and it's spreading honours, that concealed the sky, are stretched, withered, and sapless, in the dust: it is no more a tree, but a lifeless trunk; it aspires, and is graceful no more! Thus fallen, and thus changed, Pisistratus was now borne to the funeral-pile, attended by a band of Pylians, moving with a slow and mournful pace, their arms reversed, and their eyes, swimming in tears, fixed upon the ground. And now the flame ascends in ruddy spires to the sky; the body is quickly consumed, and the ashes deposited in a golden urn. This urn, as an invaluable treasure, Telemachus, who superintended the whole, confided to Callimachus, to whom Nestor had once confided the son whose remains it contained. 'Preserve,' said he, 'these mournful but precious relicks of one whom you tenderly loved! Preserve them for his father; but do not give them till he has fortitude enough to ask for them: that which at one time exasperates sorrow, will soothe it at another.'

Telemachus, having thus fulfilled the last duties to his friend, repaired to the assembly of the confederate princes; who, the moment they saw him, became silent with attention: he blushed at the deference that was paid him, and could not be prevailed upon to speak. The acclamations that followed increased his confusion; he wished to hide himself: and now, for the first time, appeared to be irresolute and disconcerted. At last he entreated, as a favour, that they would praise him no more: 'Not,' says he, 'because it displeases me, especially from those who are so well able to distinguish virtue; but because I am afraid it should please me too much: praise is the great corrupter of mankind; it renders them arrogant, presumptuous, and vain; and ought alike to be deserved and avoided. Nothing is so like honest praise as flattery: tyrants, the most wicked of all men, are most the objects of adulation; and what pleasure can I derive from such tribute? Honest praise, if I am so happy to deserve it, will be paid when I am absent; and, if you believe that I have merit, you must also believe that I desire to be humble, and am afraid of being vain. Spare me, then, if you esteem me; and do not

'praise me as if you thought praise was delightful to my ear.'

Telemachus, having thus expressed the sentiments of his heart, took no farther notice of those who still continued loud in extravagant encomiums; and his neglect soon put them to silence; for they began to fear that their zeal would displease him: praise, therefore, was at an end, but admiration increased; for the tenderness which he had shewn to Pisistratus, and the affectionate assiduity with which he had paid the last duties of a friend, were universally known; and the whole army was more touched with these testimonies of sensibility and benevolence, than with all the prodigies of wisdom and valour that had distinguished his character with unrivalled lustre. 'He is wise,' said they to each other, 'and he is brave: he is beloved of the gods; he stands alone the hero of our age; he is more than man! But this is only wonderful; this excites no passion but astonishment! He is, besides, humane; he is good; he is a faithful and a tender friend; he is compassionate, liberal, beneficent, and devoted, without reserve, to those who merit his affection! Of his haughtiness, indifference, and ferocity, nothing remains: and he is now, not the wonder only, but the delight of mankind! His character is now distinguished by useful and endearing excellence; by qualities that reach the heart, that melt us with tenderness, that make us not only acknowledge, but feel, his virtues, and would prompt us to redeem his life with our own!'

The princes, having thus given vent to their esteem and admiration, proceeded to debate the necessity of giving the Daunians a king. The greater part of the assembly was of opinion, that the territories of Adrastus should be divided among them as a conquered country; and Telemachus was offered, as his share, the fertile country of Arpos, where Ceres pours out her golden treasures; Bacchus presents his delicious fruit; and the olive, consecrated to Minerva, pays her green tribute twice a year. 'This country,' said they, 'ought to obliterate Ithaca from your remembrance; it's barren soil, it's mean cottages, the dreary rocks of Dulichium, and the savage forests

‘ of Zacynthus. Think no more of
 ‘ your father, who has certainly been
 ‘ buried in the deep at the promontory
 ‘ of Capareus, by the vengeance of
 ‘ Nauplius, and the anger of Neptune;
 ‘ nor of your mother, who must have
 ‘ yielded to her suitors in your ab-
 ‘ sence; nor of your country, which
 ‘ the gods have not favoured like that
 ‘ which is now offered you.’

Telemachus heard them patiently;
 but the rocks of Thessaly and Thrace
 are not more deaf and inexorable to
 the complaints of despairing love than
 the son of Ulysses was to these offers.
 ‘ I have no wish,’ said he, ‘ either for
 ‘ luxury or wealth: and why should I
 ‘ possess a wider extent of country, or
 ‘ command a greater number of men?
 ‘ I should only be more embarrassed,
 ‘ and less at liberty. Men of the
 ‘ greatest wisdom, and most moderate
 ‘ desires, have found life full of trou-
 ‘ ble, without taking upon them the
 ‘ government of others, who are rest-
 ‘ less and untractable, injurious, frau-
 ‘ dulent, and ungrateful. He that de-
 ‘ sires to command others for his own
 ‘ sake, without any view but to his
 ‘ own power, and pleasure, and glory,
 ‘ is a tyrant, an enemy to the gods,
 ‘ and a punishment to man! He who
 ‘ governs mankind with justice and
 ‘ equity for their own advantage, is
 ‘ rather their guardian than their lord:
 ‘ his trouble is inconceivable; and he
 ‘ is far from wishing to increase it by
 ‘ extending his authority. The shep-
 ‘ herd who does not riot upon the flesh
 ‘ of his flock; who defends them from
 ‘ the wolf at the hazard of his life;
 ‘ who leads them to the best pasture,
 ‘ and watches over them night and
 ‘ day; has no desire to increase the
 ‘ number of his sheep, or to seize upon
 ‘ those that belong to his neighbour;
 ‘ for this would only increase his care
 ‘ by multiplying it’s objects. Though
 ‘ I have never governed, I have learned
 ‘ from the laws, and from the sages by
 ‘ whom laws have been made, that
 ‘ government is an anxious and la-
 ‘ borious task: I am therefore content
 ‘ with Ithaca, however small, and how-
 ‘ ever poor; and, if I can reign there,
 ‘ with fortitude, justice, and piety,
 ‘ I shall have no need to wish for a
 ‘ larger dominion to increase my glory.
 ‘ My reign, indeed, may commence
 ‘ but too soon. Would to Heaven that

‘ my father, escaping the fury of the
 ‘ waves, may reign himself to the
 ‘ longest period of human life; and
 ‘ that, under him, I may learn to sub-
 ‘ due my own passions, till I know
 ‘ how to restrain those of a whole na-
 ‘ tion!’

Telemachus then addressed the as-
 sembly in these terms: ‘ Hear, O ye
 ‘ princes! what your interest makes it
 ‘ my duty to declare. If you give the
 ‘ Daunians a just king, he will make
 ‘ them a just people; he will shew them
 ‘ the advantage of keeping their faith
 ‘ unbroken, and of not invading the
 ‘ territories of their neighbours: a les-
 ‘ son which, under the impious Adraf-
 ‘ tus, they could never learn. From
 ‘ these people, while they are under
 ‘ the direction of a wise and good
 ‘ prince, you will have nothing to fear;
 ‘ if such a prince you shall give them,
 ‘ they will be indebted for him to
 ‘ you, and they will be indebted to you
 ‘ for the peace and prosperity that they
 ‘ will enjoy under him: instead of at-
 ‘ tacking, they will bless you; and
 ‘ both king and people will be, as it
 ‘ were, the work of your own hands.
 ‘ But, on the contrary, if you divide
 ‘ their country among you, the mis-
 ‘ chiefs which I now predict will cer-
 ‘ tainly come to pass. The Daunians,
 ‘ pushed to desperation, will renew the
 ‘ war; they will fight in a just cause,
 ‘ the cause of liberty; and the gods,
 ‘ who abhor tyranny, will fight for
 ‘ them: if the gods should take part
 ‘ against you, first or last, you must be
 ‘ confounded, and your prosperity will
 ‘ dissipate like a vapour; counsel and
 ‘ wisdom will be withdrawn from your
 ‘ chiefs, courage from your armies,
 ‘ and plenty from your country; your
 ‘ hopes will be presumptuous, and your
 ‘ undertakings rash; you will impose
 ‘ silence upon those who warn you of
 ‘ your danger; and your ruin will be
 ‘ sudden and irretrievable: it will then
 ‘ be said—“ Is this the mighty nation
 ‘ “ that was to give laws to the world?
 ‘ “ this that is now vanquished, pursued,
 ‘ “ and trampled in the dust? Such is
 ‘ “ the desert of the lawless, the haughty,
 ‘ “ and the cruel; and such is the rig-
 ‘ “ reous retribution of Heaven!”

‘ Consider also, that if you under-
 ‘ take to divide your conquest, you
 ‘ will unite all the surrounding nations
 ‘ against you: your alliance, which

' was formed in defence of the common
 ' liberty of Hesperia, against the usur-
 ' pations of Adrastus, will become
 ' odious; and you will yourselves be
 ' justly accused of aspiring at an uni-
 ' versal tyranny. But suppose that you
 ' should be victorious against the Dau-
 ' nians, and every other people, your
 ' success will inevitably be your ruin.
 ' This measure will disunite you: it
 ' cannot be taken without a violation
 ' of those very rules by which alone
 ' you can regulate your own preten-
 ' sions; it will substitute power for
 ' justice; and therefore each of you
 ' will make his power the measure of
 ' his claim. Not one of you will have
 ' sufficient authority over the rest to
 ' make a peaceable division of the com-
 ' mon property; and thus a new war
 ' will commence, of which your de-
 ' scendants, that are not yet born, will
 ' probably never see the end. Is it not
 ' better to sit down in peace, with jus-
 ' tice and moderation, than to follow
 ' ambition, where all is tumult, dan-
 ' ger, and calamity? Is not perfect
 ' tranquillity and blameless pleasure, a
 ' plentiful country, and friendly neigh-
 ' bours, the glory that is inseparable
 ' from justice? and the authority that
 ' must result from an integrity, to
 ' which foreign nations refer their con-
 ' tests for decision, more desirable than
 ' the idle vanity of lawless conquest?
 ' I speak, O princes! without interest;
 ' I oppose your opinions, because I love
 ' you; I tell you the truth, though I
 ' risk your displeasure: should the
 ' counsel of Integrity be lightly reject-
 ' ed?' While Telemachus was thus
 ' speaking with a new and irresistible au-
 ' thority, and the princes were admir-
 ' ing the wisdom of his counsels in as-
 ' tonishment and suspense, a confused noise
 ' spread through the camp, and came at
 ' last to the place where they were assem-
 ' bled. It was said that a stranger had
 ' just landed, with a company of men in
 ' arms; that he was of a lofty port, and
 ' had a military greatness in his aspect
 ' and demeanor; that he appeared to
 ' have endured great adversity, and to be
 ' superior to all sufferance. The sol-
 ' diers, who were stationed to guard the
 ' coast, at first prepared to repulse him
 ' as an enemy that was invading their
 ' country; upon which he drew his sword
 ' with an air of intrepidity, and declared
 ' that, if he was attacked, he could make

good his defence; but that he required
 only peace and hospitality. He then
 held out an olive-branch as a suppli-
 cant; and, desiring to be conducted to
 those who commanded that part of the
 coast, he was accordingly brought to
 the royal assembly.

The moment after this intelligence
 was received, the stranger entered. His
 majestick appearance struck the whole
 assembly with surprize; he looked like
 the god of War, when he calls together
 his sanguinary bands upon the moun-
 tains of Thrace; and he addressed the
 princes in these terms.

' Surely I see the guardians of man-
 ' kind, assembled to defend their coun-
 ' try, or distribute justice! Here, then,
 ' a man persecuted by Fortune may
 ' hope to be heard; may the gods pre-
 ' serve you from the like calamity! I
 ' am Diomedes, the king of Ætolia, who
 ' wounded Venus at the siege of Troy;
 ' and her vengeance pursues me whi-
 ' thersoever I fly. Neptune, who can
 ' refuse nothing to the divine daughter
 ' of the Sea, has given me up to the fury
 ' of the winds and waves, and I have
 ' suffered shipwreck almost upon every
 ' rock. Inexorable Venus has left me
 ' no hope of again returning to my
 ' kingdom, or clasping my family to
 ' my breast! In the country where I
 ' first beheld the light, I shall behold it
 ' no more: from all that is dear to me
 ' I am severed for ever! Upon this un-
 ' known coast, after all my shipwrecks,
 ' I seek only security and rest. Jupi-
 ' ter himself is the stranger's tutelary
 ' god! If, therefore, ye have any reve-
 ' rence of Heaven, if ye have any feel-
 ' ings of compassion, vouchsafe me some
 ' neglected corner of this vast country,
 ' some barren spot, some untrodden
 ' waste, some sandy plain, some craggy
 ' rock, where I may take refuge with
 ' my associates in misfortune, and build
 ' a little town, a sad memorial of the
 ' country we have lost! We ask but a
 ' small tract of such ground as is use-
 ' less to you; we will be peaceable
 ' neighbours, and firm allies; we will
 ' have no enemy, and no interest but
 ' yours; and we desire no other dis-
 ' tinction or peculiarity than the liberty
 ' of living according to our own laws.'

While Diomedes was speaking, Te-
 lemachus kept his eyes fixed upon him;
 and all the changes of passion were by
 turns expressed in his aspect. When
 the

the hero at first mentioned his long misfortunes, he thought this majestick stranger might be his father, and his countenance brightened with hope: the moment he declared himself to be Diomedes, it faded like a flower at the chill blast of the north; and, when he complained of inexorable anger, and an offended goddess, the heart of Telemachus was melted by the remembrance of what his father and himself had suffered from the same cause. The conflict was at last more than he could sustain; and, bursting into tears of grief and joy, he threw himself upon the neck of Diomedes, and embraced him.

'I am,' said he, 'the son of Ulysses, your associate in the war; who, when you carried off the horses of Rhesus, was not idle. The gods have treated him with unrelenting severity, as they have treated you. If the oracles of Erebus may be believed, he is still alive: but, alas! he is not alive to me. I have left Ithaca to seek him; and I have now lost him, and my country, for ever! Judge, from my misfortunes, of my compassion for your's; for Misfortune is the parent of Pity, and so far it is an advantage. In this country I am but a stranger myself; and I have, from my infancy, suffered various distresses in my own. Yet, O mighty Diomedes! I was not there ignorant of the glory you have acquired; nor am I here unable, O next to Achilles in courage and prowess! to procure you some succour. The princes, whom you see in this assembly, are not strangers to humanity; they are sensible that without it there is neither virtue, nor courage, nor honour. The truly great become more illustrious by adversity; without adversity something is wanting in their character; they cannot be examples either of patience or of fortitude: when virtue suffers, every heart is melted that is not insensible to virtue. Entrust, then, your affairs implicitly with us, to whom the gods have given you: we receive you as a bounty from their hands; and shall think ourselves happy in the power of alleviating your distresses.'

Diomedes, astonished at what he heard, fixed his eyes upon Telemachus; and feeling himself moved to the heart, they embraced as if they had been long united by the most intimate friendship.

'O son of the wise Ulysses,' said he, 'how worthy art thou of such a father! Thou hast the same sweetness of countenance, the same graceful elocution, the same force of eloquence, the same elevation of sentiment, and the same rectitude of thought!'

The hero was also embraced by Philoctetes; and they related their unfortunate adventures to each other. 'You would certainly,' said Philoctetes, 'be glad once more to see Nestor: he has just lost his last surviving child, Pisistratus; and to him this world is only now a vale of tears leading to the grave. Come with me, and comfort him: an unfortunate friend is more likely than any other to soothe his distresses.'

They went immediately to his tent; but grief had so much affected both his senses and his understanding, that he recollected Diomedes with difficulty. Diomedes at first wept with him; and the old man felt his grief increased by the interview: the presence of his friend, however, soothed his anguish by degrees; and it was easy to perceive that the sense of his misfortunes was in some degree suspended by the pleasure of relating them, and of hearing what had befallen Diomedes in return.

In the mean time, the assembled princes consulted with Telemachus what was proper to be done. Telemachus advised them to bestow the country of Arpos upon Diomedes, and to give Polydamas to the Dæunians for their king. Polydamas was their countryman; a soldier, of whose eminent abilities Adrastus was jealous; and whom therefore he would never employ, lest he should share the glory of success, which he wished to secure to himself. Polydamas had often told him in private, that, in a war against united nations, his life and the publick welfare were too much exposed, and would have persuaded him to treat the neighbouring states with more justice and equity: but men who hate truth, hate those also who are bold enough to speak it; they are not touched, either with their sincerity, their zeal, or their disinterestedness. A delusive prosperity hardened the heart of Adrastus against the counsels of virtue; and the neglect of them afforded him every day a new triumph; for fraud and violence gave him the advantage over all his enemies.

The

The misfortunes which Polydamas predicted did not happen; Adrastus despised the timid prudence which foresaw nothing but difficulty and danger; Polydamas became at length insupportable; he was dismissed from all his employments, and left to languish in poverty and solitude.

Polydamas was at first overwhelmed with this reverse of fortune; but, at length, it supplied what was wanting in his character, a sense of the vanity of external greatness. He became wise at his own expence, and rejoiced that he had felt adversity: he learned, by degrees, to suffer; to live upon little; to regale, with tranquillity, upon truth; to cultivate the virtues of private life, which are infinitely more estimable than those that glitter in the publick eye; and not to depend for his enjoyments upon mankind. He dwelt in a desert, at the foot of Mount Garganus, where a rock, that formed a kind of rude vault, sheltered him from the weather; a river that fell from the mountain quenched his thirst; and the fruit of some neighbouring trees allayed his hunger. He had two slaves, whom he employed to cultivate a small spot of ground; and he assisted them in their work with his own hands. The soil repaid his labour with usury, and he was in want of nothing. He had not only fruit, herbs, and roots, in abundance, but the most fragrant flowers of every kind. In this retirement he deplored the misfortunes of those nations which the mad ambition of their princes pushes on to their ruin. He expected every day that the gods, who, though long-suffering, are just, would put an end to the tyranny of Adrastus: he thought he perceived that the more the tyrant rose in prosperity, the nearer he approached to destruction; for successful imprudence, and absolute authority, in their utmost stretch, are to kings and kingdoms the certain forerunners of a fall: yet, when he heard of the defeat and death of Adrastus, he expressed no joy, either in having foreseen his ruin, or in being delivered from his tyranny; he was anxious only for his country, which he feared the conquerors might reduce to a state of slavery.

Such was the man whom Telemachus proposed to give the Daunians for their king. He had been some time acquainted both with his abilities and

his virtue; for Telemachus, as he had been advised by Mentor, applied himself with incessant diligence to discover the good and bad qualities of all persons who had any considerable trust, whether under the allied princes with whom he served in the war, or among their enemies: and it was one of his principal employments, in every place, to discover and examine men who were distinguished by some singular talent or qualification, wherever they were to be found.

The confederate princes were at first something unwilling to bestow the kingdom upon Polydamas. 'We have learnt,' said they, 'by fatal experience, that a king of the Daunians who has a military disposition and military skill, must be extremely formidable to his neighbours. Polydamas is a great commander; and he may bring us into great danger.'— 'It is true,' said Telemachus, 'that Polydamas is acquainted with war; but it is also true, that he is a lover of peace; which, together, make the very character that our interest requires. A man who has experienced the difficulties, the dangers, and the calamities of war, is much better qualified to avoid them than he that knows them only by report. Polydamas has learnt to relish, and to value, the blessings of tranquillity; he always condemned the enterprizes of Adrastus, and foresaw the ruin in which they would terminate. You will have much more to fear from a weak prince, without knowledge, and without experience, than from one who sees all with his own eye, and determines all by his own will. The weak and ignorant prince will see all things with the eyes of another; either of some capricious favourite, or some flattering, turbulent, and ambitious minister: he will, therefore, be engaged in a war without intending it; and you can certainly have no dependence upon him who acts implicitly by the direction of others; there can be no hope that his promises will be kept; and you will in a short time have no alternative but to destroy him, or suffer yourselves to be destroyed by him. Is it not therefore more advantageous, more safe, and, at the same time, more just and more generous, faithfully to fulfil the

‘ the trust which the Daunians have
‘ placed in you, and give them a king
‘ that is worthy of dominion?’

All scruples being entirely removed by this discourse, Polydamas was immediately proposed to the Daunians, who waited the determination of the assembly with great impatience. As soon as they heard the name of Polydamas, they answered—‘ The allies have now proved the sincerity of their intentions, and given us a pledge of perpetual peace, by proposing a man of such virtue and abilities for our king: if they had proposed a man without spirit, without virtue, without knowledge, we should have concluded that they designed only to make us weak and contemptible, by rendering our government corrupt; a cruel subtlety, which we could not have seen practised against us without a secret but strong resentment! The choice of Polydamas, indeed, is a proof of nobler principles: for as the allies have given us a king who is incapable of doing any thing inconsistent with the liberty and honour of our state, it is manifest that they expect nothing which can either degrade or oppress us; and, on our part, we take the gods to witness, that, if the rivers return not back to their sources, we will not cease to love those who have treated us with so noble a beneficence. May our latest posterity remember the benefits which have this day been conferred upon us; and renew, from generation to generation, the peace of the golden age in Hesperia, till time shall be no more!’

Telemachus then proposed to the Daunians, that the plains of Arpos should be given to Diomedes, for the settlement of a colony. ‘ You will lay this new people,’ said he, ‘ under an obligation without expence. You do not occupy the country in which they will settle; yet they will be indebted for their settlement there to you. Remember, that all men should be united by the bands of

‘ love; that the earth is of an extent
‘ much larger than they can fill; that
‘ it is necessary to have neighbours,
‘ and eligible to have such neighbours
‘ as are obliged to you for their settle-
‘ ment: nor should you be insensible
‘ to the misfortunes of a prince, to
‘ whom his native country is inter-
‘ dicted for ever. An union between
‘ him and Polydamas will be immedi-
‘ ately formed, upon mutual princi-
‘ ples of rectitude and benevolence,
‘ the only principles upon which any
‘ union can be lasting: you will, there-
‘ fore, secure all the blessings of peace
‘ to yourselves, and become so formi-
‘ dable to all the neighbouring states,
‘ that none of them will attempt the
‘ acquisition of greatness and power
‘ that would be dangerous to the rest.
‘ As we have given to your country
‘ and people a king who will procure
‘ to both the highest degree of prospe-
‘ rity and honour, let your liberality,
‘ at our request, bestow a country, that
‘ you do not cultivate, upon a king who
‘ has an undubitable claim to your
‘ assistance.’

The Daunians answered, that they could refuse nothing to Telemachus, who had given them Polydamas for a king; and they went immediately to seek him in his desert, that they might place him upon the throne. First, however, they granted the fertile plains of Arpos to Diomedes for a new kingdom; and their bounty to him was extremely pleasing to the allies, because his colony of Greeks would powerfully assist them to repress the Daunians in any future attempt to make encroachments upon the neighbouring states, of which Adrastus had given them so pernicious an example.

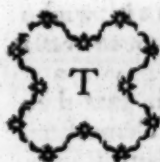
All the purposes of the alliance being now accomplished, the princes drew off their forces in separate bodies; and Telemachus departed with his Cretans, having first tenderly embraced his noble friend Diomedes; Nestor, still inconsolable for the loss of his son; and Philoctetes, who possessed and deserved the arrows of Hercules.

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.
BOOK XXII.



THELEMACHUS was now impatient to rejoin Mentor at Salentum, and to embark with him for Ithaca, where he hoped his father would arrive before him. As he approached the city, he was astonished to see that the neighbouring country, which he had left almost a desert, was now in the highest state of cultivation, and swarmed like a hive with the children of industry and labour: this change he imputed to the wisdom of Mentor. But when he entered the city, and perceived that it's appearance was much less magnificent, and that fewer hands were employed to furnish the luxuries of life, he was displeased; for he was naturally fond of elegance and splendor: his displeasure, however, soon gave way to other sentiments; he saw Idomeneus and Mentor, at a distance coming to meet him; and his heart instantly overflowed with tenderness and joy. It was not, however, without some mixture of anxiety; for, notwithstanding his success in the expedition against Adrastus, he doubted whether his conduct, upon the whole, would be approved by Mentor, and endeavoured to read his sentiments in his eyes as he approached.

Idomeneus embraced Telemachus with the affection of a parent; and Telemachus, as soon as he was disengaged,

threw himself upon the neck of Mentor, and burst into tears, 'I am satisfied,' said Mentor: 'you have, indeed, committed great faults; but they have acquainted you with your infirmities, and warned you of self-confidence. More advantage is sometimes derived from disappointment than success. Great achievements frequently produce contemptible vain-glory and dangerous presumption: but disappointments from ill-conduct make the man a censor of himself, and restore the wisdom which success had taken away. You are not to seek praise from men; but to offer it, with humility, to the gods. You have, indeed, performed noble exploits; but you must confess that you was rather the instrument than the agent: were they not effected by powers communicated from without? and were they not frequently endangered by your precipitation and imprudence? Are you not secretly conscious that Minerva exalted you into a nature superior to your own; and that, after this transformation only, you became equal to the achievements that you performed? Minerva suspended your passions, as Neptune suspends the swelling of the surge when he commands the tempest to be still.'

While Idomeneus was gratifying his curiosity, by making various enquiries of

of the Cretans that were returned with Telemachus from the war; Telemachus was listening to the wisdom of Mentor. At length, looking round him with astonishment—'I see many alterations here,' said he, 'of which I cannot comprehend the cause: has any misfortune happened to Salentum in my absence? The magnificence and splendor in which I left it have disappeared. I see neither silver, nor gold, nor jewels; the habits of the people are plain; the buildings are smaller and more simple; the arts languish, and the city is become a desert.'

'Have you observed,' replied Mentor with a smile, 'the state of the country that lies round it?'—'Yes,' said Telemachus; 'I perceive that agriculture is become an honourable profession, and that there is not a field uncultivated.'—'And which is best,' replied Mentor; 'a superb city, abounding in marble, and silver, and gold, with a sterile and neglected country; or a country in a state of high cultivation, and fruitful as a garden, with a city where decency has taken place of pomp? A great city, full of artificers, who are employed only to effeminate the manners, by furnishing the superfluities of luxury, surrounded by a poor and uncultivated country, resembles a monster, with a head of an enormous size, and a withered enervated body, without beauty, vigour, or proportion. The genuine strength and true riches of a kingdom consist in the number of people, and the plenty of provisions; and innumerable people now cover the whole territory of Idomeneus, which they cultivate with unwearied diligence and assiduity. His dominions may be considered as one town, of which Salentum is the centre; for the people that were wanting in the fields, and superfluous in the city, we have removed from the city to the fields; we have also brought in many foreigners; and, as the produce of the earth will always be in proportion to the number of people that till it, this quiet and peaceable multitude is a much more valuable acquisition than a new conquest. We have expelled those arts which divert the poor from procuring, by agriculture, the necessities of life, and corrupt the wealthy,

by giving them the superfluities of luxury and pride; but we have done no injury to the polite arts, nor to those who have a true genius for their cultivation. Idomeneus is thus become much more powerful than he was when you admired his magnificence; a false splendor, which, by dazzling the eye, concealed such weakness and misery as would, in a short time, have subverted his empire. He has now a much greater number of subjects, and he sustains them with greater facility: these people, enured to labour and hardship, and set above a fond and effeminate attachment to life, by the wise institutions of the government under which they live, are always ready to take the field in defence of the country which they have cultivated with their own hand; and the state which you think is in decay will shortly be the wonder of Hesperia.

'Remember, O my son! that there are two evils in government which admit of no remedy; an unequitable and despotick power in the prince, and a luxurious depravity of manners in the people. Princes who have been accustomed to consider their will only as law, and to give the reins to their passions, may do any thing; but their power of doing any thing is necessarily subverted by its own excess: their government is capriciously administered without maxim or principle; they are universally feared and flattered; their subjects degenerate into slaves; and, of these slaves, the number is perpetually diminishing. Who shall dare to affront them with truth? Who shall stem the torrent of destruction! it swells over all bounds; the wise fly before it, and sigh in secret over the ruin of their country. Some sudden and violent revolution only can reduce this enormous power within proper bounds; and by that, which alone can restrain it, it is frequently destroyed. Nothing is so certain a presage of irremediable destruction as authority pushed to excess; it is like a bow that is overbent, which, if not relaxed, will suddenly fly to pieces; and who shall venture to relax it? This excessive, this fatal, but flattering, power, has been once the ruin of Idomeneus; he was dethroned, but not undeceived: and

of that power, which, as it is not intended for mankind, can be assumed only to their ruin, he would still have been the dupe, if the gods had not sent us hither for his deliverance; and after all, events, scarce less than miracles have been necessary to open his eyes.

The other incurable evil is luxury.

As the prince is corrupted by an excess of power, the people are corrupted by luxury. It has been said, indeed, that luxury feeds the poor at the expence of the rich; but certainly the poor may be subsisted by useful employments; if they apply themselves to multiply the products of the earth, they will be under no necessity to corrupt the rich by the refinements of luxury. A deviation from the simplicity of nature is sometimes so general, that a whole nation considers the most trifling superfluities as the necessities of life: these fictitious necessities multiply every day, and people can no longer subsist without things, which, thirty years before, had never been in being. This luxury is called taste, improvement, and politeness; and, though a vice which superinduces almost every other, it is cultivated and commended as a virtue. It's contagion spreads from the prince to the meanest of the people: the royal family imitate the magnificence of the king, the nobles that of the royal family, the middle class that of the nobles; for who makes a just estimation of himself? and the poor would intrude upon the class above them. Every one lives above his condition: some from ostentation, and to glory in their wealth; some from a false shame, and to conceal their poverty. Even those who discover the mischief of this general folly, want fortitude to set the first example of reformation: all conditions are confounded, and the nation is undone. A desire of gain to support this idle expence, taints by degrees the purest minds; wealth is the only object of desire, and poverty the only mark of disgrace. You may have learning, talents, and virtue; you may diffuse knowledge, you may win battles, save your country, and sacrifice your interest; and, after all, if your merit is not set off by the glitter of fashionable expence, you

will sink into obscurity and contempt. Even those who are without money will not appear to want it; they live at the same expence as if they had it; they borrow, they cheat, and practise a thousand scandalous expedients to procure it: and who shall apply a remedy to these evils? New laws must be instituted, and the taste and habit of the whole nation must be changed: and who is equal to such an undertaking but he who is at once a philosopher and a prince? who, by the example of his own decency and moderation, can shame the fools that are fond of ostentation and parade, and keep the wise in countenance, who would rejoice to be encouraged in an honest frugality.

Telemachus, while he listened to this discourse, perceived the delusions of his mind vanish, like a man that wakes from a dream. He was now conscious to truth; and his heart was transformed to it's image, as marble to the idea of the sculptor, when he gives it the features, the attitude, and almost the softness, of life. At first he made no reply; but, while he recollected what he had heard, he attentively reviewed the alterations that had been made in the city.

At length, turning to Mentor—
 You have, said he, made Idomeneus one of the wisest princes upon earth; I no longer know either him or his people. I am now convinced, that your achievements here are much greater than ours in the field. The success of war is, in a great degree, the effect of personal prowess and chance; and the commander must always share the glory of conquest with his men: but your work is properly and exclusively your own; you have alone opposed a whole nation, and it's prince; and you have corrected the manners and principles of both. The success of war is always fatal and horrid; but all here is the work of celestial wisdom; all is gentle, pure, and lovely; all indicates an authority more than human. When man is desirous of glory, why does he not seek it by works of benevolence like these? O how false are their notions of glory, who hope to acquire it by ravaging the earth, and destroying mankind? At this exclamation of Telemachus, Mentor felt
 a secret

a secret joy, that brightened in his countenance; for it convinced him that his pupil had reduced the value of conquest and triumph to their true standard, at an age when it would have been but natural to over-rate the glory he had acquired.

'It is true,' replied Mentor, after a pause; 'all that Idomeneus has done here is right, and deserves commendation: but he may do still better. He has now brought his passions under subjection, and he applies himself to the government of his people upon just principles: but he has still great faults, which seem to be the progeny of faults that are past. When we make an effort to leave familiar vices, they seem to follow us; bad habits, relaxation of mind, inveterate errors, and strong prejudices, long remain. Happy are those who never deviated into error; for their rectitude, and theirs only, can be uniform and constant. The gods, O Telemachus! require more from you than from Idomeneus; because you have been made acquainted with truth from your earliest infancy, and have never been exposed to the seduction of unbounded prosperity.'

'Idomeneus,' continued Mentor, 'is by no means deficient either in penetration or knowledge; but he wastes his abilities upon little things: he is too much busied upon parts to comprehend the whole; and he arranges atoms instead of conceiving a system. The proof of abilities in a king, as the supreme governor of others, does not consist in doing every thing himself: to attempt it is a poor ambition; and to suppose that others will believe it can be done, an idle hope. In government, the king should not be the body, but the soul; by his influence, and under his direction, the hands should operate, and the feet should walk: he should conceive what is to be done, but he should appoint others to do it; his abilities will appear in the conception of his designs, and the choice of his instruments. He should never stoop to their function, nor suffer them to aspire to his: neither should he trust them implicitly; he ought to examine their proceedings, and be equally able to detect a want of judgment or integrity. He governs well who dis-

cerns the various characters and abilities of men, and employs them to administer government, under him, in departments that are exactly suited to their talents. The perfection of supreme government consists in the governing of those that govern: he that presides should try, restrain, and correct them; he should encourage, raise, change, and displace them; he should keep them for ever in his eye, and in his hand; but, to make the minute particulars of their subordinate departments objects of personal application, indicates meanness and suspicion, and fills the mind with petty anxieties, that leave it neither time nor liberty for designs that are worthy of royal attention. To form great designs all must be freedom and tranquillity; no intricacies of business must embarrass or perplex, no subordinate objects must divide the attention. A mind that is exhausted upon minute particulars resembles the lees of wine, that have neither flavour nor strength; and a king that busies himself in doing the duty of his servants is always determined by present appearances, and never extends his views to futurity: he is always absorbed by the business of the day, that is passing over him; and this, being his only object, acquires an undue importance, which, if compared with others, it would lose. The mind that admits but one object at a time must naturally contract; and it is impossible to judge well of any affair without considering many, comparing them with each other, and ranging them in a certain order, by which their relative importance will appear. He that neglects this rule in government resembles a musician, who should content himself with the discovery of melodious tones, one by one, and never think of combining or harmonizing them into musick, which would not only gratify the ear, but affect the heart. Or he may be compared to an architect, who should fancy the powers of his art exhausted, by heaping together large columns, and great quantities of stone curiously carved, without considering the proportion of his building, or the arrangement of his ornaments: such an artist, when he was building a saloon, would not

reflect that a suitable stair-case should be added; and when he was busy upon the body of the building, he would forget the court-yard and the portal; his work would be nothing more than a confused assemblage of parts, not suited to each other, not concurring to form a whole; such a work would be so far from doing him honour, that it would be a perpetual monument of disgrace; it would shew that his range of thought was not sufficient to include all the parts of his design at once, that his mind was contracted, and his genius subordinate; for he that sees only from part to part, is fit only to execute the designs of another. Be assured, my dear Telemachus, that the government of a kingdom requires a certain harmony, like musick; and just proportions, like architecture.

If you will give me leave to carry on the parallel between these arts and government, I can easily make you comprehend the inferiority of those who administer government by parts, and not as a whole. He that sings particular parts in a concert, however great his skill, or excellent his voice, is still but a singer; he who regulates all the parts, and conducts the whole, is the master of musick: so, he that fashions the columns, and carries up the side of a building, is no more than a mason; but he who has designed the whole, and whose mind sees all the relations of part to part, is the architect. Those, therefore, who are most busy, who dispatch the greatest number of affairs, can least be said to govern; they are inferior workmen; the presiding mind, the genius that governs the state, is he who, doing nothing, causes all to be done; who meditates and contrives; who looks forward to the future, and back to the past; who sees relative proportions, arranges all things in order, and provides for remote contingencies; who keeps himself in perpetual exercise to wrestle with fortune, as the swimmer struggles with a torrent; and whose mind is night and day upon the stretch, that, anticipating all events, nothing may be left to chance.

Do you think, my dear Telemachus, that a great painter is incessantly toiling, that he may dispatch

his work with the greater expedition? No; such drudgery and constraint would quench all the fire of imagination; he would no longer work like a genius; for the genius works, as he is impelled by the powers of fancy, in sudden, vigorous, but irregular sallies. Does the genius grind his colours, or prepare his pencils? No; he leaves that to others, that are as yet but in the rudiments of his art: he reserves himself for the labours of the mind; he transfers his ideas to the canvas in some bold and glowing strokes, which give dignity to his figures, and animate them, not only with life, but passion. His mind teems with the thoughts and sentiments of the heroes he is to represent; he is carried back to the ages in which they lived, and is present to the circumstances they were placed in. But, with this fervid enthusiasm, he possesses also a judgment that restrains and regulates it; so that his whole work, however bold and animated, is perfectly consonant to propriety and truth. And can it be imagined, that less elevation of genius, less effort of thought, is necessary to make a great king than a good painter? Let us therefore conclude, that the province of a king is to think, to form great designs, and to make choice of men properly qualified to carry them into execution.

I think, said Telemachus, that I perfectly comprehend your meaning: but surely a king who leaves the dispatch of publick business to others, will be often imposed upon. — You impose upon yourself, replied Mentor: a general knowledge of government will always secure him against imposition. Those who are not acquainted with radical principles, and have not sagacity to discern the talents and characters of men, are always seeking their way, like men in the dark. If these, indeed, escape imposition, it is by chance; for they have not a clear and perfect knowledge of what they seek, nor in what direction they should move to find it: their knowledge is just sufficient to excite suspicion; and they are rather suspicious of integrity, than of fraud, that seduces them by flattery.

Those,

Those, on the contrary, who know the principles of government, and can distinguish the characters of men, know what is to be expected from them, and how to obtain it; they know, at least, whether the persons they employ are in general proper instruments to execute their designs; and whether they conceive and adopt their views with sufficient precision and abilities to carry them into effect. Besides, as their attention is not divided by embarrassing particulars, they keep the great object steadily in view; and can always judge whether they deviate or approach it. If they are sometimes deceived, it is in accidental and trifling matters, that are not essential to the principal design. They are also superior to little jealousies, which are always marks of a narrow mind, and grovelling disposition: they know that, in great affairs, they must in some particulars be deceived, because they are obliged to make use of men, and men are often deceitful; and more is lost by the delay and irresolution which arises from want of confidence in those who must be employed, than from petty frauds by which that confidence is abused. He is comparatively happy who is disappointed only in affairs of small moment: the great work may go on with success; and it is about this only that a great man ought to be solicitous. Fraud, indeed, should be severely punished when it is discovered; but he that would not be deceived in matters of importance, must in trifles be content to be deceived. An artificer in his work-room sees every thing with his own eye, and does every thing with his own hand; but a king, who presides over a great nation, can neither see all, nor do all: he ought, indeed, to do nothing himself but what another cannot do under him, and to see nothing that is not essential to some determination of great importance.

'You, Telemachus,' continued Mentor, 'are a favourite of the gods; and it is their pleasure to distinguish your reign by wisdom. All that you see here is done less for the glory of Idomeneus than for your instruction; and, if your virtues correspond with

the designs of Heaven, the wise institutions that you admire in Salentum are but as shadows to the substance, in comparison of what you will one day do in Ithaca. But Idomeneus has now prepared a ship for our departure; and it is time that we should think of quitting the coasts of Hesperia.'

At the mention of their departure, Telemachus opened his heart to his friend with respect to an attachment which made it impossible for him to leave Salentum without regret. The secret, however, cost him some pain. 'You will blame me, perhaps,' said he, 'for yielding too easily to impressions of love in the countries through which I pass; but my heart would always reproach me if I should hide from you the passion that I have conceived for Antiope, the daughter of Idomeneus. This, my dear Mentor, is not a blind impulse, like that which you taught me to surmount in the island of Calypso. I know that the wound which my heart received from Eucharis was deep: neither time nor absence can efface her image from my heart; and I cannot, even now, pronounce her name without emotion. After such experience of my weakness, I must be diffident of myself: yet what I feel for Antiope is wholly different from what I felt for Eucharis; it is not the tumultuous desire of passion, it is the calm complacency of reason, a tender approbation and esteem. I desire her, as the sister of my soul, my friend, and companion, for life; and, if the gods shall ever restore my father to me, and I am permitted to chuse, my fate and the fate of Antiope shall be one. The charms that have attached me to Antiope are the glowing modesty of her countenance; her silent diffidence, and sweet reserve; her constant attention to tapestry, embroidery, or some other useful and elegant employment; her diligence in the management of her father's household since the death of her mother; her contempt of excessive finery in her dress; and her total forgetfulness, or rather ignorance, of her beauty. When, at the command of Idomeneus, she leads the dance, with the beauties of Crete, to the soft sound

' sound of the flute, she might be well
 ' taken for Venus, the queen of Smiles,
 ' with the Graces in her train. When
 ' he takes her with him to the chase,
 ' she discovers such skill in the bow,
 ' and such dignity of deportment, as
 ' distinguish Diana when she is sur-
 ' rounded by her nymphs: of this su-
 ' periority she alone is ignorant, while
 ' every eye remarks it with admira-
 ' tion. When she enters a temple with
 ' sacred offerings to the gods, she might
 ' herself be taken for the divinity of
 ' the place: with what devotion and
 ' awe she presents her gifts, and pro-
 ' pitiates the gods, when some crime
 ' is to be expiated, or some fatal omen
 ' averted! And when she appears with
 ' a golden needle in her hand, sur-
 ' rounded by the virgins of her train,
 ' we are tempted to believe that Mi-
 ' nerva has descended in a human form
 ' to the earth, and is teaching the po-
 ' lite arts to mankind. She encourages
 ' others to diligence by her example;
 ' she sweetens labour, and suspends
 ' weariness, by the melody of her voice,
 ' when she sings the mysterious history
 ' of the gods; and she excels the most
 ' exquisite painters in the elegance of
 ' her embroidery. How happy the
 ' man whom Hymen shall unite with
 ' her by a gentle band! What can he
 ' suffer but her loss? What can he fear
 ' but to survive her?

' But I take the gods to witness, my
 ' dear Mentor, that I am ready to de-
 ' part. I shall love Antiope for ever;
 ' but she shall not delay my return to
 ' Ithaca a moment. If another should
 ' possess her, I shall be wretched; yet
 ' I will leave her. Although I know
 ' that I may lose her by absence, I will
 ' not mention my love either to her or
 ' to her father; for I ought to conceal
 ' it in my bosom from all but you, till
 ' Ulysses, again seated upon his throne,
 ' shall permit me to reveal it. Judge,
 ' then, my dear Mentor, how much
 ' my attachment to Antiope differs
 ' from that passion for Eucharis, by
 ' which, you remember, both my vir-
 ' tue and reason to have been over-
 ' borne!

' I am sensible of this difference,'
 said Mentor: ' Antiope is all gentle-
 ' ness, prudence, and simplicity. Her
 ' hands do not despise labour; she looks
 ' forward with a provident forecast;

' she provides for contingencies; she
 ' dispatches pressing business with silent
 ' expedition; she is always busy, but
 ' never confused; for every thing is
 ' referred to it's proper time and place.
 ' The elegant regularity of her fa-
 ' ther's household is her glory: a no-
 ' bler distinction than youth and beauty!
 ' Though the whole is submitted to
 ' her management, and it is her pro-
 ' vince to reprove, to deny, to spare,
 ' which make almost every other wo-
 ' man hated, yet she is beloved by the
 ' whole house; for she discovers nei-
 ' ther passion nor obstinacy, nor levity
 ' nor caprice, which are so often ble-
 ' mishes in the sex: a glance of her
 ' eye is a sufficient command; and
 ' every one obeys from an unwilling-
 ' ness to displease her. She gives par-
 ' ticular directions with exactness and
 ' precision; and commands nothing
 ' that cannot be executed: there is
 ' kindness even in her reproof; and
 ' she encourages to amendment while
 ' she blames for misconduct. She is
 ' the solace of her father's fatigue and
 ' care; and to her his mind retreats for
 ' rest, as a traveller, fainting with heat
 ' in the summer's sun, retreats to the
 ' shade of a grove, and reposes in luxu-
 ' rious ease upon the downy turf.
 ' Antiope is, indeed, a treasure that
 ' would repay the most distant and la-
 ' borious search. Her mind, no more
 ' than her body, is dishonoured by
 ' trifling ornaments: her imagination
 ' is lively, but not uncontrolled; she
 ' speaks only when it is improper to re-
 ' frain; and in her speech there is an
 ' artless grace, a soft but irresistible
 ' persuasion; all listen in silence, and
 ' she blushes with confusion. The de-
 ' ference and attention with which she
 ' is heard, make it difficult for her
 ' modesty not to suppress what she in-
 ' tended to say. We have, indeed,
 ' heard her speak but seldom; yet you
 ' once heard her upon an occasion
 ' which, I am sure, you cannot forget.
 ' She was one day sent for by her fa-
 ' ther, when he was about to punish
 ' one of his slaves with exemplary se-
 ' verity: she appeared, with her head
 ' modestly reclined, and her face co-
 ' vered with a long veil. She spoke;
 ' but said no more than was just ne-
 ' cessary to appease his anger. At first
 ' she seemed to take part in his resent-
 ' ment;

ment; she then softened it by insensible degrees: at last, she insinuated an apology for the offender; and, without wounding the king by the mortifying sense of excessive anger, she kindled in his bosom sentiments of justice and compassion. The tumult of his mind subsided under an easy but irresistible influence, as the yielding waves insensibly lose their undulation, when hoary Nereus is soothed into peace by the gentle blandishments of his daughter Thetis. Thus will the heart of a husband, one day, correspond with the influence of Antiope, though she assumes no authority, nor takes advantage of her charms; as the lute now answers to her touch, when she awakes it to the tenderest strains. Antiope is, indeed, worthy of your affection, and she is intended for you by the gods; but, though your love for her is justified by reason, you must wait till she is given you by Ulysses. I commend you for having concealed your sentiments; and I may now tell you, that, if you had made any propositions to Antiope, they would have been rejected, and

you would have forfeited her esteem: she will enter into no engagement, but leaves herself wholly to the disposal of her father. He that hopes to be her husband must reverence the gods, and fulfil every duty to men. I have observed, and has it not been observed by you, that she is less seen, and that her eyes are more frequently fixed upon the ground, than before your expedition? She is not a stranger to any of your achievements in the war; she is acquainted with your birth and your adventures; and she knows the endowments which you have received from the gods: this knowledge has increased her reserve. Let us, then, depart for Ithaca: my task will be accomplished when I have assisted you to find your father, and put you in a condition to obtain such a wife as might have increased the felicity of the golden age. If Antiope, a royal virgin, the daughter of Idomeneus, King of Salentum, was a keeper of sheep upon the bleak summit of Mount Algidus, the possession of Antiope would still be happiness and honour.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
OF
T E L E M A C H U S.

BOOK XXIII.



DOMENEUS, who dreaded the departure of Telemachus and Mentor, formed many pretences to delay them. He told Mentor, that he could not, without his assistance, determine a dispute which had arisen between Diophanes, a priest of Jupiter Conservator, and Heliodorus, a priest of Apollo, concerning the omens that were to be drawn from the flight of birds, and the entrails of victims. 'And why,' said Mentor, 'should you concern yourself about sacred things? Leave questions of religion to be decided by the Etrurians, who have preserved the most ancient oracles by tradition, and who are by inspiration interpreters of the gods to men. Employ your authority only to suppress these disputes in the beginning; act with perfect neutrality while they continue; and content yourself with supporting the decision when it shall be made. Remember, that kings ought to submit to religion, and not make it: religion is from the gods, and above regal authority. If kings concern themselves with religion, they do not protect it as a divine institution, but degrade it to a mere instrument of state policy. The power of kings is so great, and that of others so little, that religion would be in danger of becoming just

what the sovereign would wish to make it, if he should undertake to determine any question about its doctrines or duties. Leave, then, the decisions implicitly to the friends of the gods; and exert your authority only against those who will not conform to your determination when it is made.'

Idomeneus then complained of the perplexity he suffered from the great number of causes between private persons, which he was pressed with great importunity to decide. 'Decide,' said Mentor, 'all new questions of right, by which some general maxim of jurisprudence will be established, or some precedent given for the explanation of laws already in force: but do not take upon you to determine all questions of private property; they overwhelm and embarrass you by their variety and number; justice would necessarily be delayed for your single decision; and all subordinate magistrates would become useless. You would be overwhelmed and confounded; the regulation of petty affairs would leave you neither time nor thought for business of importance; and, after all, petty affairs would not be regulated. Avoid, therefore, a state of such disadvantage and perplexity; refer private disputes to subordinate judges, and

do nothing yourself but what others cannot do for you: you then, and then only, fulfil the duties of a king.— But, said Idomeneus, there are many persons of high birth about me, who have followed my fortunes, and lost great possessions in my service: these persons seek some kind of recompence for their losses, by obtaining certain young women of great wealth in marriage; they urge me, with incessant importunity, to interpose in their behalf, and a single word from me would ensure them success.

It is true, said Mentor, a single word from you would be sufficient; but that single word would cost you too dear. Would you deprive fathers and mothers of the liberty and consolation of chusing their sons-in-law, and, consequently, their heirs? This, surely, would reduce them to the severest and most abject slavery, and make you answerable for all the domestick evils of your people. Marriage, at the best, is not the couch of unmingled delight: and why should you scatter new thorns among the down? If you have faithful servants to reward, distribute among them some unappropriated lands; and give them, besides, rank and honours suited to their merits and condition. If more still is necessary, add to these pecuniary gratifications from your treasury; and make good the deficiency by retrenching your expences; but never think of paying your own debts with the property of others; much less with property transferred in violation of the most sacred rights, by giving a daughter in marriage without the consent of her parents.

This difficulty being removed, Idomeneus immediately proposed another. The Sibarites, said he, complain that certain districts, which we have given as uncultivated lands among the strangers whom we have drawn to Salentum, belong to them. Must I admit this claim? And shall I not encourage other nations to make demands upon our territory if I do?

The Sibarites, said Mentor, should not be implicitly believed in their own cause; nor is it just to believe you implicitly in yours.— Upon whose testimony will you then depend? said Idomeneus. Upon

that of neither of the parties, replied Mentor: some neighbouring nation, that cannot be suspected of partiality to either, must determine between you. The Sipontines are such a nation: they have no interest that is incompatible with yours.— But am I obliged, said Idomeneus, to submit to an umpire? Am I not a sovereign prince, to leave the extent of his dominions to the decision of foreigners?

If you resolve to keep the lands in question, answered Mentor, you must suppose that your claim to them is good: if the Sibarites insist upon a restoration, they must, on their part, suppose their right to be incontestable. Your opinions being thus opposite, the difference must either be accommodated by an umpire mutually chosen, or decided by force of arms: there is no medium. If you should enter a country inhabited by people who had neither judge nor magistrate, and among whom every family assumed a right of determining differences with a neighbouring family by violence, would you not deplore their misfortune, and think, with horror, of the dreadful confusion which must arise from every man's being armed against his fellow? Can you, then, believe that the gods would look with less horror upon the earth, of which all the inhabitants may be considered as one people, if every nation, which is but a more numerous family, should assume the right of determining, by violence, all differences with a neighbouring nation? An individual, who possesses his field as an inheritance from his ancestors, depends wholly upon the authority of the laws, and the judgment of the magistrate, for the security of his property; and would be severely punished, as guilty of sedition, if he should endeavour to secure by force what was given him by right: do you, then, believe that kings are at liberty to support their pretensions by violence, without having first tried what could be done by expedients more consonant to reason and humanity? Is not justice yet more sacred and inviolable, as an attribute of kings, when it has whole nations for its object, than as a private virtue in an individual, when it relates

only to a ploughed field? Is he a villain and a robber who seizes only a few acres? and is he just, is he a hero, who wrests whole provinces from their possessor? If men are subject to prejudice, partiality, and error, with respect to trifling concerns of private property, is it probable that they should be less influenced by such motives in affairs of state? Should we rely upon our own judgment, where it is most likely to be biassed by passion? And should not error be most dreaded where it's consequences will be most fatal? The mistake of a prince, with respect to his own pretensions, is the cause of revenge, famine, and massacres; of irreparable loss to the present generation, and of such depravation of manners, as may extend calamity to the end of time. A king knows that he is always surrounded by flatterers; should he not, therefore, suppose that, upon such occasions, he will be flattered? If he leaves his differences to arbitration, he shews himself candid, equitable, and dispassionate: he states the reasons upon which his claim is founded; the umpire is an amiable mediator, not a rigorous judge; and, though his determinations do not compel implicit obedience, yet the greatest deference should be paid to them. He does not pronounce sentence like a judge, from whose authority there is no appeal; but he proposes expedients: and, by his advice, the parties make mutual concessions for the preservation of peace. If war is at last inevitable, notwithstanding the king's utmost endeavours to avoid it, he will at least have secured the testimony of a good conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the protection of the gods.' Idomeneus felt the force of this reasoning; and consented that the Sipontines should mediate between him and the Sibarites.

The king, finding these expedients to prevent the departure of the two strangers ineffectual, endeavoured to detain them by a stronger tie. He had observed the attachment of Telemachus to Antiope; and he hoped that, by strengthening this, he might accomplish his purpose. When he gave an entertainment, therefore, he frequently commanded his daughter to sing: she

obeyed from a sense of duty; but it was with such regret and confusion as made it easy to perceive how much she suffered by her obedience. Idomeneus went so far as to intimate his desire, that the subject of her song might be the victory which had been obtained over the Daunians and Adrastus: but she could not be prevailed upon to sing the praises of Telemachus; she declined it with modest respect; and her father thought fit to acquiesce. There was something in her voice inexpressibly tender and sweet: Telemachus felt all it's power; and his emotion was too great to be concealed. Idomeneus remarked it with pleasure; but Telemachus appeared not to perceive his design: he could not quench the sensibility of passion; but reason precluded it's effects. He was no longer that Telemachus, whom Love, the tyrant of the mind, had once held captive in the island of Calypso: while Antiope sung he was silent; and, as soon as the song was over, he turned the conversation to some other subject.

The king being again disappointed, resolved to give his daughter the pleasure of a great hunting-match. She declined the sport, and entreated, with tears, to be left behind; but the commands of Idomeneus were peremptory, and she was obliged to obey. She was mounted upon a fiery steed, which, like those that Castor had trained to war, disdained the ground, and was impatient of the rein: yet she governed him with such easy negligence, that he seemed to move by the secret impulse of her will. A train of virgins followed her with that ardour which is the distinction and felicity of youth; and she might have been taken for Diana with her nymphs. The king followed her incessantly with his eye; and, while he gazed upon his child, forgot the past misfortunes of his life: she fixed also the attention of Telemachus, who was more touched with her modesty than with the graces of her person, or her dexterity in the field.

The dogs gave chase to a wild boar of an enormous size. He was more furious than that of Calydon: the bristles of his back were as rigid as iron; and as sharp and long as a dart; his eyes seemed to sparkle with fire, and to be suffused with blood; his
breath

only a shadowy field is seen, with such regret and consideration as to the future of the country. The only way to save the country is to have a strong government, and to have a strong government is to have a strong government.

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13



Richard del.

Angus sculp.

Plate VI.

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How much more happy it be could with branches only lifted, will
 the more happy it be could with branches only lifted, will
 the more happy it be could with branches only lifted, will

breath was heard at a remote distance, like the hoarse murmurs of rebellious winds when Æolus recalls them to his cave; that the tempest may cease; his long tusks were crooked like a sickle; nor could the trees of the forest stand before them. He gored all the dogs that had courage to approach him; and the boldest hunters that pursued him were afraid he should be overtaken: yet Antiope, who in the course was swifter than the wind, came up and attacked him; she threw a javelin at him, which wounded him in the shoulder; the blood gushed out in a torrent, and he turned upon his adversary with new fury. The horse of Antiope, however bold and spirited, shuddered, and drew back: the monster then rushed against him, and the shock was like that of the ponderous engines that overturn the bulwarks of the strongest city; the horse could not sustain it, and fell. Antiope was now upon the ground, in a situation that left her no power to avoid the tusks of the furious animal whom she had provoked: but Telemachus, whose attention had been engrossed by her danger, was already dismounted; and, with a rapidity scarce less than that of lightning, threw himself between her and the boar, that was foaming to revenge his wound. The prince instantly plunged a hunting-spear in his body; and the horrid monster fell, agonized with fury, to the ground.

Telemachus cut off the head, which astonished the hunters, and was still terrible when nearly viewed: he presented it immediately to Antiope, who blushed, and consulted the eyes of Idomeneus to know what she should do. Idomeneus, who had been terrified at her danger, and was now transported with joy at her deliverance, made a sign that she should accept the present: she took it, therefore, with an elegant acknowledgment. 'I receive from you with gratitude,' said she, 'a more valuable gift; I am indebted to you for my life.' The moment she had spoken, she feared she had said too much, and fixed her eyes upon the ground. Telemachus, who perceived her confusion, could only reply—'How happy is the son of Ulysses, to have preserved a life so precious! How much more happy if he could unite

'it with his own!' Antiope made no answer; but mixed hastily with her young companions, and immediately remounted her horse.

Idomeneus would immediately have promised his daughter to Telemachus; but he hoped that, in a state of uncertainty, his passion would still increase, and that the hope of ensuring his marriage would prevent his departure from Salentum. Such were the principles upon which Idomeneus reasoned: but the gods deride and disappoint the wisdom of men; the very project that was formed to detain Telemachus hastened his departure. That tumult of love, and hope, and fear, which he now felt in his breast, made him justly distrust his resolution. Mentor laboured with double diligence to revive his desire of returning to Ithaca; and the vessel being now ready, he also pressed Idomeneus to dismiss them. Thus the life of Telemachus being every moment regulated by the wisdom of Mentor, with a view to the consummation of his glory, he was suffered to remain no longer at any place than was necessary to exercise his virtues, and add experience to knowledge.

Mentor, as soon as Telemachus arrived, had given orders that a vessel should be got ready. Idomeneus had seen the preparations with inexpressible regret; and, when he perceived that the guests, from whom he had derived advantages so numerous and important, could be detained no longer, he gave himself up to melancholy and despair: he shut himself up in the innermost recesses of his palace, and endeavoured to soothe his anguish by venting it in sighs and tears. He forgot that nature was to be sustained with food, and no interval of tranquillity was bestowed by sleep; his health gradually declined, and the secret anxiety of his heart consumed him: he withered like a stately tree which covers the earth with its shadow, but is gnawed by a worm at the root; the winds, in their fury, may have attacked it in vain, the earth may have nourished it with delight, and it may have been spared in reverence by the axe; but if the latent mischief is not discovered, it will fade; its leaves, which are its honours, will be scattered in the dust; and the trunk and branches only, rifted and sapless, will remain.

remain. Such, in appearance, was Idomeneus, the victim of inconsolable grief.

Telemachus was tenderly affected at his distress, but did not dare to speak to him; he dreaded the day of departure, and was always busied in finding pretences for delay: but he was at length delivered from this state of embarrassment and suspense by Mentor. 'I am glad,' said he, 'to see this alteration in your temper: you were by nature obdurate and haughty, sensible only to your own convenience and interests; but you are now softened into humanity, and your own misfortunes have taught you to compassionate the sufferings of others. Without this sympathy there can be neither goodness nor virtue, nor ability to govern: but it must not be carried to excess, nor suffered to degenerate into feminine softness. I would myself solicit Idomeneus to dismiss you, and spare you the embarrassment of so painful a conversation; but I am unwilling that a false shame, and unmanly timidity, should predominate in your breast. You must learn to blend fortitude and courage with the tenderness and sensibility of friendship: you should preserve an habitual fear of giving unnecessary pain. When you are compelled to grieve any man, you should participate his sorrow, and make the blow fall lightly which you cannot avert.'—'That an inevitable stroke may be thus lightened,' said Telemachus, 'is the reason why I wish that Idomeneus should be acquainted with our departure rather by you than myself.'

'My dear Telemachus,' said Mentor, 'you mistake your motive. You are like all other children of royalty, whose passions have been flattered, and their wishes prevented, in their earliest youth; they expect that every thing should be managed so as to coincide with their desires, and that the laws of Nature should be subservient to their will; yet they have not resolution to oppose any man to his face. They avoid an opposition, not in tenderness to others, nor from a principle of benevolence that fears to give pain, but from a regard to their own convenience and gratification: they cannot bear to be surrounded with

mournful or discontented countenances; and are touched with the miseries of men, only as objects disagreeable to their eye: they will not hear of misfortune, because it is a disgusting subject; and, lest their fancy should be offended, they must be told that all is prosperity and happiness; they are surrounded with delights, and will neither see nor hear any thing that may interrupt their joy. If misconduct is to be repressed, error detected, importunity repressed, false claims opposed, or factious turbulence controuled, they will always depute another for the purpose, rather than declare their own will with that gentle firmness which enforces obedience without kindling resentment. They will tamely suffer the most unreasonable favours to be extorted, and the most important affairs to miscarry, rather than determine for themselves against the opinion of those who are continually about them. This weakness is easily discovered, and every one improves it to his advantage; every request becomes in effect a demand; it is urged with the most pertinacious and troublesome importunity; and is granted, that importunity may be troublesome no more. The first attempt upon the prince is by flattery; by this designing parasites recommend themselves to favour: but they are no sooner trusted to serve, than they aspire to govern; they rule their lord by the very power they have derived from him; their bridle is in his mouth, and their yoke upon his shoulders; he groans under it, and sometimes he makes an effort to throw it off; this effort is soon remitted, and he bears the yoke to his grave; he dreads the appearance of being governed, yet tamely suffers the reality. To be governed is, indeed, necessary to such princes; for they resemble the feeble branches of a vine, which, not being able to support themselves, always creep round the trunk of some neighbouring tree. I must not suffer you, O Telemachus, to fall into this state of imbecillity, which cannot fail to render you wholly unfit for command. Though you dare not speak to Idomeneus, lest you should wound your sensibility, you will yet have no sense of his affliction when the gates of

of Salentum are behind you; you are even now less melted by his grief than embarrassed by his presence. Go, then, and speak to him for yourself: learn upon this occasion to unite the tender and the firm; let him see that you leave him with regret, but that you are determined to leave him."

Telemachus did not dare to oppose Mentor, nor yet to seek Idomeneus; he was ashamed of his timidity, and yet unable to surmount it; he hesitated, he went forward a few steps, and then returned to Mentor with some new pretence for delay. He was about to speak; but the very look of Mentor deprived him of the power, and silently confuted all that he would have said. "Is this, then," said Mentor with a smile of disdain, "the conqueror of the Daunians, the deliverer of Hesperia? Is this the son of the wise Ulysses, who is to succeed him as the oracle of Greece? And does he not dare to tell Idomeneus, that he can no longer delay his return to his country, where he hopes once more to embrace his father?—O wretched Ithaca! how great will be thy misfortune, if thou art one day to be governed by a prince who is himself a slave to an unworthy shame; and who, to gratify his weakness in the lightest trifle, will sacrifice the most important interest!—Remark now, the difference between the sedate fortitude of the closet and the tumultuous courage of the field. You feared not the arms of Adrastus, yet are intimidated by the grief of Idomeneus: this inequality often brings dishonour upon those princes who have been distinguished by the noblest achievements; after they have appeared heroes in battle, they have been found less than men in common occurrences, in which others have been consistent and steady."

Telemachus, feeling the force of these truths, and stung with the reproach they contained, turned abruptly away, and debated no longer even with himself. But when he approached the place where Idomeneus was sitting, pale and languishing, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his heart overwhelmed with sorrow, they became, in a moment, afraid of each other; they did not dare to interchange a look, and their thoughts were mutually known without language; each dreaded that

the other should break silence; and in this painful suspense both burst into tears. At length Idomeneus, pressed by excess of anguish, cried out—"Why should we seek Virtue, since those who find her are thus wretched! I am made sensible of my weakness, and then abandoned to its effects. Be it so; and let the past calamities of my life return: I will hear no more of good government; I know not the art, and am weary of the labour.—But as for you, Telemachus, whither would you go? To seek your father is vain; for among the living he is not to be found: Ithaca is in possession of your enemies, who will destroy you if you return, and one of whom is now certainly the husband of your mother. Be content, therefore, to continue at Salentum; my daughter shall be your wife, and my kingdom your inheritance. Your power here, even while I live, shall be absolute, and my confidence in you without limits. If these advantages are unworthy of your acceptance, at least leave me Mentor; Mentor is my last resource. Speak! answer me! Let not your heart be steeled against me, nor deny your pity to the most unfortunate of men! Alas, you are still silent; the gods are still inexorable: I feel more sensibly their resentment at Salentum than at Crete; and the loss of Telemachus wounds me deeper than the death of my son!"

Telemachus replied, in a timid and faltering tone—"My departure from Salentum is not choice, but fate. I am commanded to Ithaca by the gods; their wisdom is communicated to Mentor, and Mentor has urged my departure in their name. What then can I do? Should I renounce my father, my mother, and my country, that should be yet dearer than both? As I am born to royalty, a life of ease and pleasure must not be my portion; nor must inclination be my guide. With your kingdom, I should possess more wealth and power than my father's can bestow: but I ought to prefer what the gods have decreed me, to what your bounty has offered in its stead. If Antiope was my wife, I should think myself too happy to desire your kingdom; but that I may deserve Antiope, I must go whither I am called by duty, and

she

' she must be demanded for me by my
 ' father. Did you not promise to send
 ' me back to Ithaca? And was it not
 ' under this promise that I marched
 ' against your enemy Adrastus with
 ' the army of the allies? And is it not
 ' now time that I should attend to my
 ' own interest, and endeavour to redress
 ' the misfortunes of my family? The
 ' gods, who have given me to Mentor,
 ' have also given Mentor to the son of
 ' Ulysses, that, guided by his wisdom,
 ' he might fulfil their purpose: would
 ' you, therefore, have me lose Mentor,
 ' when all but Mentor is lost already?
 ' I have now no certain portion, retreat,
 ' or parent, or country. One man,
 ' distinguished for virtue and for wis-
 ' dom, is all that remains; and this,
 ' indeed, is the most valuable donation
 ' of Jove: judge, then, if I can re-
 ' nounce the bounty, and consent to be
 ' totally destitute and forlorn. I would
 ' cease to be, rather than be thus: life
 ' itself is of less value than a friend;
 ' take my life, therefore, but leave me
 ' Mentor!'

While Telemachus was thus speak-
 ing, his voice became stronger, and his
 timidity vanished. Idomeneus could
 not acquiesce, though he knew not what
 to reply; and, being unable to speak,
 he endeavoured to excite pity by looks
 and gestures of distress.

At this moment he perceived Men-
 tor, who addressed him in a solemn
 tone, but without severity. ' Do not
 ' give way,' said he, ' to unreasonable
 ' sorrow. We leave you; but we leave
 ' you to that wisdom which presides in
 ' the counsels of the gods. Remem-
 ' ber, with gratitude, that we were
 ' sent, by the direction of that wisdom,
 ' to correct your errors, and preserve
 ' your state. We have restored Philo-
 ' cles; and he will serve you with fide-
 ' lity: reverence for the gods, delight
 ' in virtue, love for the people, and
 ' compassion for the wretched, will be
 ' always predominant in his bosom.
 ' Listen to his advice, and employ him
 ' without jealousy or distrust. The
 ' most important service he can render
 ' you is to tell you your faults without
 ' disguise or palliation; require this
 ' service of him, therefore, in the first
 ' place. A good king is distinguished
 ' by the noblest fortitude: he fears not
 ' the monitor in the friend, nor shrinks
 ' from the sight of his own failings. If

' you are endowed with this fortitude,
 ' you have nothing to fear from our
 ' absence; the felicity of your life is
 ' secure: but if flattery, which steals
 ' its winding way like a serpent,
 ' should once more get access to your
 ' heart, and render you suspicious of
 ' disinterested counsel, you are undone.
 ' Pine no longer in voluntary subjec-
 ' tion to sorrow; but follow virtue
 ' with the utmost effort of your mind.
 ' I have instructed Philocles to lighten
 ' your cares, and deserve your confi-
 ' dence; and I will be answerable for
 ' his integrity. The gods have given
 ' him to you, as they have given me
 ' to Telemachus: the destiny which
 ' they have allotted us we should ful-
 ' fil boldly; for to regret it is vain.
 ' If my assistance should be necessary,
 ' after I have restored Telemachus to
 ' his father and his country, I will re-
 ' turn: and what could give me more
 ' sensible delight? I seek for myself
 ' neither wealth nor power; and I wish
 ' only to assist others in the search of
 ' justice and virtue. To you I have a
 ' particular attachment; for the gene-
 ' rous confidence of your friendship can
 ' never be forgotten.'

While Mentor was speaking, Ido-
 meneus became conscious to a sudden
 and pleasing change; he felt his pas-
 sions subside into peace, as the waves
 sink to rest, and the tempest is hushed
 to silence, when the father of the deep
 lifts his trident against them. Nothing
 now remained but a kind of tender re-
 gret; something that was rather a soft
 and soothing melancholy than grief;
 and courage, hope, virtue, and confi-
 dence in the gods, began once more to
 kindle in his bosom.

' Well then, my dear Mentor,' said
 he, ' I must lose all, and be content:
 ' let me, however, be still present to
 ' your mind. When you shall have
 ' arrived in Ithaca, where the reward
 ' of wisdom shall fill all your wishes,
 ' remember that Salentum is your own
 ' work, and that Idomeneus, inconsol-
 ' able for your loss, had no hope but
 ' in your return.—Farewel, O son of
 ' Ulysses! my ports shall detain you
 ' no more: the gods reclaim the trea-
 ' sure which they lent; and it is my duty
 ' to comply.—Farewel, Mentor, the
 ' greatest and wisest of men! If such
 ' excellence as thine is within the li-
 ' mits of our nature, and thou art not
 ' a divinity

• a divinity that hast assumed the form,
 • to call strength from weakness, and
 • from simplicity wisdom; be still the
 • guide and guardian of Telemachus,
 • who is more fortunate to be thy
 • charge than to be the conqueror of
 • Adrastus. I dismiss you both: I will
 • restrain my words; my sighs are in-
 • voluntary, and may therefore be for-
 • given.—Go, live together; and toge-
 • ther be happy! I have nothing left
 • but the remembrance that I once
 • shared your felicity: the golden mo-
 • ments are past, and I knew not their
 • value; they fled in haste, alas! and
 • they will never return! I have pos-
 • sessed you; but the joy is vanished!
 • I now see you, but I shall see you no
 • more!

Mentor took this opportunity to
 withdraw: he embraced Philocles, who

burst into tears, and was unable to
 speak. Telemachus would have taken
 hold of Mentor's hand, that he might
 have quitted that of Idomeneus; but
 Idomeneus, placing himself between
 them, went towards the port: he gazed
 upon them by turns; he sighed; and
 he frequently began to speak; but his
 voice faltered, and he left the sentence
 unfinished.

And now they heard, in a confused
 murmur, the voices of the mariners that
 crowded the shore; the cordage was
 stretched, the sails were made ready, and
 a favourable gale sprung up. Tele-
 machus and Mentor, with tears in their
 eyes, took leave of the king, who held
 them long in his arms, and followed
 them with his eyes as far as they could
 be seen.

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

THE



THE
A D V E N T U R E S
O F

T E L E M A C H U S,

BOOK XXIV.



HE sails now swell with the breeze, and the shore seems to retreat: the pilot perceived at a distance the promontory of Leucate, which conceals it's summit in hoary mists, that are blown round it by the freezing whirlwind; and the Acroceranuan mountains, which still lift their presumptuous brows to Heaven, though blasted so often by the bolts of Jove.

'I believe,' said Telemachus to Mentor, during the voyage, 'that I now perfectly understand the maxims of government that you have given me. They appeared at first like the confused images of a dream; but, by degrees, they became clear and distinct: so all objects appear obscure and cloudy at the first dawn of the morning; but, at length, they rise gradually, like a new creation out of chaos; as the light, increasing by insensible degrees, dissipates the mist that surrounds them, defines their true figure, and tinges them with their proper hue. I am persuaded that the great secret of government is to distinguish the different characters of men, to select them for different purposes, and allot each to the employment which is most suited to his talents; but I am still to learn

how characters are thus to be distinguished.'

'Mankind,' replied Mentor, 'to be known, must be studied; and to be studied, they must frequently be seen and talked to. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them: they should also trust them with some small employment, and take account how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important service. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire your knowledge in horses? Was it not by seeing them frequently, and conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellencies and defects? In the same manner converse with the wise and good, who are grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the defects and excellencies of men. You will thus insensibly acquire a nice discernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish the poet from the mere writer of verses, but by frequent reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? And how have you acquired judgment in musick, but by the same application to the sub-

ject

' jest? How is it possible that men
 ' should be well-governed if they are
 ' not known? And how can the know-
 ' ledge of men be acquired but by liv-
 ' ing among them? But seeing them in
 ' publick, where they talk of indiffe-
 ' rent subjects, and say nothing even
 ' of them that has not been premedi-
 ' tated, is by no means living among
 ' them: they must be seen in private;
 ' their latent sentiments must be traced
 ' to the secret recesses of the heart;
 ' they must be viewed in every light;
 ' all their depths and shallows must be
 ' tried, and their principles of action
 ' ascertained. But, to form a right
 ' judgment of mankind, it is princi-
 ' pally necessary to know what they
 ' ought to be: a clear and definite idea
 ' of real merit is absolutely necessary
 ' to distinguish those who have it from
 ' those who have it not. Men are con-
 ' tinually talking of virtue and merit;
 ' but there are few who know pre-
 ' cisely what is meant by either: they
 ' are splendid terms indeed; but, with
 ' respect to the greatest part of those
 ' who take a pride in perpetually re-
 ' peating them, of uncertain signifi-
 ' cation. Justice, reason, and virtue,
 ' must be resolved into some certain
 ' principles before it can be deter-
 ' mined who are just, reasonable, and
 ' virtuous: the maxims of a wise and
 ' good administration must be known
 ' before those who adopt them can be
 ' distinguished from those who substi-
 ' tute false refinement, and political
 ' cunning, in their stead. To take the
 ' dimensions of different bodies, we
 ' must have a standard measure; to
 ' judge of qualities and characters, we
 ' must have some fixed and invariable
 ' principles, to which they may be re-
 ' ferred. We must know precisely
 ' what is the great purpose of human
 ' life, and to what end the government
 ' of mankind should be directed: the
 ' sole end of all government is to ren-
 ' der mankind virtuous and happy;
 ' and, with this great end, the notion
 ' that a prince is invested with the
 ' regal power and authority for his
 ' own sake is wholly incompatible.
 ' This notion can only gratify the
 ' pride of a tyrant: a good king lives but
 ' for his people, and sacrifices his own
 ' ease and pleasure to their advantage.
 ' He whose eye is not invariably fixed
 ' upon this great end, the publick

' good, if in any instance he attains it,
 ' will attain it by chance; he will float
 ' on the stream of time, like a ship in
 ' the ocean, without a pilot, the stars
 ' unmarked, and the shores unknown:
 ' in such a situation is it possible to
 ' avoid shipwreck?

' It frequently happens that princes,
 ' not knowing in what virtue consists,
 ' know not what they ought to seek in
 ' mankind: they mistake virtue for
 ' austerity; it offends them, by appear-
 ' ing to want complacency, and to
 ' affect independence; and, touched at
 ' once with fear and disgust, they turn
 ' from it to flattery. From this mo-
 ' ment, sincerity and virtue are to be
 ' found no more; the prince is seduced
 ' by a phantom of false glory, which
 ' renders him unworthy of the true:
 ' he persuades himself that there is no
 ' such thing as virtue upon the earth;
 ' for, though the good can distinguish
 ' the wicked, the wicked cannot dis-
 ' tinguish the good; and what they
 ' cannot distinguish they suppose not
 ' to exist. They know enough to ren-
 ' der them suspicious; but, not know-
 ' ing more, they suspect all alike: they
 ' retire from the publick eye, and im-
 ' mure themselves in their palaces; they
 ' impute the most casual trifles to craft
 ' and design; they are a terror to man-
 ' kind, and mankind is a terror to
 ' them; they love darkness, and dis-
 ' guise their characters; which, how-
 ' ever, are perfectly known. The ma-
 ' lignant curiosity of their subjects pe-
 ' netrates every veil, and investigates
 ' every secret; but he that is thus
 ' known by all knows nobody: the
 ' self-interested wretches that surround
 ' him rejoice to perceive that he is in-
 ' accessible; and a prince that is in-
 ' accessible to men is inaccessible to
 ' truth. Those who avail themselves
 ' of his blindness are busy to calumni-
 ' ate or to banish all who would open
 ' his eyes: he lives in a kind of savage
 ' and unsociable magnificence, always
 ' the dupe of that imposition which he
 ' at once dreads and deserves. He that
 ' converses only with a small number,
 ' almost necessarily adopts their pas-
 ' sions and their prejudices; and from
 ' passions and prejudices the best are
 ' not free: he must also receive his
 ' knowledge by report; and therefore
 ' lie at the mercy of tale-bearers; a
 ' despicable and detestable race, who

are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great, and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus! be man. Examine him; hear one man's opinion of another; try them by degrees; trust implicitly to none; and profit by your own experience, when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen. Wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected; form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; and do not hastily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous: and thus, even from error, you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him; for such men love that others should appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue by trusting them with absolute power; for many men, who have stood against common temptations, have fallen, when unlimited authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severer test. The prince who shall be so far favoured of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same characters to fill the inferior departments of state: and thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others, whom his own eye could never reach.

But I have often heard, said Telemachus, that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting. — The service of such men, replied Mentor, is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed; and have ac-

quired the confidence of persons in power, who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion: they must be employed for a time; but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and, even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret invests them with power, of which from that moment he will be the slave: by this secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negotiate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty even by their passions; for by their passions only they can be held: but let them never be admitted to secret and important deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion when it is fit they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key either of his bosom or his state. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant; but even then they should be well treated; for to be ungrateful, even to the wicked, is to be like them: but in all kindness shewed to such characters, there should be a view to their amendment; some of their faults should be overlooked as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed, that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good, is a misfortune; and, though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince, who has no wish but to establish order, and distribute justice, will soon find honest men, of sufficient ability to effect his purposes; and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform.

But

‘ But it is not enough for a king to find good subjects; he must make them. — ‘ That,’ said Telemachus, ‘ must surely be an arduous task. — ‘ Not at all,’ replied Mentor: ‘ the very search after virtue and abilities will produce them; for rewards, well bestowed, will excite universal emulation. How many languish in idleness and obscurity, who would become distinguished, if the hope of fortune was to excite them to labour? And how many, despairing to rise by virtue, endeavour to surmount the distresses of poverty by vice? If you distinguish genius and virtue by rewards and honours, your subjects will excel in both characters, by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own: and how much farther may you carry that excellence, by gradually bringing forward the merit that is thus produced, and advancing those that appear capable of publick and important service, from the lowest to the highest employments? You will exercise their various talents; and bring the extent of their understanding, and the sincerity of their virtue, to the test. Those who fill the great offices of state will then have been brought up under your own eye, in lower stations; you will have followed them through life, step by step; and you will judge of them, not from their professions, nor from a single act, but the whole tenor of their conduct.’

While Mentor and Telemachus were engaged in this conversation, they perceived a Phæacian vessel, which had put into a little island wholly desolate, and surrounded by craggy precipices of an enormous height. It was at this time a dead calm, so that the zephyrs themselves seemed to hold their breath: the whole surface of the sea was bright and smooth as a mirror; the sails, which clung to the mast, could no longer impel the vessel in its course; and the rowers, exhausted with labour, endeavoured to supply the deficiency of the gale in vain. It became therefore absolutely necessary to go on shore at this place, which was rather a rock of the sea than an habitation for men; and, at another time, it could not have been approached without the utmost danger. The Phæacians, who were waiting for a wind, were not less impatient of delay than the mariners of Sa-

lentum, who had the conduct of Telemachus and Mentor. As soon as Telemachus was on shore, he advanced over the crags, towards some of these people, who had landed before him; and enquired of the first man he met, whether he had seen Ulysses, the King of Ithaca, at the palace of Alcinous.

It happened, that the person to whom he addressed himself was not a Phæacian, but was a stranger, whose country was unknown: he was of a majestic deportment, but appeared sorrowful and dejected. When he was accosted, he was lost in thought, and seemed not to hear the question that was asked him; but soon recollecting himself, he replied—‘ You suppose that Ulysses has been seen in the island of the Phæacians; and you are not mistaken; he was received at the palace of Alcinous, as at a place where the gods are revered, and the duties of hospitality fulfilled: but he soon after left that country, where you will now seek him in vain. He set out, that he might once more salute his household gods in Ithaca, if the superior powers shall forget their anger, and vouchsafe the blessing.’

The stranger pronounced these words in a mournful voice, and immediately rushed into a wild thicket upon the top of a rock; where, fixing his eyes upon the sea, he seemed desirous of solitude, and impatient to depart. Telemachus remarked him with great attention; and the more he gazed, the greater were his emotion and astonishment. ‘ The answer of this stranger,’ said he to Mentor, ‘ is that of a man so absorbed in affliction, as scarce to take cognizance of external objects. The unfortunate have my pity, for I am myself unfortunate; and, for this man I am particularly interested, without knowing why: he has not treated me with courtesy, he seemed to pay no attention to what I said, and he scarce vouchsafed me an answer; yet I cannot but wish that his misfortunes were at an end.’

‘ See, then,’ said Mentor with a smile, ‘ what advantage is derived from the calamities of life; they humble the pride of greatness, and soften insensibility to compassion. Princes, who have been fatally flattered with perpetual prosperity, imagine themselves to be gods; if they have an idle

' wish to be gratified, they expect
 ' mountains to sink, and seas to vanish;
 ' they hold mankind as nothing, and
 ' would have all nature the mere in-
 ' strument of their will: when they
 ' hear of misfortune, they scarce un-
 ' derstand the term; with respect to
 ' them, misfortune is a dream; and
 ' they know not the difference between
 ' good and evil. Affliction only can
 ' teach them pity; and give them, for
 ' the adamant in their bosom, the heart
 ' of a man: when they are afflicted,
 ' they become sensible that they partici-
 ' pate a common nature with others,
 ' to whom they should administer the
 ' comfort of which they feel the want.
 ' If a stranger has thus forcibly excit-
 ' ed your pity, because, like you, he is
 ' a wanderer upon the coast, how much
 ' more compassion should you feel for
 ' the people of Ithaca, if hereafter you
 ' should see them suffer! Yet the peo-
 ' ple of Ithaca, whom the gods will
 ' confide to your care, as a flock is
 ' confided to a shepherd, may, perhaps,
 ' become wretched by your ambition,
 ' your prodigality, or imprudence; for
 ' nations are never wretched but by
 ' the fault of kings, who, like their
 ' guardian gods, should watch over
 ' them for good.'

To this discourse of Mentor Tele-
 machus listened with grief and trou-
 ble; and at length, with some emo-
 tion, replied—' If these things are true,
 ' royalty is, of all conditions, the most
 ' wretched. A king is the slave of
 ' those whom he appears to command;
 ' his people are not subordinate to him,
 ' but he is subordinate to his people:
 ' all his powers and faculties are re-
 ' ferred to them as their object; he is
 ' the servant, not of the community
 ' only, but of every individual; he must
 ' supply all their wants, accommodate
 ' himself to all their weaknesses, cor-
 ' rect their vices, teach them wisdom,
 ' and endow them with happiness.
 ' The authority with which he appears
 ' to be invested is not his own: he is
 ' not at liberty to exert it, either for
 ' his glory or his pleasure; it is, in-
 ' deed, the authority of the laws, to
 ' which he must himself be obedient,
 ' as an example to others. The laws
 ' must reign, and of their sovereignty
 ' he must be the defence; for them he
 ' must pass the night in vigils, and the
 ' day in labour: he is less at liberty

' and at rest than any other in his do-
 ' minions; for his own freedom and
 ' repose are sacrificed to the freedom and
 ' happiness of the publick.'

' It is true,' replied Mentor, ' that
 ' a king is invested with the character,
 ' only that he may be to his people
 ' what a shepherd is to his flock, or a
 ' father to his family: but can you
 ' imagine, my dear Telemachus, that a
 ' king, who is continually employed
 ' to make multitudes happy, can him-
 ' self be wretched? He corrects the
 ' wicked by punishment; he encourages
 ' the good by rewards; he forms the
 ' world to virtue, a visible divinity, the
 ' vicergerent of Heaven! Is it not suffi-
 ' cient glory to secure the laws from
 ' violation? To affect being above their
 ' authority, is not to acquire glory, but
 ' to become the object of detestation
 ' and contempt. A king, if he is
 ' wicked, must indeed be miserable;
 ' for his passions and his vanity will
 ' keep him in perpetual tumult and so-
 ' licitude: but, if he is good, he will
 ' enjoy the purest and most sublime
 ' of all pleasures, in promoting the
 ' cause of virtue, and expecting an eter-
 ' nal recompence from the gods.'

Telemachus, whose mind was in great
 uneasiness and agitation, seemed at this
 time never to have comprehended these
 principles, though they had long been
 familiar to his mind, and he had often
 taught them to others: a splenetic
 humour, the frequent concomitant of
 secret infelicity, disposed him, contrary
 to his own sentiments, to reject the
 truths which Mentor had explained
 with subtle cavils and pertinacious
 contradiction. Among other objections,
 he urged the ingratitude of mankind:
 ' What,' says he, ' shall life be devot-
 ' ed to obtain the love of those who
 ' will perhaps hate you for the attempt;
 ' and to confer benefits upon wretches,
 ' who may probably use them to your
 ' destruction!'

' Ingratitude,' replied Mentor with
 great calmness, ' must be expected from
 ' mankind; but though mankind are
 ' ungrateful, we should not be weary
 ' of doing good; we should serve them,
 ' less for their own sakes, than in obe-
 ' dience to the gods, who command it.
 ' The good that we do is never lost; if
 ' men forget it, it is remembered and
 ' rewarded by the gods. Besides, if
 ' the multitude are ungrateful, there
 ' will

will always be virtuous men, by whom virtue will be regarded with reverence and love; and even the multitude, however inconstant and capricious, will, sooner or later, be just to merit. But if you would prevent the ingratitude of mankind, do not load them with such benefits as, in the common estimation, are of most value: do not endeavour to make them powerful and rich; do not make them the dread or the envy of others, either by their prowess or their pleasures. This glory, this abundance, these delights, will corrupt them; they will become more wicked, and consequently more ungrateful. Instead, therefore, of offering them a fatal gift, a delicious poison, endeavour to improve their morals, to inspire them with justice, sincerity, the fear of the gods, humanity, fidelity, moderation, and disinterestedness: by implanting goodness, you will eradicate ingratitude; when you give virtue, you give a permanent and substantial good; and virtue will always attach those who receive it to the giver. Thus, by communicating real benefits, you will receive real benefit in return; and the very nature of your gift will make ingratitude impossible. Is it strange that men should be ungrateful to princes, who have trained them to nothing but injustice and ambition; and taught them only to be jealous, arrogant, perfidious, and cruel? A prince must expect that his people will act towards him as he has taught them to act towards others. If he labours to render them good, both by his example and authority, he will reap the fruit of his labour from their virtue; or, at least, in his own, and in the favour of the gods, he will find abundant consolation for his disappointment.

As soon as Mentor had done speaking, Telemachus advanced hastily towards the Phæacians, whose vessel lay at anchor near the shore. He found among them an old man, of whom he enquired whence they came, whither they were going, and if he had not seen Ulysses? 'We are come,' said the old man, 'from our own island Corcyra, and we are going for merchandize to Epirus: Ulysses, as you have been told already, has been in our country, and has now left it.'

'But who,' said Telemachus, 'is he that, while he waits for the departure of your vessel, seems to be absorbed in the contemplation of his own misfortunes, and retires from society to the most solitary parts of the island?'—'He,' said the old man, 'is a stranger, of whom we have no knowledge. It is said that his name is Cleomenes; that he is a native of Phrygia; and that, before his birth, it was declared by an oracle to his mother, that if he quitted his country he should be a king; but that, if he continued in it, the gods would denounce their anger against the Phrygians by a pestilence.'

'He was therefore delivered to some sailors by his parents as soon as he was born, who conveyed him to the island of Lesbos, where he was privately educated at the expence of his country, which had so great an interest in keeping him at a distance. As he increased in stature, his person became at once comely and robust, and he excelled in all exercises that render the body agile and strong; he also applied, with great genius and taste, to science and the polite arts; but no people would suffer him to continue among them. The prediction of the oracle concerning him became generally known, and he was soon discovered wherever he went: kings were every where jealous, lest he should supplant them in their thrones; and thus he became a fugitive from his youth, wandering about from country to country, without finding any place in which he might be allowed to remain. He has visited nations very remote from his own; but the secret of his birth, and the oracle concerning him, are discovered as soon as he arrives. He endeavours to conceal himself wherever he comes, by entering into some obscure class of life; but he is soon discovered, by his superior talents for war, literature, and government, which break out with irresistible splendor, notwithstanding his efforts to repress them. In every country he is surprized into the exertion of his abilities by some unforeseen occasion, and these at once make him known to the publick. His merit is his misfortune; for this he is shunned wherever he is known, and excluded from every country where he would

* would reside: it is his destiny to be
 * every where esteemed, beloved, and
 * admired, and to be excluded from all
 * civil societies upon earth.

* He is now advanced in years; and
 * yet he has not hitherto been able to
 * find any district, either of Asia or
 * Greece, where he may be permitted
 * to live in unmolested obscurity. He
 * appears to be wholly without ambi-
 * tion, and to desire neither honour nor
 * riches; and if the oracle had not pro-
 * mised him royalty, he would think
 * himself the happiest of mankind.
 * He indulges no hope of returning to
 * his native country; for he knows
 * that to return thither would be to
 * give up every family to mourning and
 * tears. Even royalty itself, for which
 * he suffers, is not desirable in his opi-
 * nion: he is fulfilling the condition
 * upon which it is to be acquired, in
 * spite of himself; and, impelled by an
 * unhappy fatality, he pursues it from
 * kingdom to kingdom, while it flies,
 * like a splendid illusion, before him,
 * as it were to sport with his distress,
 * and continue an idle chase, till life
 * itself shall have lost value with it's
 * use. How fatal a gift is reserved for
 * him by the gods! How has it embittered
 * those hours which youth would
 * have devoted to joy! And how has it
 * aggravated the infirmities of age,
 * when the only felicity of wearied na-
 * ture is rest!

* He is now going,' continued the
 * old mariner, 'to Thrace, in search of
 * some rude and lawless savages, whom
 * he may collect into a society, civilize,
 * and govern for a certain time; that
 * thus, having accomplished the oracle,
 * the most flourishing state may admit
 * him without fear. If he succeeds in
 * this design, he will immediately re-
 * tire to a village in Caria, and apply
 * himself wholly to his favourite em-
 * ployment, agriculture. He is a wise
 * man, his desires are moderate, he fears
 * the gods, and he knows mankind;
 * and, though he does not think them
 * worthy of esteem, can live peaceably
 * among them. Such is the account
 * that I have heard of the stranger after
 * whom you enquire.'

Telemachus, while he was attending
 to this narrative, often turned his eyes
 towards the sea, which began to be
 troubled: the wind now swelled the
 surface into waves, which, breaking

against the rocks, whitened them with
 foam. The man observed it; and,
 turning hastily to Telemachus—'I
 ' must be gone,' said he, 'or my com-
 ' panions will sail without me.' He
 then ran towards the vessel, the ma-
 riners hurried on board, and a confused
 clamour echoed along the shore.

The stranger, whom they called
 Cleomenes, had wandered about in the
 middle of the island; and, climbing to
 the summit of many of the rocks, had
 eyed the boundless diffusion of waters
 around him with a fixed and mournful
 attention. Telemachus had still kept
 sight of him, and remarked him in eve-
 ry situation; not with an idle curiosity,
 for his heart melted with compassion
 for a man who, though virtuous, was
 wretched, and a fugitive, formed for
 great achievements, yet condemned to
 be the sport of Fortune, and a stranger
 to his country. 'I,' said he to him-
 self, 'may once more see Ithaca; but
 ' the return of this Cleomenes to Phry-
 ' gia is impossible.' Thus Telemach-
 us received comfort from contem-
 plating the misery of a man more
 wretched than himself.

The stranger no sooner perceived his
 vessel ready to sail, than he rushed down
 the craggy sides of the rock, with as
 much agility and speed as Apollo
 bounds from precipice to precipice in
 the forests of Lycia, when, with his sil-
 ver hair, gathered in a knot behind him,
 he pursues the stags and the boars that
 fly from the terrors of his bow in vain.
 When the stranger was on board, and
 his vessel, dividing the waves, became
 gradually more distant from the shore,
 the heart of Telemachus died within
 him; he felt the keenest affliction with-
 out knowing the cause; the tears flow-
 ed unbidden from his eyes, and he
 found nothing so pleasing as to weep.

In the mean time, the mariners of Sa-
 lentum, overcome with fatigue, were
 stretched upon the grass near the beach
 in a profound sleep. A sweet insensi-
 bility was diffused through every nerve;
 and the secret but powerful influence
 of Minerva had, in full day, scattered
 over them the dewy poppies of the
 night. Telemachus was astonished to
 see the Salentines thus resign themselves
 to sleep, while the Phæacians, ever ac-
 tive and vigilant, had improved the
 gale; yet he was more intent upon
 watching their vessel, which was now
 fading

fading from his sight in the horizon, than upon recalling his mariners to their duty. A secret and irresistible sense of astonishment and concern kept his eyes fixed upon the bark that had left the island, and of which the sails only could be seen, which, by their whiteness, were just distinguished from the azure of the sea. Mentor called to him; but he was deaf to his voice; his faculties seemed to be suspended as in a trance; and he had no more the possession of himself than the frantick votaries of Bacchus, when, grasping the Thyrsis in their hands, the ravings of their phrenzy are re-echoed from the banks of the Hebrus, and the rude acclivities of Ismarus and Rhodope.

At length, however, the fascination was suspended; and, recovering his recollection, he again melted into tears. 'I do not wonder,' said Mentor, 'my dear Telemachus, to see you weep; for the cause of your trouble, though to you a secret, is known to me. Nature is the divinity that speaks within you; it is her influence that you feel, and at her touch your heart has melted. A stranger has filled your breast with emotion; that stranger is the great Ulysses. What the Phæacian has told you concerning him, under the name of Cleomenes, is nothing more than a fiction, invented more effectually to conceal his return to Ithaca, whither he is now going; he is already near the port; and the scenes so long desired are at length given to his view. You have seen him, as it was once foretold you, but have not known him; the time is at hand when you shall see him again, when you shall know him, and be known by him: but the gods would permit this only in Ithaca. His heart did not suffer less emotion than yours: but he is too wise to trust any man with his secret, while it might expose him to the treachery and insults of the pretenders to Penelope. Your father Ulysses is the wisest of mankind; his heart is an unfathomable depth; his secret lies beyond the line of subtlety and fraud; he is the friend of truth, he says nothing that is false; but, when it is necessary, he conceals what is true; his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken but for an important purpose: he saw you, he spoke to you,

yet he concealed himself from you. What a conflict must he have sustained! What anguish must he have felt! Who can wonder at his dejection and sorrow!

During this discourse, Telemachus stood fixed in astonishment, and at length burst into tears: his wonder was mingled with the tenderest and deepest distress; and it was long before the sighs that struggled in his bosom would permit a reply. At length he cried out—'O my dear Mentor! there was indeed in this stranger something that controuled all my heart, something that attracted and melted me; a powerful influence without a name! But, if you knew him, why did you not tell me, before he departed, that he was Ulysses? and why did you not speak to him yourself, and acquaint him that he was not concealed from you? What do these mysteries conceal? Is it that I shall be wretched for ever? Will the gods, in their anger, doom me to the torments of Tantalus, whose burning lips a delusive stream approaches for ever, and for ever flies! O my father! hast thou escaped me for ever! Perhaps I shall see thee no more; perhaps the suitors of Penelope may take thee in the snares which they spread for me! O had I followed thee; then, if life had been denied us, we might at last have died together!—O Ulysses, Ulysses! if thou shalt escape another shipwreck, which, from the persevering malice of Fortune, there is reason to doubt, I fear lest thou shouldst meet, at Ithaca, as disastrous a fate as Agamemnon at Mycene.—But wherefore, O my dear Mentor! did you envy my good fortune? Why have I not already embraced my father? Why am I not now with him in the port of Ithaca? Why not fighting at his side, and exulting in the destruction of his enemies?

'Let me now, my dear Telemachus,' said Mentor, with a smile, 'shew thee to thyself, and thus acquaint thee with the weakness of mankind? To-day you are inconsolable, because you have seen your father without knowing him; but what would you have given, yesterday, to know that he was not dead! To-day your own eyes assure you that he lives; and this assurance, which should

transport you with joy, overwhelms
 you with distress. Thus do man-
 kind, by the perverse depravity of
 their nature, esteem that which they
 have most desired as of no value the
 moment it is possessed, and torment
 themselves with fruitless wishes for
 that which is beyond their reach.
 It is to exercise your patience that the
 gods thus hold you in suspense. You
 consider this time as lost; but be as-
 sured that it is, more than any other,
 improved. The distress which you
 now suffer will exercise you in the
 practice of that virtue, which is of
 more importance than all others to
 those who are born to command.
 Without patience you can be master
 neither of others nor yourself. Im-
 patience, which appears to be the
 force and vigour of the soul, is, in-
 deed, a weakness; the want of forti-
 tude to suffer pain. He that knows
 not how to wait for good, and to en-
 dure evil, is subject to the same im-
 becillity as he that cannot keep a se-
 cret; they both want power to restrain
 the first impulse of the mind; and
 resemble a charioteer, whose hand has
 not strength to restrain his impatient
 coursers in their headlong speed; they
 disdain the bridle, they rush forward
 with ungoverned fury, the chariot is
 overturned, and the feeble driver is
 crushed under the wheels. An im-
 patient man is thus precipitated to
 ruin by the violence of impetuous
 and ungoverned desire. The more
 elevated his station, the more fatal his
 impatience; he waits for nothing, he
 despises deliberation, and takes all
 things, as it were, by storm; every
 enjoyment is a violence and an in-
 jury; he breaks down the branches,
 to gather the fruit before it is ripe;
 he forces the door rather than wait
 till it is opened; and resolves to reap,
 when the prudent husbandman would
 sow; all his actions are precipitate,
 and out of season: all that he does,
 therefore, is done amiss, and must be
 futile and transient as his own de-
 sires. Such are the extravagant pro-
 jects of a man who vainly imagines
 that he can do all things; and aban-
 don himself to every impatient wish
 that prompts him to abuse his power.
 Your patience is thus tried, my dear
 Telemachus, that you may learn to
 be patient; and, for this cause, the

gods have given you up to the ex-
 prices of Fortune, and suffered you to
 be still a wanderer, to whom all things
 are uncertain. Every object of your
 hope has just appeared and vanished,
 like the fleeting images of a dream,
 when the slumbers of the night are
 past, to apprise you that the blessings
 which we imagine to be within our
 grasp elude us, and disappear in a
 moment. The best precepts of the
 wife Ulysses would instruct you less
 than his absence, and the sufferings
 which, while you sought him, you
 have endured.

Mentor then determined to bring
 the patience of Telemachus to another
 trial, yet more severe than any that
 were past: at the moment, therefore,
 when the young hero was urging the
 mariners to set sail without delay,
 Mentor suddenly stopped him, and
 proposed that they should offer a solemn
 sacrifice to Minerva upon the beach.
 Telemachus consented, without remon-
 strance or complaint; two altars of
 turf were immediately prepared, the
 incense smoked, and the blood of the
 victims was shed; the youth looked up
 to Heaven, with a sigh of tenderness
 and devotion, and acknowledged the
 powerful protection of the goddess.

As soon as the sacrifice was ended,
 he followed Mentor into the darkest
 recesses of a neighbouring wood; and
 here he suddenly perceived the counte-
 nance of his friend assume a new form:
 the wrinkles disappeared, as the sha-
 dows of the night vanish, when the
 rosy fingers of Aurora throw back the
 portals of the east, and kindle the ho-
 rizon with the beams of day; his eyes,
 which were keen and hollow, changed
 to a celestial blue, and sparkled with di-
 vine radiance; his beard, grizzled and
 neglected, totally vanished; and the
 sight of Telemachus was dazzled by
 new features, which were at once mild
 and awful, lovely and majestic. He
 beheld the countenance of a woman,
 soft and delicate as the leaves of a
 flower just opening to the sun, and
 blooming with the tints both of the
 lily and the rose; it was distinguished
 by the ineffable beauty of eternal youth,
 and the easy dignity of familiar great-
 ness; her flowing hair impregnated the
 gale with ambrosial odours, and her
 robes shone with a various and vivid
 splendor, like the clouds of Heaven,
 which

which the sun diversifies and irradiates with his earliest light. The divinity was no longer supported by the earth, but reclined upon the air, in which she floated like a bird in it's flight. In her hand was the shining lance, at which nations tremble, and Mars himself becomes sensible to fear: her voice was sweet and placid, but penetrating and strong; her words pierced the heart of Telemachus like shafts of fire, and thrilled him with a kind of delicious pain; upon her helmet appeared the solitary bird of Athens; and her dreadful ægis glittered upon her breast. By these characteristics Telemachus knew that he beheld Minerva.

'And is it thou thyself,' said he, 'O goddess! who, for the love that thou bearest to Ulysses, hast vouchsafed guidance and protection to his son!' He would have said more; but his voice failed him; and the thoughts that rushed, with impetuous tumult, from his heart, his tongue laboured to express in vain: he was overwhelmed by the presence of the divinity, like a man who is oppressed, to the loss of breath, in a dream; and who, although agonized with an effort to speak, can articulate nothing.

At length the goddess addressed him in these words: 'Hear me, O son of Ulysses, for the last time! I have hitherto favoured no mortal with such instruction as I have vouchsafed to thee. In countries unknown, in shipwreck, in battle, in every situation of danger and distress by which the heart of man can be tried, I have been thy protection. For thee I have illustrated, by experiment, all maxims of government, both false and true; and I have improved, not thy misfortunes only, but even thy faults, into wisdom. Who can govern, that has never suffered? Who can avoid error but by experience of it's evil? Thou hast filled earth and ocean with disastrous adventures, like thy father; and art now worthy to follow him to Ithaca, where he is this moment arrived, and whither thy passage is short and easy. In battle, let thy station be at his side; obey him with implicit reverence, and let the meanest subject learn his duty from thy example. He will give Antiope to thy wishes: in this alliance thy object was rather merit

than beauty; and it shall be happy. When thou shalt be invested with sovereign power, let it be thy only ambition to restore the golden age; let thy ear be open to all, but thy confidence restrained to few; trust not implicitly to thy own virtue, or thy own wisdom; fear to deceive thyself, but fear not that others should know thou hast been deceived. Love thy people; and neglect nothing that may inspire them with love of thee: those whom love cannot influence, must be ruled by fear; but this expedient, like a violent and dangerous remedy, should always be used with reluctance. Undertake nothing of which thou hast not considered the most remote consequences: look steadily at the future, whatever evils it may present; for true courage consists in the anticipation and contempt of necessary danger. He who will not voluntarily look danger in the face, will shrink from the sight when it is obtruded upon him: he only is wise and brave who willingly looks on all that can be seen, who shuns all that can be shunned, and meets that which is inevitable with equanimity. Avoid luxury, profusion, and pomp; and place thy glory in simplicity: let thy virtues be the ornaments of thy person and thy palace; let these be the guard that surrounds thee; and let thy example teach the world in what honour consists. Let it be constantly present to thy mind, that kings reign not for their own glory, but for the good of their people. The virtues and the vices of kings entail happiness or misery upon mankind to the remotest generations; and a bad reign sometimes produces calamity for an age. Above all, guard against thy humour; that peculiarity of disposition which, independent both of the passions and reason, distinguishes mankind from each other; that capricious principle which chuses and rejects, loves and hates, approves and condemns, not in consequence of qualities in the object, but propensities in the mind. This humour is a bosom enemy, which every man is condemned to carry with him to the grave; it will enter into all thy councils; and, if indulged, will certainly pervert them; it will prevent thee from improving opportunities of ad-

' vantage; it will prefer shadows to
 ' the substance, and determine im-
 ' portant affairs by petty considerations;
 ' it obscures talents, depresses courage,
 ' and renders a man feeble, inconstant,
 ' odious, and contemptible: against
 ' this enemy be continually upon thy
 ' guard. Let the fear of the gods, O
 ' Telemachus! be the ruling passion
 ' of thy heart; keep it sacred in thy
 ' bosom as the dearest treasure; for
 ' with this thou shalt possess wisdom
 ' and justice, tranquillity and joy,
 ' unpolluted pleasure, genuine free-
 ' dom, peaceful affluence, and spotless
 ' glory.

' I now leave thee, O son of Ulysses!
 ' But so long as thou shalt feel the
 ' want of my wisdom, my wisdom
 ' shall remain with thee. It is now
 ' time that thou shouldst walk by the
 ' light of thy own mind: I withdrew
 ' from thee in Egypt and at Salentum,

' that I might reconcile thee to the
 ' want of that assistance and comfort
 ' which I afforded by degrees, as a
 ' mother weans an infant from the
 ' breast when it is no longer necessary
 ' to indulge him with milk, and he is
 ' able to subsist upon coarser food!'

Such was the last counsel of Minerva
 to Telemachus! And, while her voice
 yet vibrated upon his ear, he perceived
 her rise slowly from the earth, and, a
 cloud of intermingled azure and gold
 surrounding her, she disappeared. Te-
 lemachus stood a moment astonished
 and entranced; then sighing, prostrated
 himself upon the ground, and stretched
 out his hands towards Heaven. After
 this homage was paid, he arose, awak-
 ened his companions, hastened their
 departure, arrived in Ithaca, and found
 his father under the friendly roof of his
 faithful Eumenes.

F I N I S.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Candid and Critical Reader will find himself very little disposed to censure those Peculiarities of Stile which he cannot fail to observe in the following Work, when he reflects that the whole was written in English by MONSIEUR DE VERGY; and that it is now printed verbatim as originally published by the ingenious AUTHOR, pursuant to the EDITOR's invariable Plan.

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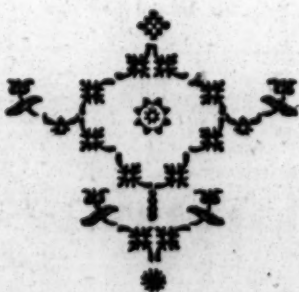
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COUNTLESS GENTLEMEN

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There was a great deal of business done in the city of New York in the year 1844.



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TO

LADY HARRIET STANHOPE.

MADAM,

WERE Virtue, Beauty, and the Graces, to appear among us,
they would assume your shape, your features—talk and feel
as you do.

I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most humble and

Obedient Servant,

TREYSSAC DE VERGY.

P R E F A C E.

OF my former works Love and Nature were the authors; they boldly held the pencil, and drew the pictures of the LOVERS. The drapery intended to conceal their voluptuousness making them the more conspicuous, a few fools arose against the performance, and announced it as an apology for adultery. As I despised their judgment, I appealed only to my own reason, and sat contented with the esteem of the sensible, and laughing heartily at the noisy buzzing of the harmless insects.

HENRIETTA Virtue has written; and I doubt not but for that very reason it will be damned. Men judging according to their age and passions, I wonder not at the praise and satire lavished by them on the same work. A woman, as she smiles or frowns, partakes of it's fate; like it, she has her censors and admirers: no more than she do I pretend to please all; too well am I acquainted with the human heart to indulge the idle, flattering conceit. As we feel, we see and read; the gay and passionate, the devotee and indifferent, having a soul the reverse of each other, must necessarily differ in their opinion of a beauty and a novel.

Of Henrietta I will say but this: all the characters are new. If good, the publick will do it justice; if bad, to commend it would be ridiculous.

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HENRIETTA.



H E N R I E T T A,

COUNTESS OSENVOR.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LETTER I.

HENRIETTA COUNTESS OSENVOR,
TO LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY.



O O cruel Susannah! Did you know the full extent of my misery, your curiosity would die away, and respect my sorrow!

You would not attempt to renew in my heart a pain too exquisite to be borne! Oh, let me not call the past to my mind! my soul sinks at the remembrance of it. Five years are elapsed, it is true: time has no power over sufferings like mine; it may have blunted their former fierceness; but they are still keen, still intolerable; I have no strength to support them. You say I pine away. I know it. What is life when deprived of the only charm which could make it agreeable! Would I were no more! That at this very moment death would sweep me away! Religion stops my arm; nay, your friendship is a comfort I enjoy in the midst of grief, troubles, and despair. When I see you, I am less unhappy. You are, to me, like a fine day to the dispirited seamen, after a night of storm; you enliven my spirits, and sometimes force a smile on my lips; but, when absent, memory betrays me again into the feeling of my wretchedness; I have then no other company than my thoughts, and these thoughts are a perpetual torment.

Susannah! insist no more to know a secret which must be buried with me in the grave! it would be too painful to relate. If you love me, demand not what I wish to grant, but indeed cannot, without being a prey to the most torturing agony. Abuse not thy power over thy Henrietta. Adieu!

LETTER II.

N O longer will I deny your entreaties; your friendship deserves a sacrifice: I will make it in your favour, dear Susannah; I will forget myself. You shall know every anecdote of my life; the history of every thought, and of every feeling. I will hide nothing from you. Self-love I shall not listen to; truth will guide my pen. Adieu.

LETTER III.

H APPILY blest with a sensible mother, the dawn of my infancy announced accomplishments which since have obtained your applauses, and the praises of men. Under the care of Mrs. Verman, the susceptibility of my mind, like marble under the chisel of Phidias, received the most exquisite form which taste and judgment can give. At sixteen, very few were the talents I did not possess; very few the sciences in which I was not an adept. The knowledge of the human heart Shakespeare displayed

displayed to me: his works, and the Spectator, taught me to think and to compare. The power of the passions I learned in ancient and modern history; their effects filled my soul with apprehension and diffidence; but when Nature began to bring forth their dormant seed in my heart, I trembled and shuddered at their opposition to the religious law. However strong the impression we imbibe in the earliest time of life, and sincere our resolution is never to alter them, the passions will talk, and silence reason. This truth I have experienced. Though prepared, and in arms against the seductions of pride and ambition, I have been subdued, and their slave. Would I had been born in a lonely cottage, far from men, and free from knowledge! I trusted to Reason for the conquest of pleasure; fool that I was not to know she spoke and acted like a coward, seemingly ready to engage, though determined to fly!

LETTER IV.

WHEN, from the involuntary pantings of my bosom, Mrs. Verman discovered that my heart began to beat to desire, she renewed her satire on man. I listened; but still my heart beat, and the monster man gave the impulse.

Like the child who, attracted by the beauty of a rose, advances eagerly his hand to pluck it up, and forgets the thorn which lies under it, we welcome the flattering sensation, totally neglectful of the evils it may bring upon us. Our senses put reason to defiance; we only think when pain or sorrow warns us of our imprudence.

The frightful picture my mother drew of man, however true in respect to his political life, my heart thought false in his character of a lover. This character nature formed with ingenuity: it is as inconsistent with falsehood as the wit of Lady Waldegrave with impertinence and foppery. Education changes not the real feelings of the human heart. Sentiments vary not like opinions.

Mrs. Verman opposed her experience to my judgment. 'You expect,' said she to me one day, 'to be loved for

yourself; that the man who will tell you of his passion will not feign it. This error has caused the ruin of many virtuous, unsuspecting maids; it leaves them defenceless against the attacks of their ungenerous enemy.' And then she acquainted me with the character of a S—h, a R—y, and of a hundred more, who, under the mask of love and friendship, talked innocence into credulity, only to abuse, and then to abandon her to infamy and despair.

Such a corruption in the manners of men in the highest life, I would hardly believe. What was I to think of the rest of mankind, when those born to be an example of honour and virtue were living devotees to vice and perjury? Where are we to look for truth and integrity? These instances of open profligacy made me fearful: for a long time I hated the sight of men, and sought but in myself for happiness.

At eighteen, spite of sighs, ogles, whisperings, and publick homage of a crowd of adorers, my heart was my own; it was not to continue any longer passive under the load of indifference. The hour came when I yielded to the enchanting passion; when both love and nature, springing up a new life in me, their charms silenced my fears, and painted man as a friend.

LETTER V.

MRS. Verman and I were on a visit at an alderman's in the city, when a young gentleman of the most agreeable countenance entered the room with the familiar steps of friendship. Lady Bennet, the mistress of the house, presented him to us as a near relation lately come from Germany. A salute was given; but not received without a half blush, the natural effect of the concern forced by him in my breast. Never before had I seen fine features and modesty so happily blended: he looked as if insensible of his personal advantages; and talked not to be admired, but to please.

Lady Bennet appeared so sensibly proud of having such a nephew, that, my attention increasing in proportion to her esteem of him, I thought him the most accomplished young man I had

had ever beheld. 'It is not possible,' said I to myself, 'that a base soul can be lodged in so perfect a body! No! his heart must partake of the excellency of his person! Happy will be the woman he shall love!' After this private soliloquy, whose sense I took care not to trust to my eye, lest its discovery should weaken the few charms I possessed, I played the woman, and acted the very reverse of what I thought.

I know, Susannah, that too easy a conquest is disdained; and that, oftener than our beauty, the glory of warming an insensible heart enflames a man to the enthusiasm of love. All passions are fed only by difficulties. A good under your hand palls presently your desires. Life would be a torment, could we enjoy as soon as we wish.

The civilities of Mr. Romney (such was the gentleman's name) were not, for an hour, fixed to any particular object: he divided his attention between two young ladies and me; and neither of us had to boast his partiality. My pride called his behaviour injustice, and made me resolve on revenge. A city fop, the most unaccountable and ridiculous animal upon earth, mimicking the airs of a courtier, had impertinently leaned upon the back of my chair, and whispered a praise on my person; nay, swore he would bett ten to one in favour of my charms against all the women in England. This man, whom I had not deigned to answer, continuing to pester me with his assiduity, I dissembled my dislike, and dropped a few words which fixed him by me. His dear self-importance was so pleased with the distinction I paid him, that, in the height of his gratitude, he displayed all his borrowed wit, and did not think it lost upon me.

A fool will sometimes be diverting, Susannah: the impertinencies the fellow uttered had a novelty which amused me; like the tittle-tattle of children, they were so extravagantly mixed with a few sallies of good-sense, that my wonder at that curious piece of folly gave me precisely the looks I wanted to humble Mr. Romney.

A man, however modest, is not dead to the desire of being esteemed; he necessarily knows his superiority when in opposition to a fop. My behaviour Mr. Romney felt. The error of my

judgment he laid to the account of my heart: he thought me the more prepossessed, as I was the less rational. This idea deadened his vivacity; he answered a No for a Yes; and some traces of sadness were visible on his face. A side-glance I darted at him told me his uneasiness; and my heart panted with joy at the discovery. Fearful lest pride only should have worked Mr. Romney into a reverie and absence of mind, I artfully supported the fop's imagination with smiles of content. He had a fine voice: this he hinted to me; and, indeed, he exceeded my expectations. 'You should always sing, and not talk!' This I half whispered to him: the man took it for a compliment, bowed, and thanked me.

Women, Susannah, are better hypocrites than the most refined courtiers. Ambition may be easily seen through, their boasted love of independence; but passions lie buried in our hearts, as silent as the dead in their graves. Under the cloak of a natural levity, I concealed from every eye the inclination I began to feel; while Mr. Romney's impatient ingenuity spoke his soul in every motion. There I read, I was the woman he loved! This intelligence changed not my plan: prudence told me to be false; and I continued the deceit.

LETTER VI.

A General silence, and a few yawnings, having succeeded to the eulogiums bestowed on Mr. Lewis's voice, cards were proposed, as the sole means not to feel the weight of time, the mortal enemy of the idle and stupid. Then Mr. Romney drew near me, opened his lips, and, with a sigh, closed them again. Unwilling to hear what I already knew, lest my sensibility should betray me, I arose, curtsied, and went to the whist-table.

In vain did Mr. Romney endeavour to trust my ear with the tale of his woe; in vain did he express in his eyes the secret of his heart: I feigned neither to hear, nor to see. My gaiety contrasted his languishing looks; and, though extremely delighted, he could not dissemble his passion: not once did he catch in my features the satisfaction I enjoyed.

'So handsome; yet so indifferent!' I turned my head, frowned, and carelessly attended to my game.

'Indifferent! I was wrong!—Mr. Lewis is the man!'

'Trump!' exclaimed I, and I played the ace of diamonds. Mr. Romney returned to the chimney-corner; but not, however, before he had complimented me with—'I have seen you! I am undone!'

Give a child the toy he longs for, he will throw it aside, and wish for another; deny it to him, you will enhance its value, and endear it to his fancy. Thus man must be treated, or disgust will follow his enjoyment.

My fop, and my discretion, helped me the whole evening against the attacks of my already enamoured heart. Its emotions—guests I never had entertained before—I treated with the familiarity of habit; and not once Mr. Romney, though watching attentively every smile, and every word, could suspect his power over me.

Diffimulation I discarded when I came home.

'How do you like Lady Bennet's nephew, Henrietta?' asked Mrs. Verman.

That question I answered with sincerity. My mother had too much experience not to discover a lover in my praises of Mr. Romney.

'I own,' said she, with a sneer, 'that he may, at a first sight, prejudice in his favour. Were the virtues of a man centered in an exquisitely-made shape and comely presence, he would certainly deserve the eulogiums you have lavished upon him: but, Miss, these are too often the deluding qualities under which are concealed vice and folly. Study the character before you judge of the man: not to your heart, but to your reason, apply for the knowledge of mankind. The old woman whom you mistook once at the opera for a beauty, so much altered by patches and paint her features were, is the picture of all the objects before you. The senses are not the judges of truth.'

And then, fixing her eyes upon mine—

'As Mr. Romney is but an acquaintance, your good opinion of him is a harmless error. It matters not

what you think of people in his situation of life, since it is not amongst them you are to look for a friend, or a husband. My Henrietta is worthy of a nobler fate.'

The sense of this speech told so expressly that she would not favour my new inclination, that I immediately declared her views for my establishment were the more agreeable; that they perfectly coincided with my ambition, and would contribute to her happiness. So easy and natural was the tone of my voice, that the suspicious Mrs. Verman doubted not my veracity: she embraced me; and, a few minutes after, I retired to my apartment.

LETTER VII.

I Was no sooner alone than I reflected on the inconsistency of our passions. My mother loved me with the utmost tenderness, yet could not think to see me happy but in her own way; to her feelings I was to chain my sensibility; and, at the impetuous season of desires, adopt the cool reason of a woman of forty. A nobleman for her son-in-law was the real cause of her unceasing fondness. What fondness is that which my opposition to her choice would have easily changed into hatred? It was too evident she loved me but for herself. This thought made me not forget the benefits I had received from her: I remembered, with gratitude, the peculiar care she had taken of my education. To her I was indebted for every quality I had to boast: but was I, in her hands, like a curious piece of mechanism in those of an ingenious artist, to be made use of only for her personal advantage? Both my heart and reason exclaimed a 'No!' I could not think to be led forcibly to the arms of an undeserving husband, like the unfortunate victims of the French pride, who, to the everlasting disgrace of humanity, are buried for life in the walls of a convent. The laws of England are the friends of Nature: we detest the inhuman sacrifices she is perpetually compelled to make in the countries governed by ignorance, despotism, and superstition!

I resolved, Susannah, on attempting to erase from my heart the memory of

Mr. Romney; (it was all filial duty could require from me) and on loving; if the attempt proved unsuccessful. This determination calmed my mind, and lulled me to rest.

LETTER VIII.

MY first thought, when I awoke, was about Mr. Romney; and almost half an hour was devoted to him: I could not help it. The next reverie was on the means to reconcile my mother's peace with my own; and this, to my sorrow, could not be effected without hypocrisy. I had too much virtue to be true at the expence of her happiness: besides, I flattered myself that the present advantages resulting from a marriage with a man of Mr. Romney's fortune, would overbalance the brilliant uncertainty she fed her imagination with. From a woman, with whose ambitious disposition I was perfectly acquainted, it was not wise to expect such a sacrifice: but she was my mother; I hated to think her imprudent and ungenerous.

Mrs. Verman took me into her closet after breakfast. The air of mystery she had assumed when she bid me follow her, and the orders she gave not to be interrupted, announcing plainly the subject of her conversation, I put myself on my guard, and defied her sagacity.

Sit down, Henrietta; and listen, not to a mother, but a friend, who knows the world; and will not deceive you.

You are at an age when the passions, commanding an absolute obedience to their dictates, throw the head into confusion, and blind our understanding. Once the slaves of desire, it is not in our power to remove the veil spread between reason and us. To free you from the danger of such a situation is my duty.

The ingenuity of youth is an enemy to their happiness: like honour in the man, who wants to be preferred, it is a weapon we furnish a villain with against ourselves; a weapon the more secure in his hand, as our hearts are incessantly exposed to the blow it strikes.

Consider mankind under the two classes of knaves and fools. However shocking this assertion may be to your good nature, believe it true. The principles of education are never so deeply rooted, but they sooner or later give way to the maxims of the society we live in. Had you, with the eye of a philosopher, observed the actions of the persons you have visited; heard, and conversed with, you would have easily distinguished between their tongues and hearts, their countenances and judgment. Every sensible man or woman adopts indifferently the character of those they want to please or deceive. As virtue, like the language of a pedantic fellow, is entirely out of fashion with the polite world, and this polite world contains the very choice of a nation, we readily assent to their opinions, rather than to be laughed at, and ranked among the vulgar. Thus pride forms our second education the more prevailing over the former, that it agrees with our desires, and favours every passion.

The whole end of this life, Henrietta, is to pass it away in as much pleasure and as little pains as we can. Fortune, and a high rank, procure us every bliss, when we know how to enjoy them: they are the miraculous spring which washes every fault, and turns foibles into perfections.

Trust to sentiment for happiness, no more than you would take a blind man for your guide in a thorny path bordered with precipices. Love is a word with which we ennoble the wants of the senses. Did we examine our hearts, and conclude impartially from their longings, we should own, that man in general, and not this or that, is the object of our wishes. It may happen, that a similarity of disposition will cause what they call sympathy, and fix our affections upon one in preference to another: but those who are well acquainted with humanity, will convince you, Henrietta, that a perfect harmony, like a total difference between two characters, is incompatible with real happiness. Dislike or hatred must be our lot, when we can command bliss, or cannot entertain the hope of ever enjoying it.

Constancy

‘Constancy is a forced state, which, like a delirium, supposes the patient incapable of reflecting: it cannot subsist long, unless the passions be kept in a perpetual ferment; and experience tells us that none outlive the possession of the objects we pant after. This the lovers will not suffer reason to demonstrate, till indifference has taught them their error.’

‘Folly, Henrietta, is not peculiar to love; it belongs to every other passion of the heart and mind: it is a general disease, more or less dangerous, according as we are more or less infested with it.’

LETTER IX.

‘THERE is a foible in our character, which owes its birth to the establishment of society, and is more powerful, and lasting than any of the passions we are fated to feel: that foible is pride; it begins at the prime of life, and vanishes only upon the death-bed; nay, often survives the horrors which then surround us, and reigns in the will it dictates. As a Christian, I detest its sway: as a woman, I yield to it. Religion and philosophy avail not against the pleasure of living in all the luxuriancy of greatness and independence. The superiority of our charms over those of our rivals procures not half the delight we enjoy in the respects and compliance of a world of courtiers. Elegant equipages, sumptuous tables, costly dresses, and a splendid retinue, leave not our souls the time of thinking: every sense is constantly gratified and kept alive by variety, and the brilliant imagination of the numberless slaves, whose only study is to divert and to please.’

‘Pride, instead of decaying, like love, is daily increasing in our hearts: it knows not the transitions from raptures to disgust, but is always new and enchanting; it has in our old age the same charms it possessed in our youth. Never an abatement is sensible in the transports it causes.’

‘The wise, Henrietta, believe not in the reality of love; but all agree that pride exists naturally: they compare the man we prefer to a silk we chuse amongst a thousand at Van Sommers,

rather as the effect of the necessity of making a choice than of the resolves of our taste and judgment. That man and that silk have the same fate: it is needless to tell you the consequence.’

‘Your beauty and accomplishments call daily the homages of men in the highest life: by them only are you esteemed at your real value. Like an excellent picture from the Roman school, which is unnoticed by the ignorant, and admired by the virtuous, you are praised by the great, the sole connoisseurs in wit, talents, and sensibility. Your perfections, among a lower class of mankind, would be entirely lost; and, perhaps, thought as many defects. I have once seen a savage shutting his ears to the most perfect harmony; and heard him say he could not conceive what pleasure such a confusion could afford. How many men are like that savage!’

‘Exert your reason, that you may not be a dupe to your heart: look on all men with indifference, and leave to pride the disposal of your hand. This foible once satisfied, life is a continual scene of bliss.’

LETTER X.

THE manner of delivery, and the art of the speaker, convince of tender than the reasons with which he defends his opinion. Our vanity, alarmed at the superiority he may gain, is ever ready to oppose the latter; but our hearts are easily subdued by the former. Truth and falsehood are equally credited when the orator talks to our passions, and not to our understanding.

Mr. Romney had not made such an impression upon me as to make me insensible of the real advantages inherent in titles and grandeur: these I had been long accustomed to consider as the rights of beauty; and my imagination, more than once, had enjoyed all their charms. The panegyrick Mrs. Verman made of them awakened my ambition, and forced a smile from my lips.

My mother, attentive to my motions, guessed the approbation my heart gave,

‘I am

‘ I am glad, Henrietta, that it is in your power to determine for yourself. The woman who listens to the insidious language of passion, like the religious enthusiast, is a satire on human reason. Continue to be cool, and not mistake illusion for reality: one error is the spring of thousands. From the emotions your soul is affected with, form not your judgment of them: there are hours when we are absolutely unable to compare and to judge. The passions inebriate the soul: at that time, like those of the man intoxicated with liquor, her faculties are in a total inertness, or in a deadly agony.

‘ Trust to me your feelings, Henrietta, when their novelty will strike you; I will then tell you their nature, and administer their antidote. A dissembler, though ever so bad, is easily removed, when, at its first appearance, a skilful physician is called; but, if we leave the cure to time, or our own abilities, it makes such a progress as to defy art and experience.’

LETTER XI.

MY Inclination for Mr. Romney, Susannah, engaged not upon equal terms with my self-love: as readily did I at last acknowledge the authority of Mrs. Verman’s counsels; as if he had been an absolute stranger to me. No resistance of any moment was made: although the first onset had announced victory, it was not supported; and my mother’s triumph was complete. I blushed at the surprize of my senses, and told her the power of their illusions over my judgment.

‘ I wonder not, Henrietta, at your having been moved by the presence of an handsome man. Beauty, in both sexes, has irresistible charms; the sensations it gives are as pleasing as natural: but it is like a rose we smell, like a melodious voice we hear; whilst we breathe the perfume, or listen, we forget the thorn, and want of taste.

‘ Like me, the reader must take this for a satire rather than for Mrs. Verman’s real opinion: though seemingly in earnest, she had too much sense not to know the errors she commended. Had she painted them to her daughter under their true colours, she would not have acted the part she wanted to perform.

‘ I do not intend to make the satire of Mr. Romney: he may possess as noble a soul as his shape is excellent, be endowed with every virtue, and deserving of your love and esteem; but he may also be the reverse of what I suppose him to be. Were I to judge of him from the education he has received, and the unexpected turn of fortune which made his father rich, and enables him to gratify every call of his passions, I might, without injuring his character, be prejudiced against him: he looks grave and sedate, it is true; but no mien whatever is a proof of our wisdom and morality. The real inclinations of men and women I do not search for in their air, since fashion and want have made us a necessity of being false. You will tell me that Mr. Romney, not having been brought up within the atmosphere of St. James’s, has not perhaps adopted the polite vices of a courtier. It is an error, Henrietta: these vices are not the property of the great; their refinements, I own, nobody has but themselves. None, with such a good grace, will tell a lie; will caress a man into the belief of their friendship whilst they solicit his disgrace; and pant for pleasures they cannot enjoy without violating the laws, or driving a whole family to despair. These advantages are the effects of a long habit, and the noble assurance peculiar to high birth and power. If you except the heroism of being openly a deist, a libertine, and an adulterer, you will find that almost every individual in the society is tainted with the same vices and follies. Fear hides the corrupted heart of a commoner; to that only you may ascribe the appearance of more virtue in the citizen than in the man of the world. Since, then, Henrietta, you cannot flatter yourself to know the man of true honour amongst a thousand hypocrites, would you hesitate in the choice of an husband? With the great you will be censured, but respected: the spleen of the plebeian, raised by their superiority over him, never goes so far as to annihilate

his servility; he murmurs, shakes his chain, but continues the slave. A false step in a woman of the city exposes her to contempt and misery; in a lady it is called gallantry, and announces to the publick her beauty and merit. For one husband, unfashionable enough to take the alarm, and sue for a divorce, hundreds laugh at a disgrace they could not avoid, or seem not to know it. An amiable companion, rather than a faithful wife, is the taste of the great. Sensible that sentiment has it's ebb and flow, they do not require a constancy which their reason proves to them to be a chimera, the hobby-horse of the fools and humble tradesmen. Such an enlightened indifference you cannot expect from the latter: their base-born souls are entirely taken up with the ideas of order and decency; which, among the polite, are but as many incentives to enjoy.

Your virtue, Henrietta, needs not this picture to determine your choice in favour of men of quality: I am conscious you detest the thought of ever abusing the man you will bless with your hand; but what in one hour appears impossible to happen, may in the next, by the power of circumstances, come to pass. Did a young man, of a generous disposition, think he would rob, at fifty, his countrymen of several millions? No! it is Fortune's fault: the temptations she laid before him were too strong for his virtue; he could not possibly resist, and therefore turned a plunderer and a villain.

No man, no woman, premeditates a crime in cool blood: so long as we reason we abhor it; but when passion takes the sway, it loses all it's horrors; and ten to one we commit it. Like the talents of a general, which are not generally esteemed before he meets and defeats an enemy as brave as himself, our virtues are absolutely unknown till we have opposed the seductions of desire; and conquered.

LETTER XII.

THE maxims of Mrs. Verman, though most of them the contrast of her conduct and of my way of thinking, pleased my mind, and obliterated

the charms of Mr. Romney. So cool were her contempt of the citizen, and her esteem of the great, that my theory in the knowledge of mankind yielded readily to the authority of her practical experience. How could I mistrust her assertions, when the life she had led among the different classes of men had needs taught her their real worth? Books tell not the passions of men so well as a constant intercourse with them: a few days of familiar conversation betray a heart which the history of it's feelings does not always unfold. Too often does an author mistake his own affections for those of the personages he gives a part to perform in the novel he writes; too often is he a slave to prejudice, and draws a false picture. For one Montesquieu who composes for the men of all nations, how many only for the society they live in! The same partiality which guides the pen of political writers, you easily discover in those of the memoirs which are daily published: to them both might be justly applied the following French line for a device—

Hors nous et nos amis, nul n'aura de Mérite.

My mother's conversation restored the calm to my heart. If I thought of Mr. Romney, it was only with the half pleasure we feel at the second sight of a fine perspective, or the repetition of a bon-mot. Lest, however, his presence should revive the past illusion, and wheedle me out of the hopes of a grandeur I flattered myself to enjoy one day, I resolved on not seeing him. A tender woman should never suffer the visits of the man she fears, when her reason is weak enough to dissemble the reality of the danger she runs. Nature is not an enemy to be easily conquered: she laughs at our boasted prudence, and often defeats it at the very minute we are the more certain of our triumph. I trusted not to reason for victory; but desired my mother to prevent, by her care, the return of a sentiment, which, as I had once indulged it, might again be welcome to my heart.

LETTER XIII.

MY confidence in Mrs. Verman endeared me to her; she no longer saw in me the child she had born, but

but the woman she had educated. Like a lump of clay, which the art of the sculptor metamorphoses into a Venus, from her I had received a form which shewed the merit of the artist. I was a work her reason only had to boast: her empire over my mind flattered her the more, that she affected to have none over my person.

'I abjure the power which nature and the laws have given me over you.' Had she told me when the solidity of my judgment answered for my discretion—'I will direct your choice, but never force mine upon you.'

Thus, Susannah, by seemingly leaving me to myself, she had artfully disposed my heart to feel agreeably to her dictates, and not to perceive that I acted as she pleased. The art of an orator is to arm the passions one against another, and appear rather to adopt the opinion of his auditors than to establish his own. Whoever knows how to flatter our pride, is the master of our affection: at his voice, vice and virtue, wisdom and folly, change their nature, and obtain alternately our esteem or contempt.

SOME days passed without my hearing from Mr. Romney. I will own to you, that I was not a little piqued at the indifference of a man whom I had thought deeply enamoured of me. My pride hated to reflect on the mistake I had made; and, far from welcoming this new remedy against him, I was heartily vexed he himself had furnished me with it. However determined not to love, I could not help wishing for his tenderness: his insensibility was a disgrace to my charms. When their power is in question, Susannah, what woman will not resent the affront, and meditate a revenge?

'I will lay all the illusions of beauty in ambush for him; and when his heart has surrendered, treat it with all the haughtiness of an offended conqueror: from me he shall have no mercy; he shall suffer all the tortures of an unhappy passion.'

These counsels of my indignation I concealed from Mrs. Verman, lest she should point to me the danger attached to the attempt, and dissuade me from it. More than one indiscreet vain maid has lost her liberty, and been chained with the fetters she destined to the rebel or

insensible. That truth glanced on my mind; there nothing could penetrate and fix, but the means of gratifying my pride and assuring my success.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. Verman and I were walking in Richmond Park, when, at the turning of an avenue, we met with Lady Bennet. The first cast of my eyes was in favour of her nephew: I looked for him, and saw him not. We had not been long with Lady Bennet, before she whispered me—

'How chagrined Mr. Romney will be, not to have attended me to Richmond, when he hears you was there! I am certain that the pleasures he has been desirous to partake at Hampstead will not compensate for the loss of your company.'

'At his age, Madam, that loss is insensible. Young men, in the midst of their amusements, think not of another happiness. Very easily can he find a woman more agreeable and entertaining: the assurance of the contrary is only a compliment paid to vanity, mere fashionable words, on which reason sets no value.'

'Indeed, Miss, you wrong my nephew. His good sense scorns to tell what he does not think; never will he sacrifice truth to the honour of passing for a polite man. He told me of his love for you: I answer for his veracity.'

'Of his love for me? Ah! ah! ah! This jest I did not expect from you, my lady.'

'I am in earnest, Miss; and, if your heart has no objection, his hand is at your commands.'

'These words confirm the jest, Madam. What man of any prudence would so quickly determine for matrimony with a woman whose inclinations he is hardly acquainted with; venture the happiness of his whole life to gratify a caprice? The man who submits not his taste to the examination of his judgment is not a husband for me. Levity, in a business of so great a moment, shews not Mr. Romney to his advantage; he is too prudent to consult but his fancy in the choice of his wife.'

'He is enchanted with your beauty; and

‘and I have convinced him of your virtues.’

‘Talk no more; talk no more!’

And, with a smile, I put my hand on her lips, and joined Mrs. Verman.

LETTER XV.

SO easy a conquest, my lady, no longer flattered my vanity. My indignation subsided; and had Mr. Romney appeared then before us, I would have received him with the killing gaiety of indifference.

Lady Bennet attempted a second whisper: I turned my ear.

‘Listen to me.’

And she took me by the hand.

‘Well, what have you to say, dear Madam?’

‘Think of my nephew. You cannot be insensible to his passion for you; can you?’

‘Pray, Madam, spare me the repetition of that nonsense. I am free, absolutely free; and leave the disposal of my hand to my mother.’

‘To you only will he be indebted for it; your mother’s consent is but an accessory to his happiness. What would her consent avail a man of delicacy, were yours to be influenced by it? Freely return love for love. My nephew is charming; he has wit, riches, and generosity. With him, every wish you may form shall be satisfied; he will breathe but to please, and make you supremely happy. He has seen you but once; but can you from hence question his sincerity? Reflect on yourself, and consult not your modesty. Are not you conscious he must love?’

What a dangerous flatterer this Lady Bennet! Such an art in a knight’s wife! I know not what reply I would have made, had not Mrs. Verman called for me. I instantly tripped to her; and the glow which Lady Bennet had raised on my cheek retreated into my heart.

No more did I leave my mother, and lend my ears to the too eloquent, persuasive tongue, of Lady Bennet. One minute, however, she found, as we left the park, to press my hand, and enforce her action with the following words.

‘The more I know you, the more

‘I wish you for my niece. My poor nephew! how he loves you! Would you believe it, your heart would melt with sympathy, and—’

I curtsied, and stepped into the coach.

LETTER XVI.

THE certainty of my triumph destroyed all the merit of Mr. Romney. I compared him to a beautiful decoration, which pleases the eye, and affects not the soul; though, till it vanishes, every sense seems to enjoy. When this mistake in our sensations warms a head in favour of an object, the heart catches necessarily the distemper, and feels pleasurably under the delusions of a prepossessed fancy. A doctor, infatuated with an error, defends it with all the fire and eloquence of a devotee to truth. We all are that doctor. Who among mankind can say he knows himself, and acts according to reason?

‘I love not,’ said I to my mother, when we sat in the coach; ‘I love not. Had not Lady Bennet convinced me of her nephew’s attachment to me, I might have endangered my liberty from too eager a desire of captivating him. He is mine; no longer am I his.’

And then I related to her the project I had formed,

‘True woman!’ exclaimed she, tapping her fan upon my shoulder; ‘true woman! We never make use of our understanding but when in no need of it.’

To compleat my cure, Mrs. Verman proposed to slip the remainder of the evening at Lady B——y’s rout.

‘There, Henrietta, in the amazement which the diversity of many hundred characters will cause, you will lose the idea of Mr. Romney. Be not offended at the publick, private, or familiar homage which men will pay to your charms, and at the loud whisperings which envy or ill-nature will force from the women against you. Have no ears in the polite world; and move your eyes but to applaud.’

‘The art of using our organs is of the greatest importance; and it should be the principal part of our education: but

but the ignorant low wretches entrusted with it, like a painter's boy, whose sole study is to prepare the colours, leave to genius and experience the finishing of our minds. A man of fortune lavishes thousands of pounds a year upon horses and furniture; and grudges a few hundreds for perfecting the reason of his children! Instead of chusing a governor among the adepts in the science of the world, he picks up a base-born fellow, whose whole understanding is confined to the opinions of the university he has lived in. This is the spring of most of the imprudences young men are guilty of at their first appearance in society. Like an extensive thick-set, unfrequented forest, which offers no retreat to the bewildered traveller against the attacks of wild beasts, the stage of the unknown social life has no asylum for an innocent heart against falshood and perfidy. Youth, taught only what they ought not to believe or practise, must needs be a prey to errors, vice, and folly.

The education of women, Henrietta, is still more unenlightened. The modern plans are the full measure of stupidity, the fittest I ever knew or heard of to turn a head, and corrupt a heart. A virgin at fifteen is no less a wonder to me than a discreet man at eighteen. The existence of these two beings is as inconsistent with the manner they are brought up, as ambition with an absolute want of talents.

We were then within a few yards of Lady B——y's house. An hundred carriages announcing a numerous assembly; though elegantly dressed, and of a form to be admired, I felt a fear, and as instantly a colouring declared it to Mrs. Verman.

As Lady B——y's rout is the rendezvous of almost all the people of fashion, and it is the first time you venture among such a number of them, I owe you one advice.

Blush not when you enter the apartments, but present yourself with the ease of a woman habituated to act in the brilliant scenes of life. Were they to perceive the smallest alteration in your features, diffidence in your steps, and confusion in the com-

pliments you will pay or return, their pride would shew you immediately their superiority. The woman who differs in her dress, her speech, and her countenance, or mimicks only those of the company she visits, is considered by them as an exotick transplanted on a foreign soil; the shadow of a reality. Resume your spirits, Henrietta, and yield them not an advantage you partake with them. Your modesty you should leave in the coach; it is a bad companion among the great; it may murder the inexpressible charms of your shape, and rob your graces of their enchanting play. Never forget that a becoming vice is much more esteemed than an aukward virtue.

LETTER XVII.

LIKE a sensible Frenchman, who never beheld but the borrowed charms of the ladies of Paris, on entering Ranelagh fixes upon a beauty wherever he casts his eyes, and at that heavenly sight thinks himself in a terrestrial paradise, my soul panted with delight at the first glance I threw before and round me in Lady B——y's apartment. Though I had many times added to the number of the idle and the gay at a lady of quality's rout, never had I seen the same sumptuousity and magnificence displayed. My admiration did not, however, confuse my head; I curtsied, talked, listened, and answered, with all the coolness of a satisfied pride. The respect shewed me by some noblemen of our acquaintance, called soon the general attention; men and women with the most impertinent curiosity eyed me from head to foot: from the smiles of the former, and the uneasiness of the latter, I quickly discovered I made a tolerable figure. The spite of our own sex is the best panegyrick of our charms: words have not half it's expression and eloquence, and it is the more flattering, that it is forced from our real enemies.

So volatile a company, so dissipated, and seemingly more devoted to pleasure than to sentiment, made me fancy every individual out of the reach of the passions. 'Whoever thinks not,' said I to myself, 'cannot feel;' and really

their language and manners belied reason, wit, and common sense.

Mrs. Verman read in my heart.

That behaviour and that language, Henrietta, which offend your sensibility, are the effects of a refined politick. Thoughtlessness is the excuse for the faults rank and fortune do not justify, and a guard against the indiscretions of too open a character; they save the trouble to blush, and defeat the hatred of an enemy, or the sagacity of a rival. Another time I will explain to you the hidden mysteries of such a conduct, and convince you of it's propriety. It is enough now to assure you, that none here are really what they appear to be.

But the old, Madam, why do they play the fools? The levity of youth agrees with the wrinkles on their faces no more than the libertinism of a bishop with the sanctity of his station. Their airs and their age are the most incompatible things I ever saw: their union is a most violent satire of reason and decency. I wish I had not beheld the odious spectacle.

When you know mankind better, you will take these contradictions as the natural effects of a social life. The fear of being forsaken when we can no longer procure a diversion or a pleasure, compels us to assume the looks of approbation and indulgence; by conforming, in appearance, to the follies of young people, we ennoble and authorize them; their gratitude gives, in return, respects and attendance. Thus our pride enjoys when every other sentiment is dead. The miseries of a solitude, after having long lived in the world, are not to be borne. We must still see, talk, and slander. A woman who has not that comfort at sixty might as well be buried: the torment of reflecting is worse than death; hardly one in ten thousand can think coldly on the past, and be a tolerable companion to herself.

Continue your observations, Henrietta. This is a school where you may form your judgment, and then be in no need of a guide in the thorny path of life. I advise you not to show so much wit, that they may think they have more than you: this superiority, rather than that of beauty,

most women are desirous to possess, as the latter is the gift of nature, and the former their own work. Allow them that advantage, and your own rivals will praise you.

LETTER XVIII.

SUCH a group of foolish heads, though the greatest part of them esteemed the wisest of the nation, plunged me a few minutes into a sad reverie, and caused the following soliloquy.

What men! what women! This the chosen set of mankind recommended me by my mother! The circle into which she destines me to move! However plausible her justification of them, no real worth can be hid under so visible a contempt of themselves. He who has merit is fond of glory, and not of shame. She who has virtue, prides not in the airs of vice. Their folly is too natural to be affected. What! not one thought that can reveal their reason! Every where the looks of self-sufficiency! Have we, then, no other value than that we receive from a costly dress and a graceful mien! People so much taken up with their dear persons cannot concern themselves in another's happiness; their souls must be totally dead to tender feelings; love, pity, and generosity, are unknown to them; their affections centre in them, in them only. How can a woman resist long the pressing passions of her heart, and the attacks of a lover, when her virtue is not supported by the esteem and tenderness of her husband! How can this not hate his wife, when cards, dissipation, and the desire of pleasing, are the delights she prefers to his attachment? Oh! true happiness proceeds from our feelings, and not the vain satisfaction of a false pride! It may be a torment to be deprived at once of the appearances of rank and fortune; but when we enjoy them, poor, poor indeed, is the pleasure they give!

Then, Susannah, I thought of Mr. Romney; take my word for it. From my comparing him to the company I was with, he gained infinitely in my esteem. I reflected on a conjugal life, enlivened

enlivened by a mutual love: it appeared to me the only bliss to be wished for. I sighed at the ambition of my mother.

LETTER XIX.

THE men were too politely bred up not to offend my modesty with the tender of their homage. My charms, for an hour, were the topick of their indefatigable tongues. Never before were my ears stunned with such a torrent of impertinent eulogiums. I was an angel just escaped from Heaven for the delight of mankind, the only temptation the devil could reasonably think of to plunge them deeper and deeper into sin. No woman could be without envy, no man without love, at the sight of so transcendent a beauty: what quarrels, what dissensions, I would cause in society!

Thus, dear Susannah, was I pestered and tormented, till a fine lady stopped this tide of falsehood and civility, by desiring me to make one with her at quadrille.

'I never play, Madam.'

This answer confounded her.

'You never play! Amazing!'

And, shrugging her shoulders up with contempt, left me, with—'Good God! what company has she kept!'

'Pray, Miss,' asked another, with the supercilious air of a new-made countess, 'since you do not play, how do you kill the tedious hours of an evening? For my part, I would die were I to tell them by myself at my chimney-corner. How do you murder them away, Miss?'

'In the conversation, my lady, of a few of my mother's chosen friends.'

'But, Miss, we cannot always chatter.'

'We think, Madam.'

'You think! Ah! ah! ah! that is odd enough! Fine diversion indeed!'

And, with the smile of pity, she went to whisper my answer to every card-table.

The singularity of my replies freed me from my admirers; they could not, with honour to themselves, differ in my favour from the opinion of a quality-taste. I was truly a very fine creature; but how could I have any merit, since I played not at cards, and durst to boast

I thought sometimes? This judgment formed upon me, I read in almost every look: some smiled their approbation of me; but none presumed to take my part.

LETTER XX.

MY mother was upon the rack; I saw it: but honest pride had prevailed over false vanity; I was insensible of her sufferings.

'A pretty world this!' said I to myself: 'they courted me when they took me for a fool, and forsake me when I prove I am not so!'

The reflected contempt they inspired me for them, spread itself on my countenance; nor did I attempt to conceal it. Ready wit, or superiority of birth, had not availed me so much: it gave me an importance which struck these little souls, and gave again a life to their deceitful flattering tongue. Had I betrayed a sensibility at the affront intended upon me, I should have been avoided and laughed at: but my indifference announcing both my knowledge of the world, and my disdain of them, their haughtiness vanished, and I was once more courted and admired.

This sudden turn threw the countess into no small confusion. From the bad opinion she entertained for the company, she had hoped they would not perceive the advantage she had given me, or side with me against an heroic supporter of their invaded rights. Like an army of scribblers, always ready to engage the first genius who dares to monopolize the publick esteem, the fools of quality should constantly stand in defence of one another, and with sneers, jargon, and scorn, beat their enemy out of the field.

For the first time, the sense of her folly brought a glow on the cheeks of a fine lady; spite of her fan, which she placed between her shame and us, I discovered it. It was not the colouring of an humbled pride, but of the consciousness of having acted contrary to the dictates of her heart. This discovery made me her friend; at the same time that it filled me with indignation against the manners of the age, which had thus ennobled falsehood and impertinence, to the disgrace of nature and reason.

My

My mistake of the countess's character made me instantly repeal the sentence I had pronounced against the men and women before me. They might all, for what I knew, wear the same mask, and have a soul the very contrast of their air. Does the moral he preaches tell always the real sentiments of a clergyman; and a promise, on his honour, the integrity of a nobleman? No; not one in twenty agrees with his sermons, or his words: their hearts are in a perpetual contradiction with their tongues. How difficult to know mankind! That knowledge we can acquire no more than that of ourselves: like the mysteries, they bid defiance to our reason and experience.

LETTER XXI.

I Must not for the future believe the appearances; but, like a circum-spect philosopher, wait till every doubt be elucidated to form my judgment.

This resolution reconciled me to the company, whom I looked then upon as a particular kind of men who had their own language, opinions, and manners; and whose hearts, doubly guarded by pride and policy, never trusted their real feelings to the indiscretion of a look or a feature. I went so far in their favour, as to doubt whether their apparent folly was not true wisdom, since the generality of mankind continued to prostrate at their feet, adore their whims, and be ruled by them.

These changes in my way of thinking were the natural effects of the different lights under which they appeared to me. I was in the case of a man who, seeing aameleon in a green colour, thought it was its genuine form, till he perceived it turned into white, then black, then red, according to the various-coloured objects near which it stood. The diversity of the characters of those whom he has interest to please or deceive, is the coloured object from which the great borrow their countenances; and so expressive is then the figure they put on, that within a few hours they may rationally be esteemed or despised.

Tired to listen, and be compelled to smother every blush their perpetual attacks on my delicacy called on my

cheeks, I got up; and, after having walked round several card-tables, stepped to that where the countess played. So much of good nature and friendship was in my looks, that she beheld me without hatred. This passion, as a specific against the sense of our injustice, prevails so often in the hearts of those who offend, that the absence of it in the countess confirmed my esteem of her.

There was by her an empty chair. She looked at it; then smiled upon me. I understood her, and sat down. She stooped to my ear.

'I was a fool—forgive. Upon the stage my rank has placed me, there are parts I am obliged to perform, to comply with the taste of the spectator. The more we swerve from nature, and depart from other men's opinions and manner of acting, the greater our glory, the louder and more incessant the applauses they bestow. Though sensible that our triumphs are the contempt of the wise, these are so few, compared to the multitude who admire us, that our reason argues always in favour of our pride: add to this the silly attempts of the publick, which afford us as much pleasure as Holland's servile imitation of Garrick's manner gives a disgust to the best judges of theatrical merit; and you will cease to wonder we still continue to wear a mask which every body endeavours to take away from us, to adorn themselves with. Let us be friends, Miss; you will find me worthy of your esteem: to you I will shew the woman I must conceal from the publick eye. Merit, in the polite world, has the fate of an ill-written novel; it is an intruder, whose sight is constantly detested and avoided.'

Her partner then begging she would attend to her cards—

'If you despise me not, Miss, come to see me; I will be proud of an intimacy with you. Will you?'

I curtsied to her invitation, and promised to go.

LETTER XXII.

'WHAT!' said I to myself, as I was going to Mrs. Verman; 'for the sake only of differing from

from their inferiors, the great degrade themselves from the dignity of man, and leave, shamelessly, to those they scorn, the appearances of a superiority of merit and virtue! Is it possible that the ingenuity and good-sense of the Countess Mortimer should be such a defect as to expose her to a blush, or the secret malicious whispers of a polite circle, were she bold enough to talk and behave in character! A torment to a generous heart must be a life thus forcibly devoted to falsehood and folly. They look happy; it is a lye. Happiness cannot consist in the perpetual sacrifice of our tastes and inclinations, in the frivolous regard of those we despise, or in the natural contempt we must have of ourselves. The pleasures of pride are not a compensation for the loss of the publick esteem; their indifference of it is not sincere: every man, every woman, unless absolutely insensible of honour, is proud to obtain and deserve it.

FAR from healing the wound which my heart had received, the company renewed it's sensibility. The despair of ever enjoying happiness with a courtier, who, from his circumstances in life, had none to procure, revived the idea of Mr. Romney. 'A man of his rank had not the noble privilege of being a fool, without incurring the contempt of the world: on his merit only could he rely for an honourable distinction in a society, where fortune, unattended by a high birth, entitles not the individuals to the airs, vices, and follies of people of quality. When the depravity of our hearts is not encouraged by flatterers and the insignificancy of our enemies; we seldom laugh voluntarily at morality, and give a loose to every desire. From Mr. Romney's real necessity of obeying the calls of honour and decency, I may safely conclude he is the man my reason must prefer.'

Certain that the knowledge of this last thought would displease Mrs. Verman, I took care to conceal it from her.

So thoughtful, Henrietta, in this gay circle?

I am not well, Madam, I am as

much suffocated from the want of air, as tired with their senseless praises. Modesty is here in a perpetual agony: it seems they out-vie one another in their attacks against her; and exert all the powers of refined civility to give her the deadly blow. Though you have taught me to answer their language, you have not made me insensible of the poison it contains. In vain does the ambitious gild the pill of infamy to conquer the scruples of the man he wants; this soon parts it from it's talisman, and sees it as it is. My feigned indifference is an injury to virtue: I hate to be witty on an immoral subject.

Few women, Henrietta, would mistake compliments for offences, and none be so severe upon themselves. Words from those men's lips, like a trifling noise in a solitary place, can alarm or frighten but the fools and cowards. Wherever you go, you will meet the same men; all have desires, and will tell you of them; they differ only in the manner and expression. The audacity of a beau, and the respectful homage of a man dissident of his merit, are adapted to their characters; both talk as they feel, and behave as they dare. Forgive mankind their errors; but take care not to be their victim. Like you, I want to breathe: let's go.

LETTER XXIII.

THE woman of gallantry rejoices no more at the vain attempts of her jealous husband to surprize her upon the bed of guilt, and a prime minister at having secured a majority in his favour in both houses, than I did when I left Lady B——y's rout. My heart, free from constraint, dilated with inexpressible delight at the recovery of it's liberty. Like the light which dispels the fears of a child trembling in the dark, and gives him back the favourite toy he had lost, the freedom I enjoyed obliterated the odious hours, during which my mind had been the slave of fashion, and endeared to my senses the memory of Mr. Romney.

No longer did I suffer pride to sway over love, and fancy to impose upon my reason. The blind which the glitter-

ing

ing apparatus of grandeur, and the counsels of my mother, had put on my eyes, vanished as soon as I began to reflect. When in the cool hours of retirement, the soul being not then biased by the presence of the delusive objects which attracted her attention, we appeal to our understanding from the judgment of our passions, how different the consequence we draw, the sentence we decree! At those hours, the ambitious, the miser, the voluptuous, and the lover, may see as clearly in their hearts, as they behold their features in a faithful glass. The vanity of their pursuits, and the ridicule of their wishes, are written in large characters before them; yet, though all have the power to read, how few will or can exert it! We are so averse to be enlightened, so unwilling to sacrifice errors to truth, that it would seem we are, from the moment we are born, put under the guard of folly. Reason, Reason! I am afraid thou art but an empty name! I see Ambition conquer Love, and Love conquer Avarice; but what passion ever yielded to the cool voice of Reason! That man is feebly affected whose soul can be easily argued into moderation; whose feelings, like the airs of a coquette, are at the command of his judgment.

LETTER XXIV.

SO apt is our mind to change and pass from one determination to another, that, unless the heart be absolutely taken up with a sensation, none can flatter themselves to welcome, the next day, the opinion they had the day before: such a fickleness is the satire of the modern education. If, at a time when our understanding may be modified at the pleasure of our instructors, we were not, through their ignorance, led into a false knowledge of the foibles of humanity, we would not labour under the mortal pang of suspense: our choices would be as unalterable as the fervour of a devotee, fully convinced of the existence and power of the God he adores. Some boast their constancy when once resolved; I believe them no more than I would a criminal, who pleads not guilty, in hope his guilt shall not be detected.

I was the next morning wavering still

between love and pride, when the unexpected presence of Mr. Romney gave the victory to the former.

Mrs. Verman being not at home, I knew not at first whether I should receive him; but my heart talking in his favour, he was introduced.

My countenance did not bespeak the proud Henrietta; my sight had, however, such an effect upon him as to make his bow and his compliment extremely ungraceful and unmeaning.

'This man,' said I to myself, 'knows how to flatter: his confusion tells his respect; I must reward him for it.'

And I immediately called his spirits to order, by assuring, with a smile, I was pleased to see him.

'Oh! say again you are pleased!'

'What sense do you give to these words, that you wish to hear them repeated?'

'They have such a charm as to strike my soul with unspeakable delight! Forgive—but—Oh! Miss Henrietta, would this heart could lay open before you!'

'I am quite a stranger to the language of a heart: I beg you would speak in a tongue I may understand and answer. How does Lady Bennet?'

And I sat down.

'Very well.'

And, with a sigh, he drew a chair near me.

'This opportunity I have long desired for. Frown not; my happiness depends wholly upon your smiles. Beggar me not of this minute of bliss; my honesty has a friend in your virtue. A true love can never give offence; it is an homage due to beauty.'

I had not the heart, Susannah, to play the coquette, and plague the man whose sincerity I could not question.

'I thought, Sir, you esteemed me too much to talk to my pride rather than to my reason. Do you believe me so void of sense as not to be able to hear but of flattery? What a miserable opinion they entertain of the young women in this polite age! Pray, Sir, find another topic than my own person, or give me leave to retire. I am too proud to stay with a man who compliments my vanity at the expence of my character.'

'Mistake

‘ Mistake me not: I both esteem and love you. I have, undoubtedly, many of the faults peculiar to my age; but I detest falshood. Never have my lips belied my heart, and betrayed a virtuous woman into the belief of a passion I did not feel.’

‘ These are the very looks, the very expressions of deceit; all use them to betray.’

‘ In me they are the interpreters of truth.’

‘ If the most experienced women are daily dupes to the arts of men, what innocent maid is able to distinguish it from nature, and be free from doubt and fear! Imprudence and self-sufficiency may easily believe, and trust their charms for the security of a man’s words. So long as I am not a fool, for me probability will not be conviction.’

‘ Will not you make an exception?’

‘ In your favour?’

‘ Indeed, I deserve it.’

‘ I have but your word; and you are a man.’

‘ Do you take me for an enemy?’

‘ No; but I will act as if you were.’

‘ So suspicious, and you live happy!’

‘ For that very reason I am not miserable.’

‘ What charms are there in insensibility?’

‘ Those of being safe from the pains of repentance.’

‘ How can you feel those when united to a man of honour?’

‘ The scarcity of such a character is not a temptation to credit it’s reality.’

‘ How severe your satire of mankind! what, not one man of true merit?’

‘ What do you understand by true merit? I never heard of any thing so much spoken of; but it is so differently defined, that one would be apt to think it does not exist.’

‘ True merit consists in never doing or talking against the dictates of one’s heart.’

‘ You frighten me. What! an avowed libertinism is the character of true merit! Who would not be a plague to society, were he to obey but the calls of his passions?’

‘ The natural depravity of our hearts, charming Henrietta, is corrected by an excellent education. A man of

liberal principles is humane, generous, indulgent to all men, and severe only to himself.’

‘ But, Sir, the courtier’s creed is absolutely the reverse of yours. You do not pretend, surely, to a greater degree of wisdom, which of you is right?’

‘ I appeal to your heart for a judgment between us.’

‘ I pronounce in your favour.’

He took my hand to his lips, and printed a kiss upon it.

‘ What avails my decision, if I favoured only a chimera? Where is the man resembling your description? By what signs may I know him from his mimick? Buffoons excel often in the parts they imitate. Think of the dangers to which one error exposes us, of the unavoidable humiliation attending our credulity; who will reflect, and not suspend his judgment; not wait till our reason satisfied objects no longer to the choice we make?’

‘ Too many cautions, Miss, are the poison of life: we should be the most wretched of all creatures, were our hearts in a perpetual calm, our minds ever capable of reflection. No pleasures could we enjoy, were we to submit them to the tribunal of reason. Who would venture on the perilous sea of marriage with the view of the storms impending upon it? What society would long subsist, were every individual to entertain a mutual diffidence one of another? I do not say, Miss, we should trust a man upon his apparent behaviour; too often is the shape of a man of honour the form of a rogue; but let this never keep so strict a guard upon himself, nature will betray him: if he has vices, he will forget himself, and be then the sport of our sex, and the scorn of yours. I am a man, therefore liable to imperfections and folly: this is no reason why I should be tainted with them. Let my actions, Miss, answer for my veracity; esteem me so long as I shall deserve it.’

‘ And you think, Sir, that a man cannot watch so attentively upon himself, as to keep incog. whilst he is pleased to be so?’

‘ Actuated by a strong passion, and in the hope of obtaining the prize he

‘ covets, the ambitious may sacrifice nature to the only want he feels. But a real lover has constantly his heart on his lips; his soul is seen in his eyes; he has not the power to deceive. Respect is the characteristic of a lover; never will he, or can he, offend the object he is enamoured with.’

‘ And you love me?’

‘ The doubt is torment. I love, sincerely love you.’

And he fell on his knees.

‘ That your suspicions may entirely vanish, here is my hand; dispose of it. Do you still doubt my sincerity?’

I felt such a pleasure on seeing him at my feet, that I forgot to bid him to rise. Both my hands were in his; and my looks told him plainly I had a mind to believe.

‘ Do you still doubt my sincerity?’

‘ I do not. But——’

‘ But——’

How expressive of fear was his stammering of that word!

‘ You may change.’

‘ Change! No; never, never. I am happy——’

At that instant the door flew open, and my mother entered the room.

LETTER XXV.

‘ **W**HAT! Mr. Romney at my daughter’s feet! at a first visit! What am I to believe?’

‘ Look upon her, Madam: was not my situation very natural? Who could with impunity behold such charms? I had a heart; it felt their power. My fortune and my hands are at her commands.—Dear Henrietta, your confusion is an affront upon your mother and me. Since she loves you, she cannot be offended at the respectful attachment of a friend of her family: my character and riches are as unquestionable as your beauty, and her affection for you. See our pardon in her looks.’

‘ I own, Sir, that I was surprized at the novelty. I did not, indeed I did not expect it; but I am not angry.’

These last words she spoke with a smile, and then darted at me an eye filled with indignation. She came to me.

‘ Is it thus, Miss, you keep the promise you made?’

‘ I here is my excuse, Madam.’

And I pointed to Mr. Romney. The energy of my answer, still enforced by the firmness of my voice, confounded Mrs. Verman.

‘ He your excuse!’

She bit her lips with resentment, and went from me.

My mother had too much power over her passions not to subdue them instantly, when their knowledge would have submitted her to censure; and too much art, not to put the most obstinate man out of his favourite subjects, and give a conversation the turn she liked the best.

In vain did Mr. Romney seize every opportunity to introduce the topics of love and marriage, his ingenuity was as often defeated by her prudence. Tired at last not to be able to put one word or two in favour of his desires, he took his leave, fully convinced that if he had my consent, he could not flatter himself with that of my mother.

LETTER XXVI.

SOON after Mr. Romney’s retreat, Mrs. Verman’s political indifference dwindled into a downright anger. Her sacrifice of this passion made it but the fiercer when she could indulge it. The bad man is not so heartily incensed at the honours conferred upon his enemy, as she was at the thought her reason had been the sport of my hypocrisy. Her offended pride made her for some time forget the miscarriage of her favourite plan. She could not bear having been the fool of a daughter, whose inclinations she fancied to have at her disposal. To see me act contrarily to her expectation, was an assault on her judgment she could not forgive. All this she expressed with looks, motions, and words. No longer was I her beloved Henrietta; but a base, ungrateful, unnatural wretch, whom she had nursed up like a tender friend, to be the most effectually robbed of her happiness, and stabbed to the heart.

Conscious I had not done any thing I ought to repent or blush for, I sat silent, and with all the intrepidity of innocence. The calm of my spirits raised her passion to a higher degree. My

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... I did not believe...

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...and I am sure that the Government will be able to help against the recruitment of our ...
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PLATE XXV

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The possibility of her wedding was a
great anxiety to my father, but
the more he thought of it, the less he
thought it could be carried out.

I had I think at that time

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My insensibility of her wrongs was a keener injury than my dissimulation: this might be the effect of fear; but the former could only be caused by indifference or hatred.

Had I then attempted my defence, like the pilot who would sail against the tide and wind, the utmost efforts of art and ingenuity would have proved unsuccessful. As well might I have told a young widow, enchanted at the death of an abhorred husband, she should regret his loss, and be a prey to sorrow, than to have hoped to convince my mother of the reasonableness of my attachment to Mr. Romney, and the absurdity of her charge against me. I waited till she had absolutely lost the power of speech, and of expressing in her features a violent affection of the soul. So uncommon a flood of fury could not continue: the delicacy of her frame could not long labour under the destroying sensation: the moment came, when, between a half breathing and fainting, she forcibly abandoned to me her ears and her reason.

I told her of the force of the circumstances; she shook her head with contempt of the good qualities and fortune of Mr. Romney, which would satisfy even the ambition or sensibility of a girl my superior in birth or accomplishments.

'Weak girl! weak girl!'

And she put her hands upon her eyes.

'What happiness, dear Madam, can your daughter promise herself with a nobleman who will love her but so long as her charms shall please his fancy, and scorn her from the hour the novelty being vanished, he will repent the choice he made? Love may for a while silence pride and ambition; but when it's illusions are passed, will not the once favourite inclination be cursed as the cause of endless shame and sorrow? If the good-nature of an husband does not permit him to declare his thoughts openly, does not the discerning self-love of his wife trace them in his behaviour? What woman of any delicacy can tamely suffer the dislike of her husband? Dislike! rather should I have said his contempt! What virtue can then be guarded against the temptation of revenge? Though a crime, who will not commit it? In

'vain should we call to religion for help against the resentment of our hearts. The woman, I fear, is always between God and our prayers. Expose me not, dear Madam, to a futurity marked with despair, vice, and folly. In an union with Mr. Romney, equality of rank frees me from his disdain.'

'Leave me! leave me, thou thoughtless girl!'

'I will not till I have found my mother again.'

'Forget that man, and I am thy mother.'

'Would you see me miserable?'

'Thou art a fool, Henrietta; thou art a fool! Leave me.'

'On my knees I beg for forgiveness, and your approbation.'

'Expect neither of them. What obstinacy! I have no patience.'

And rising with the motions of the utmost displeasure.

'To your room—no more will I hear—to your room this moment!'

I sighed, and obeyed.

LETTER XXVII.

THE two following days I was kept close prisoner, and forbid the use of my pen. This severity strengthened the passion it was intended to destroy. In the absence of the daily diversions which took up my time and my thoughts, my fancy naturally gave way to the feelings of my heart, as the sole relief against the tediousness of captivity. A perpetual reverie on the man we love must necessarily add to his charms, and our tenderness. He is not like a castle we build in the air with the richest materials our imaginations can dream of; and whose structure, in the sobriety of our senses, reason disapproves, and pulls down: this is not the fate of a lover; we are always so smitten with the agreeable picture, as to have it not in our power to discern it's defects. Mrs. Verman's proceedings favoured Mr. Romney: not once did Reason whisper that prejudice might lead the pencil. I drew, and was pleased with my work.

To these two days of entire solitude, Susannah, I owe my present misfortunes; they decided my passion, and made me the wretch I am. My mother—

D 2

ther—

her—but that character is sacred—I must suppress my complaints, and suffer in silence.

I WAS musing upon the continual divorces among the great, all caused either by an inequality of birth and fortune, or a difference of humour, and trembling to rank one day with these unfortunate; when the housekeeper gave me the following letter.

TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

WHEN my Henrietta's ingenuity, betraying the sentiments of her heart, opened before me the ever-flowery path of happiness, how could I have thought I was then upon the very brink of misery! I had hardly indulged the hope of bliss when it vanished, and left but pain behind. The starving wretch who, finding a purse of gold, is robbed of it at the very minute his soul dilates with joy at the delightful sight, suffers not half the torments my fatal disappointment has oppressed me with! Chance may still favour him; that is a comfort: I have none! Despair only is in view; it reaches my heart; it is torn—exquisitely torn! I wish but for death, since I cannot obtain my Henrietta!

Mrs. Verman's ambition is an obstacle I have it not in my power to conquer. Of all passions it is the most inflexible; it hardens a heart, and beggars it of justice and humanity. Maternal love is now a dormant virtue in a mother's breast: of fancy or pride she obeys the dictates; they are the sole counsellors she advises with, either for the fashion of her dress, or the establishment of her children. This indifference of their happiness, once grown into habit, reason can never alter: she will have them see through her own eyes, argue as she feels, and conclude as she resolves. Oh, dear Henrietta! what have not I to fear? Who will soften Mrs. Verman into a compliance with our desires, if she commands, and will not leave to her daughter the liberty of her choice? Will not your virtue sacrifice the man of your heart to your mother; yield to her intrea-

ties, or be compelled to obey, from the apprehensions of making her unhappy? This thought makes me mad! No! virtue orders not the inhuman sacrifice! You may disobey, and be still virtuous. The rights of a mother extend not to the power of making her children miserable. Both nature and law are in your favour, dear Henrietta: you have yourself rights which a mother can neither dispute nor invalidate; they are as sacred as hers. If you love me, your soul will be as free from her usurped authority as your choices forgive, if I say it will be free from blame. Riches I ask not; your own person is the only portion I am desirous to possess. My passion is as disinterested as your virtues are real and unspotted: you only I love; any other advantage which your fortune can bestow I disdain; let Mrs. Verman enjoy it. Would it could pay for her consent! But, alas! her only foible is pride; and this, not gold, but titles and grandeur, can flatter and delight. Henrietta! how warmly she desired Lady Bennet yesterday to use all her influence over me, that I should no more think of you, as she was absolutely determined never to accept me for her son-in-law! As warmly did my aunt defend my cause. Had she spoke to a mother, we had gained: but the ambitious woman is not so easily subdued; her pleasure is her reason. Henrietta! dear Henrietta! from your generosity my tortured soul expects relief: pity a man whose sole crime is to love you; and not repent, though death should be the consequence of the passion he feels! One word from you will save me from destruction, and animate my courage to triumph over the obstinacy of pride and ambition. Oh! write that word; and I shall be yours,

ROMNEY.

P. S. Mrs. Verman's housekeeper will deliver you this letter: you may trust her with your answer. Henrietta! welcome the tears this paper will tell you I have shed: they are the tears of love and despair; welcome them! Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

‘THOU shalt neither die nor despair!’ exclaimed I, when I had read: ‘my hand is a debt I must and will pay to thy love and generosity! Honour and virtue cannot object to thee for my husband: when these secure me the esteem of mankind, I will defend my lawful titles to freedom and happiness. Religion forbids suicide and falshood: would not my marrying the man I should hate be the murder of myself? and the Yes I should pronounce a wilful perjury? My soul scorns the constraint imposed upon it’s affections. Thou lovest me! I shall be thine! For thee I will brave prayers and threatenings; I will not know the mother under the shape of a tyrant, and submit to her despotick sway!’

The last words were still on my lips, when I received Mrs. Verman’s orders to step to her closet.

The chearful features she had put on cheated me not of my reason. My knowledge of her thoughts told me of a scene in which her heart and her tongue would be at a perpetual variance.

The awful gravity of my countenance announcing plainly that I was not happy, Mrs. Verman seemed to feel a concern, and to indulge a look of real tenderness. She made me a sign to take a chair and sit by her; then arose, and walked pensive, varying her motions according to the ascendancy which maternal love or indignation obtained in her mind. The latter at last prevailed; but, that it might not enforce my disobedience by provoking the haughtiness of my already incensed soul, she borrowed the mien and language of the former.

‘When I condemned you to a few days retreat, Henrietta, I deprived myself of a daughter whose company and conversation are my delight. This apparent severity my attachment to you commanded: however painful the sacrifice, I hesitated not, since I hoped it would avail to your happiness.’

Here she smiled upon me; and, taking affectionately my hands in hers—

‘I knew that the reason of my daughter would exert itself in the

‘calm of a solitude, and reconcile her to the desires of a mother who, divested of every prejudice, free from the blindness of passion, sees things such as they are, and lives but to make you happy. Were not I swayed by this motive, my consent would instantly follow your inclination: with you would I think of the present only, forget the fatal effects of an indiscreet prepossession, and make no use of my experience.’

‘Were you certain, which is impossible, to love, and be loved, till age, deadening desire, puts a period to enjoyment, I would still tell you, Henrietta, you shall be unhappy. If your heart feels passions your husband cannot gratify, the days you shall live will be a perpetual transition from pain to pleasure; and this, though ever so exquisite, will yield to the keenness of the former. Unless you are absolutely divested of pride, envy, ambition, and avarice, I tell you again, you shall be unhappy. But you are a woman, Henrietta; therefore liable to change, to feel, and be deceived. It is with pleasure as with our taste for plays, musick, and dancing. Who long like the repetition of the same amusements? do they not leave our soul in a vacuity of sensations, although in the midst of their pretended raptures?’

‘Innumerable are our wants, Henrietta; their chain is linked up from a real passion to the seemingly insignificant caprice: each has a poignancy which brooks no privation; it is a torment to with in vain for the satisfaction of a desire. You have none now but to please Mr. Romney; but to think he loves you: you shall have the same so long as I attempt to destroy it. Such is the effect of a contradicted passion; but does not your reason tell you that this very desire subsists only from my opposition, and that my consent would presently weaken it in your heart? Through your own obstinacy, would you be deaf to your own interest, and engage in a marriage of which you must and shall repent one day? Love is like champagne; it pleases the taste, and intoxicates the understanding. Who, from a thousand instances, convinced it has such an effect, will trust only to experience for the certainty of it, or

* or drink it immoderately, or not re-
 * move the obnoxious bottle from his
 * fight? As the palate is at last dis-
 * gusted at the bewitching liquor, so
 * does any passion whatever die away
 * in the heart of a woman. I except
 * none but pride, the ever-faithful
 * companion of self-love; which at all
 * times, and every season of life, con-
 * tinues to command, and to be
 * obeyed.

LETTER XXIX.

MADAM! Madam!—
 And I gave my head the im-
 patient turn of incredulity.

The solemn dignity of my exclamation, and the sense I marked it with, astonished my mother.

* Will not religion and virtue secure
 * my peace and felicity better than the
 * power of gratifying every call of a
 * depraved fancy? You talk of pride
 * and self-love as the supreme rulers of
 * our actions: what would religion and
 * virtue avail mankind, were they, far
 * from obeying, authorized to violate
 * their dictates? The man who could
 * erase from his mind the ideas of just
 * and unjust, and adopt his pleasure
 * for his only law, would forfeit his
 * nature, and be a monster. My at-
 * tachment to Mr. Romney, supported
 * by the love of my duty, will enable
 * me to reach, with honour, the career
 * I have to run over. Were I to travel
 * it with a man whose only merit should
 * be his coronet, the spectators, under
 * the attire of content, would see in me
 * the victim of vanity, here and there,
 * in search of the happiness she had
 * thoughtlessly lost.

* Did you live in a community of
 * nuns, your eloquence would make a
 * very brilliant part in their enthusi-
 * astick tittle-tattle. Poor Henrietta!
 * how fallen thou art! I admire your
 * morals, and compliment you upon
 * your new-enlightened scruples: when
 * indifferent, your reason was the envy
 * of all your friends. You love; they
 * are revenged: from their hearts they
 * will pity you—indeed they will pity
 * you! As I hope, however, that you
 * are not beyond the power of remedy,
 * I give you four and twenty hours to
 * argue your senses into their usual
 * coolness and sobriety. Abuse not

* your judgment; it will easily point
 * out to you the means for a prompt
 * recovery. If, then, your fit is not
 * over, I will be the physician myself,
 * and force a cure on your disordered
 * brain. Since your reason is asleep,
 * your mother's must be awakened, to
 * save you from the dangers of infatua-
 * tion: it is my duty, and I will dis-
 * charge it. I know I have not your
 * thanks for being so studious of your
 * happiness; that your heart rebels
 * against the method I take to procure
 * it to you: your ingratitude offends
 * me not. As I would not ask a blind
 * man his opinion of the dress I wear,
 * in the circumstance you are, I will
 * not require you should be just or able
 * to distinguish the remedy from the
 * poison: to me it belongs to take care
 * you should not mistake.

And, with a nod of her head, she bid
 me to retire.

LETTER XXX.

HEIGH-HO! sighed I, when
 I had got into my room; and I
 leaned a few minutes upon the back of
 a chair: my heart so-oppressed, yet un-
 able to relieve it by the shedding of one
 single tear.

* Is it possible, exclaimed I, with
 the mournful accent of sorrow, that
 the passion I feel should be only a
 whim which rises and dies in our
 breasts as fancy commands! that,
 from my mother's mere opposition to
 my wishes, Mr. Romney borrows his
 merit, and I indulge my hopes of
 happiness! If so, of what use to us
 can Reason be? Why does she deny
 me the help she grants to my mother?
 How came I, though willing, not to
 part a chimera from reality? I feel I
 love; every thought confirms it: yet
 I love not! Ridiculous! I am not so
 much under the sway of folly as to
 be guilty of so unreasonable a mis-
 take! I love; and Mr. Romney is
 the object!

I sat down, and took the letter he
 had written; read it again and again;
 and every perusal added to my esteem
 and love for him.

* My mother differs from me, and
 * objects to my choice! The thought
 filled my heart with vexation. The
 hatred of a mother! My soul, Su-
 sannah,

fannah, sunk under the fear of that hatred. I was instantly bedewed with tears, and murmured half an hour against the rigour of my fate, which had placed the displeasure of a mother between happiness and me.

Mrs. Moulton, the housekeeper, found me dejected, and in the utmost despondency, when she came into the room. The spectacle of my sorrow drew sobbings from her bosom, and tears from her eyes: she respected my silence, and partook of my agony.

'Dear Mrs. Moulton!—my mother—my mother! I have no hopes—I am miserable!—She hates the thought of Mr. Romney!—Oh! my heart bursts with pain!—She threatens—Mrs. Moulton—she has threatened me!—But four and twenty hours has she granted to my reason for the conquest of my passion! Then, if I continue to love, from her I am to expect hatred and ill usage—from a mother!—who can endure the fatal stroke!—from a mother! My virtue is shocked—her anger will be death!'

'Your respect for your mother, Miss, I will not weaken: I will spare your delicacy my judgment of her behaviour. However uncommonly severe, however contrary to the feelings of a tender parent, you are her daughter; I shall not, against her, vindicate your wrongs: but is she to abuse the authority your good-nature gives her over you; to turn to your disadvantage an attachment she should reward, and overlook your happiness, to gratify a whim? The rights of a mother end when she begins to be unjust: no longer can children be compelled to obey, or fear the sting of remorse for a rebellion which nature avows. The sacrifice of one's self all laws disapprove; that folly can enter the heads only of the fools and mad. Mr. Romney will justify your disobedience: malice or envy have no darts to throw against him, so real are his virtues and fortune. Your mother herself will not dare to shew an indignation she could not support: although vexed at the miscarriage of a project her pride had delighted to form, her respect for herself will smother it in her breast; her pride itself will force her to applaud what she condemns in her heart. Be no

longer uneasy, dear Miss; relieve that oppressed heart with the hope of being happy; the man you love you shall have: let this trickling tear be the last you shed.'

'Mrs. Moulton, if my mother could forgive, think of the interval between her anger and her pardon! her sufferings my soul will partake. Mr. Romney's smiles, and unfeigned affection, will not make me unnatural; still I shall be a daughter, though forsaken by my mother.'

'That situation will be but short: what are a few days of trouble to years of real misery? Would you marry a man you should hate, in compliment to Mrs. Verman's choice?'

'Talk not thus! Never would I! So much baseness my soul disdains!'

'Then you must be certain to live at a perpetual enmity with her. Does not her refusal of Mr. Romney prove her partiality to another? You know him not yet; but to-morrow—next week—his hand may be tendered to you with the voice of absolute command. Perhaps a man, exhausted by age and debauchery, without any virtues to commend him to your esteem but the fictitious honours he inherited from his ancestors: you shudder; the picture may be realized. False pride is always easily contented; it grasps at a shadow; a brilliant nothing will satisfy it!'

'You frighten me! What can I do?'

'Of two evils chuse the least. Put in one scale your love for Mr. Romney, with the transitory anger of Mrs. Verman; and, in the other, twenty years of an incessant dislike and sorrow: weigh well; which will carry it?'

'My love! my love! No longer am I in suspense; no longer will I trust my happiness to the discretion of a prepossessed mother! Was she insensible of the evils she exposes me to, of the error she so tenderly cherishes, and sincerely wishing to discover her mistake, I might flatter myself to open her mind to the light of reason, and be happy with her own consent. Even then, as her denial would proceed from her affection to me, I should wait till every fear should be subsided, every doubt lost in conviction: but Mrs. Verman cannot be deceived;

deceived; she loves me not; herself, and not me, she considers in the disposal of my hand. Like the voluptuary, who, scorning to please the taste of his guests, orders his dinner to his own liking, regardless of my inclinations, she would force upon me the man of her fancy. She is my mother: can the name make up for the want of tenderness, and bind me, like the slave, to have no will to think but at the pleasure of a tyrant? No! I shake off the disgraceful yoke, and will be myself. Scruples, away! too long have I laboured under your delusion: I will love, and be free.—Dear Mrs. Moulton, let Mr. Romney be acquainted with the sentiments of my heart; let him know he pleases, and I will be his: from me he deserves the flattering assurance. Tell him I am sensible of his love and merit; tell him—but no—he asks a word—I will write it—fetch me paper and pen—I have been unmercifully debarred of their use. Go! make haste! I will hear nothing! My soul is impatient of delay! my lover must be happy! Who knows but this very minute he curses the air he breathes? Oh! let him not blaspheme against a life I will have him to enjoy! Go! Why do you stare? Have not you heard me?”

My enthusiasm, Susannah, had passed in Mrs. Moulton's heart; her joy at my sudden resolve had taken from her the powers of speech and motion; twice I repeated the order before I perceived she was unable to obey.

Alarmed at her silence, still more at her frightful stupid countenance, I shook her by her hand; down upon the floor came the staring, open-mouthed Mrs. Moulton. Her fall restored immediately their activity to her inanimated senses,

“Lord! Lord! I was so struck! How happy Mr. Romney! What news for him!”

And she half limped, half ran out of the room for the materials I wanted.

“VIRTUE cannot be offended,” exclaimed I when alone: “it is not a false step. I may, without blushing, own the passion of my heart to the man

who feels the same for me: coquetry may think it prudent to be false. I love; I will be true: it is criminal to play with the happiness of the man we really believe sincere and deserving.”

“He is so; he is so: I answer for him,” said Mrs. Moulton, who had heard the last phrase.

“Have not I a better guarantee than your word?”

And I smiled.

“You have it in your charms.”

“Flatterer!”

I sat down, and wrote the following letter.



TO CHARLES ROMNEY, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I Have searched into my heart, and found I esteem you; nay, there often a more tender sentiment than esteem prevails: did modesty give me leave, I would name it love. My consciousness of your virtues keeps me from blotting out the word. I have written it; you may read. I love; I will not deny it: but of what avail is my telling I love you to our happiness? A mother!—I will write no more.

HENRIETTA VERMAN.

LETTER XXXI.

AFTER the step I had taken, Susannah, neither my mind nor my heart could change, and tamely suffer the tyranny of a mother. From the conviction that my character was, and would be free from slander, I grew strong and unconquerable.

The return of Mrs. Moulton, on whose features wandered the talkative joy of a successful messenger, and the sight of a letter from Mr. Romney, increased still my courage, and assured my triumph.

Mrs. Moulton would have made sport with my impatience; but, however agreeable to hear, I could not then listen. From her I snatched the letter, broke the seal open, and involuntarily kissed the first line my eyes fell upon.

TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

YOU love me! Welcome to my heart are the rapturous words. You love me! My soul has passed in my eyes to read the enchanting expression, to intoxicate itself with delight at the unexpected bliss. You love me! No longer am I fearful; I brave every obstacle, and defy the most inveterate enemy! Oh, Henrietta! you have restored life to my dying spirits: this life is your work; it is, and ever shall be devoted to you! every thought, every desire shall center in you! I will think but to please! I will wish but to see you happy! Not once shall you perceive an abatement in my affection, in my transports! Ever eager to gaze, to listen, to enjoy, my feelings will have the constant fire of novelty. What luxuriance of raptures your possession flatters me with! Each sense alternately, all sometimes at once will sink under the load of pleasure: you will satisfy their restless curiosity, and fix them upon your looks, your motions, your words; and, under your heavenly touch, my happiness will be too exquisite; it will be more than a mortal can bear. You love me! How many the pleasing emotions springing from these words! A pardon is not more grateful to the criminal condemned to die, than these words are to my heart. You love me! you have made me a man. Mrs. Verman, though never so inflexible, shall yield; she cannot resist the entreaties of a lover: if she does, I have a friend, a powerful friend, in your heart. Henrietta! listen to his counsels, he shall not deceive you! my honour warrants the resolution you will form! From me dread nothing but an excess of love! I will expect passion for passion! a flame as fierce as mine! I should be unhappy, did not I see in your eyes the same sensibility my own will perpetually betray. Try well thy heart, Henrietta; and then hesitate not to trust thy happiness to my care: thou shalt walk upon the flowers of life; its thorns I will conceal from thee.

ROMNEY.

LETTER XXXII.

HOW rapturously he writes, Mrs. Moulton! How forcible this letter!

You have still added to it's energy by your manner of reading it. Had Mr. Romney heard you, he would have mistaken your soul for his. It were a pity two such feeling hearts should be parted; they must not, they shall not, be parted.

God only can tear him from my heart! I love, I love! I am beyond the power of a mortal physician! My attachment to my mother will not avail her! It fights not upon equal terms with my love! This sways entirely over my heart! No room is there in it for the authority of a mother! No other law but it's own can I acknowledge and obey!

The sentiments of Mr. Romney you have echoed. Thus he feels, thus he expresses himself, dear creature! Would you had seen him after he had perused your letter! He frightened me out of my wits; joy made him absolutely mad: how he talked and skipped about! I was nigh ringing for the servants to come up. He minded me no more than if he had had no witness of his folly; but went on chattering the most strange things, and kissing the comforting paper, thus he called it. Poor man! Oh! he loves you dearly. When he came to himself—"What! are you there, Mrs. Moulton? You have brought me life." And he kissed the letter again and again. Then he sat down; and the—"You love me!" was ten times on his lips for once he traced it upon the paper. His heart was full; the answer was soon written.

"Tell my dear Henrietta, that she has made me the happiest from the most wretched of mankind. Tell her I am at her absolute disposal; that she may, at her pleasure, command my fortune and my hand; that no heart ever felt a more sincere passion. Oh! Mrs. Moulton—"

Here the word expired on his tongue;

‘ tongue; he breathed one sigh. I discovered the trickling tear in his eyes. Like him I was affected, trembling, out of breath. What more moving than an handsome young man shedding a tear! though from joy it is a pain; my soul partook of it.’

“ Your sensibility, dear Mrs. Moulton, is an omen I welcome; it proves to me, you will be faithful to the interests of two lovers who stand in need of your help: a tender woman can never be false. Tell Henrietta to trust to my probity; that whatever partiality she may favour me with, she never shall repent of it. I long to see her; but how, when, or where, I know not: from her generosity I expect that pleasure; all my attempts, all my ingenuity, could not procure it me. The orders Mrs. Verman has given against me are too positive not to be punctually obeyed. Besides, could I get admittance, I might be betrayed; and my Henrietta would be the sufferer. I cannot think to give her one minute of uneasiness. Our indiscretion would infallibly raise her mother’s anger, and perhaps exasperate her beyond the hope of forgiveness. Possibly I am too prudent; but I really love: and, since my Henrietta’s virtue pleads still for her mother’s rights, I would obtain her hand but when her soul shall feel no other sensations than those of joy. Sorrow in my Henrietta’s breast would cause one sigh in the midst of our endearments, and poison all the transports of love. If Mrs. Verman’s inflexibility continues, then, conscious of having done her duty, Henrietta will come to my arms, without one motive for a tear; then our life shall be a continual scene of bliss: let us, for a few days, a few weeks, respect Mrs. Verman’s denial; no more time will my Henrietta grant, if she loves me; it is sufficient to satisfy her delicacy——”

‘ What! you weep, dear Miss?’

‘ I do; and with pleasure, at the knowledge you give me of Mr. Romney’s sentiments. How should not I love the man who thinks so nobly? But pray go on, Mrs. Moulton.’

‘ Then he made me promise to contrive an unsuspected interview, where,

‘ in my presence, he might tell you of his love; and, putting this letter in my right-hand, he slid this ring into my left. I blushed, and would not receive it; but he himself put it upon this finger, and never would take it again.’

‘ Forgive, Susannah, if I expatiate upon such a frivolous topick: at that time it delighted my soul; even now I remember it with pleasure.’

LETTER XXXIII.

THE next morning Mrs. Verman, mindful of her word, came up to my apartment. The two first hours of my rest had been taken up by love; the remaining nature had invaded. I was still in a sound sleep, when Mrs. Moulton drew the curtains, and announced my mother’s visit.

‘ What! not yet up! Since Henrietta can rest, her mind must be composed. Was she yet wavering between her lover and me, her heart should be awaked: we do not enjoy sleep in the tumult of the passions. Have I then found my daughter again?’

And she passed her arm round my neck to embrace me.

‘ Stop, Madam: if tenderness is not the real spring of your caresses, stop; I may not deserve it.’

‘ Is it possible your infatuation should last so long? No; your reason has got the better of a blind passion: you are my daughter; let me press you to my bosom; you are in tears! Henrietta, you will be the death of your mother.’

‘ To save one day of yours, dear Madam, I would give my whole life: far from me the thought of ever offending my mother! I love you with the utmost affection. Turn not your head from me: to that frown I have not been used; it is a mortal blow upon my sensibility. Why should we be miserable, when we can so easily be happy?’

And I respectfully carried her hand to my lips.

‘ Still silent, still an angry look at me! Is my attachment to Mr. Romney such a crime as not to be forgiven?’

‘ A new insult! How did you dare

to name him before me? The man I detest!

What vice in him has provoked my mother? Nothing but the fear of my unhappiness could thus obliterate her generosity. Were he not really unworthy of me, my mother would be more indulgent.

His character I do not impeach; he may possess every virtue others boast to have, and have not: but I do not like the man who robs me of my daughter's affection; that guilt is unpardonable.

That guilt is only a chimera. None ever loved a mother as I do.

As you do! How false!

I am not false! God avert I should tell a lie to my mother!

Let your actions speak your attachment to me; they shall not, like words, impose upon my credulity: oppose me no longer in the only point I ever wished to carry. Forget Mr. Romney: to that test I put your veracity. What! no answer!

To prove my veracity, must I be guilty of falsehood, belie my heart, and, to please you, dissemble it's real feelings? My mother ever taught me to respect myself. I will not feign; I love Mr. Romney!

Presumptuous girl! I hate you!

She bit her lips, and stamped with her foot.

Repeal! repeal the word! Curse not your daughter with your hatred!

I say it again; I hate you!

And she flung herself out of the room, with the steps and motions of the most violent fury.

LETTER XXXIV.

I Am hated by my mother! From her own lips I have heard she hates me! Dear Susannah, my heart failed me; a cold fit seized upon every limb; I wished I could cease to love. The hatred of my mother, though unjust, struck my soul with terror; my spirits sunk under the weight of grief; I fainted in Mrs. Moulton's arms.

Her cries soon alarmed the whole house. Henrietta, the young, amiable Henrietta, is dying! The dreadful news, passing from one servant to another, reached quickly Mrs. Verman's ear: she ran up with the utmost precipitation. At the sight of her

daughter laying almost motionless upon the bed, despair animated instantly every feature; she stammered the most doleful complaints, and breathed the sobbings of real anguish. When I opened my eyes, I saw her by me bedewed with tears; a prey to the most poignant anxiety; too weak yet to rejoice at the unfeigned tenderness she forcibly expressed; to utter the gratitude I felt, my looks told her—You do not hate me; nature has betrayed the mother! She understood their language; but would not answer it. The certainty of my recovery changed her concern into a visible indifference: I no longer saw but Mrs. Verman; the mother was vanished.

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SHE loves me; yet she will coldly see me miserable! This thought incensed my heart against her, and allayed the flutter of my spirits: I got up, dressed, and was myself again.

I will see Mr. Romney, said I to Mrs. Moulton: but let prudence guide the step. I will not be exposed to the censure of the world: though it cannot disturb the peace of the innocent, it is, however, a disgrace they should avoid. It is not enough to be really virtuous, one must appear so; mankind are so inclined to slander and believe. Mrs. Moulton, Virtue herself would have the poisonous darts of calumny aimed at her, were she to come among us under her heavenly form. The severity of my mother will have a period: when I am free, either the play-houses, or the publick walks, will afford an opportunity; till then I cannot see him. I know I may go to church; Mrs. Verman's anger would readily yield to her duty: but rather would I die than to prophane, with the expressions of love, the sacred place of worship. This crime, though daily perpetrated, is no less odious—my heart abhors what my reason condemns!

But if your imprisonment is to last, what will become of Mr. Romney? He will die if he does not see you.

I will write.

A letter cannot compensate for the privation of your company: it has charms, it is true; but how weak compared to the pleasure of a conversation enlivened by a mutual love!

‘ Could you be contented with only hearing from him? You sigh; judge of his heart by your own. Would you have him suffer when you can relieve him?’

‘ How can I, Mrs. Moulton?’

‘ By recovering your liberty, and bestowing your hand upon him.’

‘ He shall have it: but let me first try to soften my mother; she may relent when convinced her opposition is vain.’

‘ If this hope is the praise of your virtue, it is not that of your discernment. The ambitious have an inflexibility which takes a new force from a spirited resistance: the conceit they are infatuated with, neither time nor reason can destroy. However, I may be wrong: far from me to dissuade you from making the attempt. Though now in a servile state, I have not forgot the virtues I practised in an happier situation. I approve your resolution, charming Henrietta: may it be attended with success!’

LETTER XXXV.

SUSANNAH! do not you love this Mrs. Moulton? She is no more: every day I shed one tear over her memory; every day I am sensible of her loss. Brought up in affluence, and reduced, by unmerited misfortunes, to the lowest ebb of misery, my mother took her into her house. Although she served, her soul was ever independent of her fortune: she continued to think freely, behave with dignity, and act with honour. The care she had taken of my infancy had endeared me to her: but though she looked upon me as her daughter, her impartiality always decided between my mother and me. For her against me when reason was on her side, for me against her when it turned the scale in my favour. Dear Mrs. Moulton! I will not stop the trickling tear; from me she deserves it.

Two hours had slipped away imperceptibly in the enchanting tittle-tattle of love, when I heard the rattling of silk, and immediately saw Mrs. Verman. The freshness of my complexion announcing I was well, she omit-

ted the—‘How-d’ye-do?’ and sat by me.

‘ For the last time, Miss, I am come to eradicate from your mind the error you delight to indulge. Your enthusiasm is no wonder: at your season of life, it is in our nature to be the sport of the first passion we feel. Experience only can separate its illusions from its reality, by comparing the new sensations with the former effects the same had upon us. I pity your situation, as I do that of a fool or a lunatick: no more than they, at this minute, can you make use of your understanding: it is sunk below the power of reflecting. Perhaps it is folly in me to attempt to bring you back to reason: but I like to yield to my tenderness, which whispers, that my daughter’s condition is not yet desperate. Yes, Henrietta, you are not yet so far gone as to render vain the remedy I will administer.

‘ No longer will I tell you that, in the short space of a few months, your affections may vary from love to indifference, and from indifference to hatred; that it is downright extravagance to believe in the continuance of a sensation, and still more stupid to found our happiness upon it. Our passions have the instability of the wind. What would your opinion be of a pilot, who sailing to the south with a fresh gale, thinking it not possible it could on a sudden shift to another point of the compass, would quietly fall asleep at the helm, and thus voluntarily expose himself to the danger of a shipwreck? You easily form a judgment of that man; yet, Henrietta, you will not see you deserve yourself from me the very sentence you pronounce against him.’

‘ OUT of the innumerable instances of the inconstancy and the power of the passions, I will give you but one. Suppose that jealousy should paint your lover to your fancy as unfaithful and perfidious: if that conceit grew inveterate in your mind, I tell you, Henrietta, that, influenced by pride, you would, out of spite, give your hand to his hated rival. What is that passion which a foolish whim can erase from your heart? Since you cannot doubt the probability

lity of such a chagement, are not you utterly convinced, that from our prepossession only a passion gathers all its strength, and that it has therefore no reality? A child has fancied a wooden toy; offer him a gold one, he despises it: you are that child, Henrietta.

Here my mother stopped to take breath, and search in my looks for the effect her speech had upon my heart. She saw but the satisfaction we necessarily feel when we hear a sensible orator. I wondered she could hope to silence a passion with words: however plausible the arguments she employed, they glanced only upon my mind; I continued to love.

LETTER XXXVI.

AFTER a few minutes of a fruitless enquiry, Mrs. Verman went on in the following manner.

I have a secret, Miss, which will perhaps cure the wound reason cannot heal: if your disease resists this remedy, I give you over. The Earl Osenvor loves you.

The Earl Osenvor! You amaze me!

He himself, Henrietta, is the man who was ambitious of deserving your hand; and to whom I destined it.

Never did he seem to distinguish me; never did he say he loved but with the accent of a flatterer! Of all the noblemen you could name, him I esteem the most; his visits always were welcome; to him, without disgust, I could listen; not once did he offend my modesty either with a look, or in expression: often have I commended the decency of his carriage. He is polite without affectation, witty without slander, virtuous without shame. Oh, Madam! you are too inhuman in your revenge! Indeed, indeed, you hate your daughter; you have pierced my heart with sorrow! Must the only man I looked upon as my friend, love me in vain? Why did not you keep the fatal secret? My knowledge of it is a new torment: I am unhappy!

Unhappy! when fortune offers you for a husband the man you esteem!

The man I esteem; but him I love

not. If his passion for me is as sincere as mine for Mr. Romney, he must be miserable; my heart bleeds for him!

Soon he will return from the country: there he went to terminate a family affair; thence he is to come to make, at your feet, the tender of his rank. How disappointed when he knows—

He shall know it from me, Madam.

From you, Henrietta! Are you in earnest?

I am, Madam: I will not deceive the man I respect; it would be base to give him hopes I should know to be false. Since from me he could conceal his passion, it is not deeply rooted in his heart: mine I will trust to his generosity; he has too noble, too delicate a soul, to wish for an happiness I should not partake. Against himself he will take the part of my lover; with you he will be our advocate.

And not gain his cause, were he such a fool.

What! would you still oppose, though he himself should abandon his rights?

Never, never will he part with them!

But if he does—

But if it should happen that you would not desire it?

Lord! it is impossible!

How, then, can you expect he should be more generous than you? When you overlook his happiness, will he mind your own? Make not such dreams, Henrietta; when you are awake. What could give Lord Osenvor a power over his passion, which you are certain not to have over yours? I gave my word before you saw Mr. Romney: it is sacred; I shall not depart from it.

Then we all shall be miserable!

Then it will be your fault, and your fault only. Were his lordship's manners and morals really worthy of contempt, I would have scorned to enter into an alliance with him; but you are conscious of the contrary; you are perfectly convinced he deserves you; your esteem speaks his merit. Henrietta, from esteem to love there is but one step.

Oh!

' Oh! my heart will burst with grief; I have no strength for such a load of vexations!'

' You know Lord Osenvor; you know not Mr. Romney: your love for him is almost the work of enchantment. Like an unknown strong odour, which, carelessly smelt, at once overpowers every sense, his sight has operated upon your heart: it is but an illusion; Lord Osenvor's presence will destroy it.'

' If it does not——'

' Well, then, I will not think of it; such an effect must necessarily follow.'

' Had you my heart, how differently you would conclude! You speak of infatuation; I am not under it's sway: I am very clear upon the nature of my attachment to Mr. Romney; it has sprung more from reflection than from my fancy; they have helped one another, and my soul has yielded to their united power.'

' How unfortunate Lord Osenvor!'

' How unhappier I! He will have but his own sufferings, when I shall feel for yours and for his. Oh, Madam——'

And I feel at her feet.

' Pity your daughter! I love; and am not obstinate! I wish Lord Osenvor were the man I love: to reconcile my affections with my duty would be a real bliss; but this is only a wish!'

The doleful tone of my voice, and some tears which dropped on her hand, seemed to affect sensibly my mother. I heard a smothered sobbing, and discovered a concern in the sudden and quick panting of her bosom: her looks flattered me with her forgiveness; I thought I saw the word upon her half-opened lip; my soul, between fear and joy, was upon the wing for it. Nature was once more sacrificed to ambition; the word was not pronounced. Afraid of betraying herself, my mother arose, passed her handkerchief over my eyes, and, after a tender kiss on my forehead, went away.

LETTER XXXVII.

THE sensibility my mother could not dissemble revived my heart, which had greatly suffered from the secret she had disclosed, and the scene that had ensued. Her choice of Lord Osenvor proved her tenderness: had she only consulted her pride, neither my taste nor judgment would she have regarded; the old, infirm, and contemptible, would equally have had her approbation, so that her thirst for grandeur should have been satisfied. Had my soul been free, no objection could I have made. I really esteemed Lord Osenvor; and, had he spoke when I could listen, I would have thought it a glory, an happiness, to deserve him: but he had not; and I loved when he would.

The offers of men of the same rank my mother had politely refused. Though she seemed not to watch my inclinations, she had perceived the preference I gave to Lord Osenvor; and her heart had rejoiced at the possibility of gratifying both her favourite passion and her love for me. This new light on her behaviour silenced instantly the indignation it had forced into my breast; I felt a pang of sorrow for the injury I had done her, and sincerely repented of my injustice.

' I have no wrongs to complain of,' said I to myself: ' Mrs. Verman acted the mother when I thought her only ambitious and indifferent. With the world, her choice is her justification; to my eye, as she is perfectly acquainted with Lord Osenvor's virtues, and my prejudice in his favour, her inflexibility is reason: her experience may foresee what I think it impossible ever to happen. "Try your heart well," writes Mr. Romney. I will; and if it continues to feel as it does now, all my mother's entreaties will not avail Lord Osenvor: but then from her hands only will I receive my lover. This sacrifice gratitude commands; and I will make it.'



H E N R I E T T A,

COUNTESS OSENVOR.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OSENVOR,
TO LADY SUSANNAH FITZROY.



HETHER Mrs. Ver-
man thought that soli-
tude was more her enemy
than Mr. Romney, or she
was apprehensive for my
health, I know not; but

I received an unexpected order to come
down to dinner.

‘ I wish, Henrietta, I could find a
‘ talisman against the tyranny of the
‘ passions; they are the bane of plea-
‘ sure! What a change a few days have
‘ made in our life! We were both so
‘ happy! Cursed for ever be the day
‘ I went with you to Lady Bennet! If
‘ I have lost the heart of my daughter,
‘ let me, however, see her in her coun-
‘ tenance! I love you; I want to be
‘ deceived: this delusion I may one
‘ day repay!’

‘ Doubt no more my affection than
‘ you would my virtue.’

‘ Put on, then, a look of indifference
‘ instead of that loving one; I hate to
‘ see it; with the former the deception
‘ will be more natural. Who knows
‘ but, in mimicking, you may realize it?
‘ How often do not mankind take the
‘ spirit of the airs they assume? Very
‘ little of prepossession is capable of

‘ changing a character, or forming a
‘ new one: we all are children from the
‘ days we think not to those we boast
‘ to reason.

‘ Very few, at every season of life,
‘ have not a particular folly to indulge:
‘ like a child’s bauble, our sensations
‘ have their day; this hour an en-
‘ thusiast, the next an unbeliever. If,
‘ among the company I expect, one
‘ could read your thoughts, Henrietta,
‘ ten to one he would attract your at-
‘ tention, and divert you from Mr.
‘ Romney; and had he as much skill
‘ as knowledge, that Mr. Romney you
‘ are so fond of might to-morrow re-
‘ ceive his congé coldly written with
‘ your own hands. You shake your
‘ head, and will not believe: like you
‘ I have been young, and had my opi-
‘ nion; like me, perhaps, an unfore-
‘ seen incident will make you sensible
‘ of your error.’

‘ I WAS not seventeen years old,
‘ when chance threw in my way a man
‘ exactly formed to turn a virgin’s
‘ head: shape, features, wit, and ta-
‘ lents, he united to a miracle. So much
‘ superior was he to any man I had
‘ seen before, that my heart, after a
‘ trifling defence, surrendered to it’s
‘ conqueror. I thought but of him;
‘ dressed but for him; him only I con-
‘ descended to please: his birth and
‘ fortune agreeing with mine, my pa-
‘ rents

“rents approved our passion, and granted my hand as soon as it was asked. The wedding-day was fixed. You may imagine, Henrietta, how happy I fancied myself! To marry the man I loved! it is the sole real bliss upon earth! I enjoyed it with the delirium of an intoxicated soul! Should, then, an angel have descended from Heaven, and told me—“You are deluded; you love not!” I would not have credited him.”

“AN hour before the marriage articles were to be signed, I was amusing myself with a squirrel I liked, and feeding him with my own hands, when my lover entered the room. For a few minutes he partook of the innocent diversion, and helped the little animal to a bit of a nut: one kiss was his reward. On a sudden, my gentleman, very likely to try my temper, fell on the squirrel, and, before I could fly to his relief, wrested his neck, and killed him. This inhumanity presently beggared my lover of all his charms; I saw in him a monster, whose presence was a torment: so quickly did my inclination vanish, that I did not even deign to upbraid him with his cruelty!

“I rushed out of the room, and shut the door after me. My father was the first I met with as I ran down the stairs. The flutter of my spirits betrayed the inward emotion: he took me by the hand, pressed me to his bosom, and would absolutely know the cause. I could not speak: he led me to his closet; then a flood of tears relieved my oppressed heart. I began to breathe; and, falling on my knees, entreated him not to oppose the resolution I had just formed never to marry Mr. Morley. How amazed was my father! So sudden an indifference struck him dumb: he mistrusted his own ears; I saw the doubt in his looks; and twice repeated the same prayer.

“Heavens! what do I hear! Is it possible! Do not I mistake! The man you loved half an hour ago—”

“Is now the object of my hatred!”

“The transition is not natural! Wait till the first heat of your spite be over—”

“It is not spite, but a real contempt; that man I abhor!”

“And then I related what had passed.

“What!” exclaimed my father, “your affection for your lover cannot out-live the death of a squirrel? Pshaw! ridiculous! When you are cool, your love will return.”

“It will not! Fancy had deceived my heart; this accident has dissipated the illusion: since I prefer my squirrel to Mr. Morley, I love him not!”

“Such an inconstancy at the minute you were going to be united! What will the world say?”

“What they please. Oh, dear father! sacrifice not your daughter to the opinion of a foolish world!”

“Who shall appease your mother? Her anger will be just.”

“You yourself. Defend my cause: her love and her duty warrant me her forgiveness. Never did she oppose my father’s pleasure.”

“For a whim shall we break a match honourable in every respect?”

“Think of your daughter’s happiness!”

“I would not make you unhappy; I am a father: but give some hours to reflection; you may repent.”

“Never! never!”

“And I bedewed his hands with my tears.

“No longer did my father resist: the lawyers were sent away; and Mr. Morley, whom from that minute I constantly avoided, went to France, and forgot me. I thought I loved, Henrietta; yet the loss of a squirrel in one moment deadened my passion, and convinced me of my error. A squirrel only! How I would have laughed at those who would have maintained that the case might happen! You see, however, Henrietta, that they would have been right, and I absolutely wrong. We are not ourselves when we give way to passion: from this we receive a new understanding, with which we see what is not, and form judgments we should blush for, were we in cool blood.”

Some of the company she expected coming in, my mother whispered me—“Remember the squirrel!”

LETTER II.

THAT anecdote of the squirrel, Susannah, made a strong impression on my mind.

'Is it possible that fancy should have such a power over our hearts as to command their feelings, and that from it our sensations should borrow their reality? I have heard men defend opinions evidently absurd; defend them so obstinately as to deserve oftener our contempt than our pity: like them, am not I an enthusiast, indulging an error from the fear of being enlightened? Illusions are so agreeable, who can wish for their loss? O that squirrel! that squirrel! I will put my affection for Mr. Romney to the test of dissipation and coquetry; leave every avenue to my heart open to infidelity. Lord Osenvor has true merit; to him I shall listen: should it be only to please my mother, and take from her a real cause to complain and deny, I must make a few attempts to be free; her generosity will repay me. That squirrel, how strange!'

THE desire of being free, dear Susannah, was for five hours to me what the death of the squirrel had been to my mother: it took such a possession of my head, as to cool the idea of Mr. Romney, and permit me to share, with a tolerable degree of vivacity, in the chit-chat of our guests. I went even so far as to smile at the douceurs whispered me, and give them a song in praise of Liberty: I will tell you all; I was witty. After this demonstrative proof of indifference, my mother could not contain her joy.

'Never did I question your reason; though obscured, it's light was not extinguished.'

'Say my tenderness for you—'

'I am sensible of both. Henrietta, you are my daughter again.'

WHAT weak creatures we are! How readily we run from one extreme to another! How various the shades under which we may be seen! I do not wonder at the different opinions the world entertain of an individual: this man may be esteemed in one society, and despised in another; and that wo-

man be mentioned for her indifference, when her soul burns with all the fire of love. The fear I might be mistaken influenced me as ambition does the courtier who begs from the minister he scorns; it absolutely changed my nature: those who then saw me could have sworn to the insensibility of the sprightly, thoughtless Henrietta. The departure of the most gay part of the company soon caused a relapse; my imagination, no longer supported by the sallies of youth and wit, drew back on the favourite object, to fill the troublesome vacuity it felt. Like the sun which never appears brighter than when it has been concealed behind a cloud, Mr. Romney's image revived in my heart: I saw him under the very features I wished him to wear; handsome, passionate, and sincere.

'Oh! this is not the way to forget him,' sighed I: 'my attempt has added to his charms; my passion has increased; he is the deeper rooted in my heart!'

I wished for noise to drown the secret whisperings of love; their seduction was irresistible in the calm I was: I listened with the same complacency as I have viewed a picture of Correggio; every word, as every beauty, attracted my attention, and pleased my soul. I heard Mr. Romney, and answered him as if he had been present: I forgot the squirrel, and thought of my lover.

LETTER III.

THE rest of the evening I supported alternately the different characters I acted; sometimes exerting an uncommon flow of gaiety, and now and then sinking into a reverie, or a soliloquy. This transition the indifferent could not perceive; but it did not escape my mother's discernment.

'Henrietta, beware of a reverie; it is a poison the more dangerous, that it is made of all the allurements of pleasure: from you I require only an impartial examination of two men of equal merit; wait till the presence of Lord Osenvor either confirms Mr. Romney's victory or defeat. If, in the mean time, you indulge the thought of your lover, you give him a confessed advantage over his rival:

F

low

‘how can you value his worth, if you have no interest, or desire to know it?’

‘I doubt Lord Osenvor’s triumph!’

‘That doubt makes too strongly against him; it is a prejudice you must not entertain, otherwise you would be both judge and party. I will have your passion undergo a fair trial, and be above the fear of sorrow. Let me be totally convinced that your love is not a chimera; but, that my belief be rational, you must not bribe your reason; let it coldly judge and determine. My consent I attach to your impartiality: deceive me not; I will be just.’

‘You shall not complain; I will endeavour to obey.’



THIS sudden turn in Mrs. Verman’s disposition made me apprehensive for Mr. Romney.

‘She would not so easily have promised her consent, had she not a certainty, either founded on her contempt of the passions, or her knowledge of my own character, that I shall change.’

Her confidence forced a mistrust of myself into my heart. At that time I did not think of the artful snare she had laid for me; I saw but reason and justice in her proceeding. By leaving me at full liberty to chuse, she weakened the force of the spirit of contradiction which naturally rises or falls in proportion to the more or less resistance it meets with: often is that spirit the whole reality of a passion; often does this, when no longer fed with obstacles, dwindle into indifference. Whether this motive, unknown to me, produced my new fears, I know not; I took them for the effects of the superiority which experience gave to my mother over me. If the former caused them, let me exclaim, again and again, ‘What weak creatures we are!’

LETTER IV.

I Was just awoke from one of those enchanting dreams which nature, whilst reason is asleep, does sometimes favour our senses with, when Mrs. Moulton tiptoed to my bed,

‘Will you forgive me?’

This she spoke with the stammering of a criminal.

‘Forgive you!’

I was amazed, and searched for the truth in her look.

‘What have you done, dear Madam, that you implore my forgiveness? You smile!’

‘Some news from my lover,’ thought I, ‘Come, trifle no longer with my curiosity: what brought you here?’

‘A cousin of mine; the ugliest fellow my eyes ever beheld: half of his face he left in the fields of Germany, and one arm in Canada. He has heard you was one of the prettiest women in England: and such is his esteem of beauty, that he comes from Dublin on purpose only to see you.’

‘To see me! Fye, Mrs. Moulton!’

‘Yes, Madam, to see you: and so prevailing his entreaties have been upon me, that I have promised to procure him the sight of your charms. He waits in the next closet, where I have locked him, for the moment you deign to appear. In favour of the motive, pity my poor cousin’s impertinence: beauty is his foible; he would travel to Constantinople, were he certain to have a glance at the favourite Sultana.’

‘This is downright madness: and you think I will receive his visit?’

‘One minute only; he begs no more: will you grudge one minute when it can make a man happy?’

‘A cousin of yours, you say?’

‘Thus he calls himself. He asked the servants for his cousin Moulton, and was sent to me. He was so full of you, that I had not the heart to trouble him for the proofs of his being of my family.’

‘There is some mystery in this: could it be Romney?’ As I made this reflection, I slipped a gown on, and was soon dressed. Mrs. Moulton had such a grave face, that I did not know what to think.

I stepped to my dressing-room.

‘Shall I, Madam, bring the man to you?’

‘Do.’

And I leaned against the window.

* *

Mrs. Moulton came first.

‘Pray, Madam, be not frightened at my cousin’s horrible figure.’

And

And then entered the monster.

Although warned of his deformity, I thrunk three paces back with terror; and, turning my head, with my hand bid him to go.

'Oh, Henrietta!'

At the sound of the well-known voice, I wheeled about: it was my lover. The large black patch which covered his face he had taken off.

My surprize was great; my joy still greater.

'What! is it you?'

My heart betrayed itself in the few words I pronounced.

'Till I have heard you forgive, thus I will remain.'

And he fell at my feet.

'Do I want to say I do?'

He could not mistake my expression; he arose. How my heart panted! My hand lay trembling in his; the agitation of his spirits was equal to mine: for five minutes he could but sigh, but gaze; but sigh and gaze again. So tender a scene, Susannah! it was the first, it has been the last, my soul ever enjoyed!

LETTER V.

IN such a confusion Mr. Romney's unexpected sight had thrown my senses, that, being no longer able to support myself, I was nigh falling, when he received me in his arms, and placed me upon an elbow-chair. What a tenderness the languor of our spirits spreads over every motion, all over our countenances! It seems that those minutes belong particularly to nature, so still and silent are then both reason and modesty. My eyes wandered on my lover with an unspeakable delight; not once did the fear of being surprized by my mother intrude: of me my heart only felt; and it's feelings were those of love and pleasure. Like mine, Mr. Romney's eloquence consisted not in words; he talked the same language I did; without the help of our tongues we expressed and answered our mutual sentiments.

Mrs. Moulton, in bathing the temples of my head with Hungary water, disordered the handkerchief which already was too carelessly passed over my bosom. The sight of my breast animated Romney's eyes; I saw by the motions of his lips a desire to kiss it;

then Virtue whispered—'Beware of thy senses, Henrietta! beware of thy lover's lips! They may diffuse so subtle a poison as—' Virtue stopped: I understood her. An air of dignity blending itself immediately with that of love, cooled the temptation in Mr. Romney's heart. His reservedness charmed me; the more so, as he could not doubt his pardon had he durst to offend. So respectful and disinterested a lover deserved a reward. I forgot the handkerchief, wished he would be less generous, and turned half my head: as Modesty instantly claimed her rights, my gratitude was a dead virtue; I must reward him with words; with a few—'I love you!—What I will say, I will feel: this will compensate for the kiss he has lost.'



Mr. Romney had thrown himself on his knees before me, when Mrs. Moulton attempted to keep my spirits from sinking. There I suffered him; so pleased was he with his situation, it would have been a needless severity to deprive him of it. My hands I left in his: his discretion made me overlook favours I would not have granted, had he too visibly set a value upon them.

'This is, Henrietta, the very first day of real happiness I ever lived: the emotions you could not suppress, I have enjoyed to a pain. My Henrietta loves me; no other bliss am I desirous of. Say you love me, that I may not think I dream. I am happy, happy so much beyond my expectations, that I still fear to be deluded. Say you love me!'

I hesitated, Susannah, to pronounce the mysterious words—'I love you!' not that I was afraid that my heart would belye my tongue; but education has given these words such a sense, such a character as to intimidate. Besides, does not the 'I love you,' like possession, deaden desire in a man? It takes from his soul the fiery activity of suspense. When certain of the bliss he panted after, like a hero in time of peace, he falls asleep under the laurels he has got.

How sad, on a sudden, that Mr. Romney, whose features had the moment before boasted his happiness, and expressed the delirium of pleasure! Men are great fools; so are we, Susannah! If, after what he had seen, he could not

doubt my tenderness; after what I had written, my scruple was ridiculous. I pitied him, and pitied myself.

'Resume your spirits, Romney: I love you.'

'Is it then true?'

'Oh, too true!'

'That "too" is intolerable; it is torment to hear it: either it supposes a fault in me, or a fear in you not to be happy.'

'It does neither: I esteem you; therefore entertain no apprehensions of that kind. But my mother, against you, favours another man. She insists on my submitting my passion to a fair trial; to judge between Lord Osenvor and you; to be certain that I really love, before I give my hand. Her consent is the price of my compliance with her desires.'

'Did you tell Mrs. Verman you loved me?'

'I did; and could not conquer her incredulity. By obeying her, I shall be yours: by disobeying, I may lose you.'

'I shudder at the thought of that trial; it is not a fair one, since my rival will be perpetually with you, and I am forbid your sight. Who will talk for me?'

'My heart, and your virtues.'

He would tell his gratitude: it was too great, the words expired on his lips. I rejoiced at my answer, so happy it made him.

'Dear, dear Henrietta!'

And he carried my hand to his heart.

'This beats only to you: it is absolutely yours. Never shall it receive an impulse but of love: there no other passion will dispute your sway.'

'All your fears are now subsided; you will not wait with anxiety the event of the trial?'

And I amorously smiled upon him.

'How could I calmly hope for success, when my Henrietta is the price of the contest? An earl for a rival! Henrietta, forgive if I fear; it is an involuntary offence; it proceeds from the greatness of your value, and my insignificance. An earl!'

'You are a man: is there a nobler title? Have a care, Sir; humble me not, by thinking I may disdain virtue for the sake of a false grandeur,

and search for happiness in the showy scenes of life.'

'I have heard of Lord Osenvor: his reputation is an honour to his rank; his virtues have added a new lustre to a name already deservedly famous by a long series of noble ancestors. He is not only an earl, but a man, such as you deign to call me: two so great advantages united in the same person—frown not, Henrietta—I have no fears; I am silent.'

LETTER VI.

THOUGH my lover said 'I have no fears,' a tear betrayed the perplexity of his mind.

'Can you question my word? Is it thus you esteem me? Oh, Romney! be not unjust: your despondency is an insult I will not brook!'

'I love; you are the object: how should I be easy? Reflect on the power of my enemies. Lord Osenvor at a perpetual liberty to watch, and make the best of your sensibility; your mother perpetually speaking his praises, and abasing me.'

'Am not I your friend, Romney? What will opportunities and my respects avail them, when my heart is for you?'

'The ardent officiousness of an amiable man, and the insinuating caresses of a mother, may weaken a passion, and give it another turn. There are hours fatal to lovers: my happiness is so new!'

'Romney! Romney!'

'Be not angry at the tears I shed, at the fears I cannot dissemble. Had you only your beauty to boast, however perfect, I might hope it would cause but admiration: your wit, your good sense, your talents, Henrietta, these are the qualities which call forcibly for the love of the sensible, and fix you for ever in their hearts. Who could love, and not study how to please, to affect, to engage your affections?'

'But if they are already yours, can they be another's? Are our hearts so inconstant as to change and vary thus from feelings to feelings? I believe it not. I am more generous than you, Romney: it is my happiness to think
of you

'you shall be faithful, and never love any other woman than me.'

'This confirms my fears.'

'Why should I foresee what may never happen, when, at the moment I live, it may make me unhappy?'

'Your reason is too cool; you love me not.'

'Ungrateful man! Is this the reward of my affection for you?'

I could not stop the tears which his suspicions forced from my eyes.

'My reason was too cool!' To keep it so, what did not I suffer! How many the sighs I had been obliged to smother, the sobbings to suppress, the sensations to disguise! 'You love me not!' His injustice was not to be borne: it pierced my soul to be thought false. I got up to fly from him; he took hold of my apron, and with the wild look of despair—

'Stay, Henrietta! stay, and forget your wrongs, or this minute my life will expiate for them. Life I scorn, if you forgive not. I have been guilty; but I love: I am not myself, Henrietta! Say you pardon! my soul is upon the rack; relieve it from the agony it endures!'

'By you was I to be taught pain! Should it have been forced into my heart, after I had said—"I love you, Romney!" A punishment for reward! From you did I deserve it?'

'Remember not my offence! it sinks me below the man and the lover: let one smile, charming Henrietta, announce it is obliterated.'

'You never will mistrust me again?'

'No, never!'

I offered my cheek: why should I dissemble with thee, Susannah? Upon his lips I sealed his pardon.

'After this, Romney, be convinced you have nothing to fear.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Moulton, 'that you understand one another, you must for a few days take a farewell.'

'Why for a few days, Mrs. Moulton? Cannot I, to-morrow, under the same mask—'

'To this day's calm a storm may succeed. I fear Mrs. Verman's vigilant eye: your visit to me she will know, and not suspect; your next she may ascribe to her daughter. You would be undone, were she to sur-prize you. A different garb must you assume when you come again: I will

think of it.—Henrietta, another kiss, and send him away.'

'Both poison and balsam are in your words.'

A noise we heard in the library joining to my dressing-room, announcing my mother, Mrs. Moulton pushed him towards the door.

'But the kiss, the kiss!'

'Take it.'

He did, and went away.

LETTER VII.

'O SENVOR! thou hast no chance; or I know nothing of my heart!'

With this exclamation I sat down to my toilet. The languor of my eyes told too loud I had shed tears. I feared their indiscreet chit-chat.

'All is safe: he is gone,' whispered Mrs. Moulton.

'But these eyes will betray me. Though happy, I cannot give them their usual vivacity.'

'Well, cannot you say you have the head-ache?'

'I have it not.'

'Since truth offends, and falsehood only can please, what other language can you speak? Would you, for an insignificant lye, break your mother's heart, and hazard your own happiness? That vice is oftener a virtue than we think.'

'No circumstance whatever can justify it, Mrs. Moulton. It may be commendable to keep in our hearts a destructive truth, when there is no necessity of telling it; but if it is asked, and we are obliged to answer, it is base to conceal it. To what a contempt of myself my mother exposes me!'

'This moralizing, dear Madam, will not enliven your eyes; it is the worst remedy you could think of, the only one, I swear, that cannot cure. Come, cheer up your spirits, and behold the fine prospect that lies before you. A young, handsome, and sensible lover: days of content; nights of raptures! You smile; this smile is the very elixir which will brighten your looks: it has already operated: cast a glance at this glass; no need is there now to pretend an head-ache.'

'How

‘How you talk!’
 ‘As you feel, Henrietta. But hark!’
 ‘Mrs. Verman is coming.’



LETTER VIII.

‘WELL, Henrietta, how does
 ‘your heart?’

‘Always the same, Madam.’

‘There is an obstinacy in your dis-
 temper which requires an uncommon
 ‘medicine: Lord Osenvor will find it,
 ‘I hope.’

‘From his hand I will receive it. I
 ‘answer not for the effect.’

‘It is Lord Osenvor’s business to
 ‘prepare it so that it may cure; yours
 ‘is to take it.’

‘However doubtful of his abilities,
 ‘I will listen to the physician.’

‘That is enough, Henrietta; I ask
 ‘no more. His lordship will be here
 ‘to-day or to-morrow. This letter I
 ‘have just received from him. You
 ‘may read it.’

‘TO MRS. VERMAN.

‘MADAM,

‘I Have happily, and sooner than I
 ‘expected, finished the business
 ‘which called me here. It would seem
 ‘as if Love, in my favour, had spoke
 ‘to Fortune, so readily did some knaves
 ‘at law forget their dishonesty, and
 ‘make matters easy. Had not their
 ‘deities come betwixt these jugglers
 ‘and me, many months might I have
 ‘been kept a victim to their insatiable
 ‘avarice.

‘No other affairs have I now but
 ‘those of my passion for the lovely
 ‘Henrietta: they are of the greatest
 ‘moment; to them only will I attend.
 ‘Free from the mortal cares which
 ‘troubled my mind, I will give way to
 ‘the feelings of my heart, and think of
 ‘pleasing. This shall be my sole
 ‘study: but, alas! I almost despair of
 ‘succeeding. Though endowed with an
 ‘exquisite sensibility, the charming
 ‘Henrietta is gay and indifferent: never
 ‘seriously would she listen to a decla-
 ‘ration of love. She has such a con-
 ‘tempt of my sex, as to distrust, if not
 ‘to poison, the truest proofs of the in-
 ‘clination she inspires. She believes
 ‘we are all false and immoral; that our

‘language is rather the disgrace than
 ‘the praise of beauty. Who can flat-
 ‘ter himself to alter her opinion? The
 ‘man she shall love may: who else,
 ‘without her partiality, will not sigh,
 ‘talk, hope in vain?

‘Was friendship the sole sentiment
 ‘I indulged, from my memory of her
 ‘behaviour to me, I could think she
 ‘favours me with hers: though de-
 ‘lighted at her distinction of me, it is
 ‘not love; and this only will satisfy my
 ‘heart.

‘Her looks, the preference she gave,
 ‘told me I had no rivals: perhaps, had
 ‘I durst to presume, would I have
 ‘thought she really esteemed me; a
 ‘compliment the more flattering, that
 ‘it appeared to be the result of her
 ‘reflections, that she was extremely
 ‘cautious not to mistake in her judg-
 ‘ment. She esteemed me; yet, when
 ‘I spoke of love, I was immediately
 ‘lost in the crowd of her admirers:
 ‘then would she either answer my pas-
 ‘sion with wit, or with a severe look
 ‘condemn it to silence. What a con-
 ‘tradiction! Could I alternately de-
 ‘serve, and be unworthy of her esteem?
 ‘She loved me not, Madam: this is
 ‘the key to her conduct. Henrietta
 ‘ever acted agreeably to reason; her
 ‘delicacy I applaud. Sweet girl!
 ‘would I could melt her soul with ten-
 ‘derness! Fortune has given me all
 ‘that a mortal can wish for: but if she
 ‘does not crown her favours with this
 ‘bliss, they are of no value; of no
 ‘avail to my happiness. I shall be
 ‘miserable in the midst of riches and
 ‘grandeur; nay, below the envy of
 ‘the poor who can boast a woman’s
 ‘love. No true delights are there in
 ‘life but those of natural desire; but
 ‘those we procure and partake of: the
 ‘other, not the heart, but the imagina-
 ‘tion, enjoys.

‘Upon the promises you made me,
 ‘Madam, when I left London, I to-
 ‘tally depend; but, before I claim
 ‘them, teach me how to please, how
 ‘to deserve your daughter: her cha-
 ‘racter you have formed; you must
 ‘know your own work. Has her soul
 ‘no generous foible which a lover can
 ‘turn to his advantage? Miss Verman
 ‘never could, without being unhappy,
 ‘hear of another’s distress: often did
 ‘a tear betray her emotions. Will not
 ‘her pity of my sufferings affect her
 ‘still

‘ still more? That pity I have, Madam, seen several instances of: pity has many times dwindled into love. This thought has revived my hopes: I will order my chaise, and fly to London. I am, Madam, &c.

‘ OSENVOR.’

LETTER IX.

TWICE I had offered back to my mother Lord Osenvor’s letter, and twice had she refused it, with—‘ No partiality, Henrietta; no partiality: keep your word.’

I read, and with as great a composure as I could naturally assume, returned it to her.

She laid her finger upon my heart.

‘ How does it beat now?’

‘ I feel yet no difference, Madam: that letter has only confirmed what I knew before; Lord Osenvor’s merit, love, and delicacy. Would he were happy!’

‘ Is not this a concern—’

‘ Of gratitude only: that concern I cannot deny him.’

‘ Well, if this concern, so tenderly expressed, he cannot change into love, either you are not to be cured, or he shall have but himself to charge with the loss of your hand. Come, Henrietta, dissemble not: thy heart is big; thy eyes are crowded with tears; vent thy grief by throwing it off on thy mother’s bosom.’

‘ Indeed, Madam, I have no grief to ease.’

‘ Henrietta! that tear; does it mean nothing?’

And with a kiss she swept that tear away.

I had not, Susannah, felt that tear trickling down my cheek. I sighed, and turned my face from my mother.

‘ Be not ashamed of that tear; it is an honour to your heart; such a sensibility is virtue itself: in it’s favour I almost forget your love is for Romney; your pity for Osenvor. True generosity has a great power over me, Henrietta—deprive thee not of the pleasure of shedding a tear; it is the tribute of a noble soul to an unhappy man of merit.’

‘ I will own it; his letter has affected me: it is a torment to see miserable the man we esteem. Could he be

‘ contented with my friendship, no woman could be happier than I!’

‘ Judge of his feelings by your own, Henrietta.’

‘ He may have a greater command of himself: I am but a woman.’

‘ Like yours, his passions are inflexible; like yours, his reason is weak: no superiority has he to boast. We all are the children of the same nature!’

‘ Are there no degrees in sensibility? Do we all feel alike?’

‘ We do not. When our hearts are really enflamed, our affections are violent, lasting, and the same, in both sexes: when they proceed from fancy, they partake of it’s nature, either ardent or weak; but they all, in general, end like a quick fire, which is soon destroyed by it’s own activity. There are whims, tastes, caprices, and a hundred more insignificant inclinations, which, in their novelty, have sometimes the appearance of the passions; but passions they are not.’

‘ May not Lord Osenvor lay under a mistake?’

‘ Is it possible, Henrietta? But why should not you be deceived yourself?’

‘ Our cases are different.’

‘ How is that?’

‘ We seldom love when we have no hopes to move and engage the object we are smitten with: such hopes Lord Osenvor never could entertain; my indifference was too evident; his reason could not conceal it from him. But Mr. Romney’s looks told me I might love: I had an incentive; his lordship had none.’

‘ Passion argues not thus, Henrietta; it has no need of encouragement: when the heart is affected, the head advises not. Could they listen to wisdom, would mankind be so often under the sway of folly? Such as labour under an imaginary distemper may reason themselves into health; but the sick—those who are really sick—on my word, dear girl, I wish Lord Osenvor was among the former.’

‘ That wish presages my happiness; from my mother’s lips I have heard it!’

‘ Moderate thy joy, Henrietta; thou mayest not be among the sick: time will discover which of us is right;

‘ till

‘till then let me doubt, since I leave thee at liberty to think and feel at thy pleasure. Whether really in love, or unknowingly indifferent, forget not to consult thy glass for the dress which becomes thee the best. I will have you under arms against Lord Osenvor’s arrival, Henrietta; you must appear with all the seductions of art and beauty; not leave behind any charm that may captivate; you must strike both his heart and his fancy: the least neglect I will look upon as an attempt to displease; as an effect of your prepossession for Romney, and a violation of the agreement between us.’

‘Would not this be a very ungenerous proceeding, Madam? Why should I enflame the man I love not?’

‘You may love him: you know not what changes the desire of pleasing makes in a heart.’

‘Did not you bid me to be impartial?’

‘I did.’

‘When you expect such wondrous effects from the desire of pleasing, can you command I should make use of it?’

‘That desire, Henrietta, will be the counterpoise of your taste for Romney. By behaving thus, you shall keep him and Lord Osenvor in a just balance.’

‘You would not have me play the coquet?’

‘As far as modesty allows; no farther, Henrietta.’

‘As far as modesty allows! Did ever modesty allow to be false?’

‘How came you, Henrietta, to act the reverse of what you thought, when you first saw Mr. Romney? At that time was not you false? Did not you use the arms of coquetry? Have you forgot the city-fop?’

‘It was then an innocent weapon; I employed it not to hurt, but to strengthen, the passion of the man I thought I loved, to secure our mutual happiness.’

‘You are grown of late, Henrietta, immensely refined in your notions! However, I beg you would instantly compliment me with their dismissal, and behave as a woman of sense: if you do, rely on my favour; if—’

My mother smothered the threaten-

ing; but I guessed it in the accent of her voice.

‘I have a few letters to write,’ resumed she, more calmly: ‘get ready against three; we dine at the Countess Meyers.’

LETTER X.

AFTER some observations on my mother’s behaviour, which my respect for her did not permit me to scrutinize, I rang for Mrs. Moulton.

‘I want your opinion, dear Madam; give it to me with sincerity; flatter not. In me, see not your Henrietta, but a stranger; who, conscious of your wisdom, begs earnestly to be enlightened upon the situation of her heart.’

‘Speak; I will be true.’

‘My mother’s incredulity, (I dare not call it obstinacy, or want of tenderness) makes me sometimes mistrust my own sensations: she is so positive that I love not; that Lord Osenvor will invade in my heart the room which Mr. Romney occupies there; that she amazes my mind, and forces a doubt upon me. Spite of myself, I hesitate between her assertion and my feelings. Is it in her art or reason? Does she think as confidently as she talks? Am I really insensible, though with all the symptoms of passion about me? From what you have seen and heard, you have certainly formed your judgment. What am I?’

Mrs. Moulton could not help laughing at the grave looks I had put on.

‘How odd that question, Henrietta!’

‘Are you in earnest?’

‘Indeed I am.’

And I sighed.

‘Does not that sigh convince you that you love?’

‘It may have another cause; answer me plainly.’

‘Are you sure that you love?’

‘Do you take me for a mad girl?’

‘As well might you, Henrietta; doubt your existence, than to doubt of your love: the latter is as much proved as the former.’

‘If it be so, why does my mother continue an unbeliever? Can she flatter herself to reason me into indifference?’

‘rence? Were the passions like opinions, she might hope to seduce me by the superiority of her wit: her eloquence could make me a convert; passion is not so easily overcome. Although I am so fond of pleasing her, she has not yet been able to persuade me; only a few doubts, which spring rather from my tenderness to her, than a real uncertainty, have perplexed my mind.’

‘Send the impertinent intruders away, Henrietta: believe your own heart; it cannot deceive you.’

‘How cruel to tease me thus unmercifully! to tease me to no purpose! for Mr. Romney shall be the man! What a contrast in Mrs. Verman’s late conduct towards me! As her severity made against her, she grew complaisant and tender. How artfully, in our last conversation, she encouraged my pity for Lord Osenvor! She increased it by her insidious language; by the still more insidious share she affected to take in my concern for him. The tear I shed was her work; she laughed, I dare say, inwardly, at the foible she had created in my breast: though it was there before, it lay silent; she gave it life, and dissolved it into that tear. Lord Osenvor needed not her help to move me in his favour; I have a true sense of what he will suffer, and my soul unfeignedly partakes of it: I am unhappy to have inspired him with a passion I cannot return.’

‘When he sees he cannot please, he will cease to love; a few months absence will complete his cure. We do not desire long what it is not in our power to obtain: trust to time and your indifference; they will give him back the liberty he has lost. Were he so desperately enamoured as to brave their united efforts, well then—’

‘What then, Mrs. Moulton?’
She smiled.

‘He may take a leap from the top of his castle: what a celebrity it would give to your charms!’

‘Can you banter when I am so vexed? What is become of those feelings I always admired in you?’

‘I do not lavish them upon imaginary distresses.’

‘Are there any greater than to love in vain! How miserable I should be was Mr. Romney insensible!’

‘I am sorry, for your sake, it is not fashionable to have two husbands; that would at once ease you of all your anxieties: you could take Mr. Romney for love, and his lordship out of pity.’

‘Ridiculous!’

‘Forgive the word, dear Henrietta; still more ridiculous it is to torment yourself, as you do, when you should enjoy your own happiness: you alone, of your sex, can be grave upon so trifling a subject. Had you twenty Lord Osenvors in your train, you should leave them all to their fate: you can love but one man; the rest, if their passions are real, may honour your wedding-day by pistoling themselves before your window. Be not frightened; they will not do you that favour: for what I know, Lord Osenvor may the next day pay the usual compliments, and wish you joy.—Come, dear Henrietta, clear that brow, and let us talk of your lover.’

LETTER XI.

THERE was so much reason in Mrs. Moulton’s humour, that I began to think it absurd to feel so warmly for the man I did not love.

‘How shall I behave with him, Mrs. Moulton?’

‘With your wonted generosity, Henrietta. Of your insensibility men cannot complain: you are not obliged to love, but to be just.’

‘My mother bids me to receive him as a lover; to exert all my powers of pleasing.’

‘And by this means to add to his wretchedness, and drive him to despair: that order is inhuman; virtue, not your mother, you must obey. By following the dictates of the former, you free your heart from remorse: a mother forfeits all her rights when she commands what it is a disgrace for her daughter to perform. Mr. Romney’s attachment takes from you the necessity of being false: not one excuse does it leave you to palliate the debasement of your character. If

G

‘you

'you have any respect for yourself, any esteem for Lord Osenvor, be true: though you should raise your mother's anger, you cannot be unhappy with the conviction of having acted agreeably to virtue.'

'These are the thoughts I ever indulged, Mrs. Moulton: but will Lord Osenvor believe me?'

'It is not natural he should: what is his incredulity to you?'

'A spring of new vexations it shall be: he—my mother—both will conspire against me! I shall be loaded with troubles!'

'Would not you despise the man who would thus repay your generosity? I know your spirits, Henrietta; they never will bear tamely with an undeserved persecution; the troubles you fear shall not affect you; your soul shall be entirely insensible of them. Remember you are an English woman, and not a slave: remember that, at your pleasure, you may be happy, and preserve the esteem of the world. Let Lord Osenvor sigh, talk of love, and rave himself into madness; let your mother threaten: your firmness will at last remove the former, and soften the latter; if not, take counsel of your heart, and bestow your hand on Mr. Romney.'

'His lordship may come every minute; it is time my irresolution should have an end: every thing is weighed; I am fixed; be the consequence what it will, your advice I will follow!'

LETTER XII.

YOU wonder not, Susannah, at the perpetual wavering of my mind; it's seeming contradictions your reason easily reconciles. Irresistible are the ebb and flow of the sensations carried from the heart to the head; in vain would we indulge this or that; we have no choice to make; an unexpected passion will intrude, and hurry us away from the thought we cherished. Thus, by the power of concurring circumstances, we have in the same hour two souls the reverse of each other.

The past made me apprehend for the future. However determined I was to execute the plan I had formed, should it not have the fate of the former? My

mistakes had so closely followed one another, that three times I put that question to my reason; and as often did it answer a negative. Near two hours I employed to settle that point; and, as I had attentively considered it under every shape, I was overjoyed at the victory I got.

'Now,' exclaimed I, 'am I prepared to meet every obstacle with courage, and to act after my own heart! No longer shall I be blinded either by pity or filial love, and submit to the discretionary authority of a mother who would readily sacrifice my happiness to her ambition! Dissimulation I will not make use of; I will pride in my feelings, and Lord Osenvor shall be acquainted with them. If, far from respecting my passion, he has the baseness of availing himself of my mother's consent, then, as he shall be unworthy of me, contempt shall be my revenge.'

This reflection animated my resistance, and cleared my mind of the intolerable pain of uncertainty. I walked in my room with a lighter step; my breath was more free; it seemed as if it sprung from pleasure; and not with coquetry, but decency, I advised for my dress.

LETTER XIII.

WHEN my watch told three o'clock, I went down to my mother's; my air was easy; and in my eyes content prevailed.

'I do not like that gown, Miss; it is more rich than elegant; it thickens your shape; not these two months have you worn it! How came you to fancy it to-day?'

'I thought the colour modest; therefore very becoming.'

'Strange conceit! I wish you would speak your own language; this is a borrowed one.'

'From my mother I did not expect that reproof!'

'You did not expect that reproof!'

And she ridiculously mimicked the tone of my voice.

'That tippet—good God! Why do not you put on a satin handkerchief? it would not have been more inconsistent with your dress and the heat of

of the day! I believe the girl is mad!

Pray, take it off!

Would you have me be without one?

Why not? Is it not the fashion?

Would it alarm your virtue?

It would indeed, Madam!

That virtue must not be very severe which a nothing could so easily endanger!

I made a low curtsy, and stepped to the door. She arose with passion; and stopping me by the arm—

Where are you going?

Into my room, till you deign to talk to your daughter!

How she coloured, Susannah!

Is this, Miss, an answer to a mother?

I kept silent.

Bold girl!

And she returned to her chair.

I made a motion to open the door.

Stay!

I obeyed.

Whence your unusual pertness,

Miss? Is Mr. Romney your master?

From you I learned it?

This I did not say, Susannah; I smothered it on my lips.

Lord! what a change that stupid passion has made in your looks and speech! I should not wonder to see you soon a Methodist! You will cut a most venerable figure among the brethren! Ah! ah! ah!—Fie, Henrietta! fie! Are not you ashamed of the impertinent form you appear under? What is become of that pride which at all times presided at your toilette, and made you display every charm? You did not then blush at a man's wanton eye: that eye you enjoyed with complacency, and always took it for praise.

Then, Madam, dressing not myself to please a particular object, I conformed to fashion, though inwardly I thought it wrong.

And so, Henrietta, the eager looks of an hundred men offended your modesty less than would have done those of the only one you would have been desirous to please? This is refined indeed!

I was hardly sensible of a coquetry which no man could boast to have caused: my heart, then innocent, would now be guilty; I will not

make use of an art which my virtue disapproves.

Is not Mr. Romney, rather than virtue, the cause of so sudden a reform in your manners?

Both have determined me, Madam: since I love Mr. Romney, virtue forbids me to please another man.

That Romney you never shall marry!

Lord Osenvor shall never be my husband!

No longer could Mrs. Verman contain her fury; she vented it in the most contemptible expressions: she forgot absolutely the mother, to shew me the tyrant.

'Too long have I,' said she with anger, 'too long have I indulged your obstinacy, and disguised my real sentiments, in hopes you would see and abjure your error. Till now I have employed only the language of persuasion; I wanted to convince, and not to command: since reason and my tenderness have no power over your conceited heart, since you are dead to the feelings of a daughter, and glory in your contempt of me, I will bid, and shall be obeyed. I will present Lord Osenvor to you; I will watch your looks and your motions; if they do not answer my expectations, for ever I renounce you; my fortune shall be my niece's; from this house you shall immediately depart: then, proud girl, offer a beggar to the arms of Romney; receive thy bread from his pity; debase thy soul by making it dependent of a man's generosity!'

And she flung herself into her closet.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. Verman's threatenings, Susannah, had upon my heart an effect she did not expect; they hardened it against her, and confirmed my resolutions.

Since upon conditions only I have a mother, why should I, in her favour, make the sacrifice of myself? When she scorns her duty, and can think with indifference on exposing me to misery, is not the tie which bound us, her to love, and me to obey, effectually broken? It is lucky I had that

‘tippet; it has helped me to an opportunity I could have long searched for and not met with: at another time I might not have had the same courage; and this, my love for Romney, and the shame of recanting, will make unalterable.’

I had just finished this internal soliloquy, when a servant came to let us know that the coach was at the door. I pointed to him the closet: thither he went.

‘I have changed my mind,’ exclaimed my mother; ‘I will not go out. Tell Henrietta to retire to her room.’

With pleasure I heard that order. At that instant a loud rap exciting my curiosity, I stepped to the window. Lord Osenvor! I flew; but, before I reached the stair-case, I met him on the top.

‘Charming Henrietta!’

And he would have kissed my hand, had not I prevented him with an air of dignity and a severe look.

‘Pray, my lord—’

‘Heavens! what do I see?’

And he drew back, wondering at the coolness of my behaviour.

‘My mother, my lord, is in her apartment!’

I curtsied; and to my own I went.

LETTER XV.

‘NO more am I the timorous woman you thought me to be, Mrs. Moulton; I have behaved with the intrepidity of a hero!’

And I told her my scenes with Mrs. Verman and his lordship.

‘Fortune has befriended you, Henrietta; make yourself worthy of her favour, by exerting all your reason in support of so happy a beginning. It is of no service if you relent: the most difficult of your part is over; the rest is easy to perform.’

‘I will play it well; I have spirit enough to face either of them: my happiness is at stake; that inducement makes my success infallible. Fear not, Mrs. Moulton; far from decaying, my resolution will daily gather a new strength. Since in the two last encounters I got the victory over myself, since I could bravely act and speak, my heart is invincible, and my mind unchangeable.’

‘Let me embrace you, Henrietta; in those noble sentiments I know you again; now you talk and feel as yourself.’

‘Do not you think they are at this instant plotting against me? Lord Osenvor has certainly told her the reception I gave him! How can she take it?’

‘It is not easy to guess; the situation is extremely puzzling! I dare say Mrs. Verman will gild that reception so as to make it a matter of indifference; and that he has already forgot it. You may be sure she has not made him a confidante of your passion for Mr. Romney.’

‘Fearful I should declare it myself, she may be before-hand, and give it as a foolish prepossession which will necessarily vanish with the absence of the man who caused it. That secret, disclosed by me, might discourage him: coming from her with the palliations of wit and humour, it loses its poison, and becomes a mere trifle.’

‘She is too well acquainted with the character of a true lover to have ventured that discovery: however eloquent and artful Mrs. Verman, I doubt she could lull his fears asleep. A lover, Henrietta, is a being of a peculiar species, which knows no laws but his passion: had he no reason to be unhappy, he would immediately create twenty for thinking himself so.’

‘Persuasion is on my mother’s lips, Mrs. Moulton; and a lover credits easily what he has interest to believe.’

‘The apprehension it is not, is even the uppermost in his heart; but, I must own it, wit has great power: besides, passion has so contradictory shades; she may have spoke; he may have believed.’

A servant came: the dinner was upon table; they waited but for me. I had a mind to pretend an head-ache.

‘They will think I fear; that I am still wavering.’

This reflection decided me.

‘They will see, Mrs. Moulton, that I am steady.’

‘If you come back conqueror, you may afterwards despise your enemy.’

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

MRS. Verman behaved with the plianthness of a politician, who at the call of self-interest adopts naturally a new voice and new manners. Though she did not treat me with her usual familiarity, she assumed enough not to let his lordship suspect a misunderstanding between us. As to him, he was at first sad, uncertain what looks he should put on, what language he should speak; but mistaking the gaiety I affected for a desire of pleasing, he grew cheerful and very entertaining. A mysterious eye I surprized him casting upon my mother convinced me he knew my inclination; and the smile which succeeded it, his belief it was only an insignificant whim.

'You will not find it so, my lord.'

This answer I did not make, but wrote it legibly in my countenance.

Left, from what I appeared to be, he should lay a claim to my heart and the liberty of complimenting me with his, I sunk gradually into a reserve which flattered him not, either with an opportunity, or the hope of success. I governed my spirits with such a dexterity so long as the servants staid, as to make their fall extremely natural when they were gone.

I could have spared myself the trouble of that gradation; for we were not five minutes alone before they were, seemingly, as dejected and stupid as myself.

How to open the conversation upon the topick they had at heart, they knew not. He begged, by his looks, she would begin; and her wink expressed—'Take courage, my lord. For shame!' and, 'You are a man!'

After what had passed before dinner, my mother feared to venture the first word, lest her pride should be humbled, and her authority over me put in question.

After a few such signs of encouragement, Lord Osenvor opened his lips; but there his resolution died away.

It entered my head to tell him his thoughts and my own; my respect for Mrs. Verman opposed the fancy. I remained silent.

'My presence may intimidate him. He will talk if I go.'

This notion I easily guessed in my mother's sudden start from her chair, and careless departure from the room.

'Now I am going to be plagued,' said I to myself: 'since it must be so, it shall be, however, with pleasure. I will banter, lay Romney aside, and defend myself with wit.'

Lord Osenvor's confusion continuing to disable his tongue—

'Why, surely, I may not hear of love if I chuse; let me find a subject, and keep it up. Why should not love itself be the subject.'

This idea, for it's boldness, pleased my reason. I considered it.

'It is the best I could think of.'

His lordship's more animated eyes announcing the end of his bashfulness, that soon he would dare to talk, I got up; and, after a turn or two in the room—

'I hope you are not sick, my lord.'

'Sick! not I, Madam.'

'Then you are in love; for I know no other cause which could make a man of your vivacity so pensive. I doubt not but the object of it is worthy so uncommon a reverie: my pride makes me think so, else it would be offended at your silence.'

'I love, charming Henrietta; I love, it is true: since you understood me so well, cannot you guess the woman?'

'Well, I am amazed that the gallant Lord Osenvor has not already told me I am that woman. I excuse you, my lord: when men feel a real passion, they must necessarily lose their false civility: you was not so discreet as formerly; had I had then the imprudence to believe you, how miserable this minute I should be! But satisfy my curiosity; tell me the woman, I will not betray you.'

'Oh, Henrietta! can you mistake another for yourself?'

'Had you said this at first, it would have been very much a-propos; but now it is unseasonable. How could I be pleased with a compliment I have forced from you? Come, forget the courtier for the man of honour: use me as a friend; I hate a flatterer.'

'On my honour, I swear that I—'

'Stop, my lord; I am determined ne—'

ver.

'ver to believe the oath of any man whatever.'

'What a contempt of mankind!'

'It is a just one; you yourself, my lord, helped me to that resolution.'

'J! Heavens! how could I?'

'By talking to me of love, and not feeling it. Remember the daily declarations you made me during several months; reconcile them, if you can, with the coldness and levity of your carriage; every word was belied by your looks; at every visit you was guilty of the same falshood; the odious contrast at every visit offended my delicacy; since, at that time, you could sport with my judgment and your honour: but it matters not, you acted like the man of the world, and I knew his character; I laughed at your pretended passion, and esteemed you for your virtues.'

'You loved not, Henrietta; hence your error: you could not be the judge of my looks and feelings; had you been interested to believe them sincere, you would not have thus misconstrued them; they were the genuine effects of my love for you.'

'Go on, my lord. Love is a charming topic; like flattery, it does please the ear. You should have, however, thanked me for having roused you from your lethargy.'

'To hear you talk in this manner is still worse.'

'Do you intend this for a rehearsal of the part you are to perform before your mistress? Or do you act only to kill the minutes of a tedious tête à tête?'

Although the tone of my voice was not so expressive as my words, his lordship saw an insult in the jest. Indignation forced a colouring on his cheek.

'My lord,' said I to myself, 'has more pride than love; he will outlive his disappointment.'

An involuntary laughter accompanied the reflection I made.

'Am I so contemptible in your eye as not to be believed?'

Indeed, Susannah, from the indignation he could not suppress, I did not expect so moderate a question.

'Except upon matters of gallantry, my lord, I shall never mistrust your veracity.'

'What could induce me to say what I did not feel?'

'The want of diversion. Cards, plays, Ranelagh, leave sometimes a vacuity in your heart, which is always agreeably filled by a conversation with a young woman. You talk of love for the same reason that we women chatter about silks, ribbands, and hair-dress. The days must slip away, no matter how.'

'If you do not see a lover in his respect and passion, at what signs can you know him?'

'So well counterfeited, my lord, are now respect and passion, that hardly is there knowing the true from the false.'

'Yet you have——'

He paused. 'Now for Romney,' thought I. I was deceived. His lordship was too proud to do his rival the honour of mentioning his name.

'Does not, dear Henrietta, my character warrant my sincerity?'

'What has your character to do with the tittle-tattle you indulge? As well might you give it as a proof you ride, dance, or sing well. Tell me of a young, sprightly man of fashion, who does not glory in cheating a girl of her discretion? Who will not prostitute the most solemn oath in support of the most insignificant opinion? An oath is no better argument than a bet.'

'And you confound me with these men, Henrietta! Am I so low in your esteem?'

'Indeed, my lord, I esteem, sincerely esteem you: but why should I think you free from the foibles inherent to your education? Are they not looked upon as a prerogative of your rank? Men are tenacious of their rights; especially when they favour their passions.'

'I will say but one word; it will convince you: let us call your mother and a clergyman; this minute I am your husband.'

And he fell at my feet.

'On my word, my lord, you have excelled in this scene; you have brought it to a perfection Garrick only can boast; you have his looks, his motions, and his fall; I admire you: but now that the farce is over, let us play a more rational comedy; I will join with you in any part that discretion and modesty will suffer me to perform.'

'Insults

‘Insults upon insults! Is this the language of Henrietta to the man who doats upon her!’

And he clasped my knees with both his hands.

‘If you will not arise, my lord, and be yourself again, I will leave the room.’

‘You will—’

And he looked wildly at me. His countenance frightened me. I pushed my chair back with violence; and, leaping to the chimney, rang the bell.

‘Do you fear me, Miss?’

I did not answer. My mother entered the room.

‘What’s the matter? you rang as for an alarm!’

‘My lord will explain it to you, Madam.’

‘Curfed love!’

This was Lord Osenvor’s.

I left them together.

LETTER XVII.

DID not I, Susannah, come off handsomely from that unpleasing interview? I must own it, Lord Osenvor gave me a superiority which I might not have boasted, had he been tender and passionate; but his flights from love to indignation kept my spirits to their height. In the same circumstance, Romney would have affected my soul; his pride would have been silent in a scene consecrated to love.

A nobleman has a natural haughtiness, impatient of resistance. Untroubled in his desires, the provoking facility he has of satisfying them makes him a child, from the man he was, when he meets with an unexpected opposition. With other men, the reigning passion commands; with him it is subservient to twenty, whose foolish delicacy a nothing will alarm and irritate.

‘He loves himself more than me; therefore he will be ungenerous.’

This conclusion, like me, Susannah, you would have drawn. I prepared myself against the hurricane I foresaw I should be exposed to; and the following letter from Lady Bennet confirmed my hopes I should not suffer by it.

‘TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.’

‘DEAR HENRIETTA,’

MY nephew has told me his happiness; he feels it as he ought; no greater can fall to the share of a man. Thanks from me you do not expect; they would not repay your favours. I have but that nephew; you only I wished for my niece: the day, when your hands are united, I will think the most fortunate of my life. From my knowledge of your mother’s character, I am certain you must not rely on her fortune; it is lost to you; this assurance increases our joy as you shall be fully convinced of Romney’s disinterested love, and my real affection for you. Make not yourself uneasy through a false delicacy; it would be an insult upon us; your tenderness, and not gratitude, we want.

Lord Osenvor, Mrs. Verman thought of for your husband: however dangerous such a rival, I forgave not my nephew his fears. After you had said—“I love you, Romney,” he could no more doubt your constancy than your inclination.

“These words from her lips,” have I told him, “were a security it was a prophaneness to question.”

He cast his eyes down, was ashamed of himself, and sighed—

“Never will I be guilty again.”

In Romney, dear Henrietta, you will find real probity, and a sincere love for the duties prescribed by religion and law. Though with four thousand a year of his own, and the absolute command of my purse, not once yet has he deserved the censure of men; not once slandered virtue and patronized vice. He partakes of all fashionable diversions as a man, and not with the enthusiasm of a dissolute youth. His judgment he formed by travelling; not like our great men, either drunk or asleep, or careless of instruction; but studying with attention and impartiality the genius and manners of the nations he visited. Did I know, dear Henrietta, a fault in his character which could cause one hour of trouble in your whole life, I should think it incumbent upon me to warn you of it; his happiness

‘I would

‘ I would disregard, to save you from sorrow. But I discover none capable of affecting your peace, and stopping the course of your felicity; on my word, I know none.

‘ If Lord Osenvor’s assiduity is troublesome, think of the remedy. Our arms are open to you. My dear, lovely Henrietta, Adieu.

‘ M. BENNET.’

‘ P. S. I love you. These words only does my cruel aunt permit me to write.

‘ ROMNEY.’

LETTER XVIII.

‘ **H**ERE is a safe retreat against the storm, Mrs. Moulton.’

‘ Would not it be prudent to shelter into it before it comes?’

‘ What a coward you are!’

‘ I should not like to encounter a danger I might avoid: there may be heroism in braving it.’

‘ There is none, Mrs. Moulton: it is a false glory which the brave disdain.’

‘ So you are determined—’

‘ To wait till the storm begins.’

‘ To wait till the storm begins! It will be high time, then, indeed, to think of a refuge.’

‘ I may be in no need of it. Many incidents may dissipate it before I am unable to endure it. I have told it you, Lord Osenvor loves me not.’

‘ You are pleased to believe so. It is impossible; he must love your person. Such a shape! Henrietta, he loves you.’

I smiled, and put my hand on her lips.

‘ His pride is too quick to suffer long my indifference. Two such other visits, and my slave is gone; no longer will he grace my train.’

‘ Your gaiety is a delight to me, charming Henrietta! But if, out of revenge, he would continue to court and abuse basely of your mother’s approbation—’

‘ That is the storm, Mrs. Moulton, I am afraid of. He has behaved so as to make me apprehensive of his being indelicate and ungenerous. This has been the first time he gave me one reason to repent of my esteem for him. Young men of his rank

‘ have a fierceness in their actions, an impetuosity in their desires: my modesty took the alarm, and was put to a blush. Had I not arose from my chair, I should have been forced in his arms. “Do you fear me, Miss?” asked he. That question made me hate my mother, who had exposed me to hear it. How bold that man! Such proceedings love may excuse, but justifies not!’

‘ Such a beginning threatens—’

‘ He has real honour, Mrs. Moulton; this may silence his passion.’

‘ It is a perhaps.’

‘ I will indulge it till future events convince me I am wrong.’

‘ What a heart! What a treasure for the man you love! Happy, thrice happy Mr. Romney!’

‘ I wish I could still add to my feelings, so deserving I think him of them: to please and be esteemed by the man we marry, must be an inexhaustible spring of delights; none but these I would be ambitious to enjoy. It is oftener our fault, Mrs. Moulton, than that of an husband, if we are not loved and happy. Each sex hath it’s virtues: man’s opinion; ours, decency sways. If we invade their privileges we must necessarily sink into disgrace and contempt.’

‘ Reason is sometimes for women, Henrietta.’

‘ Virtue is always against them. Reason is no apology for foibles which virtue condemns.’

‘ I believe his lordship is going; I hear the noise of a coach.’

And she peeped through the window.

‘ It is he! Mrs. Verman with him! there is a conspiracy.’

‘ If he is my enemy, he will be an open and generous one: from him I fear no deceit; he will dare whatever he resolves.’

‘ I have a mind to send after them for intelligence.’

‘ Ridiculous! Step down till I call. I will retire into my own heart, and see what I must do.’

LETTER XIX.

‘ **F**ROM their going out together what could I infer? Nothing. What else are conjectures? No new light

sight did they throw in my mind upon their conduct; no new poignancy did they give to my fear of them.

'I must be forced to Lady Bennet's, and not leave my mother before she herself has forsaken me. Romney would love me less, did I, without an evident necessity, accept the asylum he offers: when a daughter takes such a step, she should be certain that none against her will or can take her mother's part.'

The censure of the world, however unjust, Susannah, I always feared. I always thought it a disgrace not to be esteemed by all; the secret whisper of slander, what virtuous woman can bear? Had I ever fancied myself the object of one, I would have died with shame, or never durst to appear again.

THE rest of the evening I shared between love and musick: Mrs. Moulton and my harpsichord made it unfelt glide away; not one intruding thought on the possibility of a disappointment. I talked of Romney, sung, played, was totally lost in the sense of my happiness.

Do we feel a pleasure, pain is at hand ready to succeed it; without their mixture we should be unhappy. A few days of sickness give every sense a new life: our desires are animated with a fire unknown before; nature itself appears under a more enchanting form; it seems we enjoy our existence but from that day we have recovered. Susannah, this philosophy I needed the next day, when my courage was ready to sink under an unforeseen event.

LETTER XX.

IT was hardly five o'clock in the morning when I awoke at the sudden uncommon noise of horses, carriage, and servants, at the door. 'What does this mean?' I was not long left in suspense. My mother presented herself as I was slipping a gown on.

'Dress yourself immediately, Miss; you must this minute set off for the country; there you shall learn to be dutiful and obedient: the horrors of a wilderness will soon abate your obstinacy, and cool your fantastical pas-

sion; they will help you to the true knowledge of yourself.'

Her tone of command, added to her sneers, destroyed the terror which her speech had struck me with.

'This method, Madam, will not succeed.'

'I will try it, however.'

'Who has answered for my compliance?'

'My own authority, Miss.'

'As a mother you have, as a tyrant you have none. I am free, not a slave.'

'You have, of late, Miss, immensely improved the practice of your duty.'

'Have not you your own to fulfil, Madam? Is it your duty to make your daughter miserable, to force my inclinations, when I love a man whom, was you a mother, you would delight to give me for a husband? He is not an earl! Should this be an objection if you loved me? Do not his virtues compensate for the want of a title?'

The truths I spoke were too sensible not to throw Mrs. Verman into confusion; she had hardly the spirit to affect an air of indignation. My reproofs were keen, but deserved, and my tongue gave them their own expression. Such a firmness she had not thought of.

'Will you give me your word never to marry that man without my consent?'

'It may never be obtained; my gratitude for his generosity forbids me to promise.'

'And so you will marry him?'

'Never will I another.'

She walked pensive, irresolute, and animating herself to a bold stroke of despotism.

'The world will never hesitate between you and me: my age and experience secure me the general approbation for whatever measures I may adopt to restore an infatuated daughter to the reason she has lost. All will think I act from the consciousness I am doing right; your complaints will not avail you. I am a mother; that character mankind revere.'

'When that character is not supported, the respect it inspires dwindles soon—'

I durst not proceed, Susannah.

'Into contempt. Is not this the word you have smothered, Miss? From

H

you

' you this usage! What! already lost to decency, as well as to filial love!'

' Look into your heart, Madam, and dare to judge me: if my expressions offend, your severity is the cause. In your breast pride has invaded the rights of nature. You are a woman, and not my mother; it is the former I speak with.'

I was too affected; I could suppress neither sobbings nor tears.

Shame, art, or a remain of tenderness, altered, in a minute, Mrs. Verman's looks and accent. She drew near me; and, inclining upon the bed—

' Am I to be hated by Henrietta, when I sincerely intend her happiness?'

I threw both my arms round her neck.

' Why have not you always these looks, this accent? they are persuasion itself. I am loth to mistrust you, when thus you talk, when thus you look upon me. You intend my happiness; yet will mistake the man, the only man who can procure it me.'

' Was your passion, Henrietta, the work of time, I would not doubt it's reality. But Romney twice only you have seen! Who can charge my incredulity with malice or folly?'

' Am I not the best judge of my own affections? Believe me, no need is there of a trial; spare your heart the share it must necessarily take in my sufferings; let me no more lose my mother. You feigned an anger you had not, an indifference you would abhor to feel: your dissimulation nature has betrayed.'

' You might be a countess, Henrietta! Have you no ambition?'

' It is centered, dear Madam, in Mrs. Romney's name. I know no greater, since none can make me so happy.'

' I cannot reflect, without pain, on your loss of a rank you was born and brought up to deserve, and fill with dignity. Henrietta, it requires more virtue than I have, to bear patiently with it. Why do not you feel as I taught you to think? I love you; but I love myself: too cruel is the sacrifice you exact from me. I have told you my foible; indulge it with a few attempts against your inclinations for

Romney: retire into the country for a few days; there, for a few days, suffer Lord Osenvor's assiduity; deny him no opportunities to please; clear your mind of any prejudice he may have thoughtlessly prepossessed it in his disfavour.'

' These few days will be days of vexation and agony. I cannot love him.'

' If, then, you do not, no longer will I insist upon your obeying me.'

' What place have you fixed for my exile?'

' Felton-Lodge in Sussex, at my sister's.'

' Will Mrs. Moulton follow me?'

She paused.

' She shall, Henrietta.'

* * *

I DID not like her hesitation—' Is she still talking deceit? Is it not imprudent to go? A few days only she asks; and Mrs. Moulton will be with me: in her company, what have I to apprehend? However violent the measures they intend to carry, they cannot force a "Yes" from my lips. I will go.'

' Though conscious of the inutility of this journey, Madam, I will undertake it to please you.'

Her eyes brightened with joy, and she pressed me tenderly to her bosom. The excess of her joy was not natural. 'This is all imposture,' sighed I. 'Some design they have premeditated against me: when I am once in their power, it may not be easy, nay perhaps it will be impossible, to steal away from them.'

This reflection made me sad, diffident. I was tempted to go from the promise I had just made. I looked fixedly at my mother: she was as calm as innocence.

' Come, Henrietta, the morning is beautiful; let us not lose it. I will ride with you to Felton-Lodge.'

' Do not you purpose to stay there, Madam?'

' No, dear girl; but every day you shall hear from me.'

New fears, Susannah, crowded into my head. 'Would she smile upon me with mischief in her heart? A mother! I durst not give way to suspicion. I dressed; Mrs. Moulton was called; and away we drove.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

POOR Mrs. Moulton! so hastily had she been hurried to the coach, that she had neither time to put a single question, nor to enquire into my looks, for the cause of so sudden, unthought-of a journey. Her uneasiness I immediately removed, by telling her, with a smile, the place we were going to.

Mrs. Verinan's cheerfulness kept me from feeling too sensibly, that every mile we rode encreased my distance from Mr. Romney.

'This short absence will heighten our happiness: we shall see then one another with a greater pleasure; a real bliss will result from this imaginary evil.'

With such reflections I arrived at Felton-Lodge, with a tolerable degree of vivacity and content.

Mrs. Spencer received us with the smiles and half courtesies of a woman proud of her riches, and of my mother's being in need of her. 'This assurance spread an offensive coldness upon her countenance. 'I am at last courted by a sister still prouder than myself.' As Mrs. Verman seemed not to understand this meaning of her features, I whispered it to her: she had too much wit either to hear or answer me. My aunt's looks at me agreed perfectly with her behaviour to my mother. As she kept constantly in the country, and we lived in London, three years had elapsed since she saw me; I was therefore quite a new thing exposed to her view. 'Well enough; rather too impertinent and affected; a spoiled child, to whom I must, and will, teach better manners.'

Had Mrs. Spencer spoke these words, she could not have expressed them better.

'If my mother will overlook this woman's impertinence, I shall not.'

And advancing to her with the utmost politeness—

'I thank you, dear Madam, for your good opinion, and the instructions you lovingly purpose to give me.'

'What does the girl mean? Did I speak to her?'

'Your tongue has not; but these eyes have, Madam.'

And, turning gravely to Mrs. Verman—

'I believe our visit is disagreeable:

'you would not surely have me stay where I am not welcome.'

Mrs. Spencer burst into a laughter.

'Come here, you saucy Harriot; come here, I say; I will kiss you for your seasonable rebuke. What! you have pride enough to resent my conduct; and you do not blush at the preference you give to Romney over Lord Osenvor? A girl of your sense to commit such a blunder! You may bring a coronet into our family, and will thus unmercifully beggar us of it. You shall not, on my word. I will make you wise, I warrant you.—Sister, I will take care of this charge.'

I thought I perceived, in the tone of her voice, a satire levelled at Mrs. Verman, and that she would not be my enemy.

'I have not offended! How transporting the thought!'

'I was pleased, Henrietta, and not offended. Had you tamely suffered my contempt, I would have hated you. I love a girl of spirits: there is a glory in taming them. Shake not your head; I will succeed. My constancy in teasing and plaguing you out of your inclination, I will force you to admire. You shall acknowledge me your conqueror. But I forget, you must have got an excellent appetite, let us dine: after that we will enter the lists, and fight bravely for victory.'

LETTER XXII.

MRS. Spencer's charming sprightliness diffused itself into my heart: I humoured her fancy; and was as gay and thoughtless as if I had been perfectly happy.

'You see, sister, my niece and I are already upon friendly terms: we will soon understand one another; I dare say we shall not differ.—What think you, Harriot?'

'It is my opinion, Madam.'

Indeed, Susannah, from a wink she had cast at me, I was convinced she would favour my passion; and I was not deceived.

'Envy me not my conquest, sister, since the benefit shall be wholly yours.'

'Let us be generous enemies—Here is to poor Romney.—Come, sister.'

‘ With all my heart.’
 We all drank to poor Romney.
 ‘ Why did not Lord Osenvor wait
 there upon my lovely girl? He a
 lover!’
 ‘ He could not possibly. He will be
 here this evening, or to-morrow.
 ‘ Is he handsome, Harriot?’
 I was deaf.
 ‘ And Romney?’
 ‘ Very much so.’
 ‘ He is not an earl. This title has a
 beauty which beats all Romney’s
 charms to nothing; that bosom should
 not be prophaned but by a duke. Your
 Grace here, Your Grace there; it se-
 duces one’s reason to think of Your
 Grace. Were I you, Harriot, I would
 force the proudest of the nobility to
 lay at my feet: to marry the man you
 love is so stupid a resolution as not to
 enter a rational head; you shall be a
 perfect slave. Instead of command-
 ing, you will be in a perpetual trem-
 bling not to obey quickly enough; all
 your passions will center in that of
 making him happy. Fie, Henrietta!
 for one man bid adieu to pleasures,
 dissipation, the flattering gaze of a
 world of adorers; to sink all at once
 in the wife! I have no patience. Si-
 lence; I know your answer. I detest
 preaching after a good dinner; it
 troubles one’s digestion: no more of
 those men for to-day; let us enjoy
 the remains of it.’

As we were stepping to a parlour next
 the garden, she gave me a gentle tap on
 the shoulder, and whispered—‘ Fear
 not.’ I carried her hand to my lips,
 and printed upon it a kiss of gratitude.

★ ★
 LORD Osenvor did not come. Mrs.
 Verman having fixed her departure for
 the next morning, we retired early to
 our apartment,

‘ You know my wishes, Henrietta:
 ‘ I will say no more. To-morrow I
 ‘ will be gone before you are up. Write
 ‘ to me.’

I begged a motherly embrace.

‘ Never doubt my tenderness. This
 ‘ is the first time I have parted from
 ‘ you: it pierces my heart.’

She strained me to her bosom.

‘ Leave me, Henrietta! Go to rest:
 ‘ I feared this instant! I—leave me!

And she faintly struggled to get free
 from my arms.

‘ Dear mother!
 ‘ You love me. I am conscious you
 ‘ do.’

She put her handkerchief up to her
 eye.

‘ Must I see that real concern, and
 ‘ yet displease my mother! How hard
 ‘ my fate! Take me back with you to
 ‘ London.’

‘ I am too weak, Henrietta, to be just
 ‘ either to you or myself. From what
 ‘ it cost me to leave you behind, I shall
 ‘ not long be without you: your ab-
 ‘ sence, I fear, will plead too well for
 ‘ you. Go; I insist upon it.

I respected her grief, and went to my
 room.

LETTER XXIII.

AS I was neither fatigued nor in-
 clined to sleep, I sat up two hours
 with Mrs. Moulton. From Mrs. Spen-
 cer’s ‘ fear not,’ we concluded I should
 be happy.

‘ How grieved Mr. Romney, when
 ‘ he hears you have thus precipitately
 ‘ left the town; when nobody can tell
 ‘ him where you are gone! From his
 ‘ love judge his despair. He will suffer
 ‘ beyond your imagination.’

‘ He will love me the more when he
 ‘ finds me. This night a letter cannot
 ‘ be sent. To-morrow, my aunt—from
 ‘ her I have all to hope: she will be
 ‘ propitious to me. Romney shall know
 ‘ I am here. My mother dreamed not
 ‘ I should find a protector in Mrs.
 ‘ Spencer; nor did her reception at first
 ‘ flatter me with it. I am impatient
 ‘ to see her. There is no deceit in her
 ‘ smiles. The “fear not,” her heart
 ‘ spoke. Lord Osenvor will lose the day.’

★ ★

Mrs. Spencer, Susannah, longed for
 a conversation as much as I did. She
 thought she could not too soon dispel my
 apprehensions, and make me happy.

An hour after my mother was gone,
 she tript up to my room.

‘ Scold me not, Henrietta; the loss
 ‘ of your sleep I will compensate.’

‘ I needed not that assurance to be-
 ‘ lieve you: from your lips I cannot
 ‘ hear but what will delight my heart.
 ‘ You talked and behaved in such a
 ‘ manner yesterday as to confirm my

‘ hopes.

‘ hopes. I enjoyed that day which I
‘ dreaded would be marked with sor-
‘ row. Here have I met with a friend
‘ instead of a persecutor.’

I threw my arms round her waist.

‘ You have, Henrietta; you have in-
‘ deed.’

And she embraced me with an un-
common fondness.

‘ My sister sent me an express the
‘ night before, and begged I would re-
‘ ceive you for some weeks, and suffer,
‘ and support with all my interest, the
‘ visits and pretensions of Lord Osen-
‘ vor. She treated your passion for Mr.
‘ Romney of a childish whim, and ex-
‘ patiated upon the advantages result-
‘ ing to the whole family from a mar-
‘ riage between his lordship and you.
‘ So brilliant an establishment, I own,
‘ Henrietta, prejudiced me against you.
‘ I fell blindly into her opinion, and
‘ prepared my heart to oppose your
‘ tears, and destroy an inclination I
‘ fancied a real disgrace. You came:
‘ at your sight I was moved. I mistrust-
‘ ed that heart; it was not armed against
‘ the power of beauty, and the enchant-
‘ ing allurements of the happiest phy-
‘ siognomy I ever beheld. Your shape,
‘ your motions, the tone of your voice,
‘ had a charm I could not resist. “ I
‘ cannot hate her,” said I to myself;
‘ though, in the mean time, to please
‘ your mother, I threw at you the looks
‘ of indifference and contempt. Your
‘ sensibility, which took the alarm, and
‘ returned upon me the contempt you
‘ deserved not, parted instantly from
‘ me the true from the false woman. It
‘ made me your friend. I prided in a
‘ niece who durst to act with magnani-
‘ mity, and brave openly her enemy.
‘ Your behaviour convinced me of the
‘ sincerity of your passion. I scorn to
‘ make unhappy the girl I can boast to
‘ esteem. Although Romney be not
‘ Lord Osenvor, since you love him,
‘ he is the man I will favour. Thank
‘ me not, Henrietta; words would not
‘ express half the gratitude which en-
‘ livens your countenance: this only
‘ does repay my tenderness for you.
‘ Dress yourself; and after breakfast we
‘ will lay our wise heads together, and
‘ fix the fate of Lord Osenvor.’

‘ How shall I requite such good-
‘ ness!’

She would not hear, but shut her ears
with both her hands, and left me.

LETTER XXIV.

AT breakfast Mrs. Spencer called
all her servants to the hall; and,
presenting them to me, ordered them to
obey whatever I should command.

‘ You are not my slave, Henrietta,
‘ but your own mistress. A young wo-
‘ man of your judgment and spirits
‘ from me shall receive no law.’

‘ Would I were worthy of the fa-
‘ vours you bestow upon me!’

‘ This wish acquits you. By acting
‘ as I do I gratify a favourite passion,
‘ Henrietta. I am proud to shew I
‘ know your worth: so I please myself,
‘ you owe me no obligation. Now
‘ that we are alone, let us settle how
‘ we must behave with his lordship.
‘ From what my sister has told me of
‘ his excellent qualities, I think we
‘ should coax him into generosity, and
‘ seem to rely upon him alone for your
‘ happiness. This conduct must ope-
‘ rate upon a noble heart. In giving
‘ you up to his rival he will forget the
‘ sacrifice for the glory of having made
‘ it. Have you a better advice to offer?’

‘ Indeed I have none. Yours agrees
‘ so perfectly with my esteem of him,
‘ that I hardly doubt it’s success.’

‘ Well, we will follow it. Have we
‘ any other concern to unravel? You
‘ sigh, Henrietta.’

‘ Romney knows not what is be-
‘ come of me. What anxiety he must
‘ be in!’

‘ It is cruel in your mother to have
‘ overlooked the torments he should
‘ suffer; they are not to be borne by a
‘ lover. It was inhuman: let us find
‘ an antidote to that poison.’

I was stupid, Susannah, from the
want of shewing my gratitude; not a
word of that would she listen to: it
made me almost faint.

‘ Write to Romney, Henrietta: tell
‘ him you are safe; but hide from him
‘ the place you live in. Prudence re-
‘ quires that the two rivals should not
‘ meet. Go, lose no time; forget not
‘ to write lovingly.’

And she smiled.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

TOO pleasing was the order not to be instantly complied with. I stepped into her closet, sat down, and wrote what my heart dictated.

TO CHARLES ROMNEY, ESQ.

THOUGH never so great the pains you endure from my absence, they are my own, dear Romney. My departure was so sudden, so unexpected, that I had it not in my power to warn you of it. I am safe at a relation's, who doats upon me. She was to be my tyrant; such were my mother's expectations: she has turned a friend to me, to you, Romney. You she loves, and wishes for my husband: doubt not this, and I will reward your credulity. My heart is thine; thou hast nothing to fear: the few days I am lost to thee, think of me. Increase thy love, by calling to thy mind the few virtues thou thinkest I possess. Fancy I am in thy company, listening and answering thy raptures. I love thee, Romney. Tell Lady Bennet I love her. Believe both, your faithful

HENRIETTA VERMAN.

I presented the letter to Mrs. Spencer, that she might read it.

'I have no curiosity, Henrietta; seal it. One of my people will carry it. The slowness of publick couriers would answer ill the impatience of thy heart. Romney shall have this letter before dinner, and not know whence it came. Possibly we may have an answer at night.'

Had you been me, Susannah, you would have admired the turn of your fortune, loved your aunt, and been silent.

Part of the morning we walked and read away. No troublesome thought pressing upon my mind, I gave way to my natural gaiety, and expected, without fear, Lord Osenvor's arrival. We saw him at one o'clock in the avenue facing the house, riding in his chariot and four, attended by three servants in elegant liveries.

'Does not the sight tempt you, Henrietta, to be the mistress of that chariot? Had you less love, it would

'stun your reason. Pride is always heard when we are indifferent. Humble him not, by hinting he is the cause of your retreat: he will repay your discretion with generosity.'

The chariot then entering the yard, we went down to receive his lordship. From Mrs. Spencer he had a very hearty welcome, from me a polite—'I hope you are very well, my lord.' He took my hand, and, for this time, I suffered him to kiss it. The tedious formality of an indispensable ceremony over, we began to talk with the freedom of friendship.

Whether out of compliment to my aunt, or merely to please himself, he would take a view of the house; but such a long time he employed in her closet of natural curiosities, as to make me conclude his love was not of the same nature as mine. Romney would not have preferred the examination of a shell, or a medal, to the pleasure of conversing with me: this would have been the only want he would have felt and gratified. By gradual imperceptible steps I withdrew to the library, and left him with Mrs. Spencer. For half an hour more he continued in that closet, whilst I amused myself with Clarissa.

His lordship was in rapture at what he had seen. 'How prodigiously rich and well chosen that collection!' Till now he had boasted his own; for the future, never would he mention it. Compared to Mrs. Spencer's, it was a poor one indeed. How came she by such a rare variety?

'This man loves you not,' whispered my aunt; 'I believe he would barter you for the tenth part of my collection.'

I burst into laughter.

'Will you propose the bargain?'

'No, no. I should suffer by it, since he cannot have you.'

His lordship walked up and down the library, admiring the fine order in which the books stood, and now and then a bust attracted his attention, and forced an eulogium.

'In this house, dear Henrietta, it is impossible you should regret the diversions of London.'

'My aunt's friendship makes me insensible to their loss.'

'Does not my presence contribute a little

‘ little to that indifference? Am I for
‘ nothing in that tranquillity of mind
‘ you appear to enjoy? If I am mis-
‘ taken, out of pity, dissemble; unde-
‘ ceive me not: let me cherish the flat-
‘ tering error; next to life, I would
‘ hate to lose it.’

‘ He loves his life better, however,’
said I to myself: ‘ my frowns will not
‘ carry him to the grave; I am glad of
‘ it.’

‘ The company of an amiable man,
‘ my lord, is always desirable. I know
‘ but one I prefer to your lordship’s.’

‘ It is kind in you; but that one is
‘ still too much: were I that one, I
‘ would be the happiest of mankind.
‘ Let me be the first in your heart.’

‘ Though you deserve the first, my
‘ lord, you must rest contented with
‘ the second place; it is not in my
‘ power to give it to you: let us be
‘ friends, since you cannot be my lo-
‘ ver; the greatness of your soul will
‘ make your victory easy; you will not
‘ make me miserable, when you can
‘ insure my happiness. No, Lord O-
‘ senvor will not have Henrietta un-
‘ happy.’

‘ It would tear my heart to see you
‘ really so. I the cause, Henrietta!
‘ Pray, spare me: talk not thus.’

‘ I knew your lordship’s magnani-
‘ mity; your virtues were my warrant.
‘ I was certain you loved me for my-
‘ self; that your soul would disdain to
‘ force my inclination, and punish me
‘ for a fault I was not guilty of.’

I took his hand affectionately into
mine.

‘ Now you are yourself, my friend,
‘ my benefactor. I am happy.’

And I kissed the hand I held.

‘ Heavens, Henrietta! what are you
‘ doing? What have I said that de-
‘ serves such thanks? I am your friend,
‘ it is true; but, oh! what a conflict
‘ is this!’

And he led my hand to his heart.

‘ Courage, my lord; give way to
‘ your generosity: pity your Henri-
‘ etta.’

And I involuntary fell at his feet,
with tears in my eyes, and pantings in
my bosom. I would have spoke; the
words dwindled into sobbings.

‘ Arise, thou virtuous girl! Arise,
‘ lovely Henrietta! You affect me too
‘ much: let me breathe. At my feet!—
‘ Fortunate Romney! Unhappy me!—

‘ Arise! I am ready to sink! I was
‘ not prepared for this encounter: my
‘ sensibility you have struck, and com-
‘ manded! Fear me not, Henrietta!—
‘ Mrs. Spencer, help me against her
‘ tears; they unman me.’

‘ They have rather made a man of
‘ you, my lord; they have restored
‘ you your own dignity, obscured by
‘ an unlucky passion. Never have you
‘ appeared to a greater advantage. I
‘ love Henrietta for her esteem of you.
‘ I admire your lordship for the tri-
‘ umph you have obtained over your-
‘ self.’

‘ Compliment me not upon a doubt-
‘ ful victory; it is not yet compleat:
‘ Henrietta cannot be so easily erased
‘ from my heart. Hide these tears from
‘ me, or I am undone; I have no
‘ strength against them. Too many
‘ enemies have I to meet with: her
‘ sorrow—You, Mrs. Spencer, whom
‘ I thought for me—’

‘ I have a tender soul, my lord; it
‘ dissolved into pity at her sight. I con-
‘ quered my pride. As you was the
‘ man destined for my niece, that pride
‘ was very great; yet I conquered it:
‘ like me, my lord, you will conquer
‘ your passion. Look on Henrietta;
‘ think of the happiness you may pro-
‘ cure her. Are not you happy to have
‘ it in your power? Can man boast a
‘ greater?’

He sighed; and, on a sudden, strain-
ing me to his bosom—

‘ Though my passion be extremely
‘ fierce, I am not ungenerous, Henri-
‘ etta: give me time to reconcile my-
‘ self to the cruel sacrifice you demand
‘ of me, I will animate myself to this
‘ act of justice. Come, clear these
‘ eyes, resume your spirits; your de-
‘ jection would be a discouragement. I
‘ would feebly attempt, did I not see
‘ in your look a confidence of my suc-
‘ cess.’

‘ Next to Romney, you I will esteem
‘ and love.’

And we exchanged a salute.

LETTER XXVI.

I Need not, Susannah, to tell you my
joy and reflections on so happy a
beginning: your heart will explain
them to you.

The night was far gone when the
servant

servant returned from London. He brought me the following short and expressive epistle.

‘ TO MISS VERMAN.

“ MY heart is thine; thou hast nothing to fear.” Seasonably did these kind words come to me. I was despairing: they made me easy. I trust to my Henrietta the happiness of her

‘ ROMNEY.’

FEARFUL to talk of love, yet unable to suppress it from his looks, Lord Osenvor grew sad, pensive, and passed the greatest part of the week alone in the most solitary places of Felton-Lodge. In the hours he spent with us he affected a mirth; and dissipation his heart did not feel. Sometimes he would lead me silently to the harpsichord, then sing what I played; but either he was out of tune, or his song vanished into a sigh. Often did he turn his head to hide the trickling tear, and fly from me if I happened to smile.

One morning he was gone abroad. We were alarmed by the shriekings of Mrs. Moulton, who was coming to our apartment, crying that Lord Osenvor was wounded. We were in the first transport of our fright when his lordship presented himself with his left-arm in a sling, and some drops of blood on his coat.

‘ Be not terrified, ladies; I am not wounded: this blood is not mine; and this arm is only bruised.—Dear Henrietta, believe me, I am not wounded: your concern for my safety obliterates from my mind the danger I have ran. Sit down, I will tell you how I was attacked, and miraculously delivered.’

‘ Before you begin, I will see that arm, to be certain that this blood is not yours: you may disguise your situation from the fear we should be unhappy by knowing it. Step into that closet, suffer your valet de chambre to undress and inspect whether that blood—Oh! I am in a terror!’

‘ He hath already. I am well; trust to my honour: I would not indeed deceive you.’

‘ Be calm, Henrietta,’ said Mrs. Spencer: ‘ why should we doubt his

word?—Design, my lord, to gratify my curiosity: I long to know how you came by that arm, by that blood.’

So strong an impression that blood had made upon me, Susannah, that, in spite of his lordship’s extreme composure, I was still diffident: his paleness argued for suspicion; my heart hardly beat; I was obliged to call for salts.

‘ From me conceal your sensibility, Henrietta; that unfeigned interest weakens my resolution; it rather indulges my passion than cools it. How can I despair of pleasing when I cause such an emotion in your heart! It forces a hope you will love me one day; your affliction makes me cherish it. Be yourself immediately, or I shall be ungenerous.’

‘ My fear friendship caused, my lord; you deserve to inspire it. But, pray, tell us your accident.’

His lordship got up, and walked a few minutes in the room to recover from his trouble; now and then his eyes upon me: such loving eyes! I was sorry I had not been able to dissemble my concern. His countenance was more animated: he looked as if he hoped.

‘ I forget you must be impatient; forgive me ladies:’ and he sat down.

‘ MY reverie had carried me this morning at some distance from the park, when, turning into a little lane which leads to the publick road, I was on a sudden assaulted by two stout fellows in seamen’s dresses. Before I could ask what they wanted, one of them struck me upon this arm with the butt-end of a musket. To defend myself would have been a folly: I delivered them my purse, my watch, and my ring. The unconscionable rascals would absolutely have all. I rested contented with my loss, and prepared to go, when the villain who had my watch, viewing the seal which hung at the chain, cried to his companion—“ Jack, he is a lord; he will get us to the gallows; let us dispatch him, self-interest bids it.” I was not a little frightened at his remark. I attempted to compromise for my life with the bloody-minded ruffians. I swore never to complain, and promised to convey any sum of money they would ask, to any retired place they



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they would fix. They went a few paces from me to consult what they should do, their muskets ready to fire, and their eyes upon me. "Trust him not, Jack; he is a lord; damned fools if we do." At this instant, I thought to be my last, a gentleman appeared some steps behind me, who, perceiving my situation, advanced with the quick undaunted steps of courage towards them with a pistol in each hand. "Villains!" One fired at him, and missed: he blew his brains out; his blood spirt up upon my coat. His fall intimidated the other, who fled, and fired in his retreat, but with the trembling hand of a coward. The report of the guns soon gathered a few men, who, following my brave deliverer, went in pursuit of the banditti. He was taken; and, when arriving upon the spot, I looked for my generous protector, found him not, he had vanished. My sorrow was extreme not to know whom I was indebted to for my life. I questioned every man who had seen him: he was an absolute stranger to them. My enquiries proving ineffectual, I took a post-chaise in the next village, where the seamen were conducted, and came here.

WHOM would not this relation have moved? His situation between life and death. I was bathed in tears when he told it.

"What a danger you have escaped, my lord! How generous the man who saved you! That man will ever be dear to me! Never could I have been happy had I lost my friend!"

These expressions were a fuel to his flame: I could not help it. I saw in his thanks all the fire of love, and was not offended: I thought but of the life he so unexpectedly enjoyed.

"You shall no more venture abroad, my lord, unless armed or waited upon. These ruffians! I cannot think on them without horror!"

So overjoyed to hear me talk thus was Lord Osenvor, that he could not find words to shew me his gratitude; he pressed my hands, and appeared happy. No other tokens did he attempt to give me of his heart's delight: these then pleased me; I wanted no other.

A wink from Mrs. Spencer cooled my raptures; I felt that friendship or

humanity had carried me too far: I began to perceive the delusion which his lordship indulged. How foolish a tender heart, Susannah! How easily it receives an impression, and over-acts its natural feelings!

"Have you never known the charms of friendship, my lord, that you are both so amazed and delighted at the expression of mine? Do you think we have no tears to shed, no transports of joy to feel, for the person we esteem! For the sake of your peace and mind, mistake not the pleasure I have discovered at your happy escape; give it not a motive it had not: my friendship is too sincere for my having been insensible of the peril you was exposed to!"

It was too late, Susannah; the poison had penetrated into his heart: he would not believe me. He let his passion domineer; and talked, and looked: I left the room; and, with many sighs, retreated into mine.

LETTER XXVII.

I Had not been long by myself, when Mrs. Moulton came to me.

"Here is a letter from Mr. Romney!"

"Good God! how came you by it?"

"The gardener gave it to me."

What a flutter my soul was in!

TO MISS HENRIETTA VERMAN.

BY the help of gold I have discovered your retreat. This letter will safely come into the hands of my Henrietta. Of this metal never before did I know the power—did I make so noble use of it. By the help of gold I breathe the same air with Henrietta! This instant only I am fond of riches, which could procure to my soul the gratification of the sole desire it felt. I guess the reasons which hindered your dating the letter you sent me from Felton Lodge. Lord Osenvor is with you. You wrote me—"Thou hast nothing to fear." I fear nothing, Henrietta. Of you I should be unworthy, did not I rely totally on the assurance you gave. Love, not jealousy, brought me here. A few minutes of your presence

‘presence will compensate for the six days I have not seen you: my heart wants this comfort against the days I am still to be absent from you. A few minutes only; and then I go back to London till Henrietta will be mine. I am in the grove next to the summer-house: here, for his dear Henrietta, impatiently waits

‘ROMNEY!’

‘I Will go—be sure, I will go! Be not impatient; I will go!’

These words I wrote immediately, and sent by the bribed messenger.



At dinner, Lord Osenvor would still continue deluded: my behaviour in the morning he still would interpret in his favour.

‘You know not your heart, Henrietta: it was an enigma before you saw this arm, this blood; by these it has been unravelled. I hope, nay I am certain, no rival do I dread: will I yield to a victory which your concern has convinced me I shall obtain?’

‘Is this your generosity, my lord?’

‘When my hopes are founded, I am a lover; in no other character will I, or can I, talk or behave.’

I took Mrs. Spencer into the next room, and shewed her Romney’s letter.

‘Go, Henrietta; I will keep his lordship.’

Then through a back stair-case I joined Mrs. Moulton in a covered alley.

Love, Susannah, gave wings to my feet: in ten minutes I was in the arms of Romney. You may imagine what language we spoke; how tender the expression; how delicate the sentiment! These scenes are to be acted, not described; the pen is too cold for the fire of passion.

An hour we had forgot ourselves in the bewitching effusions of our enamoured hearts; not one thought had we of parting. He was at my feet, enjoying my smiles and my—‘I love you,’ when we were roused from this heavenly lethargy by the door being violently thrown open.

‘At last I have found my rival! I can revenge myself!’

‘What a fury, my lord! Is it thus you respect me?’

And I stepped between him and Romney.

‘I am mad!—You shall not protect him!—Sir, defend yourself!’

‘I will, my lord.’

And he turned his face to his lordship.

At his sight Lord Osenvor drew back with the greatest amazement.

‘Great God! what do I see? Is it Romney who this morning saved my life?’

How I stared, Susannah!

‘I did my lord: but as in the same circumstance you would venture it for me, you owe me no obligation.’

His lordship was struck dumb; he leaned against the wall, his hand before his forehead, and his eyes cast down; an awful silence reigned for a few minutes.

‘How severe my fate!’ exclaimed Lord Osenvor with a tone of despair; ‘to be indebted for my life to the man my love had pointed out for my enemy!’

And again he sunk into a reverie.

What to do I knew not: I was so seized; I could but feel.

‘Romney! why did you come to my help! why did not you let me perish by the hands of the ruffians! The life you gave I should not now detest; my death would have been so favourable to you.’

‘It would not have compensated for the contempt of myself. I knew you.’

‘You knew me?’

‘Yes, my lord.’

‘Why did you fly from me when you could have so much valued yourself upon the benefit you conferred upon me, and expect your happiness from my gratitude?’

‘Could I boast, my lord, not to have been base? All men of honour would have behaved as I did. Never would you have known me for your deliverer had it not been for your coming here.’

Lord Osenvor remained sometimes pensive, totally retired in himself. I saw the dropping tears; his generosity was in arms against his passion. He advanced on a sudden towards my lover.

‘Here

‘ Here is my hand, Romney.
He paused, and looked at me; then,
with a deep sigh—

‘ I will excel you in generosity! You
‘ saved my life! I yield you Henrietta!
‘ No longer do I oppose your inclina-
‘ tion!’

And, putting Romney’s hands in
mine—

‘ Be happy! from my heart I wish
‘ you so.—Henrietta, your mother’s
‘ consent I engage to obtain! Let this
‘ act of justice expiate for your wrongs!’

Susannah! I am loth to describe our
emotions, our thanks: thou hast a heart,
call thy fancy to it’s help; paint to thy-
self what passed among us. Here, had
fate been propitious, I would have end-
ed these memoirs. But, alas! I was
doomed to be miserable.

LETTER XXVIII.

AS we were going to the house, we
met Mrs. Spencer; who, fearful
of mischief, had watched and followed
his lordship’s steps. Our joy told her
we were happy; and chased from her
features the anxiety which animated
them. She stopped at some distance
from us with a look of admiration,
which evidently expressed—‘ Is it pos-
‘ sible? you three hand in hand, all
‘ seemingly happy!’

‘ This is Mr. Romney, Madam,
‘ my deliverer, and your nephew.’

‘ Your deliverer! Oh! let me em-
brace the brave fellow—my nephew!

—Your lordship is a man indeed!

‘ Why have not I two Henriettas?

‘ With two such men for nephews, the
‘ most insatiable ambition of an aunt
‘ ought to be satisfied.’

‘ By this event, charming Henrietta,’
said Osenvor, with a smile, ‘ you have
‘ avoided a world of vexations. Your
‘ extreme sensibility in the morning had
‘ persuaded me you did not love Rom-
‘ ney; I cherished the hope of melting
‘ your soul into tenderness; but when,
‘ after dinner, you took Mrs. Spencer
‘ apart, and did not come back, sus-
‘ picion entered my heart; to despair
‘ I gave way. Under the pretext of
‘ the want of a nap, I stole into my
‘ room, charged these pistols, and went
‘ down into the garden. The pleasure
‘ of seeing one another betrayed the

‘ place of your retreat; you spoke your
‘ transports with the indiscreet voice of
‘ a real joy; it made me mad to hear;
‘ I rushed in upon you; the rest you
‘ know. Far from repenting of what
‘ I did, I will hasten the hour of your
‘ mutual happiness: it is yet early;
‘ this minute I will go to London.
‘ When from me Mrs. Verman shall
‘ learn the sincerity of your inclina-
‘ tion, her opposition will die into the
‘ delight of making you happy.’

In vain did we all beg he would give
us the remainder of the day.

‘ I must deserve your forgiveness
‘ and your esteem, Henrietta; I am
‘ eager to repair the troubles I have
‘ caused you.’

Mr. Romney offered to wait upon his
lordship.

‘ No, no, Romney; you have your
‘ last sufferings to forget: stay here;
‘ to-morrow you shall hear from me;
‘ and, I dare say, from Mrs. Ver-
‘ man.’

The chariot was soon ready; a kiss
was my farewell to him.

‘ Envy him not that kiss, Rom-
‘ ney.’

‘ I will punish you for the apology.’

And he printed one himself upon my
lips.

LETTER XXIX.

SOON my lover was the man of my
aunt’s fancy. The more she saw
and heard him, the more she was pleased
with his person and manners.

‘ I applaud your taste, Henrietta, in
‘ the choice of an husband; not an hap-
‘ pier choice could you have made.’

The art of pleasing, which he natu-
rally had, he displayed to gain her es-
teem. Twenty-four hours, Susannah,
vanished like a dream; never breathed
two more fortunate lovers. These
hours of raptures were succeeded by
days of horror and misery. Why,
Susannah, have you bid my friendship
to write what I wish I had totally for-
got? My soul is torn; I doubt it will be
in my power to obey. Too fiercely sad
is the tale of my woe! My pen drops;
this day I shall be a prey to sorrow.
Tears only can I shed; I cannot write.
Perhaps to-morrow— Adieu!

LETTER XXX.

TOWARDS the evening, we received from Mrs Verman a letter such as we would have dictated.

The certainty I loved, and Lord Osenvor's entreaties, had forced her consent: the next Tuesday she promised to come with his lordship, and give me to Romney.

Who, after this, Susannah, would have thought I should be the most wretched of my sex? I must forget it, or I shall not proceed.

In the transports of her joy, Mrs. Spencer would that all her neighbourhood should partake of it: invitations were sent to the most genteel people for the next day.

'The interval to Tuesday must be passed into mirth and festivity: let us not perceive it, if possible.'

The nearer I draw to the catastrophe, the more inhuman is the order you gave; my heart shrinks; I have hardly life enough to hold the pen. Oh, oh, Susannah! to what trial you put my friendship for you! I cannot dwell upon the past. One attempt more I will make to please you; it may be death to me. You know not how keen the torment to write what I feel.

THE company came: we danced with the spirits of overjoyed hearts. Romney—Fate had decreed I should drink of the cup of misery and despair—Romney, having over-heated himself, stepped into the next room; there he imprudently quenched his thirst with some small wine and water; it was cold. Susannah, pity me! Remit the rest of the punishment you have inflicted upon me; it is too severe; I shall sink under it!

THE dances continued; when a sudden paleness on his face, and the trembling of his hand, frightened my loving, timorous soul.

'Good God! you are in a shivering fit, Romney!'

A fainting was his answer. I prevented his fall by opening my arms and receiving him in them. What a situation I was in! They took him from me; and I was myself carried in an

elbow-chair. Doctor Herbert, who was in the assembly, felt Romney's pulse, and found him in a high fever. At that word my heart beat no more; I swooned away.

For three days I was in that state of stupidity peculiar to a mind too lively affected; I knew nobody, and had forgot Romney: Nature at last, helped by the physician, gave back to my organs the sensibility they had lost. When I could distinguish the object before me, I saw my mother and my aunt on their knees at the bed-side bedewed in tears, and lamenting mournfully their unhappy destiny.

'Where is Romney?'

It was the first words I had yet spoke.

'Thanks to the Almighty! my

'Henrietta is restored to me! She talks!

'You know me, my Henrietta.'

'I do.'

And I pressed my lips upon her hands.

'I know you, dear aunt—I know

'you too, O mother, mother! Where is Romney?'

Both turned their heads, sighed, were silent.

'Is Romney no more?'

'He lives still.'

'Let me see him, and then die with him: I shall not out-live my Romney; the same grave will contain us both. I hardly breathe, deny me not the only pleasure which can charm the mortal pangs of death; it's agony I already feel.—Oh, Romney! how cruel our fate! So near to happiness, in one instant we fell into the abyss of misery.—Deprive not your daughter of the sight of Romney; let us expire in one another's arms, our souls will take their flights together: such an end will be a delight.'

'Dear Henrietta, remember you are a Christian; that your days are not your own; that you will leave behind you the unhappiest of mothers: live to be the comfort of a mother who loves you.'

'Dear aunt, you have a tender heart; indulge the only wish I am able to form, let me see Romney. Your looks tell me you comply. Dear mother, mark not with despair the last gasp of my life.'

'Be composed, dear girl; you shall see

‘ see him when, his fever being abated,
‘ he can see and hear you: wait that
‘ moment with patience.’

‘ With patience!’

Susannah, forgive me the particulars;
for the sake of Lord Osenvor forgive
them to me: should he come and per-
ceive my grief, he would be unhappy;
he is my husband, I must spare him
the sight of my tears, of my distress.

IN the evening Mrs. Spencer drew
near me. She had no need to speak, I
saw my loss in her eyes: I screamed,
and sunk upon the pillow. Susannah,
if you will have me live, let me draw
a veil over these scenes of sadness and
calamity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

MRS. SPENCER, TO LADY SUSAN-
NAH FITZROY.

MADAM,

ENTERING this morning into
Lady Osenvor's closet, I surprized
her on her knees, bathed in tears: her
lover's name was upon her lips; three
times did I hear it pronounced; as
often my soul shuddered at the inex-
pressible sorrow marked in her accent
and countenance. In my amazement I
could but hear and feel her misery; I
thought that time, and her husband, had
erased Romney from her heart: my
mistake, the calm she seemed to enjoy
had caused. Poor unhappy Henrietta!
she suffered inwardly; her gaiety was
affected: she would deceive us, lest we
should be as miserable as she. Rom-
ney she loved still, though she smiled
upon Osenvor; her virtue hid from
him the struggles of her heart: when
he was present, she always appeared
pleased and contented; probably, when
by herself, thus she compensated for
the continual sacrifice she made in his
lordship's favour. These reflections
proceeded naturally from the situation
I found her in.

‘ Dear Henrietta——!’

I could say no more; and sat on a
chair.

‘ Envy not Romney the tribute I
‘ pay to his memory; it is involun-
‘ tary. Lady Susannah is more inhu-

‘ man than death itself: this robbed
‘ me of my lover; she has revived the
‘ loss I made; I feel it as if new!
‘ Dear aunt, I am a wretch, whose days
‘ must be filled with an incessant keen
‘ agony! I am sick, heartily sick, of life;
‘ it is a torment to breathe as Romney's
‘ lover, and Osenvor's wife!’

This speech, uttered with the awful
solemnity of despair, drew tears from
my eyes, and caused a trembling in
every limb. She perceived, and was
frightened at the impression she had
made upon me.

‘ This flight of an old passion, dear
‘ Madam, I could not possibly keep in
‘ my heart; from it, it was forced by
‘ my complying with Lady Susannah's
‘ curiosity; she would know the history
‘ of my life: I have obeyed; could I
‘ recal the past without pain? In a few
‘ days I shall recover my usual tran-
‘ quillity of mind.’

And, with a smile, she wiped the tears
which flowed on my cheeks.

‘ Come, dear aunt, let us bid grief
‘ away; I will drown it in a lively tone
‘ upon my harpsichord; musick is the
‘ best physician against it. Never yet,
‘ after half an hour's playing and sing-
‘ ing, have I with indifference beheld
‘ and listened to Lord Osenvor: it seems
‘ he knows these minutes are favoura-
‘ ble to his passion; and, indeed, they
‘ soften my sufferings, and melt my
‘ soul into tenderness for him.’

I fell in with her humour, and re-
covered from the emotion I had felt.
She played and sung with an uncom-
mon taste and vivacity; her eyes lost
their langour; and, long before she had
done, she was another woman.

‘ That I may not have a relapse, dear
‘ aunt, be pleased to finish my memoirs:
‘ write to Lady Susannah, how, after
‘ having loved Romney, I became Lord
‘ Osenvor's wife. I will not think of
‘ it; I am absolutely unable to finish the
‘ task her friendship has imposed upon
‘ me.’

And she put into my hands the letters
she had sent your ladyship. I promised;
and in my next will keep my word. I
am, Madam, your most humble ser-
vant,

S. SPENCER.

LOWER GROSVENOR STREET,

JUNE 16, 1769.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

MRS. SPENCER, TO LADY SUSAN-
NAH FITZROY.

AFTER three days past in a continual delirium, Mr. Romney had for two hours the knowledge of himself: he named, called for his Henrietta, and inveighed bitterly against Heaven, who thus unmercifully deprived him at once of life and happiness. Lady Bennet, affecting a fortitude none of us could assume, spoke of the vanity of human wishes, and reconciled him at last to his fate. No longer did he desire to see Henrietta: 'She could not,' sighed he, 'support the sight of her dying Romney!—Henrietta! how I love thee! And I must die!' He fell into a few minutes reverie; then tendering his hand to Lord Osenvor, who leaned in a real distress against the bed—

'Make the tender, virtuous Henrietta, forget I have lived: would she could forget it! I fear her sorrow; at first it will know no bounds! Take care of her; let her live to make you happy; to be happy herself! The dying request of a lover she perhaps will not deny: she loves; she will comply! I must write, that the thought you shall be her husband has charmed away all the horrors of death: she esteems you, my lord; you are worthy of her.'

His lordship was too much moved to answer with words; his tears, and an unfeigned sorrow, told his thanks and sensibility.

Mr. Romney desired to be left with Lady Bennet; and soon after a lawyer was sent for. He made his will, and bequeathed to Henrietta two thousand pounds a year, and fifteen thousand pounds in ready-money: the remainder of his fortune he gave to Lady Bennet. He attempted to write to Henrietta; he was too weak: he recommended Lord Osenvor and her to his aunt; and died.

I cannot describe to you, Madam, the effect so untimely a death made upon us! What we apprehended from Henrietta's passion when she should know her Romney was no more! Lord Osenvor looked affliction itself! Lady Bennet! how she lamented! Mrs. Ver-

man's grief exceeded still ours; her Henrietta! At that moment she was a real mother; her sensations can be felt only. Poor Mrs. Moulton! faintings and tears were her expressions! Never was seen such a lively picture of perfect misery! None durst to enter Henrietta's room, who herself was then almost insensible between life and death! I took upon me to draw near her bed: my features betrayed the fatal event. Dear Madam, my heart is too oppressed; I must breathe.

THREE times, in five weeks, Henrietta was forsaken by the physicians; as often an happy crisis giving a new turn to her distemper, restored her to life. In that interval, Mrs. Moulton, despairing of Henrietta's recovery, yielded to her mortal anxiety, and expired. We knew how fond of her Henrietta was: this new incident overwhelmed us with vexation.

Nature, at last, conquered the disease; my niece was saved. It would be too tedious and painful to paint the different shades of sorrow and despair which for fifteen months oppressed Henrietta's mind and heart. During that period, we all exerted every power of reason and friendship to ease her of her grief: but, alas! she was incapable of comfort; she smiled only from her lips; her soul was dead to pleasure. Lord Osenvor continued his visits; with her he mingled his tears, and bewailed her disaster: his pity was unfeigned. 'Leave me,' said she often to him; 'leave me, my lord! Give to dissipation those hours of melancholy you pass with me. Must all who love me partake of my troubles, and be unhappy for my sake? It increases my pain to think it is so! Forsake a wretch who never can know or procure any joy!' Her dejection, at the end of two years, dwindling into a tender reverie, we prevailed so far as to make her share in the publick diversions; at first with a reluctant heart; by degrees, with a visible satisfaction, she yielded to their charms. When Lady Bennet thought she could, with tranquillity, hear of her nephew, she told her the legacy he had bequeathed her; and his hope she would marry Lord Osenvor.

She started back, struck with what she heard.

'Do

' Do not you deceive me, Madam!
' Is it true he indulged that hope?'

' He did; and was going to write,
' to beg of you to bestow your hand on
' his lordship; when——'

' Stop! It was his last wish, you say?'

' It was; to me he entrusted the care
' of Lord Osenvor's happiness.'

She fell on her knee; and, with both
her hands clasped together, and her
eyes up to Heaven—

' Romney! if thou canst hear me,
' smile at the sacrifice I make thee: thy
' last prayer I grant; Lord Osenvor
' shall be my husband!'

And she arose with the looks of real
content.

Unspeakable, Madam, is the pleasure
we felt; it instantly communicated to
every heart! What a charming scene
of mirth opened in a house where sad-
ness and mourning had so long fixed
their abode! Mrs. Verman, how de-
lighted! Lord Osenvor, who could tell
his transports! A few days after, Hen-
rietta made him happy. We all joined
in thanks to the Almighty, and blessed
the hour their hands were united. I am,
Madam, your most humble servant,

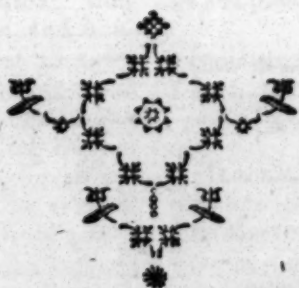
S. SPENCER.

F I N I S.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy.

BY MRS. HAYWOOD.

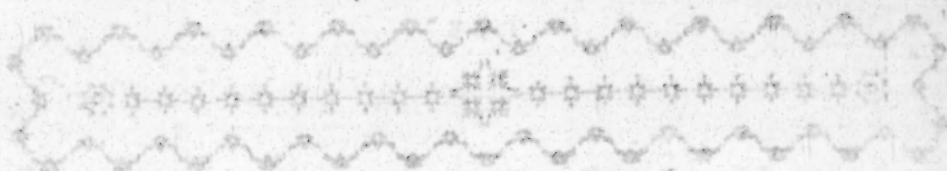
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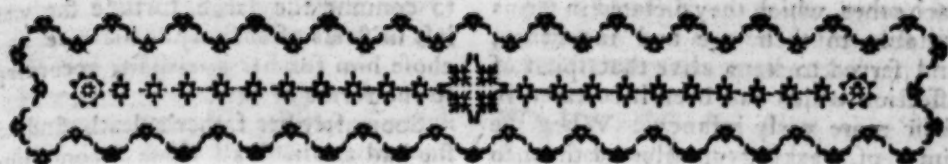
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THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

MAY MORE PROPERLY BE CALLED
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE EN-
SUING HISTORY, THAN PART OF
IT.



JEMMY and Jenny Jessamy were originally descended from two male branches of the same family, as it may be reasonably supposed, they both being of the same name, and having the same escutcheon; but to trace how far the relationship between them was removed, would require much time and trouble in examining old records, memorandums, and church-registers, and cost more than the acquisition would be worth, as it could not be found any way material to the history.

It shall therefore suffice to say, that Jemmy was the only son of a gentleman of a competent estate, and Jenny sole daughter and heiress of a wealthy merchant; that their parents had always called cousins, had lived with each other in the most perfect friendship, the tokens of which each seemed equally desirous should continue beyond the grave; and, to this end, resolved on a marriage between their children, pro-

vided that, when they arrived at years of maturity, neither of them should have any objection to such an union.

As this agreement was very early made, and the accomplishment of it was seriously wished for by both parties, all imaginable care was taken to excite in the children a mutual affection for each other, and to make the name of Love familiar to them long before they knew what was meant by the word, much less could have any notion of the passion; depending on this maxim of the poet—

‘Children, like tender osiers, take the bow;
‘And, as they first are fashion’d, still will
‘grow.’

Jemmy, who had four years the advantage of Jenny, was taught to call her his little wife, even while in her cradle; and Jenny no sooner began to speak, than she was made to say she loved her husband Jemmy in her heart.

As their years increased, and they became capable of receiving the first rudiments of education befitting their different sexes, Jemmy was sent to Eton, and Jenny to a boarding-school at a small village not far from London; but, to atone for this separation, they were instructed, by those who had the care of them, to write little epistles to each

each other, which they dictated in terms suitable to their age and innocence, and served to keep alive that spirit of affection which had been inculcated in their more early infancy. When the times of breaking-up allowed them to return to their friends, they were seldom asunder; they partook together all those diversions prepared for them by their indulgent parents; and sometimes Jemmy, and sometimes Jenny, were at the head of the feast, all others being but their invited guests. Jemmy was continually presenting Jenny with some curious and new-invented toy; and the first-fruits of Jenny's handy-work was a fine embroidered waistcoat and cap for Jemmy.

By this means it became a kind of second nature in them to love each other: the affection they began in infancy grew up with their years; and if what they felt as they approached nearer to maturity did not amount to a passion, it was, at least, somewhat more than is ordinarily found between a brother and a sister.

The two fathers, however, were highly contented with the effect their endeavours had produced in the hearts of their children; and doubted not but, by the prudent measures that had been taken in the education of both, they should one day see them make very shining figures in the state of marriage; which they resolved should be delayed no longer than till Jemmy had arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, at which time Jenny would be some months past seventeen.

But how uncertain is life! How fallible the prospects it presents! It often happens that, when they seem most near, they either vanish of themselves, or we are suddenly snatched from them. The father of Jenny, though a man whose healthy constitution, according to all appearance, promised a much longer date, died in an apoplectick fit; and she became an orphan three years before the time prefixed for the completion of her marriage.

This fatal accident must necessarily involve the tender and affectionate heart of this young girl in very great affliction; but it was less severely felt, as she had always been bred to look on the father of Jemmy as a second parent to herself: she therefore hesitated not

to commit the large fortune she was left mistress of entirely to his care, and chose him for her guardian, according to the forms of law.

Soon after her father's death, finding she had attained all those accomplishments that could be taught her in a boarding-school, she removed from thence; and, with the approbation of her guardian, went to live with a family where she had a much better opportunity of seeing the world, and knowing how to conform herself to the customs and manners of it, than ever she could have done by the precise rules observed in the place she came from.

Jemmy had some time before left Eton, and was gone to Oxford in order to finish his studies; but he obtained leave from the head of the college to make frequent visits to London, induced thereto by the double obligation of testifying his duty to his father and affection to his mistress. To these two motives, a third, perhaps, might be added, equally prevalent with either of the former; that of partaking the pleasures of the town, of which he was no less fond than most others of his sex and age.

He was but just returned to the university, from whence he had made a pretty long excursion, when he was suddenly recalled to London. The old gentleman was seized with a pleuretick fever; which, notwithstanding all the remedies proper in such cases were applied, made so swift a progress towards his heart, as threatened an immediate dissolution. It indeed proved so; for though Jemmy, on the melancholy news, took horse the same moment, and rode post to town, he arrived but just time enough to see this best of fathers breathe his last.

The pangs of death were on him, yet were his senses perfect. On his son's approach, a gleam of satisfaction diffused itself throughout all his late disordered features: he collected all the strength that was left in him to raise himself a little; and, taking hold of Jemmy's hand, and joining it to that of Jenny's, who sat weeping by the bed-side—'My dear children,' said he, 'I regret the loss of life for nothing so much as because I shall be deprived of seeing that happiness which, I hope, you will soon enjoy together.'

He

He would have added something more; but his voice forsook him, and he expired that instant.

Few young heirs look upon any thing as a real matter of affliction which makes them masters of themselves and fortunes. But Jemmy was of a different way of thinking: he had a great share both of good-sense and good-nature; and, besides what filial duty demanded from him, love and gratitude for the indulgences with which he had always been treated by his father, made him lament his loss with the most unfeigned and poignant sorrow.

Jenny was also very deeply affected at this event: she had been truly sensible of the value she ought to set upon so faithful a guardian, and so sincere a friend; and, while she used her endeavours to give his son some consolation, stood in almost equal need of receiving it herself.

The prudent old gentleman, though perhaps without any apprehensions of being so near his end, had some months before made his will; by which it appeared, on examination, that he had appointed trustees to manage both for his son and intended daughter-in-law, in case he should die before they arrived at the age of acting for themselves; and also that, by his great economy, he had saved, out of the receipts of his estates, several considerable sums of money, which he had placed in the publick funds; so that Jemmy found himself in possession of a much larger fortune than he had imagined, or had been made to hope for.

Soon after the melancholy solemnity of the funeral was over, he returned to Oxford; but staid no longer there than was necessary to take a decent leave of the gentlemen of the college, and other students with whom he had contracted the most intimacy.

But none of his friends or acquaintance either wondered at or condemned the haste he made to quit the university, not doubting but the sole motive of his doing so was the laudable affection for the lady intended to be his future bride.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS THE NARRATIVE OF A VERY ODD ADVENTURE, BUT PERFECTLY A PROPOS, THOUGH

AT PRESENT IT MAY PERHAPS APPEAR A LITTLE FOREIGN TO THE BUSINESS IN HAND.

DURING the short time that Jemmy staid at Oxford, his fair mistress took it into her head to make a visit to a friend in the country, about some one or two and twenty miles distant from London; where she had received several pressing invitations to come, but had been hitherto prevented from complying by one accident or other.

This was a young lady for whom Jenny had as great a regard as for any one of her female acquaintance; they had received part of their education together: and though Sophia, for so she was called, being somewhat older than Jenny, had much sooner left the school, yet their intimacy was not broken off by this separation; and they continued to see each other as often as opportunity permitted. But the brother of Sophia, who was a bachelor, having prevailed with his sister to come down, and take upon her the management of his house, had now occasioned between these ladies an absence for many months.

It is not, therefore, to be doubted, but that Jenny found herself very sincerely welcome. Sophia omitted nothing that might convince her that she was so; and as nothing more truly demonstrates the cordiality of the heart than an open and undisguised behaviour, these ladies reciprocally related to each other all the little accidents that had befallen either of them since last they parted.

Among other things that Sophia communicated to her fair guest, she told her that her brother was about marrying, and at present was in London prosecuting his addresses for that purpose to a young lady of condition: 'Which,' said she, 'if he succeeds in, I shall not long be resident in the country, as he then will have no farther occasion for my assistance; nor should I chuse to continue in the house with a sister-in-law.'

'I sincerely wish him all the happiness he can hope for,' replied Jenny, 'not only as he is your brother, but for his own sake also; since I believe there are few men who deserve more.' — 'We are both extremely obliged to you,

‘you, my dear,’ returned the other;
‘but I fear—’

She was going on with something which, it is likely, would have let Jenny into the quality and character of the intended bride; but was interrupted by a servant, who came hastily into the room, and told her that his master was just alighted at the gate out of a landau and fix, and had brought a very fine lady home with him.

‘Bless me!’ cried Sophia, in a great surprize, ‘the thing we were speaking of is certainly compleated! But, ‘come,’ continued she, ‘let us go down to receive them, and be convinced.’

In speaking these words she took Jenny by the hand, in order to do as she had said; but was prevented by the sight of her brother and the mistress of his affections, who had come laughing up, and were already on the top of the stair-case; on which she retired some paces back, to give them room to enter.

This gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Rodophil, immediately presented Sophia to the lady, saying—‘This, Madam, is the sister I have often mentioned to you.’ They then saluted each other with a great deal of politeness, while he paid his compliments to Jenny; but had no sooner done so, than, turning to Sophia—‘I am come a little unexpectedly upon you, sister,’ said he; ‘but, to make amends, have brought home a lady, who will be so good as to take off your hands the trouble of managing my family.’

‘I am very ready to resign my place,’ replied she with a smile, ‘to one who, I doubt not, will much better fit it: but, Sir,’ pursued she, in the same gay air, ‘I think you should have put it in my power to have given you the last cast of my office in a more elegant manner than I am now capable of doing in this sudden surprize.’

‘Nay, as to that matter, child,’ cried the lady in a very familiar, and indeed somewhat of a hoydenish tone, ‘you have nothing to accuse him of on this account; for I assure you neither of us thought of being here to-night, two hours before we set out from London: but I know not how it happened, but we were both in a frolicksome humour; he swore he would

‘have me, and I swore if he had, he should run away with me: the impudent thing took me at my word, sent in a minute for a landau and fix, thrust me into it, and hurried me away without any farther preparation than just as you see.’

‘Then the ceremony is not yet performed,’ said Sophia. ‘No,’ replied her brother; ‘but I hope to-morrow morning will put a final end to my suspense, and make me happy in my utmost wishes.—What say you, Madam,’ pursued he to the lady; ‘shall it not be so?’—‘What occasion has the man to ask any questions?’ answered she, patting him on the cheek; ‘you have got me into your possession here, and must even do with me what you will.’

Soon after this Sophia withdrew, to give the necessary orders for preparing supper; which, in spite of being taken so unawares, was served up in a manner that shewed there was little need of the apology she had made on the first entrance of her new guest.

Nothing was wanting to compleat the elegance of the table, but a little more politeness of behaviour in the person for whom chiefly such care had been taken in furnishing it: but though she was the daughter of a nobleman, and could not fail of having had an education suitable to her birth; yet the pride of blood, the insolence of flattered beauty, and the vanity of imagining that she could do nothing unbecoming in her, made her act and talk in so affected and so odd a manner, as greatly defaced all the charms she had received from Nature.

‘You are very ugly, Rodophil,’ would she cry; ‘I wonder what it is I like you for!’ then rejoined with the same breath—‘Well, you are a dear bewitching toad, however!’ One moment she would push him from her, swearing she hated him; the next pull him towards her, protesting he could not be too near. Her discourse to the ladies was also of the same piece: she told Sophia, she had a pair of fine eyes, but did not look as if she knew she had any such things in her head; and laughed at Jenny, as having reason to accuse Nature for not having endued her with the talent of elocution.

Jenny, indeed, spoke but little the whole evening; but as her silence was occasioned

occasioned by the other's excess of volubility, the usual vivacity of her temper was roused by this reproach; and she replied with some tartness—'Madam, if Sophia and myself were half so conscious as your ladyship seems to be of having every thing we said approved of, we should certainly be all speakers, and no hearers; and consequently this gentleman here be in danger of losing one of his senses, if a man in love can be supposed to have any.'

The lady, in spite of all the assurance she was possessed of, could not avoid appearing a little disconcerted at what Jenny had said. Rodophil perceiving it, thought himself obliged, as a lover, to take up the word; and, turning to Jenny—'Madam,' said he to her, 'the man who has the honour to be capable of distinguishing the perfections of that lady must certainly be supposed to have no senses for any thing but her.'

Jenny made no other reply to this, than she doubted not but his passion was worthy of the object that inspired it; and, after a few hours passed in a conversation not material enough to be repeated, Sophia conducted the mistress of her brother to an apartment she had caused to be got ready for her; and, through respect to him, waited in the room till she had seen her into bed.

Jenny having always been a sharer with Sophia in the same bed, when they were together at the boarding-school, would not hear of sleeping apart from her during the time she stayed in the country; not only to avoid giving any unnecessary trouble to the family, but also because she was willing to lose as little of her company as possible.

Though the night was pretty far advanced when the ladies went into their chamber, neither of them had the power to close their eyes without discovering to the other some part of their sentiments in relation to the intended bride.

That a young maid of quality should suffer herself to be conducted in so odd a manner by a gentleman to his country seat; and that she should behave towards him in so affected, and indeed so confident a manner, in the presence of two persons of her own sex whom she had never seen before; had something in it so new, and so strange to them,

that they could not well find words to express their astonishment.

'It must certainly be an excess of love,' said Jenny, 'that can oblige a man of Rodophil's good understanding to bear with such extravagances in the woman he makes choice of for a wife.'

'As for love,' replied the other, 'I believe that is quite out of the question; I think I may be pretty positive, from a thousand circumstances, that my brother is neither charmed with the beauties of her person, nor blind to the follies of her temper; but he imagines (how rightly I cannot as yet take upon me to determine) that her fortune, her birth, and the interest of her family, will compensate for all other deficiencies.'

Women, for the most part, are but too justly accused of being severe on the foibles of each other; and some will have it, that they even take a malicious pleasure in finding something to condemn. But it was not by this propensity that either of these ladies was instigated: the one, who loved her brother extremely, was sorry and ashamed at having observed such errors in a woman who was to be his partner for life; and the other, more through good-nature than the contrary, was vexed when any opportunity for censure presented itself.

Rodophil, however, full of the thoughts of being a bridegroom, quitted his bed much sooner than he was accustomed to do, and went to a neighbouring clergyman, who having licences always ready by him, got one immediately filled up with the two parties names; and as the thing was to be private, promised to bring a friend with him, who should officiate in giving the lady's hand.

Sophia also rose very early that morning; being willing, in spite of her dislike to this match, to do it all the honour in her power, and that the shortness of the time would admit of.

None of the family were sluggards on this occasion; all appeared in their several stations alert and chearful; sprightliness sat on every face, except that of the intended bride. But never was there so strange, so sudden a transformation in any one person: she that had the evening before been so wildly

gay

gay and volatile, even to a ridiculous excess, was now become quite moped and stupid; twice had Sophia been in her chamber before she could prevail on her to leave it to come down stairs; and when Rodophil accosted her with the usual salutation of the morning, and told her it was the happiest he had ever seen, she made no answer, nor scarce vouchsafed to look upon him.

On the sight of the clergyman and his friend, who came exactly at the time they were expected by Rodophil—'What is all this for?' said she suddenly; 'I will not be married.'—'Not married, Madam!' cried Rodophil; 'you are not certainly in earnest.'—'Indeed but I am: so pray let the parson go about his business; for he has none with me at this time.'

'What is it you mean, Madam?' demanded Rodophil, so much confounded that he could scarce utter these few words. 'I have told you,' answered she, 'that I will not be married, at least at present; therefore send away the man.'

'I am sorry, Sir,' said the reverend divine, 'that you did not take care to be better acquainted with the lady's mind before you gave us the trouble of waiting on you: and with these words went hastily out of the room, followed by the gentleman he had brought with him, equally affronted as surprized.

Rodophil went after them, to make the best apology he could for the caprice, as he then imagined it, of the lady's humour. Sophia and Jenny were all this time in such a consternation, that they could only look sometimes on the person who had occasioned it, and sometimes on each other, without being able to speak a single syllable.

Rodophil returned; and, with a countenance which testified the resentment of his heart—'Madam,' said he to the lady, 'what have I done to deserve that you should treat me in this manner? What motive could induce you to render me the jest of the whole country?'

'If you thought me unworthy of the honour I solicited,' pursued he, 'wherefore did you encourage me to hope it? Assign at least some reason for so strange a reverse in your behaviour towards me.' These questions, and several others to the same purpose, being repeated over and over, she at last

replied, that she would satisfy him, but nobody else.

Sophia, on hearing this, started immediately from her seat, crying—'Oh, Madam! we will be no hindrance to the *éclaircissement* my brother has so much right to expect.' In speaking this she left them together, taking Jenny with her.

Her curiosity was, however, raised to a pitch too high not to inspire her with an eagerness to be one of the first at the explanation of this mystery: it presently came into her head, that there was a closet which opened from the passage, and was divided from the room where Rodophil and the lady were but by a thin partition; and guessing her friend's impatience by her own, they both went together, as softly as possible, into this little recess; where, putting their ears close to the pannel of the wainscot, they could easily distinguish what discourse passed on the other side.

As in reaching this place they were obliged to take a circuit through a gallery of a pretty large extent, they lost some part of what had been said, but arrived time enough to be witnesses of the main point, and to which all that had passed before could have been only the prelude.

'Married!' they heard Rodophil cry, with a voice sonorous enough to have been audible at a much greater distance, 'Death and Furies! when, where, to whom?'—'You have no occasion,' replied the lady, 'to put yourself into this violent agitation; I dare say I may be easily unmarried again.'

'Confusion!' rejoined Rodophil; 'what trifling is here! Married, and may be easily unmarried again! For Heaven's sake, Madam, explain the meaning of all this, if there be really any meaning in what you say!'

'Have a little patience,' replied she; 'I will tell you every thing. You must know, that Captain La Val persuaded me one day to go with him to May-Fair Chapel, where a man in a black coat read something over to us; it was the marriage-ceremony, I think: for my part, I did nothing but laugh all the time, yet the creature has ever since taken it into his head to imagine I am his wife.'

'Very likely, indeed,' said Rodophil scornfully: 'and what followed?—' Nay,

'Nay, what signifies what followed?' cried she: 'the business is to get this foolish marriage dissolved; which I think may easily be done, especially as there were no witnesses, and we now heartily hate one another.'—'Were these always your sentiments?' demanded Rodophil. 'No,' answered she; 'he pretended a furious passion for me, and I liked him well enough; but he is now as indifferent as most other husbands, and I have never been able to endure him since I came acquainted with you: therefore, my dear Rodophil, help me to get quite rid of him.'

'As how, pray?' said he. 'Oh, I have contrived the means,' answered she—'you must send him a challenge; I know he does not love fighting, though he has made two campaigns, and I believe will be glad to relinquish me rather than come to tilt-work: but if he should venture, you will certainly have the better; for I am told he does not understand the sword.'

'I am highly obliged to you, Madam,' replied he, with the extreme disdain, 'for the undertaking you would engage me in; but really it is not my humour to risque my own throat, or attempt cutting that of another man, in the hope of becoming master of his property: and I am so far from envying the good fortune of my rival, that I wish him all the happiness a man can enjoy with a lady of your consummate virtue and discretion.'

'Ungrateful creature!' cried she, bursting into tears, 'is this the love you have professed for me, or a recompense for the proofs you have received of mine?'—'Oh, Madam,' replied he, still more contemptuously, 'you will find I know how to set a just value on such love as yours; the landau that brought us is not yet returned, and is at your service, to conduct you to your husband's arms, or wherever you think proper.'

On this she called him Monster, Villain, and all the names that rage and disappointment could suggest; but he, little regarding what she said, rung the bell for a servant, and ordered the landau should be immediately brought. Our fair eve-droppers thought this a proper cue for entrance, and came forth from their concealment: 'Sister,' said

Rodophil, 'I leave you to take care of this lady, who seems a little disordered; I am going out.'

Sophia, after her brother had left the room, began to say some civil things, in order to moderate the distraction she appeared in: but she answered not a word; and as soon as the landau was at the gate, flung herself into it without any farther ceremony. But what effect her behaviour had on the minds of those she left behind, the reader will presently discover.

CHAP. III.

IS OF STILL MORE IMPORTANCE
THAN THE FORMER.

THOUGH Rodophil, as Sophia had told Jenny, was not possessed of any real passion for this capricious lady, and had been instigated merely by the prospect of advantage to make his addresses to her; yet was he so much chagrined at being exposed, by her folly, to the ridicule of the neighbourhood, from the thought it could not be kept a secret, that he went directly to the house of an intimate friend, and would not be prevailed upon to return to his own for a considerable time.

As for the two young ladies, the consternation they were in at what they had seen and heard, is not to be described: nothing but the conviction of their own senses could have made either of them believe it possible, that a person, such as had just now left them, could have acted in the manner she had done.

The discourse they had together, after she was gone, was suitable to the occasion: 'I know,' said Sophia, 'that there are some men who have so much vanity and assurance, that they will take no denial, nor quit their pretensions without some extraordinary method be taken to compel them to it; but I can assure you this was not the case with my brother. I have very good reasons to believe she made him the first advances; and am certain that, if she did not, she at least highly encouraged his addresses.'

'That you may not think,' continued she, 'that I am excited to speak in this manner through the natural affection to my brother, I will shew you a letter, which he happening to

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'drop,

' drop, I took up, and never returned;
' because I was unwilling to let him
' know I had seen it.'

In speaking these words, she took a paper out of her pocket, and put it into Jenny's hands; which the young lady hastily opening, found the contents as follow,

TO ***** ESQ.

' I Have had a thousand lovers, but
' never found one so easily repul-
' sed: if you had loved me with half
' that violent passion you pretended,
' you would have remembered what the
' poet makes Jupiter say of our sex—

" I gave them but one tongue to form denials,
" And two fine eyes to yield a kind compli-
" ance."

' Mine must have been very unintel-
' ligible, indeed, if they did not inform
' you that my heart was far from being
' displeased at the fine things you said
' to me: were you then to take it for
' granted that I did not like you, be-
' cause I told you so, and gallop im-
' mediately out of town, as if absolute-
' ly despairing ever to obtain me?
' Faint-hearted creature! I pity your
' want of spirit; a man of courage
' would have been more enflamed by
' resistance, and never have given over
' till he had gained his point.

' I know this is going a great length,
' and may encourage you to boldnesses
' which, perhaps, I should not be very
' ready to forgive: but I have said it,
' and do not think it worth while to
' spoil another piece of paper with
' writing to you in a different manner;
' so you must put what construction you
' please upon words. If you venture
' to town again upon the receipt of
' this, it is possible you will have no
' reason to repent your journey; but I
' promise nothing farther, than that it
' depends entirely on yourself to con-
' tinue in the good graces of

' * * * * '

' P. S. I have made an appointment
' with some ladies to go to Vaux-
' hall the day after to-morrow:
' they will have all their pretty
' fellows with them; and, if you
' come time enough, I should chuse

' rather that you should squire me
' thither than any other man of
' my acquaintance. Adieu!

' Upon this summons,' said Sophia,
' my brother went directly to London;
' and you may suppose met with no un-
' kind reception from the lady, by
' what you have been witness of.'

' Yes, my dear,' cried Jenny, ' I
' have indeed been witness of much
' more than I could have ever imagined
' in a woman, much less in any one
' who pretends to the least share of ho-
' nour or reputation.'

This adventure, it is certain, had made a very extraordinary impression on the mind of that young beauty; she had a strong discernment, and an uncommon quickness of apprehension; she had easily discovered, that the lady they were speaking of, though vain and affected to an excess, wanted not wit, but judgment; and that the errors of her conduct, in regard to La Val and Rodophil, were not owing so much to her folly, as to the inconstancy of her nature.

' Who can be assured,' said she with-
in herself, ' till experience convinces
them, that they themselves may not
be guilty of the same irregularity of
humour, though their prudence and
the fears of censure may keep them
from exposing the weakness of their
resolution? We all of us are liable
to change in trifling matters, and fre-
quently despise to-morrow what we
liked to-day: I see no reason, there-
fore, that we have to depend on our
own hearts in things of the greatest
importance.'

Jenny could not, in spite of the gaiety of her temper, forbear falling into little reveries of this nature; whenever she considered herself as entering into a state from which there is no relief but the grave; or, what to a woman of any delicacy is yet worse, a divorcement.

She could not keep herself from uttering some part of her thoughts on this subject to Sophia. ' Inconstancy,' replied she, ' is certainly a very great weakness; yet what security can be given by the wisest of us all, that we never shall be guilty of it? It is an involuntary error; the effect of a sudden object that, when we least think of it, strikes upon the senses, con-
founds

‘founds the understanding, and leads the inclination astray, before people well know what they are doing.’

‘Since it is so,’ said Jenny, ‘and may as well happen after marriage as before, I think it is best not to marry at all, as the consequences of such an accident would be terrible indeed.’— ‘Then you would chuse to avoid a certain good,’ cried Sophia, laughing, ‘rather than run the risque of falling into an uncertain evil? But I do not regard what you say on this head: we may talk as we will; but when it comes to the point, we shall do just as nature prompts.’

Thus did the odd event of Rodophil’s courtship furnish out both serious and pleasant matter of conversation for these two ladies while they continued together: but Jenny, who had not intended her visit should be long, took her leave on the third day, and returned to London; where a second discovery fell in her way, which greatly corroborated those sentiments which the first had begun to inspire her with.

There are few milliners of more reputation in their way among the beau monde than Mrs. Frill. Jenny had been her customer ever since she had left her boarding-school; and happening now to go to her shop for some things she wanted, found her behind the counter very busy, and bustling among her shelves and band-boxes; a thing very extraordinary with her, as she was pretty far advanced in years, was infirm, and had always kept an extremely adroit shop-maid, who was used to take the trouble of the most part of the business off her hands.

‘Bless me!’ cried Jenny, ‘it is a kind of prodigy to see you below stairs, especially at this time in the morning. Pray, where is Mrs. Beckey, that you are obliged to fatigue yourself in this manner?’

‘Ah, Miss Jessamy!’ replied she, puffing and blowing like a pair of bellows that had lost it’s wind, ‘Beckey has played the fool with herself; she has left me, and is gone into keeping.’— ‘Into keeping!’ cried Jenny; ‘I should never have suspected it: I thought Mrs. Beckey had been defended by the plainness of her person, as well as by her virtue, from all attacks of that nature. But pray, who is the man?’— ‘I was of your

‘opinion,’ said Mrs. Frill; ‘but Sir J— *** has found charms in her, and she in him; he has taken fine lodgings for her, and they are almost always together.’

She had no sooner mentioned the name of Sir J— ***, than Jenny burst into exclamations; she knew very well that he had loved, to the most romantic height, the lady who was now his wife; that he had not been married to her more months than it had cost him years of courtship to obtain her; that she was a person whose beauty, accomplishments, virtue, and good-nature, rendered her every way deserving of all the affection he had professed for her; and now to hear he had so early falsified his vows, seemed a thing so strange, so incredible, that she could scarce believe her ears, or that Mrs. Frill was not mistaken in what she said. She asked her over and over if she was sure the thing was true, and desired her to repeat all the particulars she knew concerning this surprizing affair; to which the other complied in these terms.

‘You must know, Madam,’ said she, ‘that I had a very curious French capuchin; never was there a greater beauty of it’s kind; it was wrought by a nun of quality, to be disposed of for the benefit of the poor; scarce a flower that grows but was represented in their proper colours, intermixed with gold and silver. I shewed it to such of my customers as I thought most likely to be the purchasers: they all admired it, but did not care to give the price, though nothing was ever so cheap; for I asked no more than fifty guineas; but the truth is, most of them had lost a great deal of their money at play; and you know, Madam, that makes ill for us tradespeople. I had kept it above a week; and, fearing it would be blowed upon, proposed a raffle, and got ten ladies to subscribe five guineas a-piece; but when the day came appointed to decide to whose lot the prize should fall, one of them sent me word she had changed her mind, and could not come.’

‘This a little vexed me,’ continued she; ‘but, rather than lose all, I was determined to make up the deficiency myself, when luckily this very Sir J— *** stepped in. As he was a married man, I ventured to ask him

‘ if he would not try his fortune for a present to his lady. He readily agreed; and, in fine, won it. I offered to send it home; but he told me I need not give myself that trouble, for his man should call for it the next day, which Beckey told me he did; but you will find, by the sequel, that he intended no such thing.

‘ About a week after, as near as I can remember,’ went she on, ‘ this audacious young hussy pretended to go on a visit to a relation, but came not home the whole night, which very much surprized me; and, as she never had been guilty of the like before, made me fear some accident had befallen her; but the next morning I received a letter from her, which I will read to you.

“ TO MRS. FRILL.

“ MADAM,

“ I Beg your pardon for quitting your service in so clandestine a manner; but I had an offer which I did not think proper to refuse: I have a quarter’s wages in your hands; and that, I hope, will make amends for my going without warning. Pray, be so good to send my box by the bearer. I am, Madam, your humble servant to command,

“ REBECCA TRIP.”

‘ I was very much amazed, as you may easily believe,’ resumed she, ‘ at the impertinence of the creature in writing to me in this manner; however, I had presence of mind enough to ask the porter from whence he brought the letter; and he readily told me from one Madam Trip, in South Audley Street; on which I presently guessed her situation, though not the person who had occasioned this change in it.

‘ But I continued not long in suspense,’ pursued she; ‘ one of the ladies who had been so unfortunate to lose her five pieces at the raffle, told me she had met her in the Mall, dressed in a very rich brocade short sacque and petticoat, and that very capuchin Sir J— *** had won; and I soon after heard, by one who is acquainted with the person at whose

house she lodges, that she passes there for a relation of that gentleman’s, and that he visits her every day.’

Mrs. Frill had just finished this little narrative, when a lady came into her shop: after the usual compliment — ‘ I have been just giving,’ said Mrs. Frill to her, ‘ this young lady an account of the change of Beckey’s circumstances; and, I assure your ladyship, have had much ado to make her believe the veracity of it.’ — ‘ I am sensible,’ replied Jenny, ‘ that things of this nature too frequently happen; but I confess, that to find a man, who loved to that degree Sir J— *** has done, should act in such a manner, is very astonishing.’

‘ For my part,’ said the lady, ‘ I see nothing astonishing in it, except his want of taste; for as to his keeping a mistress, it could not be expected to be otherwise; that woman is a fool who thinks to keep a pretty fellow to herself in a town like this: it is true, his wife is a very fine woman; but he has had her, and variety has charms for us all.’

‘ In some things it may, Madam,’ answered Jenny; ‘ yet I cannot help thinking that inconstancy, either in man or woman, argues a very weak mind.’ — ‘ Lord, Miss, you talk like one that knows nothing of the world,’ cried the other; ‘ I have been married these three years, and am wise by experience; it is not in nature for two persons always to be pleasing to each other: but if you will not take my word for it, I hope you will believe Cowley, who was certainly as great a judge of love as even Ovid himself.

“ The world’s a scene of changes, and to be
“ Constant in nature were inconstancy;
“ For ’twere to break the laws herself has
“ made;

“ Our substances themselves do fleet and fade:
“ The most fix’d being still does move and fly,
“ Swift as the wings of Time, ’tis measur’d
“ by.

“ To imagine, then, that love should never
“ cease,
“ (Love is but the ornament of these)
“ Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
“ Beauty and colour stay not when we die.”

Not this authority, nor all the arguments the lady could bring, who possibly

possibly was herself a proof of what she urged, could make Jenny recede from her opinion, or give up the point: the dispute between them continued till other company coming in, put an end to it.

Though, by the whole deportment of Jenny, there seemed to be but little share of earth in her composition, yet had she her serious moments: what she had seen at the house of Rodophil, and been told of at Mrs. Frill's, came often into her mind; and she began to fear, from these two instances, that inconsistency was a frailty to which human nature was but too liable; and the reflections she made upon it had no small influence on her future conduct towards Jemmy; to whom it is now high time we should return.

CHAP. IV.

WILL PROBABLY OCCASION VARIOUS CONJECTURES ON WHAT IS TO COME.

A Very small share of experience and observation may serve to inform us, that there is no passion of the soul which more easily wears off than that of grief for the death of friends; and, indeed, it is highly reasonable that it should be so. Religion obliges us to a perfect resignation to the decrees of Providence; philosophy teaches us that it is weak, and unbecoming the dignity of our species, to bewail woes which, in their very nature, are irredeemable; and the laws of society forbid us to indulge any emotions that might enervate our abilities, and render us less useful to the community.

Whether any arguments, drawn from the above considerations, could claim a part in enabling Jemmy to recover his former vivacity, I will not take upon me to determine; but certain it is, that, in a very short time, nothing of the mourner, except the habit, was to be seen about him.

It would have been somewhat strange, indeed, if a gentleman, not yet quite one-and-twenty, possessed of a very plentiful estate, and master of accomplishments to recommend him to the best company, should have had any leisure for melancholy reflections in a town like London, so abounding with

every thing that can entertain and raise pleasing sensations in a youthful heart.

In the midst of all the various amusements he gave into, his dear Jenny, however, was not forgot; scarce a day passed over without his visiting her once, if not more, in some one part of it: they behaved to each other in the same manner they had always been accustomed to do; quite open and free, without the least breach of innocence or modesty; kind, without any mixture of dissimulation; and obliging, without taking any pains to be so.

Scarcely are there any where to be found two persons whose dispositions so exactly tallied: both of them were gay and volatile almost to an excess; both loved the pleasures of the town, yet never pursued them so far as to transgress the bounds of strict virtue in the one, nor honour in the other. Both had an affluence of wit, and a great talent for ridicule; and both had too much good-nature and generosity to extend that propensity to the prejudice of any one: in short, they were what the poet says—

‘ In all so much alike, each heart
‘ Seem’d but the other’s counter-part.’

To the foregoing character of them might also have been added, that neither of them were possessed of any strong passions; and, though the affection they had for each other was truly tender and sincere, yet neither of them felt those impatiences, those anxieties, those transporting hopes, those distracting fears, those causeless jealousies, or any of those thousand restless sensations, that usually perplex a mind devoted to an amorous flame: they were happy when they met, but not uneasy when they parted. He was not in the least alarmed on finding she was frequently visited by some of the finest gentlemen in town; nor was she at all disconcerted when she was told that he was well-received by ladies of the most distinguished characters.

I am well aware that many of my readers will be apt to say, people who could think and act in the manner I have described, either had no charms for each other, or seemed incapable of loving at all: and I am ready to confess that, according to the received notions of love, there was a seeming inconsistency in this conduct; and it had
more

more the appearance of a cold indifference than the warm glow of mutual inclinations.

Yet that they did love each other is most certain, as will hereafter be demonstrated by proofs much more unquestionable than all those extravagances: those raging flights, commonly looked upon as infallible tokens of the passion; but which, how fierce soever the fires they spring from may burn for a while, we see frequently extinguish of themselves, and leave nothing but the smoke behind.

All the formalities of a first and second mourning for the dead being over, every one now expected they should soon see the completion of a marriage they knew had been so long intended: Jemmy also had some thoughts of it himself, and began to consider on such things as were proper to be done previous to the solemnity.

On looking over his father's papers, he had found marriage-articles between him and Jenny, with a deed of settlement on her by way of dower, which the old gentleman had caused to be drawn up some time before his death: these writings he now put into his pocket, and carried them to her, in order for her approbation.

'What are these?' cried she, when he presented her with the packet. 'They are what concerns you as nearly as myself,' replied he; 'therefore I would have you examine the contents at some leisure hour, and let me know if you think there is any thing in them that requires alteration or amendment.'

'They ought to be things of great consequence, indeed, by their bulk,' said she smiling, and beginning to unfold the parchment. 'You know,' returned he, with the same gay air, 'for what we are designed by both our fathers; and I suppose mine, as being your guardian also, thought himself the most proper person to decide the terms on which we should come together.'

'I have no reason,' answered she, 'to suspect either his justice or goodwill towards me: however, I will take the first opportunity of seeing what he has done for me on this score.' In speaking this she locked the writing he had brought in an escritoire that was placed just behind

her; then turning hastily to him—'But, my dear Jemmy,' continued she, 'you must know I have promised some company to go to Ranelagh; and, I believe, they are already beginning to expect me.'—'It happens very luckily,' said he; 'for there are three or four young fellows of us who have promised to give some ladies the musick on the River to-night; and I could not have staid above three minutes longer with you; for they depend upon me to see the hands all ready. So, my dear Jenny, I will not detain you. Farewel!'—'Farewel, Jemmy!' rejoined she; and with these words both ran down stairs together; he went into one chair, and she into another, to fulfil their several engagements.

The next day they saw each other again, as usual. After some little chit-chat on ordinary affairs, he asked her if she had found time to look over the writings he had brought the day before. 'Yes,' answered she; 'I breakfasted on them this morning.'—'Well,' cried he, 'what objections have you to make?'—'None at all,' replied she: 'I rather think your father has made a better provision for me than my own would have desired or expected.'—'Then, I suppose, there is nothing left for us to do,' said he, 'but sign and seal, and go together before a parson?'—'Some people may say so,' replied she; 'but, for my part, I am of a quite different opinion; and think there is a great deal for us both to do before we come to the words—"To have and to hold."

'Easily comprehend what you would be at,' resumed he, laughing: 'new cloaths for ourselves and servants, some addition to the equipage; a more fashionable chariot, another pair of horses; perhaps—' 'Hold! hold!' cried she, interrupting him; 'I have no such stuff in my thoughts, I do assure you: what I mean is infinitely more material than all you have mentioned; and that is, the being certain within ourselves of never repenting the engagements we are about to enter into.'

'Repenting!' said he; 'there is no danger of that, I believe: I will promise you to make as good a husband as I can; and I am sure you will make

'make a good wife.'—'That is all as chance directs,' answered she: 'we may think perfectly well at one time, and act very ill at another. In fine, my dear Jemmy,' continued she, 'I think we ought to know a little more of the world, and of ourselves, before we enter into serious matrimony.'

'Why, faith, Jenny,' answered he, 'I cannot help saying but that you are in the right: I should not much like, methinks, to be quite so soon the father of a family.'—'And I should hate to be called Mamma,' rejoined she, 'before I arrived at an age to write myself Woman.'

'I wonder,' pursued she, 'how people can resolve to cut themselves off from all the pleasures of life, just as they are beginning to have a relish for them. How should I regret being confined at home by domestick affairs, while others of my sex and age were flaunting in the Mall, or making one at the rout of a woman of quality? And how it would mortify you to hear the ladies cry disdainfully—'Jemmy Jessamy is a very pretty fellow; but he is married?' and then to toss up their heads; and, in contempt of you, turn the *doux yeux* on the next man in company, though, perhaps, he happens to be one of the most insignificant fops the follies of the times ever fashioned, and without any one merit to recommend him, but merely his having no wife?'

Jenny, who had always somewhat amiably striking in her eyes and tone of voice, appeared at this instant so particularly brilliant, that Jemmy could not forbear catching her in his arms with the utmost rapture, crying at the same time—'I shall little regard the contempt of all the women in the world, while blest with the kindness of my dear, dear Jenny.'

'And I think too,' replied she, returning his embrace, and looking on him with a most enchanting softness, 'that I could forego all other joys of life for those of my dear Jemmy's love: yet, after all,' continued she, 'we may both of us be deceived in our own hearts. I have heard the wise say, that nothing is so difficult to acquire as the true knowledge of ourselves; and who can tell what time and accidents may produce?'

Here Jemmy was beginning to make

the most fervent protestations, that it was not in the power of Fate itself to occasion the least alteration in his present sentiments on her account; and Jenny was half persuaded, by what she felt in her own breast, that an affection, grounded and habitual as theirs had been, was incapable of varying on either side; so that if this tender conversation had continued but a very little longer, it is highly probable they had agreed to put the finishing stroke to the work their parents had laboured for, by an immediate marriage.

Of this, however, there can be no positive assurance, as it was broke off by some company coming in; but whether fortunately or unfortunately for the lovers this interruption happened in so critical a moment, the reader, if he has patience to wait, will, in the sequel of this history, be informed.

CHAP. V.

IS SOMEWHAT MORE EXPLICIT
THAN THE FORMER.

THE persons who had surprised our lovers in the midst of the most interesting discourse they ever yet had entertained each other with, were two young ladies of Jenny's intimate acquaintance: they had been driven out of the Park by a shower of rain, and could not go home without calling on her, to communicate something which they thought would be equally diverting to her as it had been to themselves.

On seeing Jemmy with her—'We have caught you alone together,' said one of them; 'and it is happy for you that you have been so, as nothing but the pleasure of each other's company could have atoned for what you have lost by not being in the Mall to-night.'

'As how, pray?' demanded she. 'Lady Fisk,' resumed the other—'Oh, such sneering, such pointing, such an universal titter, as soon as ever she appeared!'—'Lady Fisk!' cried Jemmy, interrupting her: 'I am afraid, Madam, your intelligence is stale; that lady has played over all her tricks long ago; and can do nothing new for us to laugh at.'

'You are quite mistaken, I assure you,' answered she. 'She has now, as

‘as Colly says, “outdone all her usual outdoings;” as you will be obliged to confess when you have heard the story.’

‘What!’ cried he; ‘can any thing go beyond her adventure in Covent Garden; where she went in men’s cloaths, picked up a woman of the town, and was severely beaten by her on the discovery of her sex?’

‘Or what happened to her at Bartholomew-Fair,’ said Jenny; ‘where being a little too pert with some young apprentices, who had attacked her as a lady of pleasure, a riot ensued; and she was glad to produce her seal with the coat-of-arms upon it, and a letter she had received that day from her lord, to prevent being lodged that night in the watch-house, and carried before the sitting-alderman next morning?’

‘Neither of these exploits,’ replied the lady that had spoke first, ‘comes up to what we have to tell you, or gave her half the mortification. It would be the first story in the world, if one could find out the beginning; but the misfortune is, that nothing but the catastrophe as yet is come to light.’

‘It is but half a story, then, at best,’ said Jemmy, laughing; ‘but let us hear it, however.’—‘I should not have kept you so long in suspense, my dear, if this thing here,’ cried she, giving Jemmy a slap on the shoulder with her fan, ‘had not interrupted me. You must know that, some night last week, Lord and Lady Fisk had a most terrible quarrel: they were just going into bed; she was undressed all but her under-petticoat; what she said or did to provoke him to such wrath, Heaven knows; but he pushed her out of the chamber, drove her down stairs, and in that condition turned her into the street, charging the porter not to open the door on any account.’

‘Never was the pride and spirit of any lady so humbled as her’s,’ continued this talkative lady: ‘after finding that knocking and calling loud was to no effect, she condescended to put her mouth close to the key-hole of the door, and beseech the porter, in the most submissive terms, to let her in, though it were no farther than the hall; while her remorseless lord

looked through the window, and insulted her distress, told her it was a fine night, and that it was good for her ladyship’s health, to be thus *af fresco*.’

‘After having had his fill of laughter at the miserable plight to which she was reduced, he consented to her admittance: she was no sooner within the doors than she flew up stairs; the dispute between them was renewed with almost the same vehemence as before; he loaded her with a thousand foul names; she, in return, called him Toad, Devil, and every thing her passion could suggest; till, having both railed themselves out of breath, they agreed to go into bed together, in order to finish the quarrel.’

‘But now comes the jest,’ went she on. ‘How long a time do you think it took up to compose this difference? Why, no less than three whole days and nights successively; during all which space the chamber-door was never opened but to take in some refreshment, which was placed for them in the next room. This evening was the first of their appearance since their resurrection from the sepulchre of down; my lord received such congratulations upon it as made him glad to quit the Park; but her ladyship, having somewhat more assurance, staid till the change of weather obliged her, as well as ourselves, to take shelter in our chairs.’

‘I cannot help confessing,’ said Jemmy, ‘but that there is somewhat pretty extraordinary in this affair; and also that one of them has a greater share of complaisance than I suspected; since it is plain that whichever of them was in fault, the other did equal penance.’

A good deal of pleasantry passed on this adventure, during the whole time the ladies staid, which was not very long; they had here opened their packet, and were upon the wing to carry it to those other of their acquaintance to whom they thought it might be equally new and agreeable.

The ladies had no sooner taken their leave, than Jenny began to animadvert, with more strength of reason than could have been expected from a person of her years, on the ridiculous fact they had been relating. ‘You hear, Jemmy,’ said she, ‘what unaccountable things

things married people are sometimes guilty of: instead of living together in mutual harmony, it seems, methinks, as if they took a kind of pleasure in making each other wretched; and sure they must do so, or they would not thus expose themselves to the contempt of the world, and become the jest even of their own servants, who must necessarily be the first witnesses of their folly.

'We ought not, however,' replied he, 'to lay on marriage the blame of all those preposterous things we see acted in that state by persons we have been speaking of; because, long before their entrance into it, both of them behaved in such a manner as to shew they were wholly governed by caprice, and not by that farcical passion which many people are possessed of in a more or less degree, for making a great noise, and being talked of in the world, though it is only for foibles, which one would think they should rather labour to conceal.'

'But I must own,' continued he, 'that I have sometimes been very much surprized at the little concord I have observed between persons whose principles, humours, and behaviour, in general, would make one imagine them equally qualified to give each other perfect happiness.'

'What you say is extremely just,' cried Jenny; 'and I have often had occasion to make the same reflections; it follows, then, that every one, before they engage in marriage, should be well versed in all those things, whatever they are, which constitute the happiness of it: this town is an ample school, and both of us have acquaintance enough in it to learn, from the mistakes of others, how to regulate our own conduct and passions, so as not to be laughed at ourselves for what we laugh at in them.'

'Spoke like a philosopher,' rejoined Jemmy: 'and, upon second thoughts, I agree with you, that as every thing is ready for us, and we can marry when we will, it will be best for us both to stay till we have got some farther lights into the mysterious duties of the conjugal union.'

Jenny, who as yet had not the least inclination to enter into the serious road of matrimony, and would have been equally loth to have appeared to refrac-

tory, if he had insisted on the performance of the covenant made between their fathers, was quite transported to find his sentiments so conformable to her own on this head; but forbore testifying all the satisfaction she felt, for fear of making him call in question the sincerity of her affection for him.

She only told him, that she was certain it would be for their mutual interest to do as he had mentioned; on which he pursued his discourse in these terms.

'But, my dear Jenny,' said he, 'as learning will not come of itself, and we should be equally perfect in the different parts we are to act together hereafter; suppose we should resolve to communicate to each other all the discoveries we are able to make, among the several families that either of us converse with, and also all the confidences which are reposed in us: by this means I shall be acquainted with all the humours of your sex, and you no stranger to those of mine; so that neither of us will be at a loss to bear with the foibles which nature or custom may have implanted in the other. Besides,' added he, 'this is no more than practising before-hand one of those points which, as I take it, is very essential to the happiness of both a husband and a wife.'

'I am charmed with your project,' answered she; 'but then each of us must be sure to preserve an inviolable secrecy in what has been imparted by the other, which is another main essential towards conjugal felicity.'

Jemmy having assured her, that whatever she said to him on this account should be no more than talking to her own heart, they were beginning to divert themselves with the idea of the many whimsical passages they should have to recite to each other, when a footman brought a letter to Jenny, the contents whereof were as follow.

TO MISS JESSAMY.

DEAR CREATURE,

IF this finds you at home and disengaged, I flatter myself you will immediately comply with the request it contains. I am now alone, and in a situation which requires both consolation and advice, neither of which I can hope for more effectually

C

than

‘than from the friendship with which
‘you favour me. I would have wait-
‘ed on you, but am prevented by rea-
‘sons which you will be no stranger to
‘on seeing me. I am, with the most
‘perfect amity, my dear Miss Jessamy,
‘yours, &c.

‘E. MARLOVE.

P. S. If I am unhappily deprived of
‘your company to-night, I beg
‘you will not fail coming as early
‘as possible in the morning; for
‘I am all impatience to let you
‘into the history of my misfor-
‘tunes.’

‘See here,’ said she, giving the let-
ter to Jemmy; ‘fortune already is like-
‘ly to present me with something that
‘may be worth your knowledge: the
‘lady who writes in this manner has
‘honour and virtue; she has been but
‘four months married to a gentleman
‘whom she preferred to a great num-
‘ber of other admirers, and who seems
‘passionately fond of her. You will
‘not wonder that I am in as much
‘haste to hear the occasion of her com-
‘plaint, as she is to tell it me.’

She then ordered a chair to the door;
and, calling for her gloves and capu-
chin, hurried them on while he was
reading: the motive which carried her
away was too agreeable for him to offer
to detain her; and they parted without
farther ceremony than a kiss, and
‘Good-night.’

CHAP. VI.

CONTAINS SOME THINGS WELL
WORTHY OF BEING SERIOUSLY
ATTENDED TO, BY THOSE ESPE-
CIALLY FOR WHOSE SERVICE
THEY ARE CHIEFLY INSERTED.

THOUGH Jenny had not doubt-
ed, by the lady’s letter, but that
something very extraordinary and per-
plexing had happened to her, yet she
was far from expecting to find her in
the condition she now did.

That half-distracted fair-one was ly-
ing extended on a couch; her hair loose
and hanging in wild disorder over her
face; her lovely eyes pouring forth
tears; all her features distorted with

excess of passion; and every symptom
of despair, grief, and rage, about her.

Jenny was quite frightened; and, in-
deed, who that beheld her in this man-
ner, but must have thought the most
terrible accident imaginable had be-
fallen her! ‘Ah, my dear Miss Jes-
‘samy!’ said she, as soon as she saw
her enter, ‘how charitable is this visit
‘to the most undone, forlorn, and mi-
‘serable woman, upon earth!’

‘Bless me!’ cried Jenny, seating
herself near her, ‘what can have occa-
‘sioned this sudden change in your late
‘happy condition?’—‘Oh! I will tell
‘you all,’ replied the other: ‘but
‘when you shall hear how I have been
‘treated by my ungrateful, my per-
‘fidious husband, you will forswear
‘marriage, and curse the whole race
‘of false, dissembling man!’

‘I sent for you,’ continued she, ‘to
‘make you the confidante of my re-
‘sentment, as you have always been
‘of my love; for this unworthy man,
‘who, from my slave, is now become
‘my tyrant, instead of studying how
‘to please me, has the insolence to at-
‘tempt making me subservient to his
‘will, and to contradict me even in
‘things where every woman has a right
‘to rule. Could you ever have be-
‘lieved it, my dear Miss Jessamy?’
went she on: ‘the vain creature ima-
‘gines I have love enough for him to
‘be satisfied with whatever he does.’

‘I thought, indeed,’ said Jenny,
‘that both of you had love enough to
‘be satisfied with what the other did.
‘But, pray, what may be the subject
‘of the present dispute between you?’
—‘Oh! such a gross affront upon my
‘understanding, my humour, my every
‘thing that is dear to woman-kind,’
replied Mrs. Marlove. ‘But of what
‘nature?’ again demanded her impa-
tient friend.

It was in vain she repeated the
question over several times suc-
cessively; Mrs. Marlove was too much
overcome by her passion to be able to
give any direct account of the occasion;
and all that could be gathered from her
incoherent exclamations was, that a
favourite servant of Mr. Marlove had
quarrelled with her waiting-maid; that
she had insisted on the man’s being turn-
ed away; and he, as strenuously, that
she should part with her maid; that
very



Tab. I.

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very high words had rose on this occasion; that he had endeavoured to exert the authority of a husband, and she to maintain the respect and complaisance due to a wife; and that, after having absolutely refused to do as she desired, he had flung out of the house in very great discontent.

She was but just beginning to enter somewhat farther into the merits of the cause, when a servant put his head between the door, and told Mrs. Marlove that the cloth was laid for supper, and that his master was come home. 'Well, and what of that?' cried she hastily. 'Nothing, Madam,' said the man; 'only my master desires that your ladyship and the young lady will be pleased to walk down.'—'Tell him,' replied she, with the utmost disdain in her voice and countenance, 'that I am not pleased to do any thing that he desires; and that I will neither eat nor sleep with him while he keeps that fellow Jonathan in the house.'

On this he said no more, but withdrew; and Mr. Marlove came up in a moment after: his looks expressed the utmost discontent; he saluted Jenny, however, with respect; and then, turning to his wife—'I am surprized, my dear,' cried he, 'that you should expose yourself in this manner: family disputes ought to be discussed in private; it is impertinent to trouble our friends with them, and ridiculous to make our servants the witnesses of them. For Heaven's sake, therefore, consider a little——'

'I shall consider nothing,' said she, interrupting him, 'but your unkindness and ingratitude. What!' pursued she, with vehemence, 'to refuse me in so poor a trifle as the dismissal of a servant!'

'Trifles, Madam,' answered he very gravely, 'when insisted on too peremptorily, become things of consequence: besides, you have often heard me say this man lived with my father; that when I went abroad, he gave him to me as the choicest present he could make; that he attended me in my travels through the greatest part of Europe; and that I have experienced his love and fidelity to me in a thousand instances; it would therefore be highly unjust and ungenerous in me to turn him off; and I can look upon it as no less unreasonable in you to

request it merely on the idle complaints and tittle-tattle of a chambermaid.'

'That chambermaid,' said she, in the most haughty tone, 'while she belongs to me, is at least upon a level with your valet; though, in spite to me, I suppose you have now raised him to your house-steward.'

Mr. Marlove grew very red at these words, and was about to have made some reply, which perhaps might have heightened the quarrel, when the person who had been the occasion of it entered the room.

He was a grave, well-looking man, and had a certain open honesty in his countenance, which answered to the character given of him by his master.

'Sir,' said he to Mr. Marlove, bowing in the most respectful manner, 'I have never known in my whole life so real a grief as I now feel, finding myself the unhappy cause of any disagreement between your honour and my lady; I therefore most humbly beseech you will be pleased to permit me to quit the house directly; for it is not fit your honour's peace of mind should suffer any disturbance, or my lady the least uneasiness, even for a moment, on so worthless a subject as myself.'

'How, Jonathan?' demanded Mr. Marlove; 'are you in such haste to leave my service, that you would go before I am provided with a proper person to supply your place?'—'Oh! there is no reason for detaining him on that account,' cried Mrs. Marlove: 'my Abigail has a brother just now come out of place; by the character I have heard of him he will be extremely fit for you; and we can have him at a minute's warning.'

'It is very likely,' replied he: then, having paused a little on what his wife had said—'Well, Jonathan,' pursued he, 'we will talk farther on this matter to-morrow; but leave the room, and bid somebody send Abigail hither.' Mrs. Marlove exulted within herself on hearing him speak in this manner; and, pulling Jenny by the sleeve, 'My dear,' cried she to her in a low voice, 'I shall conquer this domineering husband at last.'

Abigail immediately obeying the summons that had been sent for her—'Well, Abigail,' said Mr. Marlove,

with half a smile, which she took for an indication of his being in great good-humour with her; but, as it afterwards proved, was no more than a sarcastick sneer; 'I am told you have a brother perfectly qualified for my service?'

'Yes, please your honour,' answered she, simpering; 'and, though I say it, as clever a fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather; he can comb a wig to charm, and buckle too, upon occasion; he does every thing in taste, I assure your honour: besides, he is a spruce young man, and a thousand times fitter to attend your honour than the old formal creature you have now.'

'It may be so,' said Mr. Marlove: 'but I have no business for him; nor have you any in my house longer than this night; therefore pack up your trumpery, and be gone to-morrow morning.' She was opening her mouth to speak; but he prevented her by saying, in a stern and resolute voice—'No repartees, minx! I will have no incendiaries in my family! Out of my sight this moment, and come into it no more!'

Though scarce any creature was ever endowed with a greater share of confidence than this wench, yet was she now so terrified at the looks of her master, that she durst not utter a single syllable while in his presence; and contented herself with muttering, all the way she went down stairs, what she had not courage to say loud enough to be heard.

But it is altogether impossible to describe the rage Mrs. Marlove was in at this last proof of her husband's resolution; which was the more insupportable to her, as she had, not above a moment or two before, flattered herself with a belief that he was inclinable to conform to her desires.

She would have spoke; but excess of passion choked the passage of her words: she flew into her chamber, and threw herself upon the bed; where she certainly would have fallen into a fit, if Jenny, who had immediately followed her, had not cut the lacings of her stays in order to give her air.

On this she began to revive a little; and Abigail that instant coming up, gave her a glass of cold water, which perfected the cure. The first use she made of her recovered breath was to inveigh against the injustice, as she termed

it, of her husband. Jenny was endeavouring to persuade her to more moderation, but was interrupted in the midst of what she was saying by Abigail.

'Nay, Madam,' cried that malapert hussey, 'for that matter, my lady has as much reason to be vexed as I! For my part, I do not know what my master means by using me as he has done; he gives himself strange airs, methinks! I am sure it is not like a gentleman to shew so little respect for a servant!'

These saucy reflections brought Mrs. Marlove more to herself than all the assistance that had been given her: angry as she was with her husband, she could not bear to hear him mentioned, by such a creature, in the manner she now did. 'Airs!' cried she. 'Respect! Was ever any thing so ridiculously impudent!—Sure, wench, thou hast forgot that the gentleman thou speakest so contemptuously of is my husband!'

'No, Madam!' answered she, bridling up her head; 'I forgot nothing that I ought to remember: and I must say again, that it does not become him to treat either you or me so unhand-some as he has done.'—'What, does the odious thing pretend to make comparisons!' cried Mrs. Marlove; and, provoked beyond all patience at the insolence of her deportment, snatched a powder-box from off the dressing-table, and threw it at her head; saying, at the same time—'Be gone this instant! I shall keep no such bold-face about me!'

'Bold-face, Madam!' returned the audacious creature. 'Very pretty, truly! But do not think I shall beg to stay: there are other places to be had; and I do not value——' She would have ran farther on in the same strain, if the sudden appearance of her master had not stopped her mouth, and made her think proper to go out of the room.

Mr. Marlove, being heartily ashamed that Jenny had been witness of this foolish affair, resolved to salve it up, if possible, before she went away; and, to that end, came into his wife's chamber; chusing rather to recede a little from what he thought his just prerogative as a husband, than suffer her to depart with the notion of his having asserted it too far,

As he came into the room at one door, Abigail was going out at the other: he easily perceived, by her countenance, that some *brulée* had happened between her and her lady; which taking for a good omen of succeeding in his design, he approached Mrs. Marlove; and, with an air perfectly *degagée* and unembarrassed—‘I hope, my dear,’ said he, ‘you are by this time convinced that your maid had a farther view in quarrelling with Jonathan than she pretended; and, also, how little she deserves you should espouse her cause?’

‘She has been impertinent, indeed,’ answered she; ‘but it is no wonder that she is so! When a woman is ill-treated by her husband, she can expect no other than to be so by her servant also; and it is to you, to you alone, that I either have been, or shall hereafter be, deprived of the respect due to me from our domesticks.’

‘Accuse me not,’ said he, ‘of any thing so contrary to my nature: your merits, and my just sense of them, will always engage me to behave towards you, both in publick and in private, with all the complaisance and tenderness that man can pay, or woman can expect.’

‘Then you would not contradict me in trifles?’ cried she, a little softened. ‘I will contradict you in nothing,’ said he, ‘that my reason will permit me to grant, or your own, on mature deliberation, induce you to desire. As to the present dispute between us,’ continued he, ‘I only beg you will defer any farther speech of it till to-morrow; and if, in that time, you do not find cause to alter your opinion, I shall endeavour to accede to yours.’

‘A very fair proposal indeed, Sir!’ said Jenny, smiling: ‘and, my dear Mrs. Marlove, if you do not accept it, I shall lay the whole blame of all the disagreements that may hereafter happen between you entirely on your ill-nature.’

‘That is a very severe inference,’ replied she: ‘however, to oblige you, I shall comply with Mr. Marlove’s request.’—‘I am glad to obtain it at any rate,’ cried he; ‘and I hope we may now go down to supper, which has waited for us this half-hour.’

Mrs. Marlove said she did not care for eating; and desired they would excuse her absence; but, by the entreaties of her husband, and some little pleasantries Jenny made use of on this occasion, she was at last prevailed upon; and they all went down together into the parlour.

Jenny kept an observant eye over both the husband and the wife all the time they were at table; and, as she was happy in a penetration which few of her sex, especially at her years, can boast of, easily perceived that, though he behaved with a politeness beyond what could have been expected after what had passed, and she seemed to have abated a great part of her late haughtiness and resentment, yet neither of them were sincerely inclined to submit to the will of the other in any thing which was not entirely agreeable to their own.

The apologies they made to her, however, on the account of the unpleasant entertainment she had met with in this visit, with her obliging answers to them in return, and repeated good wishes for their future peace, engrossed a great part of their conversation during the whole time she staid.

But the night being pretty far advanced, when supper was ended she took her leave of the half-reconciled pair, and went home full of those reflections which, on the scene she had been witness of, must naturally have occurred even to a person of a much less considerative disposition.

C H A P. VII.

AFFORDS FRESH MATTER FOR EDIFICATION TO THOSE WHO STAND IN NEED OF IT, AS WELL AS ENTERTAINMENT TO SUCH WHO DO NOT.

JENNY had an infinity of good-nature, and was extremely troubled at the disagreement she had seen between two persons whom she thought had been entirely happy in being united to each other: the more she ruminated on the behaviour of Mrs. Marlove, the more she found in it to condemn; but then she was also equally surprized to find so great a change in that of her husband. She had frequently been in their

their company while in their days of courtship; she had seen him humour all the little whims and caprices which the vanity of flattered beauty had made her guilty of; she had heard him praise even her very foibles, and seem charmed with what the rest of the world most blamed her for.

'Good God!' cried she to herself, 'how strange a reverse does marriage bring! Who that sees a man a husband would ever think he had been a lover? Till she was a wife, he would not have presumed to argue with her on any point she took upon her to assert; he would not then have opposed his reason to any folly she committed. It is true, she has insisted on a thing which he must have been both ungenerous and weak to have complied with; yet would he once not have dared to have contradicted her in much greater matters. If she is proud, imperious, and vain, it is on his own too great obsequiousness he ought to lay the blame. Oh! why will men endeavour to persuade us we are goddesses, only to create themselves the pains of convincing us afterwards that we are but mortals!

'Yet, after all,' said she again, 'we know that the extravagant encomiums so lavishly bestowed upon us before marriage, are mere words of course; the homage, the submissions, paid us by the lover, all form and empty shew: and, as they are put in practice only to soothe our vanity, ought not to deceive our understandings so far as to make us imagine we either deserve, or have a right to expect, the continuance of them, when the motive that induced them is no more. Marriage, as it removes all coyness and reserve in the woman, so it destroys all suspense in the man: he is then in possession of his wishes, has done with hopes and fears; and solicitations, of course, must also cease.

'Stripped, therefore, of that imaginary authority with which we once flattered ourselves, it is certainly the business of our sex to endeavour, by the most soft and obliging behaviour, to preserve and improve, if possible, the love of him whom it is no longer in our power to awe by a contrary way of acting.

'A too great tenaciousness of our own merits,' pursued she, 'the pride

'of doing whatever we have a mind to, and of imposing the laws of our own will on that of the lover, may be submitted to while we are mistresses, but will never be borne with when we are wives. The men, conscious of that superiority which custom and the matrimonial covenant have given them, never fail to exert it; and opposition on our side is struggling against the stream, and but serves to shew our weakness the more in the vain attempt.

'In my opinion,' went she still on, 'the way to accomplish what we aim at, is not to urge it with too much vehemence in the most reasonable things; much less can we expect success when we insist on such as are in themselves unjustifiable; as in the case of Mrs. Marlove: and I much fear that, if many contests of this nature happen, they will, by degrees, weaken her husband's affection for her; perhaps, in time, utterly destroy it, and render her both unhappy and unpitied.'

In this manner did the sagacious Jenny reason within herself upon the cause in question; and, upon the whole, her judgment entirely acquitted Mr. Marlove of all blame, and gave the verdict against his too-assuming wife, for whose late behaviour she could find no excuse except her extreme youth, and inexperience of the temper of mankind; that lady being but sixteen, which was two years short of the age she had attained herself.

This naturally led her into reflections on the folly of two persons uniting themselves together by the solemnities of marriage, without having well considered the duties of the state they were about to enter into; and confirmed her in the resolution she before had taken of living single, till she was as well assured as human reason could make her, that both herself, and the man who was to be her husband, were equally qualified to render each other truly happy.

She longed, however, to see Jemmy, that she might relate this story to him, and hear his sentiments upon it; but she saw him not all the next day; which a little surprized her, as four-and-twenty hours seldom passed over without his making her one visit, if no more. The accident which now occasioned

tioned his absence so much longer than usual, was, indeed, of a pretty particular nature. It was this:

On his coming home the night before, he found a letter that had been left for him, requesting his company at an entertainment to be given the next day, on a very extraordinary occasion, by a gentleman who had been an intimate acquaintance of his father. The invitation was too pressing for him to refuse complying with it; which otherwise he would gladly have done, as he expected not to find any guests there suitable to his age or humour.

He found himself, however, agreeably deceived in the conjecture; and was surprized, on his entrance into a spacious room, to see it filled with a very brilliant company of both sexes; who, being assembled in order to celebrate the most joyous circumstances that can happen in private life, came with a sincere resolution of contributing every thing in the power of each to do honour to the feast prepared for them.

But, not to keep the reader in suspense, the person who made this invitation was a gentleman of birth and fortune: he was married, in his youth, to a lady of celebrated beauty, and every way his equal; but, through a too great love of pleasure on his side, and errors in conduct, though without any breach of virtue, on hers, they had been separated for fourteen years, without the least probability of being reconciled, and, even less, of their ever living together again; as all the interposition of their friends for that purpose, during so long a space of time, had been in vain, and was at last entirely given over. The unhopèd-for event, notwithstanding, came to pass; both parties were alike touched with a just sensibility of their former mistakes, and returned to the embraces of each other with more ardency of affection than that with which they had first met in marriage.

There is certainly nothing which so much demonstrates the sincerity of our reformation as a free confession that we have been in the wrong. 'I was,' said the gentleman, 'in possession of a treasure before I had attained to an age capable of knowing the true value of it: I wore it, as an idiot does a diamond, careless on my arm, and liable to be snatched from me by the first

person who admired its lustre; but Heaven has preserved it as a blessing for my riper judgment!'

He concluded these words with kissing his lady's hand; and then went on—'I was,' continued he, 'one of those thoughtless wretches which the poet, doubtless, had in his eye when he wrote these lines—

"Fictitious joys allur'd my dazzled senses,
"And led them in the mystick maze awhile;
"Beguil'd with empty air, my restless heart
"Still after some untasted pleasure roam'd;
"But now the wand'rer sees his peaceful
"home,
"And there finds all it vainly sought abroad."

'I cannot suffer you, my dear,' said the lady, with a most becoming smile, 'to take upon yourself the whole blame of that unhappy disagreement which has so long divided us; I also have had my share of guilt, though in a different way from yours: if you have been too gay, I have been too inconsiderate; I have endeavoured not to make home delightful to you; I rather, by a thousand impertinencies and follies, rendered my presence irksome. I had no idea of the duties of my place, but behaved, when set at the head of a family, as I had done in the nursery, and expected to be humoured in the same manner.'

Thus did this lately re-united pair equally condemn themselves for the miscarriage of their past conduct; but, while they were speaking, there were not a few in company, of both sexes, who hung down their heads, as conscious of not being wholly free from the errors they heard mentioned.

Jemmy, according to the agreement made between him and Jenny, kept an observant eye on all those who he found were married; and easily perceived, by the looks which one of them, in particular, frequently gave his wife, that they were far from living together in a perfect harmony; though, as he had never seen either of them before, and was wholly unacquainted with their circumstances, conditions, or humours, it was utterly impossible for him to guess from what latent cause the discord he discovered proceeded: but, as it was the husband who seemed most dissatisfied, he concluded, without knowing any thing of the matter, that it must be the wife who was to blame.

The

The men are apt to be too partial to one another on this score. In the little time that Jemmy had at present for reflection, these lines of Mr. Dryden came directly into his head—

- * Few know what cares a husband's peace de-
stroy,
- * His real griefs, and his dissembled joy.*

It is altogether impracticable for married people, when so unhappy as to have any real or imagined cause of complaint against each other, to keep the uneasiness they labour under from being visible to the world: however perfect, as to other things, they may be in the art of dissimulation, in this, spite of their utmost endeavours, the sentiments of their hearts will break out; every look, every gesture, betrays the inward pangs they feel; which shews that, of all circumstances of discontent, those of marriage are with the most difficulty sustained.

Jenny was afterwards informed, that the last-mentioned gentleman was one of the many whom it is not in the power of fortune to make happy; that he took a kind of gloomy pleasure in creating to himself ideal ills, and then started at the apparition, which nothing but his own productive fancy had conjured up.

His wife was far from being a beauty; and, as to her person, she had received no more from nature than would just serve to make her pass for not disagreeable: as to her behaviour, it was affable and cheerful, but withal extremely modest; for, as she never affected a too great reserve, so she was equally free from all that had the appearance of levity; but neither the little power her eyes had of captivating, nor the prudence of her carriage, could hinder him from imagining every man that looked upon her had a dishonourable design towards her, and also that she had no disinclination to encourage it.

The whole of the entertainment concluded with a kind of ball; and, as there were more gentlemen than ladies present, the cloudy husband, with two others, retired to one corner of the room, and sat drinking to the healths of those that danced.

It was by mere accident, and without the least design on either side, that Jemmy had for his partner the wife of this suspicious gentleman; but it was

pleasant enough for those who sat near him to observe with what eagerness his eyes pursued each motion in them, which the regulation of the dance required. How his colour changed! how his lips trembled whenever that couple set to each other, or turned hands! It was in vain they filled his glass, and reminded him of the neglected toast, though it was even that of the Royal Family: he thought of nothing but his wife; and seeing her, as he imagined, encouraging the dumb courtship of a person who would invade his rights, he had no longer patience; and the second dance was but just led up when he rose from his seat, and said he must go home, for he had letters of importance to write, which till that moment he had forgot.

This put all in disorder. The gentleman who had made the invitation would fain have persuaded him to stay; but was silenced by the other urging the necessity of his departure: the lady then told him, with a great deal of politeness, that if they must be so unhappy to be deprived of his company, she hoped they should not also lose Mrs. —, who, she supposed, had no letters to write.

‘No, no, Madam!’ replied he, with very great emotion; ‘my wife may stay, if she thinks proper; I do not want her, not I!’ She was advancing to take her leave while he was speaking; nor would suffer herself to be prevailed upon, by all the lady could say, to stay behind her husband: but it was easy for any one to see her inclinations took the contrary part, and denied herself the satisfactions such good company afforded, merely through the apprehensions of paying too dearly for it when she came home.

Thus industriously do some people labour to bring on what most they would avoid. If this lady had been possessed of a little more beauty, or, to speak more justly, had she been mistress of a less share of discretion, there were, doubtless, some in company who would have been excited, by the jealousy of her husband, to have attempted that chastity he took such ridiculous measures to preserve.

As it was, however, the behaviour of the husband served to render him contemptible in the eyes of every one; and that of the wife to give her charms, which

which otherwise could not have been remarked in her.

The sarcasms passed on this unhappy, self-tormented gentleman, would be too tedious to repeat; yet were much shorter than they otherwise would have been, if the musick's sprightly sounds had not reminded the company that their feet at that time demanded more employment than their tongues.

It is not to be doubted but that, on going home, every one made their several remarks on what they had seen; but the mind of Jemmy was affected by it in a particular manner, as he considered all that had presented itself to him that day, concurred to make up one great instructive lesson for himself.

CHAP. VIII.

WILL OCCASION VARIOUS SPECULATIONS IN THE INQUISITIVE READER.

WHEN our pair of lovers came to relate mutually to each other the foregoing narratives, they were both of opinion, that most of the disagreements that happened in marriage were occasioned chiefly by the parties entering into that state too early and too precipitately.

'If your friends, who now so much rejoice in being reunited,' said Jenny, 'had taken care, before marriage, to attain those qualifications necessary for the performance of the duties required from their respective stations, they would probably never have fallen into those errors which occasioned their separation.'

'Nor would their guest,' continued she, 'be so unreasonably jealous of his wife's conduct, if, previously to his becoming a husband, he had made himself well acquainted with her principles and disposition, and also equally so with his own humour.'

'Nor would Mrs. Marlove,' replied Jemmy, 'if she had at all studied the temper of mankind, been so vain as to expect the same submission from her husband as she received from him while her lover; much less have pretended to contradict him in things where it was not her province to interfere.'

'Right,' resumed she, smiling; 'and

'you may now easily perceive the advantage it is to us not to hurry ourselves into wedlock, as too many people do, without reflecting what they are about, or being any way prepared to make the noose fit easy.'

'Then you persist in your resolution,' rejoined Jemmy, 'of not being married yet-a-while?' To which she answering in the affirmative, and repeating the arguments she had before made use of in her vindication, he readily enough yielded to the justice of her reason; but that he did so was not so much owing to his discretion as to another motive, which, though Jenny was ignorant of, it is not convenient that the reader should be so.

He had, in reality, met with some adventures of late, which had given him too high a relish for the modish pleasures of the town for him to be able to quit them without reluctance, and which, he had too much good sense not to know, it would ill become him to indulge the pursuit of after he should be a married man.

Among the many places of diversion this great and luxurious town abounds with, Lady Racket's assembly has been always looked upon as the most general rendezvous for all the young and gay of both sexes.

Jemmy went frequently thither: and it happening that one evening the company playing very high, he was stripped of all the money and bank-notes he had about him, which amounted to a considerable sum.

A little vexed at his ill-fortune, he was retiring to a window in order to compose himself, when the sound of a female voice, very loud, made him turn his head: he found it proceeded from Liberia, the celebrated Liberia, who, having been playing at another table, had lost all her money, and had not temper to bear it.

'Was ever such cursed luck!' cried she, starting from her seat; 'I have not a single stake left. I have a good mind to make a solemn vow never to touch a card again!'—'Patience, patience, Madam!' said Jemmy, advancing towards her; 'behold in me your brother in affliction: these things will happen, if we depend on the blind goddesses.'—'Have you lost all your money too?' demanded she. 'Every doit, upon my soul!' replied he: 'so

D

'neither

'neither of us have any thing to do at present but to observe the fate of others.'

'That would be an insipid way of killing time, indeed,' said she: 'suppose you and I should sit down to piquet, as we are both in the same condition, and can play with nobody else?'—'With all my heart,' answered he; 'and stake honour against honour.'—'Perhaps that would be just nothing at all,' cried she, laughing. 'I dare trust yours,' rejoined he, 'if you will put the same confidence in mine.'

'It would be ungenerous in me,' replied she, 'not to return good opinion with good opinion: but I think it is against the rules of gaming to play merely upon credit; I will let my solitaire against that ring you have upon your finger.'

Jemmy had a great regard for this ring, not so much for the intrinsic value of it, though it was a fine diamond, as because it had been his father's, who had given it to him some little time before he died: a moment's recollection, however, served to make him know what he should do on this occasion; and he replied, with great alertness—'Madam, I heartily agree to your proposal; with this proviso, that, whichever of us is the winner, the stakes may be redeemable; nor would it be fair in me to play with you on any other terms, as your solitaire is worth much more than my ring.'

'Well, it shall be just as you would have it,' replied she: 'twenty guineas shall be the event.' To which Jemmy agreeing, they sat down to a table which some company had just quitted: she plucked off her solitaire, and he his ring; both the pledges were laid under the candlestick, and to play they went. Fortune, for several deals, seemed dubious in whose favour she should decide; but, at length, after a hard-fought battle, gave the victory to Jemmy.

'Was ever any thing so unlucky?' said she; 'but I will not give out.' 'Come, Sir,' continued she, shuffling the cards, 'twenty guineas more; or, if you please, thirty: I shall then either be indebted fifty pieces to you, or have a claim on you for ten.'

Jemmy would fain have persuaded her to give over; but she would hear

nothing he said on that score. They cut the cards; poor Liberia had the advantage of the deal, but was nothing a gainer by it; she had not even the satisfaction of a second struggle; he immediately produced point, queen, and quatorze, without the trouble of playing a card.

'Confusion!' cried she, bursting into tears; 'sure all the stars in the firmament have conspired against me!' With these words she rose from the table. 'You have won, Sir,' pursued she: 'I know your direction, and will send the money in a day or two.' She staid not to hear what answer he would make, but flew out of the room with an air which denoted the utmost agitation of mind.

Liberia had a great share of beauty, and Jemmy of good-nature; the distress she appeared in rendered her more lovely in his eyes than ever he had thought her; his heart was that instant filled with emotions she had never before inspired it with; he followed, with the solitaire in his hand, and overtook her as she was passing through a room in order to reach the stair-case.

'Madam,' said he to her, 'I cannot suffer that beautiful neck should be without so becoming an ornament, even for the smallest space of time; I beseech you therefore to resume this jewel, and also to assure yourself, that I dare take your word of honour as a sufficient security for a much greater sum than the trifle to which fortune has just now entitled me.'

'No, Mr. Jessamy,' answered she; 'that must not be: my lord is at present out of town; or, if he were at home, I should not chuse to acquaint him with my losses at play; it is also improper for me to let the steward know any thing of the matter. It may be longer than I could wish, or you perhaps expect, before I can, with any convenience, discharge my obligation; so desire you will say no more, but keep the pledge till in my power to redeem it.'

All this was delivered in a voice so broken and hesitating, that Jemmy easily perceived by that, as well as by her looks, that it was with the utmost reluctance she refused the offer he had made, though her pride would not suffer her to accept of it.

Something, which the reader will presently

gently discover, coming that moment into his head—' Since you insist, Madam,' said he, looking tenderly on her, ' and will needs force me to retain something of yours in my hands, consent, at least, that I exchange this mortgage for some other. If you will permit me to wait on you home, and look over your trinkets, I shall certainly find somewhat that will please me as well, and you can much better spare.'

' I must not reject every thing you propose,' replied she, with a half smile; and then received the solitaire from him, which he assisted her in replacing; and while he was doing so, gave her neck a gentle pressure, which she was not so insensible as not to know the meaning of.

There needed no more; she gave him her hand to lead her down stairs; her own chair waiting in the hall, she went into it, and he followed in a hackney.

On coming to her house, she conducted him directly to her dressing-room, where her woman being sitting at work, she bade her set a bottle of wine on the table, and retire till called for; saying she had some accounts to settle with that gentleman.

This attendant was no sooner withdrawn, than the reduced Liberia opened a little cabinet, which contained her jewels: ' Here, Sir,' cried she, ' are all the toys of this nature I am mistress of.' Jemmy scarce vouchsafing a glance towards them, replied—' They must be fine indeed, since owned by you; and must dazzle the sight of a man less knowing than I pretend to be in what is truly valuable: but what is all the lustre they can boast while you are in presence? How faint are the rays of the diamond to those your eyes send forth! How insipid, how weak, is the glow of the ruby to these lips!'

He began this speech with looking intently on her face; and finding nothing there to discourage his attempt, concluded with throwing his arms about her waist, and giving her more lively indications of his sense of the perfections he had praised, than all in the power of language could have done.

They were alone; a couch was in the room; she resisted not his encroachments; and one moment gave him the full possession of a happiness, which not

half an hour before he had not even the least thought of ever soliciting.

Scarce had he time to express the transports of his gratitude for the unhop'd favours he had received, when Liberia, hearing the sound of voices on the stairs, rang her bell to know who was there; on which her woman immediately came in, and told her that two ladies, who had been at Lady Racket's assembly, and seeing her leave the company so abruptly, had called to know the occasion, fearing she might be indisposed.

' Lord! how impertinent is some people's friendship!' cried Liberia. ' Why did you not tell them I was well, but very busy?'—' I did so, Madam,' replied the other; ' and that you was shut up in your closet writing letters; but they insisted on seeing you, ran up stairs in spite of me, and are now in the drawing-room.'

' Well, there is no remedy for these things,' said she; ' I must go to them, or they will burst in upon me here.— You will excuse me, Mr. Jessamy; it is highly improper you should be seen: then turning to her woman—' shew him down the back-stairs,' added she, ' with as little noise as you can.'

She said no more, but went out of the room to receive her company; and Jemmy suffered himself to be conducted by her woman in the manner she had ordered.

CHAP. IX.

HAS SOMETHING IN IT OF THE MARVELLOUS.

THOUGH Jemmy had as small a share of vanity in his composition as any man that ever lived, yet it would have been a thing almost supernatural in him, if an adventure, such as he had just now met with, had not elated a heart as unexperienced as was his. Liberia was a woman of distinction, young, beautiful, and had every requisite to render her the delight and admiration of mankind; to what else, then, but a peculiar liking of his person and behaviour, could it seem possible to him to impute the concessions she had made?

It is not to be understood, however, that the pleasing sensation he felt at this event proceeded from the gratification

of any passion he had entertained for the lady, who so highly had obliged him: on the contrary, his affection for Jenny was a sure defence from the attacks of any other charms; he had often seen Liberia, had thought her a fine woman, as every one did; but he had never been touched with the least spark of an amorous desire on her account; nor, on looking on her, had even considered the difference of sexes. But though what had happened between them was merely casual on his side, yet he could not help believing that it was a previous inclination on her's which alone could have excited her to act in the manner she had done.

The hurry in which they were compelled to part took from him all opportunity of testifying that desire of continuing a correspondence with her, which otherwise he thought she would have had reason to expect; and which even gratitude, politeness, and even common good-nature, would have exacted from him.

He therefore went the next morning to her house, certain in his mind of meeting with a reception suitable to the kindness she had given him such proofs of the night before. She was just dressed, and going to court; but, on his sending up his name, gave orders for his admittance; the servant, who introduced him withdrawing, he approached to salute her with the air and freedom of a favoured lover.

But how unspeakable was his surprise, when, going to take her in his arms, she started back, and with a countenance all awful and austere—'Hold off, Sir,' said she; 'this is a familiarity neither becoming you to take, nor me to grant.' The confusion he was in not permitting him to make any immediate reply—'I do not now,' continued she, 'owe fifty pieces to you.'

'No, Madam,' replied he, a little recovering himself; 'but you owe me a heart in return for that I have devoted to you.'—'I have nothing to do with your heart,' resumed she; 'and, as for mine, it is my husband's due.'—'If you really think so, Madam,' cried he, 'wherefore did you flatter me last night with having so large a part?'—'What happened last night,' said she, 'was merely accidental: I had lost all my money, and

the debts we contract at play, you know, are debts of honour; but where my own is not concerned, be assured I shall always have a just regard for that of my husband.'

In spite of the consternation Jemmy was in, he could not refrain smiling at the distinction this lady made; and, with an air which had something of contemptuous in it—'I thought, Madam,' said he, 'that the honour of the husband and the wife had always been inseparable.'

'They are so, I allow,' answered she; 'but necessity sometimes compels a woman to do what otherwise she would not be guilty of: therefore I beg you will think no more of what has happened; it was a foolish affair, indeed; but, as it cannot be recalled, should be forgotten.'

He was about to make some reply, which it is likely would not have been very pleasing to her, but she went to the door, and called to know if the chariot was ready; and being told it was—'Adieu, Mr. Jessamy,' said she; 'I am obliged to attend the princess. I hope, whenever we meet, you will always treat me as the wife of Lord ***.'

She had no sooner spoke these words, than she shot like lightning out of the room, leaving Jemmy in a situation of mind not easy to be described, or even conceived, by any one who has not been under the same circumstances.

It was not that his pride was so much mortified at this unexpected rebuff, as his comprehension was confounded at it's being given: the more he endeavoured to fathom the mysterious meaning, the more he was absorbed in wonder; in fine, he knew not what to think, nor by what motive to account for a proceeding so strange, so contradictory to the very nature of the sex.

The first shock of any thing is very difficult to be concealed; the spirits, when suddenly alarmed, are in a hurry for a while, then sink into as extreme a languor. Jemmy dined that day at a tavern, by an appointment he had made with some gentlemen of his acquaintance; but neither their conversation, nor the glass, which went briskly about, had the power of dissipating his chagrin, or driving Liberia entirely from his thoughts.

The least air of seriousness in persons of

of an extraordinary vivacity cannot fail of being taken notice of. Jemmy was looked upon as the life and soul of all the company he went into; and now to find him, instead of inspiring others with good-humour, stand in need of being inspired himself, made every one desirous of knowing what had occasioned this sudden transformation; but the affair was not a thing to be talked on, and he evaded giving any direct answer to the questions put to him on this head.

He did not long, however, preserve a taciturnity on this occasion, which was pretty painful to him: the company being broke up, and only one gentleman, with whom he had a greater intimacy than with any of the others, staying behind, he could not forbear speaking of what so much engrossed his thoughts. In fine, he related to him the whole history of his late whimsical adventure, concealing only the name of the heroine concerned in it.

But how strangely was he disappointed, when, instead of hearing his friend express some astonishment, as he expected he would have done, at an event so new and uncommon, he only burst into such a violent fit of laughter as hindered him from speaking for some moments!

'What!' cried Jemmy; 'the story I have been telling you is too romantic to be believed; and you suspect I have been endeavouring all this while to impose upon your understanding an invention of my own, in the room of a real fact?'

'No, upon my word,' replied the other; 'I am so confident of the truth of all you have repeated, that, upon occasion, I would be your voucher for every particular of it: but what made me so merry was, the great care you have taken in keeping the name of this fine lady a secret. What will you say now,' continued he, 'if I tell you at once, that I am certain no woman but Liberia is capable of behaving in the manner you have described?'

Liberia herself had scarce given Jemmy more surprize than his friend did in mentioning her as the person they were talking of. 'Liberia!' cried he. 'What have I said to raise such a conjecture in you?'

'Nothing, upon my soul!' answered the other; 'you have nothing to ac-

cuse yourself of in this point, and might have told the story to five hundred people without one of them being able to guess at the woman. It is not my penetration, but my experience, has let me into the secret of this matter: and, to make you master of another, I must tell you, that I have been beforehand with you.'

Jemmy not perfectly comprehending these words, asked what he meant. 'It happened,' said he, 'the other day, that one evening I played at the same table with this extraordinary lady: I swept the stakes, and she being out of cash, we went on upon credit; Fortune was still on my side; she lost a considerable sum to me, which I had the same equivalent for that she bestowed on you; and when I waited on her some days afterwards, in order to repeat my devoirs, received also just the same repulse you did; and found that it was her humour—no play, no love.'

'Then neither of us,' cried Jemmy, 'are obliged for the favours we have received to an amorous inclination on her part?'—'No, faith,' replied his friend; 'I rather take her to be one of the insensibles that way: but her lust for gaming is insatiate; she would be eternally at it; there all the passions of her soul are centered; and though at present a professed enemy to religion, would be the greatest devotee imaginable, were she once persuaded there were gaming-tables in heaven.'

'In fine, my dear Jemmy,' pursued he, 'the case stands thus: she loses more at play in one month, perhaps, than the rent-roll of Lord ***'s estate produces in a year; and being, either through fear or tenderness, unwilling to make him acquainted with her ill-luck, prudently takes the method you and I have experienced of satisfying the winners, and thinks herself no ill wife in so doing; since she forfeits her husband's honour only to preserve his peace, and never repeats her transgression with the same man, unless compelled to it by a second necessity of the like nature.'

Jemmy being now, by this detail, entirely freed from the perplexity of thought which the first surprize at the strangeness of Liberia's behaviour had involved him in, it is not to be doubt-

ed but that these two young gentlemen were pleasant enough on the affair in question, and mutually laughed at each other for the disappointment each of them had received, in anagining they had been favoured with a peculiar liking by that lady.

Neither of them having any engagements on their hands, they passed the whole evening together till the night was very far advanced, and called them to repose; during all which time little else but Liberia was talked on.

But as the repetition of a conversation, founded on such a topick, might not be very agreeable to such of our readers as we should be most studious to oblige; and, besides, would not be at all material to the business of this history; we may reasonably hope being easily excused for passing it over in silence.

CHAP. X.

AFFORDS BUT SMALL MATTER OF ENTERTAINMENT; YET, IF WELL CONSIDERED, MAY BE OF SINGULAR USE TO SOME READERS.

THERE is a certain haughty sureliness almost inherent to old age, which will not let people, when they come to be any thing advanced in years, allow the least share of understanding in those of a younger sort; they treat them as mere idiots, incapable of comparing, judging, or even of knowing right from wrong.

But this is a partiality which betrays that want of discernment in themselves which they accuse in others. If youth, through too much fire, is addicted to vanity, rashness, and impetuosity; age, through too much phlegm, is no less liable to peevishness, obstinacy, and pride: in both the faults of constitution have but too great an effect upon the will, and deprive reason of half its force.

The faculties of the mind certainly decay, and grow weaker in proportion as the vigour of the body is impaired; a keenness of conception, a readiness of thought, and what is generally called wit, are the gifts of youth; when the organs, through which the soul is said to operate, are in their full strength as nature made them, unobstructed by dis-

eases, and unworn by time. Age is chiefly wise by experience, and by improving those observations which a long series of years had treasured up. It must therefore be allowed, that young people are far from being incapable of making the most just reflections; but the baits of sense, the excitements of pleasure, and the whirl of a thousand different passions, which incessantly agitate the ideas, prevent those reflections from making any lasting impression, and consequently from being of any real use in regulating their actions; so that they can be said to be discreet only by starts; and it is in this alone that all the boasted advantages of age consist.

Nothing was ever more strictly true than what that celebrated poet, Mr. Dryden, says, when, speaking of the difference between youth and age, he expresses the whole sense of the argument in these two equally elegant and comprehensive lines.

‘ Experience vainly in our youth is sought;
‘ And, by age purchas’d, is too dearly
‘ bought.’

Our Jemmy was one of those who never did any thing which reason could condemn, without being immediately self-convicted and ashamed of his error; though, as I said before, through the fire of youth, the enchantments of pleasure, and the prevalence of example, he could not avoid falling again into the same. As to play in particular, without any extraordinary propensity of his own, he was frequently drawn in to make a party at several gaming-tables, both private and publick; yet did he never reflect on what money he had lost, without being convinced he could not have disposed of it in a worse way; nor did he ever win of any gentleman, whose circumstances he knew could not well bear a diminution, without being shocked to the soul for having been one of those who had contributed to his misfortune.

He was perfectly sensible both of the vice and folly of gaming, as at present practised among almost all degrees of people; and stood amazed whenever he recollected, that he had seen men of the first figure and fortune in the kingdom not only condescend to mix in company with the common sharpers and gamblers of the town, but also to make use of the same low arts they did, in
order

order to force chance, as it were, to be their friend.

He could not think, without a mixture of pity and contempt, on those who, neglecting the accounts of their estates, and trusting all to their stewards and bailiffs, boasted how well they were versed in Mr. Hoyle's calculation in the cutting of a pack of cards, and swear five pieces an hour was too small pay for the instructions of so learned a doctor in the great, mysterious, and most polite science of gaming.

He very often ran over in his mind all the various amusements of the town; and on comparing them with this of gaming, none of them seemed to him to have so small a plea for engrossing either the time or attention of a man of sense and honour.

'Every other pleasure or diversion,' said he within himself, 'have something in them deserving that name; they either regale the senses, or exercise the body, or relieve the mind: but gaming is the contrary of all these; it impedes the gratification of our most natural appetites, it enervates the limbs with too long sitting, it racks the brain with cares, it fills the bosom with anxieties, and, in fine, is a fatigue, which, were it not the effect of our own free choice, would be intolerable.'

'Nor is this all,' would he sometimes add; 'an inordinate love of gaming certainly proceeds from avarice, the most sordid passion of the heart, and consequently destroys all that is generous, noble, and sincere; deadens that social feel, that kindly warmth, which nature has implanted in us towards our fellow-creatures; and renders the man devoted to this vice capable of no other wish than to enjoy the infamous triumph of bearing off the spoils of him he plays against, though it should even happen to be one he calls his friend, or one who must be entirely ruined by the loss of what he is now in possession of, through the favour of fortune, or a superior skill in the destructive art.'

He concluded from all this, that to undo others, or to be undone one's self, was the almost certain consequence of gaming high; for which reason he made many resolutions to avoid it as much as possible; and indeed persisted in them more than could be well ex-

pected from a man of his gay temper, and who, by the company he kept, was continually surrounded with temptations of that sort.

But if he thought the love of play so pernicious a thing in those of his own sex, in what light must he behold it in regard to those of the other? He had read some old musty authors, who maintained that modesty was a peculiar characteristic of womanhood; that an innocence of deportment was the chief beauty of a virgin; and œconomy in private, and a decent reserve in publick, that of a married woman: and he could not get it out of his head but that these maxims were just contrary, as they were to what he had seen practised at play by some ladies, who pass for patterns of politeness and fashionable good-breeding; and in comparing the difference, he could not forbear crying out — 'Sure, when these books were wrote, gaming was a thing never heard of among women!'

These having always been his notions, it could not be otherwise but that the example of Liberia must greatly contribute to fortify them in him, as he now experienced what he had many times been told by those better acquainted with the ladies, that those debts which are called debts of honour, are often discharged by loss of honour.

'What an amiable figure in life might this woman make,' said he, speaking of Liberia, 'if it were not for this mad attachment to gaming! I dare believe she has no vicious inclinations of her own; and her quality and marriage with Lord *** defend her from all impertinent addresses of our sex. How strange, then, is the infatuation which compels her to run the fatal risque of being reduced to yield to such condescensions as otherwise her pride would scorn, and her virtue shudder at!'

He never ruminated in this manner without falling immediately after into a profound reverie; which, whoever had seen him in, would not have taken him for that gay, laughing, spiritous creature he appeared at other times: but it generally happens, that persons of that humour, when they think at all, think more deeply than those of a heavy and phlegmatick disposition.

The many mischiefs which sometimes

times befall the fair-sex, by indulging themselves in this dangerous amusement, made him tremble for Jenny: he knew she played occasionally; but though he had never heard her testify any extraordinary pleasure in it, yet he could not assure himself that she might not, by degrees, be drawn into a better liking of it, and consequently become liable to the same inconveniences to which so many others of her sex were every day subjected.

Love, friendship, and the consideration of his own interest and honour, as Jenny was one day to become his wife, obliged him therefore to do every thing in his power to prevent so great an evil; nor could he think of any method more effectual for that end, than by reminding her, in a delicate way, and without seeming to do it with design, of the dangers to which women who love play could not fail of being exposed.

He had no sooner thought on this, than he resolved to put it into immediate execution; and, to give the greater weight to what he intended to say, ransacked his memory for all the alarming circumstances of a gaming-table, that he had ever seen or heard of.

C H A P. XI.

A LITTLE MORE TO THE PURPOSE.

JEMMY knew that his fair mistress kept a great deal of company, and that most of her afternoons were taken up with giving and receiving visits: whenever, therefore, he had any particular conversation to entertain her with, he always went to her in a morning. The business he had to communicate seeming to him of too much importance to be delayed, his impatience carried him thither more early than was his custom; yet he had not the satisfaction of finding her alone; the two lovely daughters of Mrs. G—— were just gone up stairs before him: but he was not much disconcerted at their presence, as he saw they were in their dishabille, and he could not doubt but that the hour of the day would soon call them home, in order to ornament those charms which were too much admired not to make them desirous of shewing them to the best advantage, whenever they appeared in publick places, which they seldom

or never failed to take all opportunities of doing.

These ladies, whose history it is probable will, some time or other, make a very interesting figure in the world, were distinguished more by the name of the Two Beautiful Sisters than that of their family: they were, indeed, lovely beyond what language can describe, or fancy, without seeing them, delineate. Both of them were tall, finely shaped, of a most graceful air, had the most regular features; eyes at once commanding and attracting love and admiration; and so equally had Nature dealt her bounties to them, that hard it is to say which of them excelled in any one of those perfections which each possessed in so lavish abundance.

But being so alike beautiful was certainly a misfortune to them; for each seeming most lovely when the other was away, yet neither of them having the preference when together, the beholder's eye was kept in continual motion, without knowing on which to fix: this it was which, joined with some other considerations not my business to enquire into, perhaps kept them much longer from being married than many who have not the thousandth part of their power of charming.

This consideration, however, seemed to have but little weight with them: they lived in the most perfect harmony; were rarely seen asunder, whether at the Play, the Opera, the Court, the Mall, Vauxhall, Ranelagh; in all places of resort they were inseparable as the twin stars that grace the zodiack.

In fine, so much the same, in every respect, were this pair of charmers, that, if Mr. Waller had lived in their days, one would have imagined he could have no other in his eyes when he wrote these lines—

- ' Not the silver doves that fly,
- ' 'Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
- ' Not the wings which soar so high,
- ' And convey her son so far;
- ' Are so lovely, sweet, and fast,
- ' Or do more ennoble love,
- ' Are so choicely-match'd a pair,
- ' Or with more consent do move.

Fortunately for Jemmy's design, it fell out that the conversation turned chiefly on the subject of gaming, on account of a certain lady, who, having

no

no more than five and twenty hundred pounds per annum, had, according to her own confession, lost nine thousand in one season at play.

Jenny expressed, with so much warmth and spirit, the contempt she had of those who made a kind of business or trade, as it were, of this amusement, as sufficiently denoted the sincerity of her heart while she was speaking, and gave Jemmy an infinite satisfaction in hearing her.

The two beautiful sisters made but a very short visit, as Jemmy had conjectured; and, after they were gone, he resumed the topick they had been talking on: 'You women,' said he, smiling, 'have much the advantage over us men; some of you, at least, have been ingenious enough to have found out a very easy method of discharging all the debts you contract at play. I could give you,' continued he, 'a thousand instances of what I say; but I shall content myself with only one, in which a friend of mine made me the confidante, and on whose veracity I dare as much depend as if I had been in his place, and one of the chief parties concerned in it.'

Finding Jenny looked earnestly upon him all the time he had been speaking, and seemed in a disposition to give attention to every thing he said upon that subject, he went on, and related to her, with as much brevity and modesty as such an affair would permit, all that had passed between himself, Liberia, and the other gentleman, who had been a sharer with him in the favour of that lady; hiding from her only the names, and some few circumstances, which might have given her room to guess more than he wished she should do.

Jenny was shocked to the very soul at this recital. She had been witness of many extravagances that women who devote themselves to gaming are often guilty of; she knew very well that they reduced themselves to great straits, sometimes even to the total ruin of their own and husband's fortune; but could never have imagined that any of them, merely for the sake of play, would have proceeded to those frightful lengths she now was told of.

After having expressed some part of her astonishment and indignation at such a depravity of nature—'How

'ought,' cried she, 'every one to guard against the first approaches of this dangerous propensity!' And then again—'Bless me!' added she, 'how can any one, who has a tongue to speak, and common sense to dictate what they say, lavish those hours in gaming which might be passed in an agreeable and improving conversation? If no other ill consequences than barely loss of time attended it, methinks it were enough to hinder any one, not altogether void of reason, from pursuing, with the eagerness some do, an amusement, at the best, trifling and idle!'

It is not to be doubted but that Jemmy was quite transported at finding in his fair mistress sentiments so just, and so exactly conformable to those he had, with the greatest ardency, wished she should be inspired with: he had no words which seemed to him sufficient to praise, as they deserved, her prudence and penetration; yet said enough on that occasion to put her modesty to the blush.

'Do not fancy me to be possessed of more merit than I have,' answered she: 'I believe that many of our sex, with as little inclination as myself to play, have been enticed to it by the examples of those whom we are so silly as to think it an honour to imitate, even in their vices. Whatever we see practised by those of the great world becomes a law to us of the inferior class; and I can tell you, that it is not owing to my own judgment, but to mere accident, that I am brought to a more reasonable way of thinking.'

'You must know,' continued she, 'that a lady, who is a distant relation of mine, took me with her one evening to the route of a person of condition: there was a prodigious deal of company, three large rooms made into one, and no less than fourteen tables set out for different sorts of gaming. Every body played; and, though I never was fond of cards, yet was ashamed, in so publick an assembly, not to do as others did; so engaged myself with a party who were sitting down to whist. Either through want of skill or attention, I soon lost twenty pieces, which was all I had about me at that time: but having no notion
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of giving over, as the others were for continuing, I went to my cousin, who was at quadrille at another table, in order to get a fresh supply from her; but, to my great mortification, found she was entirely stripped as well as myself; and there was none of the company with whom I was intimate enough to become a borrower.

‘I must confess,’ pursued she, ‘that I then was silly enough to be heartily vexed at this disappointment, and retired to the other end of the room, debating within myself whether I should not go quite away, or see how my cousin would behave, who, I found, was still at play with the same party she had been engaged in. As I was in this perplexity, the Earl of ****, who had betted at our table, and been witness both of my ill-luck and present confusion, came towards me; and putting a purse, that seemed very weighty, into my hand, which he held fast grasped between both his—“It is pity,” said he, “that so fine a young lady should be deprived of her diversion on any account whatever, much less on that of a little paltry cash: accept these few pieces, they may be more lucky to you than your own; but, if it prove otherwise, command as many from me as you shall stand in need of.”

‘I protest to you,’ went she still on, ‘that I was so confounded at finding myself accosted in this manner, that I had neither courage nor presence of mind enough to resent, at first, so impudent an overture, as I ought to have done; and it was the simplicity of my behaviour which perhaps encouraged him to proceed: for I only asking what his lordship meant, he replied, with an air and voice sufficiently explanatory of the base thoughts he had of me—“I mean to devote myself, and all I have, at the altar of your charms; happy if you smile upon the sacrifice!”

‘Never was any poor creature so overwhelmed with different passions as I then was! Amazement, shame, disdain, and rage, at once rose in my bosom, and almost stopped the passage of my breath! I forgot all respect of his birth and place; and throwing the purse he had given me upon the floor—“Carry your offers,” said I,

“to those who want them; I despise both them and the hand from which they came!”

‘With these words I burst from him, and rejoined the company. My cousin was still playing, having borrowed of some person she was acquainted with; and I kept leaning over the back of her chair all the time we staid. His lordship passed by me more than once, and discovered by his looks that he was no less affronted at my behaviour than I had been at his; which, contrary to what it is likely his vanity might make him imagine, gave me more satisfaction than discontent.

‘I was, however, very much agitated to think that any man, how great soever, had dared to treat me with the freedom he had done. On coming home, I complained of it to my cousin; but she only ridiculed me for it; told me I was a novice in the ways of the town; that, if she had been in my place, she would have taken his money, and laughed at him afterwards for bestowing it: for which I liked her so ill, that I have ever since avoided her as much as possible.

‘Thus you see, my dear Jemmy,’ added she, on concluding her little narrative, ‘that my dislike of gaming is not owing to my prudence in considering the folly of it; for I confess I never thought much about the matter, but merely to Lord ****’s behaviour; for certainly no young woman of common modesty, if treated as I was, will ever indulge herself in an amusement that renders her virtue liable to be exposed to such insolent attacks!’

It was not in the power of all she could say, however, to make Jemmy desist from giving her the praises she deserved, nor from entertaining in his mind the highest idea of her understanding, as well as her virtue; inasmuch that, could he have thought himself equally qualified in what might be expected from a husband, as she was in every thing that could be wished for in a wife, he would have seen no reason for delaying their mutual happiness for one moment.

But a just consciousness of some little frailties which afforded him too much pleasure to be able as yet to rectify,

tify, made him forbear to press her on the subject of their marriage for the present.

CHAP. XII.

CONTAINS A VERY NOTABLE INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP A-LA-MODE.

WHILE our lovers were thus endeavouring to form their minds in such a manner as should enable them to render each other perfectly happy when they should come to be united together, there were not wanting some who made it their chief study to contrive the means of separating them for ever.

Jemmy had contracted a very numerous acquaintance since his father's death, many of whom had a large share of his esteem and friendship; but there was one, above the rest, whose humour and behaviour he was particularly taken with, and with whom he conversed with the most unreserved freedom.

This gentleman, who was called Bellpine, was descended from a very ancient family; and had been, through the extravagance and ill-management of his father, deprived of all that ought to have been his patrimony, except two hundred pounds a year, which had been settled upon his mother by way of jointure, and could not be dissipated.

He had, notwithstanding, been flattered with the expectation of being one day in possession of an estate of near three thousand pounds per annum, being the undoubted heir of an uncle, who, having lived a bachelor till a very advanced age, there was not the least probability of his ever changing his condition, much less of his having any children, even in case such a thing should happen: and this dependance it was that hindered him from being bred up to any business or profession, and also gave him an air of self-sufficiency, in some measure, conformable to the fortune he so reasonably hoped to become master of.

This uncle, however, to the surprise of all that knew him, at the age of eighty-two, and equally laden with infirmities and years, took it into his head to marry a daughter of one of his tenants in the country; a girl scarce nineteen.

An accident such as this could not, when it happened, but give a very great shock to Bellpine, as he could not assure himself but that, in spite of his uncle's great age, a child, some way or other, might come, and cut him off at once from the inheritance he had been made to depend upon. Yet did he not suffer his spirits to sink on this occasion; he rather exerted them all, in order to find some means to remedy, or at least to abate, the asperity of this disappointment: the most feasible ones, he thought, would be to procure, if possible, some genteel employment about court; and, at the same time, make his addresses to some lady of an handsome fortune for a wife.

He was soliciting at the levees of the great for the accomplishment of his first project; and casting about in his mind where he should direct his courtship with the utmost probability of succeeding in the other, when he commenced an acquaintance with Jemmy: chance brought them at first together; and a mutual liking of each other's conversation, by degrees, grew up to that intimacy between them already mentioned.

Jemmy was of the most open communicative disposition that man could possibly be; he had very few affairs in life which he made secrets of to any of those whom he called his friends: but with Bellpine he maintained no reserve; he made him the confidante of all his looser pleasures; his foibles, his very thoughts, were not concealed from him; it therefore may be supposed that he disguised not the honourable affection he had for Jenny; the care that both their parents had taken to bring them up in notions of being united together when they arrived at years of maturity; and also the reasons urged on her side, and agreed to on his, for delaying, for some time, the celebration of their nuptials.

As his heart was warm with a passion which duty, and the custom of looking on her as the person ordained for his wife, had at first inspired him with, and a just sensibility of the many amiable qualities she was mistress of had afterwards greatly heightened in him, he spoke of her in a manner sufficient to enflame the heart of the hearer with envy at his happiness: in this, indeed, it must be confessed that he shewed more

sincerity than prudence; but, as one of our poets observes—

‘Those free from guile themselves, can scarce
‘believe
‘That others will be false.’—

Nor was this all: he contented not himself with giving him a bare idea of what she was; he introduced him to her acquaintance; he frequently made him a partner in his visits to her, recommending him as a person highly worthy of her esteem and friendship; and, in fine, spoke of him in terms which obliged her to treat him as such; little, alas! suspecting that, while doing this, he was whetting the edge of a sword that might one day be pointed against his own bosom.

Bellpine was far from being the man the honest heart of Jemmy mistook him for: he was possessed, it is true, of many accomplishments both natural and acquired, but had no fund of honour or generosity: he knew perfectly how to insinuate himself into the good graces of those he conversed with; but thought himself not bound to make an adequate return for any favours he received from them; all his wishes were centered in self-gratification; and no consideration for others had ever any weight to make him desist from that favourite pursuit.

But being of a disposition such as I have described, it is not to be wondered at that the fine person and large fortune of Jenny should make him envy the happiness of him who was to be the possessor of that double treasure: he loved her on the score of her beauty, her wit, and the many amiable qualities he had observed in her; but adored her as being the mistress of what he so much wanted; and, filled with the idea of those advantages he might reap in an alliance with her, made him resolve on the attempt, and to take all the methods his inventive fancy could inspire to alienate her affections from his friend.

He had often heard Jemmy say, that the agreement between them for contracting the celebration of their marriage had been first proposed by her; from whence he concluded, that the passion she had for him was not so violent but that it might be easily withdrawn, if she was once made to believe there was a decay in that he professed for her.

He was sensible, notwithstanding, that there required a more than common share of caution and address in the management of this design; he saw very well, that Jenny had a great deal of sagacity and penetration; it behoved him, therefore, either to throw such a temptation in Jemmy’s way as should render him in effect ungrateful and perfidious, or contrive such appearances of his being so, as could not be discovered from reality by human wit.

With the first of these measures he commenced the prosecution of his design, though, of the two, the least feasible to be accomplished, as it was very difficult to find a woman who excelled Jenny in any one perfection that can attract the eye, or captivate the heart: ‘Love,’ said he within himself, ‘is seldom so much the effect of reason as of fancy; and if I can be so lucky as to present an object capable of firing the heart of this too happy rival with an amorous flame, and she has virtue or cunning enough to refuse the gratification on any other terms than those of marriage, it may so happen, that all the merits of Jenny, and his engagements with her, will be too light to overbalance inclination.’

He knew that Jemmy was extremely fond of musick; he had seen him in the utmost rapture on hearing a melodious voice, or an instrument finely played upon; and it was by this bait he hoped to allure Jemmy from his vows, or at least to draw him into such a manner of behaviour as should pique the pride of Jenny, and render her indifferent towards him.

To dissolve the cement of that tender affection, with which they now regarded each other, would go a great way towards gaining the point he aimed at; he flattered himself, that if he could once set them at variance, he was at present enough in Jenny’s favour to be able to obtain the first share in her tenderness, when taken off from the man who now engrossed it.

The person whose charms he intended as the snare to entrap the constancy of Jemmy was called Miss Chit: she passed, in the opinion of most people, for the daughter of a gentleman distinguished in the world for nothing so much as for being her father; but it was whispered, by those who pretended to be connoisseurs in the secret intrigues of the

the great, that she really sprung from parents of a much more elevated station.

She was young, handsome, well-shaped; and, though of somewhat too diminutive a stature, had an air and mien extremely striking; she wanted neither wit nor assurance to set off the talents she was mistress of to the best advantage; she was a great courtier, and perfectly skilled in all the rudiments of modish good-breeding: but the chief inducement that Bellpine had to make choice of her as an instrument of his purpose was this; Nature had given her a voice that seemed the very soul of harmony; and, when accompanied by her harpsichord, which she finely touched, the mellifluous sounds had power to calm the most raging passions of the mind, and convert all into love and soft desire; so that what the poet says of Mira, might be justly enough ascribed to her—

‘The wretch, who from her wit and beauty
‘flies,
‘If she but reach him with her voice, he dies.’

Bellpine frequently visited this lady, and was welcome to her on account of his facetious conversation, and the intelligence he picked up among his acquaintance, and was continually informing her of the intrigues of the town. As he was well received by her, he could not fail of being so by her father, who, it was easy to perceive, was but the second person in the family: standing thus as he did with both, it cannot be supposed he wanted interest to introduce any one he thought proper to her acquaintance. He would not, however, proceed too abruptly in the affair, as it might have spoiled all, if either party had suspected him of design; but watched an opportunity, when they were talking one day of musick, to ask Jemmy, in a careless manner, as if it were by chance, if he had ever heard Miss Chit sing and play.

‘No,’ replied he; ‘but I have heard she does both to very great perfection.’—‘I wonder,’ said the other, ‘that you should not have the curiosity to be a judge of her skill that way yourself, as you are so great a lover of musick!’

‘I have not the honour to be at all known to her,’ replied Jemmy; ‘nor have even ever seen her, any more than

‘en passant, once or twice I think at court, and two or three times in the Mall with Lady Fisk.’

‘I am pretty free there,’ cried Bellpine; ‘and if you have an inclination to hear this female Orpheus of the town, will take you with me, and also engage she shall give you a touch of her harmony, both vocal and instrumental; for, to do her justice, she has not the least reserve in this point; her harpsichord is never out of tune, nor her voice disconcerted with a cold.’

Jemmy expressed a great deal of satisfaction at this offer, but gave much more than what he felt himself to his pretended friend, who looked on the ready compliance he found in him as a happy beginning of the enterprize he had projected. They agreed to meet at White’s the next day, and then proceed on their visit to the lady.

CH A P. XIII.

IS FULL OF REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

BELLPINE had no occasion to make any previous apology to Miss Chit for bringing a friend with him to visit her, having already taken that liberty without her being displeased with it, in favour of several of his companions, who had testified to him a desire of becoming acquainted with her.

But it was not in this manner he chose to introduce Jemmy: the plot he had laid required they should appear as agreeable as possible to each other; it was therefore highly necessary to prepossess her with such an idea of the person she was to see, as should make her neglect nothing that might set off all the charms she was mistress of to the best advantage. Having well considered within himself under what character a man was likely to appear in the eyes of a young, gay, vain woman, he went to her pretty early in the morning, and began with telling her he was come in behalf of a gentleman who had entreated him to be his intercessor for permission to wait on her with him that afternoon.

This formal speech from a man whose usual deportment might rather be accused of too little than too much ceremony, made her laugh very heartily: ‘Bless me,’ said she, ‘what romances I have

' have you been reading! We are not, sure, running back to the days of O-roondates and Statyra. If you have any friend to bring here, what need all this prelude? You know very well that every one you introduce is welcome.'

Belpine on this threw off the serious air he had affected, and resumed that free and undaunted one which was most natural to him: 'Faith, Madam,' answered he, 'I can easily join with you in laughing at myself; I know I must make an odd figure in the grave strain, by the pains I took in putting it on; but I thought, as I was one of Cupid's harbingers, my message ought to be delivered in somewhat above the common phrase.'

'A harbinger from Cupid!' cried she; 'I find, then, you would persuade me you have this commission to me from a lover.'—'Most certainly,' answered he; 'from one who is three parts so at least: he is already charmed with your face, your air, your shape; and there is only wanting your fine voice to compleat the conquest.'

'Of whom?' demanded she. 'It is fit I should know the name of this new vassal.'—'Have a little patience,' said he, 'and I will tell you every thing. In the first place, he is a young heir lately come to the possession of an estate sufficient to support a coach-and-six; in the next place, he is handsome, well-made, has as genteel an address as any man about town; lastly, he is allowed to have wit, honour, and good-nature; and his name is Jessamy.'

'I have seen that gentleman,' returned she, somewhat seriously; 'and believe you have done him no more than justice in the representation you have made of him: but I have been told he is deeply engaged, and on the point of being married to a young lady of his own name; I think they call her Miss Jenny Jessamy.'

'Nothing in it, upon my honour!' cried Belpine; 'I can aver to you from my own knowledge, that there are no two people in the world of different sexes that have a more perfect indifference for each other: there was, indeed, such a thing intended for them by their fathers; but the old men are both dead; and you know, Madam, we young folks are apt to pay but

little regard to the injunctions laid upon us by those who are no longer in a condition to resent our disobedience. It is true,' continued this artful deceiver, 'they see each other very frequently, hold a good correspondence, converse as friends; but without one grain of inclination on either side. I am very well assured, by what I have heard both of them declare, that should either of them insist on the performance of the covenant made between their parents, an eternal breach must infallibly ensue.'

Jemmy and Jenny Jessamy kept too much company not to be well known in the polite world; their characters, their fortunes, and their mutual engagements, were no secret; they were the subjects of conversation among many who had not the least personal acquaintance with either of them; and it was a matter of surprize to every one, that a marriage which had so long ago been projected, was not as yet consummated.

As nobody had pretended to discover any reason for this unaccountable delay, Miss Chit might easily give credit to that which Belpine now assigned for it. Belpine watched her every look; and perceiving that his insinuations had wrought thus far on her belief, proceeded to what now seemed to him a task not difficult to be accomplished; that of persuading her Jemmy in reality felt some beginning of a passion for her.

'You cannot imagine,' said he, 'with what raptures he expresses himself concerning you: the first time he saw you was at court; I was with him the same evening, and he could talk on nothing but you the whole time we were together. "What eyes she has! how bright! how sparkling! What a mouth! what a finely turned—! How delicate is her shape! how enchanting is her air!"'

'Hold, Mr. Belpine!' interrupted she, putting her hand before his mouth; 'for the sake of curiosity, no more! If you go on at this rate, I shall know beforehand, and he will have nothing new to say to me when he comes.'

'Nay,' rejoined Belpine, 'I do not suppose he will say much to you at this first visit, nor, perhaps, at the second, or even at the third. I have been told, by those who have experienced the passion, that a true lover never gets courage to declare what he feels

feels to his mistress till half the town are apprized of it by his behaviour: but,' pursued he, 'you will have penetration enough to read in his looks what his lips want boldness to reveal.' — 'Pish!' says she, 'do you think I shall give myself the trouble to examine his looks? It will be time enough for me to attend to them when his tongue shall have explained the dictates of his heart.'

They had some farther discourse on this head; and, in spite of the careless air Miss Chit affected to put on, the cunning Bellpine saw the impression his words had made upon her; and, after adding all that he thought necessary for strengthening it in her, took his leave, highly applauding himself in his mind for what he had done. He met Jemmy at the appointed hour at the chocolate-house, and about tea-time went with him on their purposed visit: on his sending up his name they were immediately shewed to the room where Miss Chit was sitting; when he found, by the great care she had taken in her dress, and the exactness of every thing about her, that he had not flattered himself with a vain conjecture, but that she was indeed as desirous as he could wish of appearing lovely in the eyes of this new guest.

Jemmy, being presented to her by Bellpine, saluted her with the utmost gallantry; she received him with a becoming modesty, which, notwithstanding, had something of inviting in it: the conversation at first turned only on general topics; but Bellpine would not suffer it to continue so, and told her, in his usual free manner, that he should not think himself forgiven for the liberty he had taken, till she had obliged both him and his friend with a song and a touch of her harpsichord.

To this she replied, with a sprightly tone of voice and gesture, that whatever he might think of her, she had too much complaisance for a stranger, who seemed so well to deserve it, not to do every thing in her power to render the visit he had favoured her with agreeable to him. In speaking these words she sat down to her instrument; and, without waiting for any more entreaties, began to sing one of the most favourite airs in Mr. Handel's last oratorio.

As she had in reality a very fine voice, great skill in musick, and played admirably well, there was no occasion that

Jemmy should stretch truth to a pitch too high in expressing the pleasure he took in hearing her. But it was not in mere words alone he testified the mighty influence that the well-concerted notes had over him: he languished; he died; his soul seemed all absorbed, dissolved in extasy; and he not only spoke, but looked in such a manner as, without being prepossessed, as she was, with an opinion of his having a passion for her, might well make her believe she had other charms for him besides those of her voice and skill in musick.

As often as she gave over, Bellpine pressed her to renew the harmony; and sometimes Jemmy assumed the boldness to second a petition, which he was very sensible was made entirely on his account. The lady was not refractory to their united entreaties, and continued playing till her father came into her room. The usual compliments being passed, they all sat down, and entered into conversation; but whatever subject was started by the old gentleman, either the one or the other of Miss Chit's visitors had the address to turn it on the praise of musick, and the perfection which she had attained to in that science.

Jemmy said many things which might seem extravagant on this occasion; but thinking he had staid long enough for a first visit, rose up, and was preparing to take his leave, when Mr. Chit, who had been tutored beforehand by his daughter how he should behave, would not suffer him to speak of going, seized upon his hat and gloves, and said, that if his daughter had afforded them any entertainment, it was owing to him for having provided the best masters for her; and he therefore expected they would recompense him for it, by giving him their company the remainder of the evening; adding, that supper was just ready to be served up.

Jemmy would fain have excused himself, as he had an appointment which he was very unwilling to break; but there was no resisting the present kind compulsion, especially as Miss Chit condescended to join her entreaties with her father's; he therefore complied, and contented himself with sending an apology to those who expected his coming. The collation prepared for them was so elegant, the old gentleman's conversation so facetious, and his daughter's musick so delightful, that the night

was

was almost lost in morning-dawn, when Jemmy and his false friend came away: but what use the latter made of this long visit, the reader will very soon discover.

C H A P. XIV.

SEEMS BIG WITH THE PROMISE OF
SOME MIGHTY MATTERS HERE-
AFTER TO BE BROUGHT TO
LIGHT.

IT was so very late when the little company broke up, that Bellpine had no opportunity of putting any questions to Jemmy concerning his sentiments of the lady he had introduced him to; and as they lived different ways, they took leave of each other at Mr. Chit's door, without any farther speech that night. Full of impatience, however, for the success of his pernicious plot, he went pretty early the next morning to his house; and, according to his wish, found him quite alone, and not yet ready to go abroad. He was scarce sat down when he had the satisfaction of hearing Jemmy himself prepare the way for the conversation he intended to entertain him with, by thanking him for the pleasure he had enjoyed the night before through his means.

'I wish from my soul,' replied this wicked incendiary, 'that it were in my power to procure you a much more ample and substantial one: musick indulges no more than a single sense; Miss Chit has charms that might engross the whole five. Ah, Jemmy!' continued he, embracing him, 'what a heaven it would be, after an hour or two of dalliance, to be lulled to sleep by that angelick voice, pressing, at the same time, the ruby lips whence the transporting sounds proceed! and then, ye gods, awake to new raptures and repeated bliss!'

Jemmy laughed heartily at the extasy which the other affected to feel through the force of imagination. 'You wish me happiness,' cried he; 'yet speak, methinks, as if you could not avoid being one of those who would envy me the possession of it: but, my dear friend,' added he, 'you have no need to be under any apprehensions on that score; for, to deal sincerely, I like Miss Chit as a musician, but shall never think of her as a woman.'

These words gave a most terrible shock to the high-raised expectations of Bellpine; but, as he was master of an uncommon share of artifice, and an equal presence of mind, it was easy for him to conceal one emotion under the shew of another; and, starting back with a well-counterfeited surprize—'Impossible!' cried he; 'you cannot, sure, be so insensible, so altogether untouched with charms that half the town are running mad after!'

'You know,' answered Jemmy, with a very serious air, 'I am under engagements elsewhere, which will not permit me to make my addresses to her, or any other woman, upon honourable terms; and I cannot suppose they would be accepted by Miss Chit, if offered with a view of a different nature.'

'I cannot flatter you so far as that, indeed,' replied he, still disconcerted; and more so, when Jemmy hastily rejoined—'I wonder, Bellpine, that, having so just a sense of the lady's merit, you never made your court to her yourself?'

On an interrogatory so unthought-on, all his audacity forsook him; he was silent for some moments; but at length recovering himself, his ready wit furnished him with an excuse which seemed plausible enough, and was certainly the only one that could have had the least appearance of sincerity.

'I shall disguise nothing of the truth from you,' said he. 'To be plain, then, it is my vexatious circumstances which alone deter me; since my uncle has taken a step that may possibly deprive me of the inheritance I was born to expect, I have no dowry to offer with my services: a woman that has money demands a jointure adequate to the sum she brings; and for me to marry one whose only portion is her beauty and good qualities, would render both her and myself for ever miserable; so that, whether Miss Chit is or is not a fortune, she is quite out of the question with me as a wife.'

He spoke all this with so much seeming candour and openness of heart, that Jemmy thought himself more than ever confirmed in the opinion he had always entertained of the good sense and honour of his friend; and readily agreed with him, that where a marriage was consummated

consummated between two persons, neither of whom had a sufficient competency, it could not fail of making both parties equally unhappy, and also of entailing lasting wretchedness on their posterity. Bellpine soon grew weary of this discourse, as it had no connexion with his present views; and therefore made his visit much shorter than he at first had intended it, and retired to a place where he might give a loose to his discontent, and contrive some other means of bringing his designs to perfection, since those he had already essayed had proved to ineffectual.

As it was not in his power to make Jemmy become guilty in fact, his next resource was to make him appear so: to blacken him by any ill report directly to Jenny herself, he knew would be in vain, and treated with contempt by a woman of her penetration; he therefore took a more artful and more sure, though slow method of infusing the poison of jealousy and indignation into her soul: he gave it out in whispers, insinuations, and dark hints, among those whom he found fond of scandal and of explaining mysteries of that kind, that Jemmy had an utter aversion to Jenny in his heart; that he was seeking some excuse to break entirely with her; and that it was Miss Chit who had caused this change in him; he had no great cause to doubt but that this rumour would spread from one to another through the town, and become so much the universal secret, that it could not fail of reaching Jenny's ears; and then he concluded that it would, by degrees, steal itself into her belief.

As Jemmy was a man of pleasure, and did not live without many transient amours, it may seem a little strange to some people that Bellpine, who, by his intimacy with him, could not be a stranger to the errors of his conduct, did not chuse to get communicated to Jenny such things as a very small enquiry would convince her were true, rather than to endeavour to alarm her with reports which had no foundation in fact. But this was not Bellpine's way of reasoning; he rightly judged, that a woman of Jenny's understanding might easily be brought to forgive the frailties of youth and nature in a man of Jemmy's gay and volatile disposition; but would be irrescon-

cilable, implacable, if once made to believe he addressed any other upon honourable terms.

It is easy for persons capable of inventing falsehoods to propagate them in such a manner as to make them pass current for a time, and yet avoid any detection of their being the authors of it: it is not by saying directly a thing is so, that a story so much gains credit, as by half words, winks, nods, and other such like gestures; these are the traps which catch the unwary, and give an air of reality to that which has no existence. Bellpine, at least, was well versed in this art; and practised it with such success as to the matter in question, and was so far from being suspected of having raised this report, that he has often been asked by those who heard from other hands what his opinion was concerning the truth of it.

Jenny, on account of her many accomplishments and good nature, was so generally beloved by those who knew her, and her character in such estimation with those who were personally acquainted with her, that none could hear, without the most extreme surprise, that she was about to be forsaken by a man who, from his very infancy, had been taught to look upon her as his future wife, and for whom she made no secret of having the most tender affection. But whenever this subject was mentioned to Bellpine, as it frequently so happened, he affected to hang down his head and be entirely silent; or, if desired by some one or other of the company to speak his thoughts—'I am no judge of the affair,' would he say: 'Mr. Jessamy is my friend; and I should be loth to think him capable of a bad action. Miss Jenny is certainly a fine girl, and so is Miss Chit: if he has changed his sentiments, he, doubtless, has his reasons; but I know nothing of it.'

His intimacy with Jemmy was so well known, that these indeterminate answers from him gave more credit to the story than the most positive assurances given by any other person could have done. Nor was this all: to give the greater appearance of the truth of what he thought it was so much his interest to have believed, he contrived it so that Jemmy and Miss Chit should frequently be seen together in publick places,

places, though, for the most part, they met without the least design on the side of either of them.

Jemmy, indeed, could not avoid being somewhat accessory in corroborating the aspersion cast upon himself: as he had been introduced to that young lady, and received by her in the manner above-mentioned, the complaisance due to her sex and rank, joined to the pleasure he took in hearing her sing and play, obliged him sometimes to visit her: Bellpine was generally with them; and when he was so, always found some pretext or other to draw them out where he knew there would be people who would not fail to take notice of their being together.

It requires more pains to be a villain than some people may imagine: besides imposing upon Jemmy, and making him act in a manner which shewed his sentiments to the world far different from what they were in reality, Bellpine had also another card to play, which cost him little less contrivance. As he had possessed Miss Chit with a belief that Jemmy was seriously inspired with a passion for her, and knew very well that gentleman's behaviour had not at all been conformable to the assurances he had given her on this account, it behoved him to reconcile this contradiction so as not to leave her any room to suspect the deception he had put upon her. He therefore continued, day by day, to carry her some fresh intelligence of the fine things Jemmy said of her; and insinuated, that there was a design on foot, which, when once executed, would afford him a plausible pretence for breaking off entirely with Jenny; and that then he would avow his passion, and declare himself only devoted to her.

Whether this young lady was absolutely convinced of the truth of what he said, I will not take upon me to determine; because, indeed, it is highly probable she never gave herself the trouble to examine the consistency of the story.

Dangerous, however, might such an imposition have been to some ladies to have been flattered with the hopes of an alliance with a man such as Jemmy, perfectly agreeable in his person, accomplished in his manners, and opulent in his fortune; and then to find at once all those golden expectations vanish into

air, might certainly have been fatal in its consequences to a heart young, tender, and unexperienced in deceit. Happy was it for Miss Chit, in this point at least, that the variety of company, the many fine things said to her by persons of condition, and particularly the devoirs, whether feigned or real, of a certain foreign minister, hindered her from being too attentive to the idea which the artifices of Bellpine might otherwise have engrossed her with.

CHAP. XV.

CONTAINS AN EXAMPLE, THAT FOR A WOMAN TO BE TOO GOOD IS NOT ONE OF THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO BE FOUND IN HUMAN LIFE.

THOUGH the foregoing report, begun and industriously propagated by Bellpine, had spread itself through all the acquaintance both of Jemmy and Jenny, yet it did not presently reach the ears of either of them; and they went on, as they had been accustomed to do, communicating to each other every little adventure which fell into the way of each, provided they were such as might be, in any measure, conducive to the important end proposed, that of rectifying or improving their minds.

Among the many they recited to each other, some of which were too trifling to be inserted here, Jemmy happened upon one of a most extraordinary nature, and therefore must not be omitted: it was this.

He had been for some time pretty conversant with a gentleman named Kelsey; he was a man of family, fortune, good-sense, and a very agreeable companion; but one thing was said of him, that, in the opinion of all the discreet part of his acquaintance, tarnished the lustre of all his other qualities, that of his being a very bad husband to a most deserving wife.

This lady, to whom he had been married scarce a year, was very young, beautiful, and had every thing in her person to make her beloved; and was in high estimation for the strictness of her virtue, her piety, and the affability of her behaviour: how could it then but seem strange to Jemmy, that two persons

sons of the characters these bore in the world should not live happily together? He never heard any mention of the disagreement between them, without feeling a kind of painful curiosity for the cause; but he could find none who were able to give him any information in that point, though every one spoke loudly of the effects. Chance at last presented him with the wished-for discovery: a gentleman of distinction, a distant relation of Jemmy's, was to have a private concert at his own house; Jemmy was one of the invited persons, with leave to bring any friend with him whom he should think proper; on which he made choice of Kelsey, and accordingly made a visit to him on the morning of the day appointed, to desire he would accompany him to this entertainment, if not previously engaged to any other.

Mr. Kelsey, thanking him for the obliging offer he had made him, replied, that he had no engagement at all upon his hands: 'But if I had,' said he, 'I should be tempted to break through it, since I am certain none could afford me so much real pleasure as that of waiting on Mr. Jessamy any where; but more especially,' continued he, 'on an occasion so perfectly agreeable to my taste.'

Jemmy, after having made a suitable return to this compliment, was preparing to take leave, and desired that they might meet at White's Chocolate House about six: but the other would not suffer him to depart in this manner; he insisted on his staying to dine with him, and pass the time where he was till the hour arrived in which they should adjourn to a place more agreeable. Jemmy would have excused himself from dining, as he had not the honour, he said, to be known to his lady: to which Mr. Kelsey answered, that his wife was not ignorant of the respect due from her to any of her husband's friends.

The curiosity that Jemmy had for being an eye-witness of a lady's deportment whom he had heard so much of, and as yet had never seen, the seldom appearing in any publick place, prevailed with him at length to comply with her husband's request; they amused themselves with looking over some fine pieces of musick which Mr. Kelsey had that morning brought home in score,

till three o'clock, at which hour he had ordered dinner to be ready.

The clock having struck, that gentleman conducted his guest into the next room, where they found the side-board set out, the cloth laid, the corks of the bottles drawn, and every thing prepared for being served up; but no servant was in waiting; all was hushed and silent as though they had just rose from table, instead of not being as yet set down.

Mr. Kelsey waited some minutes, but at last rung the bell, on which the butler came up; on being asked if dinner was not ready, he replied, with some hesitation, that he would enquire of the cook, and then went hastily away; soon after Mr. Kelsey rung again, and another servant appeared, to whom his master making the same demand as to the former, answered bluntly, that his lady was not yet come out of her closet: 'Go, then, and call her,' said Mr. Kelsey. The fellow went; but returned immediately, and said the door was locked; and though he had both knocked and called could get no answer; on which Mr. Kelsey grew extremely red, and begging pardon of Jemmy for leaving him alone a moment, flew up stairs himself.

Jemmy was very much surprized at all this, but had not time to make any reflections on it. Mr. Kelsey came presently down, followed by his lady, a very lovely woman indeed; but seemed greatly disconcerted. Jemmy advanced to pay her the civilities of a stranger, which, in spite of the confusion she was in, she received with the utmost sweetness and good-breeding; and they all sat down to table. The first course was served up in an instant; the garnishing of the dishes was elegant enough, and inviting to the appetite, as doubtless what they contained would also have been, if not so much prolonged beyond the necessary time. Mr. Kelsey stuck his fork first into one thing and then into another, then threw it down, bit his lips, and seemed in great emotion.

Jemmy could be at no loss to guess the occasion: and, to palliate the discontent he saw him in, helped himself pretty plentifully out of that dish which was nearest to him: but never was any thing so spoiled; the truffles, morelles, artichokes, and other such things as

should embellish the sauce, were in a manner dissolved in it; and the meat itself wanted little of being so too; so that nothing but the bones discovered what it was. Yet Jemmy fell to eating heartily, crying that it was very fine, that it was dressed exactly to his taste: but this politeness in him did not restore the good-humour of his friend; the lady, too, was in some pain on seeing the ill effects which her staying too long in the closet had produced; and, addressing herself to Jemmy—'I am afraid, Sir,' said she, 'that your complaisance at this time gets the better of your sincerity: what is here is very much over-done; but I hope we shall not find every thing so.'

As she ended these words, a servant set a fine hare upon the table; and Mr. Kelsey, flattering himself that his wife might be a true prophetess on this occasion, took up his knife and fork once more, in order to carve; but the skin was so dried by being kept at a distance from the fire, that he found some difficulty to penetrate it; and when with much labour he had done so, the flesh beneath fell spontaneously from the bones, and indeed was almost fit for pulverizing. Mr. Kelsey, who was naturally fiery, and apt to kindle on every little provocation, now lost all patience; he flung the dish from him with such a vehemence, that but for the footman's agility in catching it between his hands, it must have fallen on the floor.

The lady, who was all confusion, said she was sorry and ashamed that it had happened so. 'Sdeath, Madam!' cried he, starting from the table, 'does it ever happen otherwise? If you had even common decency, you would not treat me in this manner: can you find no time to pray but when dinner is coming upon table? Must my appetite continually be starved, my peace destroyed, my reputation scandalized, my friends affronted, and all through your unseasonable devotion?'—'It is mighty well, my dear,' replied she, rising; 'it is mighty well: but I shall say no more; it is from Heaven alone that I must seek support, under the ill-humour and intemperance of a husband.' Then turning to Jemmy, asked his pardon for what had passed, and went hastily out of the room with eyes all bathed in tears.

'Would to Heaven I had never seen your face!' cried Mr. Kelsey furiously, and stamping with his foot as she was going out; but she took no notice either of his words or actions, and passed on as fast as she could. He continued walking about the room with gestures which evidently denoted the inward rage he was possessed of, while Jemmy laboured, though for some time in vain, to convince him that he was in the wrong to put himself into such agitations on account of an accident.

'Call it not an accident, Mr. Jessamy!' replied he: 'what you have now been witness of has been almost every day repeated ever since our marriage. Oh!' continued he, almost raving, 'how I could curse the hour, the day, the institution, sacred as it is called, that joined together two such opposites!'

At last, however, the consideration he had for his friend got the better of the resentment he had against his wife; and sitting down again, and, making Jemmy do so also—'I know not,' said he, 'whether I shall ever be forgiven for the rudeness I have been guilty of: you, indeed, suffered too much through the folly of my wife; and I ought not to have prolonged your penance by my ill-humour, notwithstanding the justifiableness of it, had I been alone.'

He then, without waiting for Jemmy's reply, called to the butler, and asked him if there were any cold meats in the house that might supply the deficiency they had sustained: the man on this ran down stairs, and presently returned, followed by another servant with a large ham, of which a very little had been cut. 'Come, my dear friend,' said Mr. Kelsey, 'a cold roast is better than none at all: this we had yesterday, and could not be spoiled, though the chickens about it fell to pieces of themselves, like the hare you just now saw.' He said no more, but fell heartily on the ham before them. Jemmy, who for all his complaisance had made but half a dinner, followed his example; and a dessert, consisting of tarts, pitty-patties, jellies, fruits, and such like things, being afterwards placed upon the table, neither of these gentlemen had any reason to complain of their bad living that day.

When the cloth and servants were withdrawn,

withdrawn, and the bottle and the glasses were the sole witnesses of their conversation, Jemmy, finding the other was now in a disposition to bear it, began now to railly him a little on the subject of his late disquiets. 'Faith!' replied Mr. Kelsey, 'I have a true English stomach of my own, and cannot bear the least disappointment in victuals; and this fervour of devotion takes my wife at such odd periods, that, whether I have company, or am obliged to go out on business at an appointed hour, I never can be certain that dinner will be served according to the time.'

'This unhappy humour in her,' continued he, 'it is that drives me so much abroad; I am compelled by it to entertain my friends at a tavern, to transact all my affairs there; and sometimes, indeed, to refresh my own senses with peace, and a bit of meat dressed as it ought to be. How is it possible I should love home, when the very person in whose power it chiefly is to render it agreeable, exercises that power rather to create disgust than liking? I once loved her; and none but she herself could have weaned my heart from the tender passion I had for her: but, besides, whenever I complain of what you have seen, and some other irregularities in domestick life, she bursts into tears and reproaches; accuses me of unkindness, of intemperance, prophaneness to Heaven, of regarding too much the things of this world, and such like stuff; which, if I fly to avoid, I am at least justified in the poet's words—

"Clamours our privacies uneasy make,
"Birds leave their nests disturbed, and beasts
"their haunts forsake."

Jemmy, who could find little to say in the defence of Mrs. Kelsey, and who had too much complaisance and good-nature to say any thing against her, artfully waved the conversation, and started more agreeable subjects; between which and the bottle they passed the time till the hour arrived which called them to the concert. This being an entertainment adapted to the taste of both these gentlemen, it is not to be doubted but the pleasure they received in it atoned for all the mortifications of the preceding day; but, as it presented no-

thing material enough to acquaint the reader with, we shall make no farther mention of it.

CHAP. XVI.

TREATS ONLY ON SUCH MATTERS AS, IT IS HIGHLY PROBABLE, SOME READERS WILL BE APT TO SAY MIGHT HAVE BEEN RECITED IN A MORE LACONICK MANNER, IF NOT TOTALLY OMITTED; BUT AS THERE ARE OTHERS, THE AUTHOR IMAGINES MUCH THE GREATER NUMBER, WHO MAY BE OF A DIFFERENT OPINION, IT IS JUDGED PROPER THAT THE MAJORITY SHOULD BE OBLIGED.

JEMMY, to whom the riddle of Mr. Kelsey's disagreement with his wife was now fully explained, no sooner found himself at home, and alone, than he began to make the serious reflections both on the accident he had been witness of, and the real source from whence such unfortunate effects were originally derived.

'It is not,' said he within himself, 'youth, beauty, wealth, or even a mutual affection in the parties before marriage, that is sufficient to constitute their happiness, when once entered into that state: neither Mr. Kelsey nor his wife are wanting in any of those endowments or accomplishments which one would think necessary to endear them to each other; yet how miserable are they! It must therefore be, that a conformity of principles, a parity of sentiments and humours, and a certain sympathy of soul, ought to be the first links in the hymeneal chain; and, without them, all the others fall to the ground, and have no power to bind.'

'I think,' continued he, 'that my friend has every requisite for making a good husband, were it his lot to have been united to a woman of his own gay temper; and the lady, who now creates such uneasiness both to herself and him, would certainly have made no less excellent a wife, had she been married to an enthusiast.' On reasoning farther, under various discontents that so frequently disturb the felicity of conjugal life, he concluded,

cluded, that good-nature and similitude of disposition, though the last things considered, and seldom, if ever, enquired into, by the persons about to be united, were, indeed, the chief ingredients to make their future happiness.

These considerations led him into an examination of Jenny's behaviour, even from her infancy, with much greater attention than ever he had done before; and the more he did so now, the less he could find to wish were changed: nothing had ever appeared in her which seemed to him to stand in need of the least rectification; she had never betrayed a too strong attachment to any one thing; no caprice, no whimsical flights, no affectation, no pride of exciting the envy of her own sex, or of giving pain to those of the other. In her words and actions she preserved the happy medium of neither being too gay and giddy, nor too sullen and reserved: nor was all this mere outward shew; he could not suspect her of disguise, as he had known her before she could arrive at the power, even if she had the will, of pretending to be other than she really was.

Though he was in no haste to be married, yet, as he intended nothing more than being so, one time or other, great cause he had to thank Heaven for being so peculiarly propitious in the lot ordained for him: nor was he insensible or ungrateful for the bounty, and had so true an esteem and affection for his dear Jenny, that we may almost give it to the reader for a certainty, that no temptation whatever could have made him entertain the least thought of any other woman for a wife.

He went pretty early the next morning to her apartment, which he seldom failed to do, when he had no farther business than to give her the *bon jour*; but never when he had any thing to communicate in relation to the agreement made between them: he knew, indeed, that she had very little occasion for any lessons of improvement from the faults of others; but he took an infinite pleasure in hearing the judicious observations she always made on every occasion that presented itself to her. He met her at the door; her chair waited, and she was just ready to step into it. 'You are going out, I perceive,' said he; 'and I will not detain you.'—'Indeed but you shall,'

replied she; 'I was only going to chapel, which I can do as well in the afternoon.'

'But now,' rejoined he, 'shall I answer to myself for being an impediment to any act of religion?'—'Religion,' cried she, 'does not enjoin us to be rude or unkind to our friends; and I know not if a just observance of the duties of social life be not a more acceptable sacrifice to the Deity than all the oraisons our lips can utter.' She said no more; but, having dismissed the chairman, made Jemmy go up stairs; where she instantly followed him. As soon as they were sat down—'I dined yesterday,' said he, smiling, 'with a lady who would have thought herself guilty of the extreme impiety and prophaneness to have shewn half that complaisance to her husband which I have just now received from you.'

'She must then have very little affection for him indeed,' replied Jenny; 'and also be equally ignorant of the laws of the institution by which, as I take it, she is bound to oblige and to obey him in all reasonable things. But I see,' continued she, 'by your countenance, that you are big with some new intelligence; so, pray, do not delay letting me have it.'

Jemmy then made her an exact recital of the entertainment he had met with at Mr. Kelsey's; the brulée between the husband and the wife; the impatience of the one, and the provocation given for it by the other. Jenny laughed heartily at the beginning of the story, but grew more grave towards the latter end of it; and, perceiving he had concluded, gave her sentiments on what he had been telling her in these terms.

'Can any one take this for piety?' said she. 'I would not be so uncharitable as to think Mrs. Kelsey an hypocrite; but, certainly, such a behaviour has nothing in it of the air of true devotion!' To which he replied, that he must do her justice to believe, from what he could gather from the discourse he had afterwards with her husband, who was not in a disposition to be more favourable than the occasion required, that all the mistakes she is guilty of proceed entirely from too warm a zeal in what she thinks the duties of religion.

'There are hours enough,' said she,

to be spent in prayer, without breaking in upon those which the economy of the family requires. I am far from depreciating religious worship; but there are times for all things: and Mrs. Kelsey makes choice of such as are so utterly improper, as, if it really arises from piety, renders it, in my opinion, such a kind of piety as has little merit in it. I am rather afraid," continued she, after a pause, "that, through sloth, and a certain indolence in nature, she neglects paying that tribute to Heaven which is due from every reasonable creature at fit times; and at length, remembering her omission, runs to wipe off one fault by committing a still greater: for I would fain know, whether driving a husband to the extremes you say Mr. Kelsey is guilty of, be not a much worse error than even not praying at all? For my part," added she, with a more gay air, "I should have no notion of saving my own soul by doing what would infallibly ruin another's; especially that of a person in whose happiness, both here and hereafter, I ought to take so great an interest."

Jemmy had a very high regard both for the mysteries and duties of revealed religion; though, like most other gay gentlemen of his age, he was little practised in the rules: but, had he been a more strict observer of church discipline, he could not well have disapproved of the sentiments Jenny had declared. He told her she had argued like a casuist; and that he was sure there was never a clergyman in England but must agree with her on this point.

"I do not know that," answered she; "but, I can tell you, I durst not speak in the manner I have done, without thinking I had sufficient authority for it, from a little account given to my father, by a very learned and worthy divine, of one of his parishioners. I was very young when I heard it; but, as it made a lasting impression on my mind, if you will afford me your attention, I will repeat it." Jemmy having assured her she would confer a very great obligation on him by so doing, she went on with her discourse in this manner.

"The reverend gentleman I have mentioned," said she, "was not only

an excellent preacher, but also an excellent man; all his actions were so many precepts, and his example a kind of living law: for there was no virtue which he laboured to inspire in others that he did not, in the highest degree, put in practice himself. He frequently favoured my father with his company," continued she: "they were extremely intimate; and, when the two good old gentlemen got together, there never was a gap in conversation. One evening, in particular, he came to our house; and my father, who was at church that day, and found a very thin congregation, was beginning to lament to him the decay of religion; to which the doctor replied in these terms; I think I remember his very words: "Aye, Mr. Jessamy!" said he, "I am afraid indeed, that religion is at a very low ebb at this time; but we must not always impute the want of it to those who we do not see constantly at public worship, even though we should know they were not detained from it by any infirmity either of mind or of body: there are a thousand accidents which may intervene, and withhold them from the discharge of this duty; nay, in some cases, it may so happen that it is laudable to be absent. You look surprized, Mr. Jessamy," continued he, perceiving my father did so; "but I can easily convince you of the truth of what I say. I came now from visiting a lady, who, till within this month, or thereabouts, has not been at church for near seven years; though, before that time, nobody more constantly attended: and yet I firmly believe that there is not a better and more pious woman in the world."

These last words were far from lessening the astonishment my father had been in from the beginning of this discourse; but he would not interrupt the doctor; who went on thus.

"To ease you of that suspense which, I find, I have raised in you," said he, "know, Mr. Jessamy, that this excellent lady flew not from divine service to pursue the pleasures of the town, nor to gratify any sensual inclination of her own; but to shut herself up in a close room with an aged parent, who, pressed beneath
"the

“ the weight of years and infirmities,
 “ unable to go out herself, and equally
 “ unwilling to receive any visits from
 “ those who knew her in a more san-
 “ guine state, had no consolation but
 “ in the dutiful cares of this beloved
 “ daughter, who was continually em-
 “ ployed about her, administering every
 “ thing in her power for her relief.”—

“ It is impossible for me,” said Jenny, pursuing the thread of her discourse, to remember half the encomiums he made on this act of filial piety: but this I know, that I have ever since been fully convinced, that, while we are here upon earth, all the prayers we can make to Heaven will be insufficient to atone for neglecting to discharge, as well as is in our power, the duties of our several stations.”

Jemmy was now about to tell her how much his opinion, in this point, coincided with what she had delivered; but she happened to be in a very talkative humour; and this being a subject which, in her serious moments, had frequently occurred to her, she would not quit it for the sake of hearing any praises given to herself.

“ There are some people,” resumed she, “ who are hypocrites without knowing themselves that they are so; they fast, they pray incessantly; they are abundant in giving to charitable uses, and do many other great and laudable actions; but then they do them not so much for the sake of the religion that enjoins us to do all the good we can, as for the sake of gratifying their own vanity in being able to perform more than their neighbours.”—“ This is ostentation,” cried Jemmy, interrupting her; “ and I am afraid that too many of those great actions, so hyperbolically extolled in panegyrick, if searched into the bottom, would be found to proceed from no other source.”—“ Ostentation,” answered she, “ is different from the propensity I mean. Ostentation, as I take it, is rather an ambition of appearing better in the eyes of others than we either are, or will take any pains to be, in fact: but what I am speaking of is an innate triumph of the heart; a mental exultation within ourselves in the imagination that we, in reality, excel other people; and this, I think, may be called a spiritual pride. I have heard such strange stories,” con-

tinued Jenny, “ such unaccountable instances, in relation to this same spiritual pride among the nuns abroad, as I should have looked upon to have been mere inventions to depreciate and ridicule that way of worship, if they had not been solemnly averred to me by a lady who is herself a Roman Catholic, was two years a pensioner in a monastery at Paris, and an eye-witness of the truth of what she said.”

Here she was preparing to repeat some of those particulars which the lady had made her acquainted with; but was prevented by a servant who came into the room to call her down to dinner: on which Jemmy, as she was a boarder, took his leave, probably with less reluctance if the subject they had been engaged in had happened to be one of a more entertaining nature. Nor will the reader find any reason to be greatly dissatisfied at the breaking off a conversation which could be little improving, as an excess of devotion is not among the reigning errors of the present times.

CHAP. XVII.

WILL IN ALL LIKELIHOOD APPEAR, TO THE GREATEST PART OF OUR READERS, A GOOD DEAL MORE INTERESTING THAN THE FORMER.

AFTER that conversation which had engrossed the whole of the preceding Chapter, a multiplicity of engagements, of one sort or other, so took up Jemmy's time, that he could not find one hour to visit his beloved and most-deserving mistress for three days successively; but on the evening of the latter, he found, on his coming home, a little billet from her, which had been left for him in the afternoon; the contents whereof were as follow.

“ TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

“ DEAR JEMMY,
 “ A Proposal has been made to me, which, before I accept of, I am desirous to acquaint you with. If this is so fortunate as to find you at home, shall be glad of seeing you this evening; if not, expect you will not fail of calling on me in the morning

as early as you can; because I have promised to give my final answer some time to-morrow. I am, with all sincerity, dear Jemmy, yours, &c. &c.

‘ J. JESSAMY.’

On the first mention of this billet, after an absence of so unusual a length between these two lovers; when in the same town together, I dare believe that many of my female readers expect to find it filled either with reproaches or complaints; or, perhaps, with a mixture of both; but Jenny was of a different complexion from the generality of her sex; she could love without anxiety; and, glad as she was whenever she saw the object of her passion, was never angry or unhappy when she saw him not. If all women could bring themselves to behave in the manner Jenny did, I cannot but think they would find their account in it, not only in the tranquillity of their own minds, but also in rendering more permanent the affection of the man they loved: doubts, suspicions, and jealousies, though arising from a tender cause, frequently hurry the person possessed of them into such furious marks of resentment, as, if the lover has the least inclination to break off, gives him a fair pretence of doing so.

The guilty heart, which, perhaps, might be in time reclaimed by its own consciousness of being in the wrong, is often hardened by upbraidings; there is a certain pride and obstinacy in some natures which will not bear reproof, and makes them persist in the errors which themselves condemn, only because they are condemned by others. But if the man who knows he justly merits all the reproaches he can be loaded with, can so ill endure rebuke, how shall the innocent, the faithful lover, support it? To be accused of a crime his very apprehension shudders at, to be treated by the woman he adores with a sullen coldness, and with causeless testimonies of suspicion, must give him the most poignant inquietude: and though he may submit to it at first, and be even pleased, as imagining such a behaviour an indication of the most tender passion in his mistress; yet, when he finds all his endeavours to calm the tempest in her soul are fruitless, he will at last, especially if he is a man of sense and spi-

rit, be wearied out; as the poet truly says—

‘ Small jealousies, indeed, enflame desire;
‘ Too great not fan, but quite put out the fire.’

Or as another, in my opinion, more emphatically expresses his sense of the matter—

‘ ’Tis just, when doubts without foundation
‘ grow,
‘ Those who believe us false should find us so.’

But I have seen too much how far the power of jealousy, a passion truly called the poison of love, operates on a female mind, not to be sensible, that all the advice I can give on this occasion will be entirely thrown away; and that I have more reason to ask pardon of my fair readers for this digression, than to flatter myself they will be any way profited by it. To return to the business of my history: it was too late when Jemmy received the above-mentioned summons from his mistress to attend her that night, but he complied with it very early the next morning, according to her request; and, indeed, much sooner than she could reasonably have expected he would have been stirring. He found her encompassed with trunks and band-boxes, and very busy in packing up her apparel: ‘ You have found me preparing for a journey,’ cried she; ‘ which, notwithstanding, I would neither resolve upon, nor promise to take, without receiving your approbation of it.’ — ‘ You surprize me!’ said he: ‘ a journey! and wait for my approbation of it!’ — ‘ Yes,’ replied she; ‘ it was to that end I sent for you in such a hurry: but sit down, and I will tell you all.’ Jemmy then took a chair; and, she placing herself in another opposite to him, began as follows.

‘ You must know,’ said she, ‘ that I dined yesterday, by invitation, at Lady Speck’s; her sister, Mrs. Wingman, was with her; they are both going to Bath to-morrow, and were very urgent with me to accompany them. As I never saw that place, and have heard so much of it, I must confess I should be well enough pleased to go with them thither; especially when I have the opportunity of being escorted by three or four stout fellows with

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‘ fire.

‘fire-arms, by way of defence from the gentlemen-collectors on the road.’—‘I know,’ replied Jemmy, ‘that Lady Speck will abate nothing that she thinks becoming her quality, and always travels in a genteel manner. And so you set out to-morrow?’—‘I do not tell you I shall set out at all,’ answered she; ‘for I am not yet determined.’ Jemmy then asked her on what motive she hesitated. ‘Can you not guess?’ cried she, looking kindly on him. ‘No, upon my honour!’ said he. ‘Then you are not so just to me as you ought to be,’ returned she gravely: ‘you might have thought I would agree to nothing of this nature, without having first consulted you.’

‘Me!’ cried Jemmy; ‘did you not tell me you should like to go?’—‘Yes,’ replied she; ‘but, as I suppose, according to the footing on which we now stand, that it will be my duty hereafter to submit my inclinations to the regulation of your will, I thought it proper to give you a previous sample how easy it will be for me to do so. In fine, my dear Jemmy, I will not go without your consent; nor even without your approbation.’

‘This is indeed a proof of tenderness,’ cried he, ‘which I could not expect, nor can any way deserve, unless it be by joining my entreaties with the ladies, that you will not refuse their request.’ In speaking these words he rose from his seat, and snatched her to his arms with an infinity of transport and affection. ‘Then you are willing,’ said she, returning him his embrace, ‘to part with me for the long space of six or seven weeks at least; for they do not purpose to return sooner.’

‘I will not pretend to be so much the master of myself,’ said he, still holding her by the hand, ‘as to be perfectly content during such a separation as you have mentioned; but I can see no reason to put my patience to so severe a trial; I might follow you directly, but it happens unluckily that my steward, whom I have sent for, comes to town to-morrow, and the affairs I have to settle with him will detain me for some days: but I believe I may flatter myself with seeing my dear Jenny at Bath within a fortnight at the very farthest.’—‘May I then expect you?’ cried she, with a

voice which expressed the utmost satisfaction. ‘You may not only expect, but depend upon my coming,’ answered he: ‘you have the greatest security for it that is in nature, which is that of my own inclination. Believe me, my dear Jenny, that I never was easy when absent from you for any length of time; the thoughts of you still mingled with all the little sports and recreations of my childhood; and now, when riper years have made me more truly sensible of the perfections you are mistress of, I feel it would be an utter impossibility to live without seeing you.’

She answered these fond expressions with others no less endearing; after which she told him, that, since he agreed to her going, and had promised to follow, she would send immediately, and let Lady Speck know she should be ready to attend her ladyship next morning. Jemmy then left her to do as she had said, and went home to dress; but returned in the evening, and staid supper with her, when nothing passed of consequence enough to trouble the reader with, except his renewing the assurances he before had given her of seeing her at Bath as soon as his business was dispatched.

C H A P. XVIII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF JENNY'S JOURNEY TO BATH; AND ALSO SOME PASSAGES WHICH HAPPENED ON HER ARRIVAL THERE.

JENNY thought she had all the reason imaginable to be pleased with this excursion, not only in the gratification of her curiosity in the sight of a place she had heard so much of, but also in the society of the company she went with; of whose characters it is highly proper to give the reader some account.

Lady Speck had been the wife of a person of distinction, whom she lost in the first year of their marriage; but as love had not been in the least consulted by either party in the formation of that union, so grief had for his death little effect, either on the delicacy of her complexion, or the sprightliness of her humour: she had also some consolations which many widows want; for, besides a very

a very large jointure settled on her by her marriage-articles, she was now in possession of an estate of near two thousand pounds a year, by the demise of an uncle. The age of this lady did not exceed twenty-five; Miss Wingman, who was her sister by her mother's side, was six or seven years younger, and a great heiress; both of them had a great deal of wit and vivacity; but though they saw all the gay company in the town, and conversed freely, neither of them had been guilty of any thing that could call their conduct in question, or cast a blemish on their reputations. These ladies, to whose characters I should also have added that of their being very agreeable in their persons, could not fail of attracting a great number of admirers; and as their going to Bath was no secret, those who were most eager to prove the sincerity of their attachment, thought they could not do it in a better way than by following them.

But there were two who distinguished themselves from all the rest of their competitors, by a particular act of knight-errantry: these were Mr. Lovegrove and Lord Huntley; the one had for some time made his addresses to Lady Speck, and the other either was, or pretended to be, passionately devoted to her sister. These gentlemen, who were intimate friends, and the confidants of each other's passion, contrived a little plot of love and gallantry between them, the idea of which gave them as much pleasure as they doubted not but their mistresses would receive in the execution of it. Having taken care to inform themselves as exactly as possible of the time in which the ladies were to set out, they left London some hours sooner, and arrived at Maidenhead early enough to accomplish what they had projected. They put up at the first great inn in the town; and, having given orders for a very elegant dinner to be prepared, posted themselves in a room that looked towards the road, that they might be ready to intercept the ladies, in case they should not intend to bait at this place.

This precaution was necessary, for Lady Speck's Jehu was driving furiously on, as they generally do when passing through any town or village where they have not orders to stop. The gentlemen saw them at a distance, and immediately sallied out. Lord Huntley's

two servants laid hold of the bridles of the fore-horses, and one of Mr. Lovegrove's with an authoritative voice called to the coachman to draw back the reins; their principals, at the same time, advanced at the coach door, and accepted those within it in these terms: 'We arrest you, ladies, in the name of Love,' said Lord Huntley; 'that god, so universally obeyed, has commissioned us, his faithful votaries, to stop your farther progress without his special leave.'—'Ceres and Bacchus are two of the party,' added Mr. Lovegrove; 'and it would be in vain for you to think of resisting their united influence.'

That momentary surprise which the ladies were in at the first stoppage of their coach, vanished on the sight of the persons who had occasioned it; and Lady Speck, who happened to sit on that side where they were, answered with a great deal of spirit—'We have nothing to do with the mischievous little deity; but as to Ceres and Bacchus, they are beneficent powers, and I think we ought to shew them some complaisance.—What say you, ladies?' continued she, turning to her sister and Miss Jessamy; the latter of whom being wholly unacquainted with the gentlemen, made no reply, nor indeed had she time; for Miss Wingman presently took up the word, and said—'Nay, sister, I think we have no choice to make; we are taken prisoners, and must submit to the laws of the conquerors.'

The coach-door was then opened, the ladies were handed out, and conducted into a room, where they found the table-cloth laid, and side-board set forth with as much elegance and propriety as if they had been in their own houses; but as they came somewhat sooner than the gentlemen expected, Mr. Lovegrove left Lord Huntley to entertain them for a moment, while he went down to give orders for hastening dinner. As he was returning from this little expedition, a post-chaise, attended by one servant, came galloping into the yard of the inn; the person who alighted from it was Sir Robert Manley, a very great acquaintance of Mr. Lovegrove's; they immediately saw each other, and mutually advanced with open arms. On putting the question to each other concerning the rout they were pursuing, Love-

grove related, in a few words, the method Lord Huntley and himself had taken to ingratiate themselves into the favour of their mistresses.

'You are happy fellows,' said Sir Robert, smiling. 'I am for Bath too; but you see how forlorn and solitary my journey will be in comparison of yours, who carry along with you those pleasures I am obliged to go in search of.' Mr. Lovegrove then told him, there was a third lady in company, 'Who, young and handsome as she is,' said he, 'is like to have but a dull time of it, as my lord and I have our particular attachments; therefore, if I could prevail on you to join us, we should be all right, and more at liberty to indulge our several inclinations.'—'I understand you,' replied the baronet; 'and was never backward in my life to come to the relief of a distressed fair-one. I shall find something or other to say to her, while you are entertaining your mistresses.' On this the other proposed that he should prosecute his journey with them in Lord Huntley's landau; to which he also agreeing, discharged in the same instant the post-chaise that had brought him thither, and they went up stairs together to join the company.

'I have staid a long time,' said Mr. Lovegrove, presenting Sir Robert; 'but I have brought my excuse in my hand.' This gentleman was particularly known to Lord Huntley, and no stranger to Lady Speck and her sister, and was received by them with all imaginable demonstrations of satisfaction; but Jenny, not having the least personal acquaintance with him, said no more than what bare civility demanded from her to a man of his rank and character. The conversation, during the time of dinner, becoming extremely gay and spirited, our young heroine bore a part in it with so much wit and vivacity, which, added to her other charms, could not fail of captivating almost any heart not already strongly prepossessed in favour of another object; his lordship and Mr. Lovegrove were defended, not only by the ideas, but also by the presence, of their mistresses; but what the heart of Sir Robert Manley felt on the sudden rush of such united perfections will very shortly be discovered.

It would be quite needless to tell the

reader that the table was elegantly served, for no one can suppose that gentlemen who had taken so much pains to acquire an opportunity of entertaining their mistresses, would omit any thing for that purpose which the place they were in was capable of furnishing. The same spirit of gallantry continued during the whole journey: wherever they baited, which was as often as any agreeable prospect invited, the ladies had nothing to pay, either for themselves, their servants, or their horses. As they travelled very leisurely, they found, on their arrival at Bath, their women-attendants, who had come down with their luggage in the stage-coach, had been there some hours before them, and prepared every thing necessary for their reception at the lodgings which Lady Speck had previously taken care to secure.

It being towards evening when they came into the town, the gentlemen, after seeing their fair companions safe into their apartments, withdrew, on pretence of leaving them to take that repose which the delicacy of their constitutions might require; but, in reality, to go about the execution of a project they had all three been concerting on the road, and which they imagined would give the ladies a second surprise, no less agreeable than the former. They had been told there were a company of players, and a tolerable good band of musick, at that time in town; and as these people were to be employed for what they had designed, they went directly to the theatre, and hired such as they found most fit for their purpose; which was no other than to compliment the ladies, on their arrival, in a manner altogether new and unexpected.

Lord Huntley, who was a native of the kingdom of Ireland, had brought over with him a little musical interlude, which had been exhibited at a marriage-feast where his lordship had been a guest. As they were upon the subject of gallantry, he proposed to Mr. Lovegrove to entertain the ladies with this piece, by way of giving them their welcome to Bath, in case they should be able to procure people to perform the parts. The personages which composed the drama, were Love, Honour, and Pleasure. Mr. Lovegrove was charmed with the thought; and Sir Robert Manley

Manley said, that nothing could be more suitably adapted to the design they were at present upon.

The play-house, as I have already said, supplied them with performers better than they could even have hoped for in that place: a flaxen-haired boy, with sparkling eyes, cheeks which imitated the new-blown rose, and an admirable voice, was chosen to represent the God of Soft Desires. A man of a most graceful aspect, and who had great skill in musick, was to appear in the character of Honour. A very beautiful young woman, and who also sung well, was to assume the name of Pleasure; and seemed, by her looks and manner, to be capable of giving a very just idea of the character she bore.

These people, properly habited and equipped for the several parts they were to act, and attended by musicians with various kinds of instruments, were all placed in a close arbour, at the farther end of the garden belonging to the house where the ladies lodged; the mistress of which Lord Huntley had acquainted with the design of surprizing the ladies with a morning's entertainment, and conducted them in through a back-door with secrecy, according to the directions given her by his lordship. Every thing being thus prepared, a servant was dispatched to the ladies, with the compliments of Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and Sir Robert Manley; and entreating permission to wait on them, which being granted, they all immediately went; the latter of these gentlemen having, perhaps, as strong an attachment to be of the party as either of the former.

Scarce were the first salutations over when the concert began with an overture of wind and string instruments, accompanied with an harpsichord: the ladies started—'Bless me!' cried one, 'what is this?'—'Musick,' cried another; 'and so near us! where can it come from?'—'The sounds,' said Mr. Lovegrove, 'seem to me to proceed from behind the house.'—'Certainly it is so,' rejoined Lord Huntley. 'I fancy, ladies, you will hear it more distinctly in the next room.' In speaking these words, without staying for permission to do so, he threw open the folding doors, and they all ran in. But how prodigiously were the fair audience surprized, when, on drawing

up the curtains, they saw the garden planted on each side with musicians, who all, at the sight of them, bowed with the most profound reverence almost to the earth, in token that it was to them their present labours were devoted.

'What can this mean?' said Lady Speck. 'Here are those coming,' replied Mr. Lovegrove, 'who I believe will explain the mystery.' There was time for no more on either side; Honour rushed forth from his leafy covert, conducting little Cupid by the hand, and both advanced together to the middle of the alley; where, after making their obeisance to the windows, they began a duet, expressing the advantages each of them received by the fellowship of the other. Love confessed that his darts carried gall instead of honey into the heart they reached, when not under the direction of Honour; and Honour acknowledged, he never appeared so truly amiable as when accompanied by Love. They had no sooner ceased than Pleasure came tripping out, and told them, in a cantata, whenever the two were united, she must necessarily follow with all the sweets of Nature. They made her suitable answers in recitativo. After which the whole was concluded with a grand chorus.

This entertainment had all the effect that could be wished for by the contrivers of it: Jenny was charmed with the elegance of the design; Miss Wingman with the words; and Lady Speck with the musick; in fine, they all seemed to vie with each other in giving the greatest praises to it. While they were thus expressing their satisfaction, the gentlemen put their heads out of the window; and Lord Huntley, in the name of the rest, said to the actors—'We shall see you this evening at the theatre, and make our acknowledgments for the trouble we have given you: in the mean time, you may carry with you the glory of knowing your performance has been approved of by the finest ladies in the world.'

On this the players, after making a low bow to the company, retired, and were conducted out of the garden, by the gentlewoman of the house, through the same gate by which they had entered. A piece of gallantry, so flattering to the vanity of the young and gay, could not but receive from Lady Speck and her sister all the retributions it demanded.

ed from them; and Jenny, though far from thinking herself a party interested in it, said a thousand fine things in it's praise.

Charmed as the lovers were with the gracious acceptance their mistresses vouchsafed to what they had done, their politeness reminded them that they had already transgressed the usual boundaries of a morning's visit; therefore they took leave till a more convenient hour of the day should permit them to return.

CHAP. XIX.

TREATS OF MANY THINGS, WHICH, THOUGH THEY MAY SEEM AT PRESENT LESS AFFECTING THAN SOME OTHERS, YET ARE VERY NECESSARY FOR THE READER TO BE ACQUAINTED WITH BEFORE WE PROCEED FARTHER INTO THE HISTORY.

YOUTH, beauty, and wit, have deservedly a very powerful influence over the human heart; and every day's experience obliges us to own, that wealth, without the aid of any of these, is of itself sufficient to captivate; it supplies all other defects; it smooths the wrinkles of fourscore; it shapes deformity into comeliness, and gives graces to idiotism itself; as it is said by the inimitable Shakespeare—

- ‘Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!
- ‘Gold! that will make black white; foul
- ‘fair; wrong right;
- ‘Base noble; old young; cowards valiant!’

But when the gifts of nature are joined with those of fortune, how strong as the attraction! How irresistible is the force of such united charms! According to the words of the humorous poet—

- ‘Hence ’tis, no lover has the power
- ‘T’ enforce a desperate amour;
- ‘As he that has two strings to a bow,
- ‘And burns for love and money too.’

We ought not therefore, methinks, to judge with too much severity on the vanity of a fine lady; who seeing herself perpetually surrounded with a crowd of lovers, each endeavouring to excel

all his rivals in the most extravagant demonstrations of affection, can hardly believe she deserves not some part, at least, of the admiration she receives. But what pretence soever we may make to excuse the weakness of exulting in a multiplicity of lovers, it is still a weakness which all imaginable care ought to be taken to subdue; as it may draw on the most fatal consequences both on the admirers and admired. What duels have been fought, what torrents of blood have been shed, in the mad-brained fury of jealous rivalry! And how often have we seen the idol-fair herself, who lately triumphed in the pains she gave, neglected in her turn! deserted and abandoned to the last despair!

But this is only for such whom it may concern; the ladies I am at present speaking of were of a different stamp. Lady Speck had something of a pretty particular nature, both in her humour and her character, as the reader will hereafter be informed: in the mean time, he must content himself with a small sketch of both.

She liked a freedom of conversation with the men, but then she liked that conversation should be general; she took neither pride nor pleasure in the particular devoirs of those who professed themselves her lovers; and the encouragement she gave to the addresses of Lovegrove and others, was not the effect of any coquetry in her disposition, but was occasioned merely by her policy, as she thought such a behaviour would be the best means to conceal a secret inclination she had entertained in favour of one; which inclination many reasons forbade her to make known, or even to be guessed at.

Miss Wingman was of a humour so very volatile, that it was quite out of her power to think seriously for a minute together on any one thing whatever; and love the least of all took up her attention. Always pleased, always happy, she neither plumed herself on the new conquests she acquired, nor regretted the loss of those slaves who, weary of their bondage, shook off her chains. As for the heroine of this history, her early engagement with Jemmy was so well known, that it had hitherto defended her from all attacks, either to put her constancy to the trial, or shew the world in what manner she would

would behave amidst a plurality of lovers.

But now the time was come in which this young lady was to give most substantial proofs, not only of her affection and fidelity to the man whom she looked upon ordained to be her husband, but also of her generosity and gratitude to those for whose passion she had it not either in her power or inclination to make an adequate return. As all the arts of love and wit were put in practice by Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, in the court they made to their respective mistresses, Sir Robert Manley thought it would ill become a man of his years and character to let a fine lady sit neglected by, especially one so deserving as Jenny was of all that could be said in her praise.

But though the compliments he entertained her with had at first no other foundation than mere gallantry, yet the manner in which she received them, and the answers she gave, were such as would have rendered it impossible for him to have withstood the charms of her tongue, even had he been unsusceptible to those of her eyes. In fine, none of the perfections she was endowed with were lost upon him; he soon found the full effects of a passion he had been only sporting with; and might say, with Cowley—

‘Unhurt, untouch’d, did I complain,
‘And terrify’d all others with my pain;
‘But now I feel the mighty evil,
‘Ah, there’s no fooling with the devil!
‘In things where fancy much does reign,
‘Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign;
‘The play at last a truth does grow,
‘And custom into nature go.’

Love, though it may be counterfeited so as not to be, without great penetration, discovered to be false, cannot, wherever it is sincere, be wholly concealed. Sir Robert’s two friends perceived the change in him before he was quite assured of it himself: they were a little pleasant with him on the occasion; but, at the same time, acknowledged that the beauty and merit of Miss Jenny Jessamy demanded all the respect that could be paid. Sir Robert, on this, readily confessed that he had never seen a young lady whose person and accomplishments gave a more fair prospect of making completely happy the man who should possess her: ‘But,’

said he, ‘I have been told somewhat of an engagement she is under; and should be sorry to appear either unjust in attempting to invade the property of another, or so weak as to give up my heart entirely, without a possibility of having it well received.’

Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove were neither of them ignorant of what he meant: but the former having heard, in casual conversation, some of those whispers which the artifices of Bell-pine had circulated through almost all companies, cried hastily out—‘If a match between Miss Jenny and a young heir of her own name be the sole impediment to your making your addresses to her, I believe I may venture to assure you, from very good hands, that it is quite broke off; and that, for some time, they have neither regarded nor treated each other with any thing more than a bare civility.’—‘Your lordship’s intelligence,’ said Mr. Lovegrove, ‘seems to me agreeable to reason on the nature of the thing. The marriage was agreed upon by their parents before the young people were capable of judging for themselves; and, as now they are arrived at years of maturity, I see no cause, except a disinclination on the one side or the other, for delaying the consummation of what was so long ago projected.’

People easily believe what they wish; and, indeed, there was so much appearance of reason in the inference Mr. Lovegrove had drawn, that it is not to be wondered at that the young baronet readily gave into it. But he was still better satisfied, when, after having declared how happy he should think himself in an assurance of Jenny’s heart being disengaged, Mr. Lovegrove told him, that, since he found he was so serious in the affair, he would speak to Lady Speck, and endeavour to come at the certainty.

‘And I,’ cried Lord Huntley, ‘will sound Miss Wingman on the occasion: I believe she will make no scruple to inform what she knows of it; and, as she is nearer to her own years than her sister, may be supposed to be yet deeper in her secrets and confidants.’ It would be superfluous to repeat the many retributions Sir Robert made to the gentlemen on the friendly part they took in his interest;

so I shall only say they were such as became the mouth of a man very much in love, and who scorned to make use of any dishonourable or ungenerous means for the attainment of his wishes.

CHAP. XX.

IS TAKEN UP WITH A CONVERSATION OF VERY GREAT IMPORTANCE.

NEITHER Lady Speck nor her sister were ignorant of those reports which had been so maliciously spread concerning a change in the sentiments of Jemmy; they had heard it averred, by several of their acquaintances, as a thing past all dispute: but, as their fair friend had never made them the confidants of her imaginary misfortune, they thought it too tender and delicate a point to be touched upon in her presence, and had always carefully avoided giving her the least hint that they had been told of such a thing. It was owing, however, merely to the esteem and friendship they had towards her, that had induced them to persuade her to accompany them to Bath, believing that the pleasures of that place might keep her from resenting, too deeply, an indignity which few women are able to support with patience.

Regarding her in the affectionate manner they did, it could not but afford them a deal of satisfaction to be informed by Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove of the new conquest he had made; judging, as they reasonably might, that the offer of a heart, such as that of Sir Robert Manley, would fully compensate for the loss they supposed she had sustained by the infidelity of Jemmy. Both these ladies assured not only their lovers, but Sir Robert himself, of the part they took in his interest; and that they would lay hold of the first opportunity to speak to Jenny on the affair, in such terms as should seem to them most effectual to convince her that she ought not to slight a proposal which could not but prove for her honour and advantage to accept.

They were punctual to their promise. The next morning, as they were sitting all together at breakfast, Lady Speck introduced what she intended to insinuate, by making some observations on

the temper and behaviour of mankind in general; till, by degrees, she fell insensibly, as it were, and without seeming to have any design, into very great commendations of Sir Robert Manley; saying, that she thought that he had more virtue, and fewer faults, than most men of her acquaintance; and then asked Jenny what was her opinion of him. 'Really, Madam,' replied she, 'I pretend to very little judgment of mankind, especially in those I have known so short a time; but, by what I have seen of Sir Robert, he appears to me to have honour and good-sense, and also to be well natured.'

'You have named,' said Lady Speck, 'the three grand requisites for making a good husband; and I hope that the object of his affections will soon be convinced that he is possessed of them, as well as with an infinity of love.'—'Is Sir Robert, then, about marrying?' demanded Jenny. 'I cannot say absolutely about it,' returned Lady Speck; 'for I am pretty certain he has not yet assumed courage enough to make any declaration of his passion: all I know is, that he is most violently in love.'—'He is undoubtedly a very fine gentleman,' said Jenny; 'and, if his passion be sincere and honourable, he shall have my good wishes for his success.'—'As to his success,' resumed her ladyship, 'it depends entirely on yourself; for, I assure you, it is with you he is in love.'—'With me, Madam!' cried Jenny, very much astonished, and setting down her dish of tea. 'What does your ladyship mean?'—'I mean as I have said,' replied the other: 'but, if you have a mind the intelligence should be repeated, I will oblige you so far as to assure you that it is with your individual self Sir Robert Manley is in love!'

'I perceive,' said Jenny, 'your ladyship is pleased to divert yourself this morning at my expence.'—'No! I protest,' returned Lady Speck, 'I was never more in earnest in my whole life.'—'Indeed,' rejoined Miss Wingman, 'I can vouch for my sister's sincerity in this point. Sir Robert has made Mr. Lovegrove and Lord Huntley the confidants of his passion; and, I believe, you will very soon hear it from his own mouth.'—'I hope not,' answered Jenny, in a very reserved tone; 'for if Sir Robert has, in reality, such inclinations

inclinations towards me as you mention, he should, at least, have the prudence to keep them to himself, as he cannot but know my hand has long been destined to another. — Say, rather, cried Lady Speck, intended to be given; for it is not in the power of parents to make their children's fate: they often decree for us what we do not think fit to comply with even while they live to awe us into obedience by their frowns; but when they are dead, and we are left to the management of ourselves, we children pay not much regard to the injunctions of those who are no longer in a condition to thwart our inclinations.'

'That may be the case sometimes, Madam,' said Jenny; 'but I should be sorry to be among the number of those who verify it. Our parents have not only an undoubted right to dispose of us, but also are much better judges of what will make our happiness than ourselves can pretend to be.' — 'All this is very true,' cried Miss Wingman, very briskly: 'but how much soever those who would pass for the discreet part of our sex, may pique themselves upon their implicit obedience in this point, I believe the men will not be found altogether so sanguine in the performance of their duty.' — 'No, no!' replied Lady Speck; 'inclination does all on their part. It is not virtue, it is not wit, it is not beauty, it is not all the perfections that Heaven and Nature can bestow, but fancy, partial fancy, by which the heart of man is influenced; and that woman who preserves her affection for a lover, who either never did, or having once done so, ceases to regard her as he ought, discovers a meanness of spirit which must render her contemptible both in his eyes and those of all her acquaintance.'

Jenny, whose penetration few things escaped, presently comprehended that this discourse was aimed to raise some suspicions in her mind concerning the constancy of Jemmy; and, looking on such an attempt as highly injurious both to herself and him, answered, with somewhat of what the French call a *fierté* in her voice and countenance, in these terms: 'The more ridiculous it

appears,' said she, 'the more reason have Mr. Jessamy and myself to thank Heaven for directing the care of our indulgent fathers to cast our lot where there is no danger of such a misfortune happening to either of us.'

Lady Speck and Miss Wingman looked on each other with some amazement while Jenny was speaking, as not well knowing what to think; but, after a pause of some minutes — 'Some people,' said Lady Speck, a little scornfully, 'take a pride in being blind to what half the town has long since seen and laughed at.' Here she stopped; and Miss Wingman, who was the more spirited of the two, and a good deal nettled at the tart manner in which Jenny had spoke, cried out — 'Dear sister, I beg you will shew Miss Jessamy the letter your ladyship received since our coming down to Bath: it is the duty of her friends to force open her eyes, as she seems obstinate to shut day-light out.'

'It is a thing I have been very loth to mention,' resumed Lady Speck; 'and I now do it with an extreme reluctance: but, since there is no other way to convince you that the world is not so ignorant as you imagine of the inconstancy and perfidiousness of Mr. Jessamy, read that; and cease, for the future, to offer any thing in the vindication of so unworthy a man.' In speaking these words, she took a letter out of her pocket, and put it into Jenny's hand; which that young lady opening, with an agitation of spirits very unusual with her, found it contained as follows.

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY
SPECK, AT BATH.

MADAM,

AS I know very well that minds truly benignant and humane, like your ladyship's, take a pleasure in every opportunity of doing good; I shall make no apology for the trouble of this anonymous epistle; especially as it is wrote with a view of serving a young lady who so well deserves, and possesses, so much of your ladyship's kind wishes as Miss Jessamy.

But, not to keep your ladyship

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longer

‘ longer in suspense, permit me to acquaint you, that Mr. Jessamy, who for some time has made his private addresses to Miss Chit, has now taken the opportunity of your fair friend’s absence to avow publickly his passion for that young person. Some people will have it, that every thing is already so far concluded upon between them, that a marriage will very shortly be consummated; but this I will not pretend to affirm: it is certain, however, that he loves her; and that a little skill in musick out-balances, in his giddy fancy, all the real merits of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Jessamy.

‘ I know not whether she is as yet apprized of his infidelity, or has even any suspicions of it; but the less she is so, the more will it shock her tender nature to find, at her return, that he is married, or about being married, to another. How could her gentle heart support the sudden disappointment! How bear the double pangs of the indignity offered to her love and beauty! Fatal, alas! might be the consequences of such a stroke, if not previously prepared and armed against it!

‘ It depends greatly on your ladyship to shield that injured innocence from being too deeply affected with her misfortune; and, as her case must touch every one who has a soul capable of social commiseration, I take the liberty, with all submission, to entreat you, Madam, to give her such warnings of her fate as may render the certainty, whenever it shall arrive, less heavy to be borne. If once thoroughly persuaded there is a probability of his being false, it will at least take off the alarming surprize of finding he is so: and the more early she is brought to suspect his baseness, the more opportunity she will have to exert the good sense she is mistress of in despising, instead of lamenting it.

‘ The manner in which this is most proper to be done will best be determined by your ladyship’s superior judgment. I only beg that the above hints may be received, in an assurance that they proceed from a heart truly devoted to honour and virtue, and

‘ entirely free from all views but such as may be conducive to promote the cause of those noble principles. I am, with a profound respect, Madam, your ladyship’s most humble, most faithful, and obedient servant.

‘ P. S. Your ladyship will pardon the concealment of my name for the present, as an advice of this nature might probably subject the person who gives it to many great inconveniences, if known before the affair to which it relates is absolutely concluded, and past beyond all possibility of denial.’

Scarce had Jenny patience to go through with this invidious scroll. ‘ Good God!’ cried she to Lady Speck, ‘ who is it can have the baseness to assert such monstrous untruths, or the presumption to attempt making your ladyship’s good nature the dupe of a design so villainous, and withal so mean?’

Then immediately recollecting what had just now been told her concerning the passion Sir Robert Manley had entertained for her, she hesitated not a moment to accuse him of having taken this method to alienate her affections from Jemmy; and, looking on the contrivance with that contempt and indignation it really deserved, began to reproach him in terms the most bitter that could issue from a mouth so little accustomed to invectives. The two ladies seemed quite astonished at her behaviour; and both joined to endeavour to convince her of the injustice to Sir Robert, who, they believed, had too much honour to attempt the gaining of his point by a way so abject and so unworthy of his character: and, to clear his innocence, assured her that they had heard an account of Jemmy’s infidelity, from many hands, before they left London, or that Sir Robert had ever seen her face. All they could say, however, was insufficient to make Jenny recede from her opinion: the dispute grew pretty warm; and would probably have run to greater lengths, if it had not been seasonably interrupted by some company coming to visit them.

C H A P. XXI.

GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF SOME PASSAGES, WHICH, ADDED TO THE FORMER, AFFORD OUR HEROINE MUCH MATTER OF DISCONTENT.

JENNY had been so much discomposed and ruffled at the discourse of the ladies, and the letter shewn to her by them, that neither her natural sprightliness and gaiety, nor all the efforts her reason made, were sufficient to re-settle in her mind that happy serenity she enjoyed before. She had not the least tincture of jealousy in her composition; she had always depended on the sincerity of Jemmy, and, as yet, was far from believing that he could be false: but it vexed her to be told that others thought him so; that he passed, in the eyes of the world, for an inconstant and ungrateful man; and, what was still more insupportable, that herself was looked upon as a slighted and forsaken mistress. Pity is so near akin to contempt, that few women of spirit can bear it: even those who have the least share of vanity, I believe, would rather chuse to be envied and hated for having too much the power of pleasing, than commiserated for their want of it. The affection she had for Jemmy was not of that fond and foolish nature as to make her wish to be forever in his sight: she had been absent from him more weeks than she had now been days, without the least repining or inquietude; but, on hearing this story, she could not keep herself from being excessively impatient for his coming down to Bath; not that she desired his presence to clear any doubts of her own, but that his behaviour might convince the company she was with of their mistake as to his fidelity.

The promise he had made of following her when she left London, and which had since been confirmed by two several letters she had received from him, made her expect his arrival would be very soon; and she was pleasing herself with the thoughts how that event would make Lady Speck and Miss Wingman ashamed of having too rashly given credit to a calumny, which she doubted not but they would then see had not the

least foundation. But this was a satisfaction which vanished in a very short space of time: a few hours made her know that she must wait much longer than she had imagined for the completion of what at present her pride made her so ardently desire.

The evening of that very same day, whose morning had occasioned in her breast these various perturbations, presented her with something which was far from lulling them to rest. Just as she was going to the assembly-room with the ladies, and some other company, the post brought a letter; the contents whereof were these.

‘ TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

‘ DEAR JENNY,

‘ I Am in so ill a humour, that, I believe, it would be utterly out of my power to write to any one person in the world except yourself; and yet it is almost entirely on your account that I am thus disconcerted. This you may think a paradox; but I shall soon explain the riddle.

‘ For three whole days successively I have been every hour expecting the arrival of my steward; but last night, instead of himself, I received a letter from him, acquainting me that, having been obliged to make a seizure on one of my tenant’s effects, that affair would of necessity detain him at least seven or eight days longer. Judge how severely this accident has mortified me, as it deprives me so much longer than I hoped of the pleasures of Bath; and, what is infinitely more valuable to me, the sight of my dear Jenny! Console me as often as you can with your letters; it is in them alone I can take any true satisfaction during this enforced absence. Farewell! I flatter myself there is no need of fresh assurances to convince you that I am, with the warmest affection, my dear Jenny’s most devoted and obedient servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ P. S. My friend Bellpine, who is now with me, desires you will accept his compliments and best wishes. We are just going together to hear a fine piece of

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‘ musick,

‘ musick, if my chagrin does not
 ‘ turn the notes into discord. Once
 ‘ more for this time, my dear
 ‘ Jenny, adieu!’

Jenny withdrew to a window to take just a cursory view of this epistle; for, being waited for by the company, she could not, without a breach of civility, give herself time to examine it with that strictness the present situation of her mind inclined her to do. She was, however, sufficiently mistress of the sense of it, to perceive she must not expect to see him at Bath so soon as she wished; and this delay, as my fair readers will easily believe, gave no small mortification both to her pride and love.

The assembly was more than ordinarily brilliant that night; but not all the diversions and gallantries of the place could dissipate the gloom that hung heavy on her spirits, and, as she was an ill dissembler, was but too visible in her countenance. It was not that in the slight perusal she had been able to give Jemmy’s letter she had found any thing to confirm the informations of Lady Speck and Miss Wingman; but the delay of his coming, at a time when she thought his presence so necessary to clear both his own and her reputation, that alone gave her these inquietudes; and the disappointment was more grievous, as it was the first she as yet had ever met with.

Not all her efforts could enable her to behave with her accustomed vivacity that night: she bore very little part in the conversation; was wholly unattentive to the musick, as well as the fine things said to her; and whenever she spoke, it was in such a manner as made it easy to perceive she would rather have chose to have remained silent. Conscious of this defect, and finding herself altogether unfit for company, she pretended a violent head-ache, and retired some hours before the usual time. On her coming home she shut herself up in her own apartment, and gave strict orders to her maid that no one should disturb her; then fell to examining, with the utmost exactness, every sentence of the letter which had created in her so much uneasiness. She compared it with the others she had received from him since her arrival at Bath, and found it nothing different either in the style or manner; till, coming to the post-

script, the mention he made of going to hear a fine piece of musick, she suddenly cried out—‘ That musick may
 ‘ perhaps be performed by Miss Chit:
 ‘ a story, such as I have been told, could
 ‘ not certainly be raised without some
 ‘ little truth for it’s foundation.’

But this fit of jealousy lasted scarce a moment. ‘ How unjust and foolish
 ‘ am I!’ said she: ‘ I know he loves
 ‘ musick; but what then? If being
 ‘ mistress of that accomplishment had
 ‘ given Miss Chit, or any other woman,
 ‘ the preference to me in his esteem,
 ‘ he would have been entirely
 ‘ silent on the pleasure he was going to
 ‘ take: the guilty always carefully
 ‘ avoid speaking on the theme which
 ‘ calls their crime in question.’ In this favourable disposition she might have continued; if a thousand instances of the deceit and perfidy of men, in the affairs of love, which she had either heard or read of, had not immediately presented themselves to her remembrance, and reminded her that she ought not to be too secure; that the passion of love, like the wind, blew where it list-
 ‘ ed; and that the poet says—

‘ Man is but man, inconstant still, and va-
 ‘ rious;
 ‘ There’s no to-morrow in him like to-day:
 ‘ Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
 ‘ Make him think honestly this present hour;
 ‘ The next, a swarm of base, ungrateful
 ‘ thoughts,
 ‘ May mount aloft:
 ‘ Who would trust Chance, since all men have
 ‘ the seeds
 ‘ Of good or ill, which would work upwards
 ‘ first.’

Yet for all this she could not bring herself to believe him absolutely false: if one moment accused him in her thoughts, the next acquitted him; but what gave her the greatest perplexity of all was, the difficulty she found in guessing by whom or to what end this aspersion had first been raised, and how it came to be so spread.

She thought that neither Jemmy nor herself had done any thing to incur the malice of the world, so far as that even any one person should be desirous of rendering them unhappy. ‘ It cannot
 ‘ therefore be,’ cried she, ‘ but that
 ‘ some vile, self-interested view, must
 ‘ be the source of all this: nobody,
 ‘ sure, would be at the wicked pains
 ‘ to

to separate two persons whose hearts from their infancy have been united by the strictest bonds of love and friendship, merely for the sake of mischief; no, it is utterly impossible that human nature can be so depraved.' This reflection leading her still farther on, she began to argue within her mind for what end a contrivance to part her and Jemmy could be formed; and found none so conformable to probability, as that the author of it aimed to be in the place of one or the other. As for her own part, the engagements between her and Jemmy were so well known, that no man had ever made his serious addresses to her; and if Sir Robert Manley had now any such intentions, the character of that gentleman would not permit her to believe he could be capable of making use of base means for the forwarding his wishes: besides, Lady Speck and Miss Wingman had assured her, in the most solemn manner, that they had heard the report before their coming down to Bath, or that he had ever seen her.

It rested, therefore, that it must be on the account of Jemmy that all this had happened: she knew very well that he conversed freely with the ladies; he had never made a secret to her of his doing so; and it seemed not in the least improbable, that some one among them might like him but too well. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'Miss Chit herself, mistaking for love what he meant only as gallantry, might have the vanity to boast of having inspired him with a real passion. The smallest hint,' continued she, 'that such a thing is, or possibly may be, passes with many people for an undoubted fact. And who knows but the whisper of Jemmy's imaginary infidelity may have been carried from one to another, till it reached the ears of some person who, more compassionate than wife, wrote to Lady Speck in the manner I have seen?'

Thus did she endeavour to dive into the bottom of this mysterious affair, assigning for it every cause that reason or her fertile imagination could suggest; yet wavering still, and uncertain on which of them she should fix, her mind at length grew quite fatigued with the unavailing search; and she resolved to wait till time should bring to light what all her penetration could not at present

enable her to discover. In this manner was the sweetest and most serene temper in the world disconcerted and thrown off its bias, by the dark villainy of a man whom she had not the least suspicion of. She went to bed, however; and, for aught I ever heard to the contrary, slept as well as if nothing had happened to perplex her waking thoughts.

C H A P. XXII.

AFFORDS SOME VERY USEFUL AND EXEMPLARY HINTS TO YOUNG PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES; WHICH IF THEY ARE NOT THE BETTER AND WISER FOR, IT IS WHOLLY OWING TO THEMSELVES, AND NOT THE FAULT OF THE AUTHOR.

THAT only true composing draught, an unforced natural slumber, so effectually lulled the mind of Jenny, that, when she arose the next morning, the anxieties of the preceding day were scarce remembered by her; or, if they were, it was but to wonder at herself for having yielded to their force. 'As I think,' said she, 'that I may be pretty confident the story I was told yesterday has nothing of reality in it, but is a most vile and notorious falsehood; how silly was I to give myself any pain concerning either by whom or on what motive it was invented! There are some people,' said she, 'who seem to be born with a propensity to mischief. I remember that, when I was at the boarding-school, a thousand little quarrels happened between the girls, which were occasioned merely by the lying insinuations of some among us, who took a wicked pleasure in giving pain to others. Too many in the world,' continued she, 'when arrived at years of maturity, instead of endeavouring to correct, take pains to improve and cultivate this cruel disposition in themselves, till even it becomes a science; and the more vexation they create to those who are so unhappy to be of their acquaintance, the more proofs they imagine they give of their own ingenuity and fertility of invention.'

'How stupid, then, is it,' went she still

still on, ' to give ear to every idle tale!
 ' It is joining with the adversaries of
 ' our peace; aiding those malicious ef-
 ' forts, and giving them a triumph
 ' over us, which otherwise all they
 ' could do would never be able to ob-
 ' tain. We certainly ought not to be-
 ' lieve ill of any one without the testi-
 ' mony of our own senses to confirm
 ' the truth of that report; but more
 ' especially it behoves us to reject with
 ' the utmost contempt whatever has a
 ' tendency to create a disagreement be-
 ' tween us and those we love.'

Thus did her good understanding and strength of reason enable her to get the better of all these doubts and jealous apprehensions, into which young persons of her sex are for the most part too liable to fall. She passed a good deal of time in this sort of conversation with herself; and would not, perhaps, have broke it off so soon, if she had not been interrupted by Lady Speck's woman, who came into the chamber to enquire after her health, and to let her know the ladies waited breakfast for her. She obeyed the summons immediately, and appeared so very sprightly, that Lady Speck and her sister had not the least room to imagine that the disorder she had complained of the night before had been occasioned by any thing they had said to her in relation to Jemmy. A succession of visitants, one after another, came in all that whole day, some of whom staid to accompany them to the Long-room; but Jenny, who had never failed to answer every letter she had received from Jemmy by the very first post, would not now be more remiss; and, excusing herself for a few minutes, retired to her chamber, and wrote to him in the following manner.

' TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

' MY DEAR JEMMY,

' I Am very sensible that I am quite
 ' wrong to add to the vexation you
 ' express, by giving you any knowledge
 ' of mine; yet it is not in my power to
 ' forbear telling you, that this delay of
 ' your journey has involved me in dis-
 ' quiets altogether new to me; I know
 ' not how it is, that I never so much
 ' wished to see you as I now do,
 ' I should be sorry if you neglected

' any affairs of consequence on my ac-
 ' count; but be assured, however, till
 ' you come, all the amusements, all
 ' the pleasures, with which this place
 ' abounds, and I am continually sur-
 ' rounded, will lose their relish, and be
 ' insipid to me.

' Such a confession would seem ex-
 ' tremely awkward from the pen of a
 ' woman, were we not upon the terms
 ' we are, or had we been brought up in
 ' a different manner: but from my in-
 ' fancy I have been made to think it
 ' was my duty to conceal from you no
 ' part of my sentiments; and you have
 ' often told me, that the same prin-
 ' ciples were instilled in you. As I
 ' have the most perfect confidence that
 ' you are no less punctual in your obe-
 ' dience to this injunction than myself,
 ' I am not afraid or ashamed of giving
 ' you all the testimonies of my affection
 ' that honour and virtue will permit;
 ' and more, I am certain, you will
 ' never desire.

' I shall say nothing to urge you to
 ' as speedy a dispatch as possible of the
 ' business that detains you from me; I
 ' am too well acquainted with your
 ' sincerity to doubt if your heart is not
 ' already here, and shall therefore en-
 ' deavour to console myself till your
 ' arrival, with your letters, as you tell
 ' me you shall do with those you receive
 ' from me. I am, with an attachment
 ' which only yourself can break, my
 ' dear Jemmy, your most affectionate
 ' and ever-faithful

' J. JESSAMY.

' P. S. If I have expressed too much
 ' impatience in the above, excuse
 ' it on the account that, hitherto
 ' unaccustomed to disappoint-
 ' ments, I am the less able to su-
 ' stain them with that fortitude
 ' and resignation I ought to do.'

Having finished this little epistle, and given orders that it should be carried to the post-office, she returned to the company, who by this time were ready to adjourn to the assembly: she went with them; and few women there appeared to more advantage than herself. Sir Robert Manley, to whom neither Lady Speck nor Miss Wingman had related any part of the rebuff they had received from Jenny on his score, was very im-
 patient

patient to make a declaration of his passion to her: but though he had seen her three times that day, at home, in the walks, and at the assembly, yet no opportunity proper for his purpose had presented itself.

He complained of his ill-luck to Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, who, after consulting with the ladies what could be done for the advancement of the interest of their friend in this point, it was so contrived amongst them, that she should be left alone with him, as if by accident. But this could not be done with so much art as to elude the discernment of Jenny; she easily perceived with what intent first one and then another slipped out of the room, till none but Sir Robert and herself were left in it. She could not help smiling within herself to think that all this mighty pains was taken only to shew Sir Robert that he had nothing to hope for from her; and was not at all displeased with having it in her power to convince that gentleman, that the affection between herself and Jemmy was too strongly cemented to be shaken by the amorous attacks of any pretender whatsoever.

I am afraid that, on computation, the number of those ladies would be found but small, who, in this giddy and unthinking age, are not fond of making new conquests, though rendered, by even the most solemn engagements, utterly incapable of accepting the trophies presented them. Jenny, however, had nothing of this vanity in her composition; she had heard and read much of the effects of love, and the fatal consequences which had sometimes attended a disappointed flame; and therefore had always considered that passion as a thing of too serious a nature to be sported with; and that it was an action highly ungenerous and cruel to encourage the growth of it in any heart, without having the power or inclination of making an adequate return. Sir Robert Manley was a person whose addresses might have gratified the pride of any woman who placed her glory in seeing herself admired. Jenny was sensible of his merit; but the more she was so, the more she thought herself obliged to prevent him at once from indulging any fruitless expectations.

He had no sooner made her an offer of his heart, and was just beginning to

assure her how much, and how eternally, he was devoted to her, than she stopped the progress of his declaration, by asking him, with a very reserved air, if he were really in earnest? To which he answering in the affirmative, and annexing the most solemn protestation of the truth—‘Then, Sir,’ said she, ‘I am equally sorry and astonished, that a gentleman of so much good sense and honour in other things, should forget himself so far as to entertain any thoughts of this kind for a woman who, he cannot but have heard, has from her very birth been allotted for another.’

The manner in which these words were delivered giving a double energy to the meaning of them, had a prodigious effect on the person to whom they were directed: though a man of great presence of mind, bred in high life, and perfectly acquainted with the world, he could not keep himself from being a little abashed at receiving so grave and so severe a reprimand from a lady of Jenny’s years and inexperience; but soon recovering himself—‘Madam,’ said he, ‘I beg you will do me the justice to believe, that however ardent my passion is, I would scorn to attempt the gratification of it by any ways which my honour or my reason should condemn: that I love you, is most true; yet would I chuse rather to consume through the force of an inextinguishable flame, than to make the least encroachment either on your virtue or your peace.’

‘I do not, indeed, deny,’ continued he, ‘but that I have been told somewhat concerning an agreement made for you in your extreme youth: but as no consequence has since happened of that agreement, I flattered myself that your heart approved not of the choice made for you; was at full liberty to elect for itself; and that no impediment lay in the way of my ambition, but my own unworthiness of obtaining so inestimable a jewel.’

He concluded these words with a deep sigh, and a bow full of the greatest tenderness and respect. The grateful soul of Jenny was a little touched at his behaviour; and she immediately replied with an extreme sweetness—‘Were there no other bar than what you last mentioned, Sir,’ said she, ‘I believe there are few women, of any penetra-
tion

tion at least, to whom your heart would be an unacceptable present; and I shall rejoice to see it bestowed where equal worth and unpre-engaged affections may crown the utmost of it's wishes.—'Ah, Madam!' cried Sir Robert, 'why is this enchanting goodness lavished on a man who cannot thank the bounty? All my desires, alas! are centered in yourself: and to wish me happy with any other object, is but to wish me wretched. But tell me, tell me,' pursued he, 'are you in earnest, absolutely determined, to give your hand to this too fortunate rival? Is it a thing mutually resolved between you?'

Jenny, knowing very well what he had been informed of concerning the supposed infidelity of Jemmy, was charmed with his politeness in imputing the delay of their nuptials rather to an indifference on her side than a dislike on his, and now more desirous than ever of entirely stifling all fallacious hopes, which in the end might prove destructive to his peace, compelled her modesty to confess to him, that she really loved Jemmy; and that her inclinations would have preferred him to all the men in the world, even though they had not been destined for each other by their parents.

Sir Robert could not hear this declaration without pain; but being fully persuaded in his mind, by what Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove and others, had assured him, that Jemmy but ill repaid the tenderness of his fair mistress, he assumed courage enough to offer a second petition to her consideration. 'Well, Madam,' said he, after a little pause, 'I will not presume to call in question the merits of the man whom you are pleased to favour; I will believe him as deserving as I am sure he is happy: yet if any accident, yet unforeseen, should happen to disunite you; if any thing, impossible as it may seem, should render him ungrateful for the blessing he enjoys; might I hope my love, my truth, my perseverance, would in time find some room in a corner of that heart which, doubtless, then would have exterminated it's first ideas?' This insinuation was far from working the effect it was intended for; Jenny was highly offended at it; and, turning from him with somewhat of a disdainful air—'To demand a promise,' said she, 'on suppositions without founda-

tion, is so chimerical as scarce to deserve an answer: but, Sir Robert, on this you may depend, That whenever Mr. Jessamy shall prove himself unworthy of my love, I shall, instead of giving him a successor in my heart, detest and avoid mankind for ever.'

Sir Robert was now conscious he had gone too far; and, desirous of preserving her esteem, if he could not gain her affection, endeavoured all he could to excuse the rashness of his late suggestions; which possibly he succeeded in better than he imagined, as Jenny was sensible it was owing to the base report that had been raised: she would not, however, seem to forgive too easily any reflection cast upon her dear Jemmy, but continued in the same serious deportment till the return of the company put an end to all discourse between them on this score.

C H A P. XXIII.

RELATES HOW, IN THE COMPASS OF AN HOUR, JENNY MET WITH TWO SURPRIZING ADVENTURES OF VERY DIFFERENT KINDS; AND THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE BEHAVED IN THEM, WITH SOME OTHER LESS EXTRAORDINARY PARTICULARS, WHICH THE READER WILL DOUBTLESS BE PUZZLED TO KNOW THE MEANING OF.

AFTER what had passed between Jenny and Sir Robert, that gentleman thought it would be in vain to prosecute his suit; his friends also, to whom he imparted the conversation he had with her, were of the same opinion; and the report of Jemmy's inconstancy began now to lose much of the credit it had obtained among them.

Sir Robert, whose esteem for Jenny was not at all diminished by her late behaviour towards him, though it had made him endeavour to overcome his passion for her, omitted nothing in his power to reconcile himself to her good graces; which he at length effectually did, by giving her the strongest and reiterated assurances that he would never more attempt to interrupt that affection which he now seemed to believe mutually existing between her and Mr. Jessamy. The same easy freedom of conversation

versation which had reigned among this amiable company since their first coming down to Bath, was now again restored: but it lasted not long; accidents on accidents, in which every one had a share, immediately fell out, and turned all into discord and confusion.

Among the crowd of guests who were every day at the tea-table of Lady Speck, there was a gentleman named Celandine; he had but lately returned from making the tour of Europe; and, like Clodio in the play, pretended to be acquainted with all the intrigues of the several courts he had been in: he was gay, spirited, had some wit, and abundance of assurance; which, with the affectation of good-humour, made him pass for a very agreeable companion, and particularly entitled him to the favour of the ladies, many of whom thought the loss of reputation no disgrace when forfeited on his account.

He was certainly very much indebted to Nature for a handsome person, and to education for all those modish accomplishments which, with unthinking people, are apt to cast a lustre even on the worst qualities of the mind; his example was at least a proof of this melancholy truth; for it would have puzzled even his best friends and greatest admirers, if asked the question, to have found any one virtue in him compensate for a thousand vices: he was vain to an excess; ungrateful, insincere, incapable either of love or friendship; a contemner both of morality and religion: in fine, he was a libertine professed. His family was ancient and honourable, and from thence descended to him a very large estate, which, without doing one generous or benevolent action, he seemed to take abundance of pains to get rid of by the most unheard-of and ridiculous extravagancies and vagaries.

The reader will perhaps imagine, that a character such as this deserved not so particular a description; nor should I have troubled him with it, had there not been an absolute necessity of my doing so, for reasons which will presently appear. Jenny was at home alone one day; Lady Speck and Miss Wingman were gone into the walk; but some letters she had received from London, which required immediate answers, had hindered her from accompanying them: having finished what she had to do be-

fore they returned, she went down into the garden, in order to refresh her spirits after the fatigue they had undergone by writing so much longer than she was accustomed at one time.

She took a short promenade in the great alley; but, being in a contemplative mood, retired into an arbour at the farther end of it; where, as the reader may remember, the performers in Lord Huntley's interlude had been concealed. There could not, indeed, be a more proper scene for indulging meditation; and she was just beginning to fall into a very agreeable reverie, when on a sudden Celandine appeared at the entrance of the leafy bower, and accosted her with these lines, translated by himself from a French poet:

‘ So look’d Pomona when Vertumnus came,
‘ And with immortal raptures clasp’d the
‘ dame.’

As great a favourite as this young gallant was with most of the women of his acquaintance, Jenny had never been able to endure the sight of him, on account of his pert confident behaviour; but his presence was now doubly unwelcome to her, as there was nobody but herself to entertain him, or to bear a part in the impertinent freedoms of his conversation; and she could not forbear giving him a look which might have dashed the boldness of any other man, and made him quit the place. ‘But Celandine, as has been before observed; and Jenny in this visit experienced to her cost, was none of those who were capable of being awed either by looks or words. Full of his own merit, and puffed up with frequent successes among the fair, he thought the whole sex at his devotion; that no woman could withstand his charms, and that the coldness Jenny had always treated him with was no more than an affectation of modesty in publick, which, on his making the first overtures of a passion for her, would vanish in an instant, and she would drop into his arms as rain does from the firmament.

‘ How kind is Fortune to me,’ said he, approaching her, ‘ in giving me this opportunity of speaking in private to my angel!’— ‘ If you are indebted to Fortune for no greater favours,’ replied Jenny, ‘ you have but small cause to thank her bounty. But pray,’

I continued

continued she, 'how came you to be out of the walks this fine day, when all the world are there?'—'I might ask you the same question,' answered he; 'and equally wonder why I find the enchanting Miss Jessamy here, moping in solitary shade, and neglecting to increase the number of her conquests, and add new triumphs to her eyes: but I will tell you,' pursued he, catching hold of her hand; 'it was Fate, propitious Fate, ordained it so for both our happiness: some kind good-natured demon put it into your head to stay at home, and in mine to seek you here.'

He concluded these words with throwing one of his arms about her neck, and began to kiss her with vehemence. Hard it is to say, whether surprise or rage, at being treated in this manner, was most predominant in her soul: she broke from him; and, starting some paces back—'What means this rudeness?' cried she. 'Give not so harsh a name,' rejoined he, 'to the emotions of the most tender passion that ever was.'—'A passion for me!' said she, in a voice full of disdain. 'Yes, for you!' replied he, staring her in the face. 'Did my eyes never tell you the secret of my heart?'—'No, really,' said she; 'I never examined into the mysterious dialect, nor desire to have it explained.'

With these words she was going hastily out of the arbour, but the nimble Celandine at one jump got between her and the entrance, and in spite of all the resistance she could make, forced her back to the bench where he had found her sitting. 'No more prudery,' cried he, 'nor this pretended coyness; we are now alone, and the means of being so are not easy to be found in such a place as Bath: do not, then, by this unseasonable reserve, make me lose the golden glorious opportunity that Heaven has sent, of giving you the most substantial proofs how much my soul adores you; how much I prize you above that Heaven itself.'

It is as impossible to paint the distraction Jenny was in, as it was for her to express it, or relieve herself from the impending danger to which she was reduced. They were at too great a distance from the house for her cries to alarm the family: he held her fast down

on the seat, with his hands on both her shoulders; she could only call him Monster! Villain! while he, regardless of her reproaches, uttered things which made her modest heart shudder at the sound of. To what horrid freedom he might have proceeded is uncertain: a sudden rustling among the branches, which twined about the latticed arbour, made him relax the hold he had taken of his fair captive, and turn to see what had occasioned this interruption. Jenny lost not the instant of her release, but rather flew than ran out of that detested place; when, just at the entrance, she was met by a woman, or, to speak more properly, a fury armed with a penknife; which she had doubtless plunged into the bosom of the defenceless fair, if Celandine, who was close behind, had not been very quick in wresting it from her hand.

'What fiend, thou cursed creature!' cried Celandine, 'has prompted thy malice to attempt this execrable deed?'—'What fiend but thyself, thou worse than devil?' answered she, almost foaming at the mouth with passion. Jenny staid not to hear what farther passed between them, but ran screaming down the alley; Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, accompanied by Mr. Lovegrove, entered the house at that very moment, and were the first who came to her assistance.

Never were three people in greater consternation than they; Jenny, with arms extended, and garments all disordered, crying out for help; Celandine, at some distance, with the utmost confusion in his looks, and at his feet a woman, who seemed either dead or in a swoon. In vain they enquired the occasion of all this; Jenny was incapable of speaking, by the fright which yet hung upon her spirits; the intended murderers, by the condition she was in; and Celandine, by his guilt. Mr. Lovegrove, who had more presence of mind than any of the rest on this occasion, finding no answers were given to their interrogatories, stept forward to convince himself if the person who lay upon the earth were alive or dead; and this action of his it was that probably recovered Celandine the use of his tongue: but the first and only token he gave of it, was to say, it was a mad woman, who had some how or other gain-



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ed admittance; and to desire the servants might be ordered to carry her out of the house.

Mr. Lovegrove having found the person he spoke of in this manner was only in a fainting-fit, cried out—'What-ever she is, her figure, as well as the present condition she is in, seems to demand rather compassion than contempt.' On this Lady Speck and her sister ran to assist the charitable endeavour he was making for her recovery; but Jenny still kept at a good distance; and Celandine, who, for all his impudence, was not provided with fit answers to the questions which were likely to be put to him, took the opportunity of their being thus engaged to sneak off, without giving any notice of his going.

By this time the woman of the house, with all the servants, were got into the garden; and among them the unhappy stranger was carried into a parlour, and laid upon a couch, where proper remedies being applied, she came a little to herself.

C H A P. XXIV.

CONTAINS SOME PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE FURIOUS STRANGER, AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

THE company to whom Jenny had now related the dangers she had escaped, were very impatient to know the whole of this adventure; and perceiving the person chiefly concerned in it was recovered enough to be able to satisfy their curiosity, began almost all at once to ask what had induced her to attempt such an act of barbarity; but that unfortunate creature had not the power, for a considerable time, of making any other answer than a torrent of tears, which gushed from her eyes with such rapidity, as drew compassion even from Jenny herself. The violence of that passion, however, which so long had stopped the passage of her words, having found this vent, she entreated their pardon for the disturbance she had caused, and thanked the charitable relief that had been offered her, in terms so polite, as made every one see she was not of the lowest rank of life.

Then turning to Jenny—'But it is you, Madam, I have most offended!'

said she. 'Oh! had I perpetrated the horrid deed, Heaven, sure, must have decreed some new and yet unpractised torture for a crime like mine.' Here she ceased, to give way to some sighs, which were just then forcing themselves from her afflicted bosom; after which—'Yet that Heaven, to whom I now appeal,' cried she, 'is witness for me, as well as my own conscious soul, that I was clear of all malice, all premeditated design, against you. When I drew that cursed knife, I meant not to hurt your innocence, but to do justice to myself on the villain that was with you. Some demon in that instant, sure, turned my erring arm from it's intended mark to save his brother fiend.'

'Who is this fiend, this villain, you are speaking of?' cried Lady Speck, with some emotion. 'Oh! there is no name so foul, so black, as he deserves!' replied the other: 'but if you would paint a wretch, in whom all vices, all corruptions, meet as in their centre, then call him Celandine!—Oh, ladies!' continued she, in the extremest agonies, 'why will you suffer such a serpent near you? Wherever he comes he brings destruction with him, and bitterness of heart with everlasting infamy are the legacies he leaves behind him!'

It is probable she would have run on with these exclamations much longer, if Mr. Lovegrove had not reminded her, that as the person was not there, she would do better to inform the company of the cause of her complaint against him: 'For,' said he, 'you neither can be justified nor be condemned in our opinion, without your letting us into the secret of his crime.'

'Alas!' answered she, bursting again into tears, 'neither his crime nor my shame are secrets to the world; and as I am before persons of so much honour and goodness, I have reason to hope that a perfect knowledge of those unfortunate circumstances which brought on my undoing, will entitle me rather to compassion, than at all add to the contempt the late behaviour I have been guilty of must have excited.'

The ladies then, as well as Mr. Lovegrove, assured her, that she could no way so well atone for the confusion she had given them, as by making them

a faithful narrative of the motives which had induced her to it. On this she endeavoured to compose herself as much as possible; and, after a pause of a few minutes, in order to recollect the passages she was about to relate, began to do as she was desired, in these or the like terms.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. M——.

“I Will not detain your attention,” said this afflicted woman, “with any impertinent particulars concerning a wretch so unworthy as myself; but beg you will afford a patient hearing of such as are absolutely necessary for the better understanding my unhappy story.

“I was the only daughter of a gentleman, who, being a younger son, had no other dependence than a post in one of the publick offices. As he lived up to the height of his income, I was left at his decease, which happened when I was about seventeen years of age, with no other portion than a genteel education, some household furniture, and a few jewels. I had lost my mother in my infancy, so that I was altogether an orphan: my father’s brother, though possessed of a large estate, declined taking any care of me; and I know not what would have become of me, if an aunt, by my mother’s side, had not been so good to admit me into her family, to preserve me, as she said, from falling into those temptations to which a maid of my years, and accounted not ugly, was liable to be exposed.

“I had not lived quite two years with this kind relation, before some business brought frequently to her house a gentleman called Mr. M——, who you must doubtless have heard of, as he makes a pretty considerable figure in the law: he took a fancy to me at first sight, which afterwards grew up into a passion; in fine, he loved me upon the most honourable terms; and asked leave of my aunt to make his addressee to me. The match was too advantageous for a girl in my circumstances to be refused: she pressed me to it; and as neither his person nor conversation were disagreeable to me, I consented, and in a short time became his wife.

“Few women, I believe, can boast of more happiness than I enjoyed during the first seven or eight months of our marriage: my husband seemed to have no other study than that of obliging me; he was continually forming some new schemes of delight and entertainment for me; he never heard of any ornament of dress or furniture, in use with the *beau monde*, but he bought and brought it home to me. He could scarce bear losing the sight of me a moment; and, indeed, gave me more of his company than could well be spared from his avocation.

“But the extremes of any thing are seldom lasting; this exuberance of transported love, this phrenzy of passion, if I may call it so, vanished by very swift degrees; as sudden coldness almost at once succeeded: he treated me civilly, it is true; retrenched no part of my expences; denied me nothing that I asked; but yet I found a mighty difference between this and his former behaviour. Ah, how dangerous it is for men to begin with demonstrations of a fondness which they cannot persevere in! I was young, vain, inconsiderate. I expected the same assiduity to please, the same raptures as at first, and could not brook the disappointment. I complained of this change of my condition to a female friend of more years and experience than myself: at first she laughed at me, and told me that nothing was more common, and that she had often wondered Mr. M—— held out the honey-moon so long.

“This putting me beyond all patience—“Do not be so much out of humour,” said she: “your case is but the same with other women; and I believe I can direct you to a course that will infallibly retrieve all; and as it is the nature of mankind,” continued she, “to be rampant in the pursuit of their wishes, but languid in the full possession of them, you must give your husband room to apprehend he is not so secure of your heart as he has imagined. Toy with some pretty fellow before his face; send often for him, and affect to be uneasy till you see him: this will rouse your husband, if any thing will do it; jealousy new-points the darts of love, and whets the edge of
“satiated

“satiated desire; according to the
“poet—

“They dearly prize what they once fear to
“lose.”

“I greedily swallowed this false doctrine,” continued Mrs. M—— with a deep sigh, “and immediately resolved on making the experiment. Celandine, whose person I have no occasion to give a particular description of, as you all know him, seemed formed by nature for the purpose I intended. He came frequently to our house; my husband always treated him with the extremest respect, as indeed he had good reason to do, being indebted for his first setting out in the world, in the handsome manner he did, to the father of Celandine, whom both his parents had served, the one in quality of a steward, the other of housekeeper. The favours conferred on Mr. M——, even from his infancy, by that old gentleman, were such as made many people suspect there was a nearer affinity between them than was for my mother-in-law’s honour to acknowledge: be that, however, as it may, it is not my business to inspect into the faults of others, but bewail my own.

“I had hitherto behaved towards my husband’s young patron, for so he always called him, with the reserve becoming the married woman; but now, according to the pernicious advice I had received, I put on the most light airs before him, and looked and talked in such a manner as might have made a man of much less vanity than he is endued with, imagine me to be most passionately in love with him. Whether my husband had really too much indifference for me to regard any thing I did, or whether he thought the extraordinary civilities I shewed to his friend were merely to oblige him, I cannot be certain; all I can say is, that he took not the least notice of this change in my conduct; nor could I perceive any alteration in his behaviour towards me upon it.

“But Celandine, who thought me all devoted to him, was not of a humour to lose any part of the triumph of his new conquest: he assiduously watched every opportunity of being alone with

me; returned the pretended advances I had made him, with all the ardour of a man transported with them; till, at last, my heart became susceptible of the guilty flame, and what I had so fatally affected grew into reality: in fine, I loved him, was too weak to resist the dictates of my passion, and became a prey to the worst monster that ever wore the shape of man.”

Here Mrs. M—— became unable to proceed: she was not so entirely lost to all sense of honour and virtue as not to feel an extreme shock at the remembrance of what she was about to repeat; shame and confusion overwhelmed her heart, and threw her into a second fainting, from which she was not without some difficulty recovered.

CHAP. XXV.

CONTAINS A CONTINUATION OF
MRS. M——’S ADVENTURES.

THE unfortunate Mrs. M——, having once more regained the power of utterance, made a handsome apology for that interruption which grief and shame had occasioned in her recital; and then prosecuted it in the following manner.

“It may seem strange, perhaps,” said she, “that, with my innocence, I should lose all discretion too; yet so it was: fond even to madness of my undoer, and self-satisfied with my crime, I thought of nothing, regarded nothing, studied nothing, but how to gain fresh opportunities of repeating it. Whenever my husband was abroad, as of late he had but too often been so, I sent over half the town in search of Celandine: if he was not found, the ill-humour I was in sufficiently testified to all about me my impatience for the disappointment; and whenever he was with me, we were constantly locked up together, and all who came to visit me were denied access.

“All this, as may easily be supposed, could be no secret: some of my acquaintance contented themselves with shunning my conversation; others still kept me company, but it was only to have the more opportunity of seeing

‘ seeing and exposing my folly. I became the derision even of my own servants, as I easily perceived by the little obedience they paid to my commands, and the pert answers they gave, which were also accompanied with sneering countenances and malicious grins, whenever I went about to exert my authority over them as a mistress. Oh! how great was my infatuation! I can now, with astonished eyes, behold all these things distinctly; but at that time was blind to all that conduced, not to the gratification of my love; or, as I then flattered myself, rewarding that of the man whom I considered as the most faithful, as well as the most charming, of his sex.’ Here the tears began again to flow; but she soon dried them up, and pursued the thread of her discourse.

‘ My husband, I believe,’ continued she, ‘ was the last person sensible of the dishonour I had brought upon him; but he could not long escape the hearing of what, had he not been blinded by his too good opinion either of myself or Celandine, he needed not to have been told. I am apt to think, however, that he gave not an entire credit to the story; for, if he had, he would not have taken the pains he did to be convinced.’

‘ He left Celandine with me one day, pretending that some very extraordinary business called him abroad; but, instead of going out, went and concealed himself in a closet within our bed-chamber; into which, thinking ourselves perfectly secure, we retired soon after his supposed departure. We had not been there many minutes before he rushed out, and surprized us in a manner as could admit no doubt of the crime we were guilty of. Celandine snatched up his sword, which lay in the window, and immediately drew it, expecting he should have occasion to use it: but my husband, in the same moment, eased his apprehensions on that score, by saying, with a voice which had more of grief than anger in it—“ Put up, Sir: I have not forgot the obligations I have to your family; and am only sorry to find you have taken this method to acquit me of them. All I desire is, that you will leave my house

“ directly, and that from henceforward we may be utter strangers.” Celandine was in too much confusion to make any answer; and went away with all the speed he could.

‘ As for my wretched self, fear, which, one would think, should rather have given wings to my feet, and made me fly the presence of an injured husband, rivetted me to the bedside on which I was sitting; my blood was all congealed; my spirits ceased to operate: he upbraided my treachery and perfidiousness in terms which, I must confess, they merited. I heard all he said; but had it not in my power to make the least reply, or to excuse or defend my crime, had it been in words to do either; but at that time I was indeed bereft of speech as well as motion. Having vented some part of his indignation in revilings, he flung out of the room, and left me in the condition described.

‘ No stupidity, sure, ever equalled mine; a death-like numbness had seized all my faculties; what little sense I had was bewildered and confused: I could not even reflect on the misfortunes to which my folly had reduced me, much less contrive any means to render them more supportable. How long I remained, or how much longer I should have remained, in this lethargy of mind, I know not; but it was almost dark when I was roused out of it by the sudden appearance of an elderly woman, a relation of my husband’s; who, with a stern voice and countenance, told me that she was sent by him to take care of his family; and that I must immediately go out of the house.

‘ This message, and the manner in which it was delivered, stung me to the very soul: rage and disdain now quickened every nerve; I was all on fire, and raved against Mr. M—in terms which would have made any one who heard me think that it was myself, not he, who was the injured person. To this she coolly answered, that it was not her business to argue with me on these points; that she had discharged her commission in signifying my husband’s pleasure to me; which, since I did not think fit to comply with, he must come himself, and put an end to the dispute; adding,

adding, that he was not far off, and she would send directly for him.

All my courage again forsook me; the sight of my husband, at this time, was more dreadful to me than any thing I could suffer in being banished from him: besides, my reason now convinced me, that, after so full a detection of my crime, I could not hope to live under the same roof with him; at least not till a long series of penitence and submissions should give me a title to his forgiveness. I therefore called the woman back, perceiving she was going to do as she had said, and told her, that, since it was my husband's will I should depart, I would not provoke him by my disobedience.

In speaking these words, I started up, went to the drawers, put a night-mob into my pocket, hurried on my capuchin, ordered a coach to be called, and seemed in as much haste to be gone as my husband was to get rid of me. While I was doing this, his kinswoman desired I would take the keys with me; saying that, if I sent them in the morning, she had orders to let me have every thing belonging to me. "Very well," replied I, carelessly; "I shall know in the morning what I have to do." The coach being at the door, I stepped hastily into it, and made the fellow drive me to a milliner's in Covent Garden, whose customer I had been for a considerable time.

I chose this woman's house for an asylum in my distress, not daring to apply to any one of my relations: nor did I think it proper as yet to trust her with the whole secret of my guilt and my misfortunes; I only told her that I had a quarrel with my husband, and had sworn not to sleep with him that night; so desired she would be hospitable enough to afford me a bed, as I knew she had one to spare.

The former part of that night I passed in the most cruel agitations; but towards the latter grew somewhat more composed: the vivacity of my temper represented to me, that I was not the first woman who had lived in a state of separation from her husband; that the discourse of these things was soon over; that I had a

lover who would always supply me with the necessaries of life; and that the loss of reputation would be atoned for by the endearments of so worthy a man. Thus, alas! was my judgment misguided by my fond passion for that ungrateful wretch!

I dispatched a messenger to him next morning: he came immediately; desired I would provide handsome lodgings for myself; and assured me, with a thousand protestations, that his purse and his person should always be at my devotion. Notwithstanding this, I wrote to my husband, excusing my transgression as well as I was able: he sent me all the things I had left behind; but returned, for answer to my letter, that he was determined never to see my face again; and that all he would do for me was to pay for my board, on condition I would retire to a farm-house an hundred and fifty miles from London, and never more come back.

Gladly, therefore, I accepted of Celandine's offer; hired an apartment; and thought myself as happy as a woman in my circumstances could be. I was, indeed, but too well satisfied with my condition; I wanted for nothing that I desired, and had more than I could have expected of the company of the man I prized above the world. But, alas! these golden days were of a short continuance: too soon I found, by sad experience, that a lover, as well as a husband, could grow cool on a sure possession! I cannot, however, accuse him of being a niggard to me in his allowance for my support: but loving him to that excess I did, it was an adequate return of love which alone could make me truly blessed.

At last, he talked of going to Bath: I testified an extreme desire of accompanying him; but he endeavoured to put me off by pretences, which seemed to me very trifling, till I insisted upon his taking me with him, he plainly told me that I must not think of it; for he was to go with persons by whom it was wholly improper I should be seen. I wept; but he was not softened by my tears; only laying ten guineas on the table, bid me console myself with that till his return; and then took his leave with

“with the same careless air as he could have done of the most slight acquaintance.

“Judge how severe a stab this must give both to my love and pride! I saw, by the manner of his refusing, that there was something more at the bottom than he made shew of, and resolved to fathom it, whatever should be the event: accordingly, as he left London in a post-chaise, I followed him the next morning in the stage-coach.”

Here the reflection on those wild lengths to which the folly of her passion had transported her, made her again unable to proceed; and the company were obliged to give a truce to their curiosity till she recovered herself enough to go on with her narrative, in the manner which will be seen in the succeeding Chapter.

CHAP. XXVI.

WILL GRATIFY THE READER'S IMPATIENCE WITH THE CONCLUSION OF MRS. M——'S HISTORY; AND ALSO WITH WHAT EFFECTS THE RECITAL OF IT PRODUCED IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO HEARD IT.

THE unfortunate Mrs. M—— having dried up her tears, and made the best apology she could to the ladies for this interruption, resumed her discourse in these words.

“I took up my lodgings, on my arrival here,” said she, “at the inn where I alighted, and sent immediately in search of Celandine: he came the next day; but his looks, before he spoke, made me know how little he was pleased with seeing me. “I thought, “Madam,” said he, “I said enough to prevent you from coming hither; and am surprized you should act in a manner so contrary to my inclination!”

“I told him that I found it impossible to live so long a time without him; and a great deal of such fond idle stuff; which he as little regarded as, indeed, it deserved: he insisted on my return to London the next morning; which, after some tears, I at last promised to do, on condition that he

would dine with me that day. It was with some difficulty I prevailed upon him to give me his company, even for the few hours I requested it: nor would I have taken so much pains to obtain so small a favour, if I had not flattered myself with being able to win him yet farther to my purpose.

“But my hopes deceived me: in vain I tried all the arts that love inspired me with; he was inflexible to all my entreaties, unmoved by my endearments, and treated all I said to him on the score of my staying here with so much contempt, that the pride and spirit, which my passion for him had but too much quelled, began to rouse themselves in me. I told him that he had no right to prescribe the place of my residence; that Bath was equally as free for me as for himself; and that I would not leave it. On this he started up; and, with a countenance full of spite—“It is very well!” said he; “you then may stay: but, I fancy, you will find it extremely difficult to support yourself either here, or any where else, without my assistance; which, you may be assured, I shall never afford to one who acts in opposition to my will.”

“The consideration of my wretched circumstances made me tremble at this menace, and again reduced me to submission: I implored his pardon for the rashness of my passion, and promised I would hereafter do every thing as he would have me. This pacified him; and, sitting down again—“I would have you,” said he, “behave like a reasonable woman, and one who knows the world: our amour has been of a long continuance; and you cannot expect a man like me should always confine himself to one object. To deal sincerely with you, I am here on the invitation of a woman of condition, whom I have the good fortune to be well with: if you offer to interfere with my pleasures, I have done with you for ever; therefore it depends entirely on yourself to keep me your friend or not.”

“It is amazing, even to myself, to think how I had the power to conceal the agonies which rent my heart at this impudent declaration: yet it is certain that I did so; I avowed to do every

every thing he required of me, and to regulate my conduct, henceforward, so as never to offend him. He seemed pleased with my assurance; put five guineas into my hand to defray the unnecessary expences, as he called it, of my coming hither; gave me a kiss, wished me a good journey; and then left me to indulge the transports of a rage the more violent for having been suppressed.

I did not, however, waste much time in giving way to emotions which would neither avail my love or my revenge. To think of doing what I had promised to him was far from me; I resolved to see the face that had supplanted me in his affections: how afterwards I would behave I did not then consider. This was the first great point on which my soul was fixed; and, to accomplish it, I went that evening and hired a lodging in the most private part of the town. The people of the house, on my signifying to them that I wanted an adroit boy, or young fellow, to run on errands, and wait on me, while I staid at Bath, were so kind to help me to one exactly fit for my purpose: he had been waiter at a coffee-house last season when Celandine was here, and he knew him perfectly well.

The chief business I employed him in was to stand sentry near the house where Celandine lodged, to watch him wherever he went; to find out the names and characters of the persons he visited; and to bring me an exact account. By the diligence of this emissary I discovered that he visited here every day; that he constantly attended three ladies from hence to the walks, the long-room, the play, and all publick places; that one of these ladies he seemed most particularly attached to; and that she was called Lady Speck.

Mr. Lovegrove turned his eyes on Lady Speck, at these words, with some surprize: she was in a good deal of confusion, and cried out—'Your spy was mistaken in his intelligence in this point: his attachment was equal to us all; and, I dare say, was equally regarded.'

'Pardon me, Madam,' resumed the unfortunate historian; 'I knew not then, nor am yet certain, to which of

you the name of Lady Speck belongs. You will not wonder that, in those moments of my jealous rage, I wished destruction on the charms that had undone me: but this unlucky day, above all, I was least able to command my passion; the boy brought word that he had seen Celandine in the walks with two of you, whom presently he quitted, and hurried to this house; on which I concluded the third lady, who staid at home, and to whom he was in so much haste to retire, was the person whom I should henceforth look on as my rival; and at that instant, fired with emotions to which reason can set no bounds, I muffled myself up as you see, and ran through the streets like one broke loose from Bedlam. On my coming here I found the door open; a servant-maid was doing something in the hall; and, on my enquiring for Celandine, she told me he had come in a little before, and, she believed, was then in the arbour at the lower end of the garden; for she had seen him pass that way. I flew directly to the place she mentioned; but the fury I was in had so blinded me, that I did not readily perceive the entrance. I heard the voice of my perfidious lover, and thrust my head through the lattice; and my whole body had certainly broke through that slender partition, if those who occasioned my despair had not that moment rushed out of the place. At this sight distraction took possession of my brain; all hell, and it's worst furies, were in my heart; I drew my penknife, resolved to sheath it in the villain's breast.—But I know not how it was,' continued she, addressing herself to Jenny, 'you, Madam, were nearest to me; and the blow I meant for him, in my mistaken rage was aimed at you: what followed I am wholly ignorant of; for my disappointed rage recoiling upon myself, together with the rude blow the villain gave me in wresting the penknife from my hand, stopped all the springs of life, till your charitable endeavours put them again in motion, and called me back to sense, to shame, to misery, and the racks of thought.'

Thus did Mrs. M— conclude her tedious narrative, but did not give over

speaking till she afresh entreated pardon of the company for the disturbance she had occasioned in the family, and of Jenny in particular, who had suffered most through the extravagance she had been guilty of; to which that young lady, with a great deal of sweetness, though not without some blushes at the remembrance of Celandine's behaviour, replied in these terms: 'I can easily forgive the fright you put me into,' said she, 'as I know not but it was your seasonable interruption which chiefly preserved me from a worse mischief than that which I was threatened with by your mistaken jealousy.'

'I did not know, my dear,' said Miss Wingman with a gay air, 'that the inclinations of Celandine were devoted to you; or that he left us so abruptly in the walks on purpose to have the pleasure of entertaining you alone.' Jenny was about to make some answer, but was prevented by Mr. Lovegrove, who hastily taking up the word, cried out—'It is difficult, Madam, to know the real inclinations of a man such as Celandine; for I take him to be one of those so elegantly described by Mr. Rowe in his play called the Fair Penitent—'

"A singing, dancing, worthless tribe they are,
"Who talk of beauties that they never saw,
"And boast of favours that they ne'er enjoy'd."

In repeating these lines, he fixed his eyes on Lady Speck, who seeming more than ordinarily pensive, and making no answer, he went on: 'The poet,' resumed he, 'throughout that whole performance, shews himself very much a friend to the ladies, especially when he gives them this advice:

"Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom you
"trust,
"Would you but think how seldom fools
"are just,
"So many of your sex would not, in vain,
"Of faithless men, and broken vows, complain.
"Of all the various wretches love has made,
"How few have been by men of sense betray'd!
"Convinc'd by reason, they your power
"confess,
"Pleas'd to be happy as you're pleas'd to
"bless;
"And, conscious of your worth, can never
"love you less."

Here ensued a silence, which perhaps had continued yet longer, if it had not been broke by Miss Wingman, that young lady having her thoughts more at liberty than any of the company, and who indeed loved talking so well, that it was a pain to her to forbear it for a considerable time. Turning towards Mrs. M——, 'I am surprized, Madam,' said she, 'that your unfaithful lover, having the confidence to avow his guilt, by telling you that he came down to Bath on the invitation of a woman of fashion, you had not the curiosity to ask him the name and quality of the person for whose sake you were undone; since he had so little discretion as to let you into one part of the secret, he would certainly have made you acquainted with the whole, if you had desired it.'

'It must be confessed,' rejoined Jenny, 'that such an enquiry would have been highly natural in Mrs. M——; and, if answered to her satisfaction, might have saved her the trouble of employing an emissary to watch the motions of Celandine: but, for my part, I have little cause to wish it had been so; since it was to her mistaken jealousy I was indebted for the seasonable relief I received from the insolent impertinences of that vain and unworthy coxcomb.'

'It is also possible, Madam,' cried Mr. Lovegrove, in an extraordinary emotion, 'such an éclaircissement might have been attended with worse consequences than you think on. Who can tell, added he, with still more vehemence, 'but that he might have mentioned the name of some lady who wants not an admirer zealous enough to have vindicated her reputation at the expence of his own life, or that of the traducer?'

'I know not,' replied Mrs. M——, sighing, 'what consequences may have been prevented, or what might have ensued, by the discovery of my rival: but this I am certain of, that I was so shocked at his ingratitude, so astonished at his assurance, and so terrified with his menaces, that I had neither presence of mind nor courage to put the question to him.'

Lady Speck, who had not spoke one syllable for a considerable time, now affected a prodigious *gaieté de cœur*: 'The demand you mean,' said she, 'I believe

‘believe would have been to very little purpose; I dare answer Celandine would have been strangely puzzled to have informed you in any particulars of the fond lady for whose sake he came to Bath: men of his romantick disposition worship images of their own formation, boast of visionary favours, and take as much pleasure in the shadow as others do in the substance.’

‘True, Madam,’ cried Mr. Lovegrove, gravely; ‘but if they should happen to assign real names to their ideal mistresses, what but the blood of such a villain could atone for his presumption?’ No reply was made to this; and Mrs. M——, thinking it would best become her to take leave of the com-

pany, which she did in the most respectful manner, every body assured her they pitied her misfortunes, and that they sincerely wished something might happen to extricate her from the labyrinth in which she was at present involved.

After she was gone, there soon remained none but Miss Wingman and Jenny to maintain a conversation. Mr. Lovegrove, a good deal disconcerted at some passages he had heard related by Mrs. M——, pretending business called him, went away; and Lady Speck, who was extremely out of humour, and had been at some pains to conceal it, took this opportunity of retiring to her closet, in order to compose the troubles of her mind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

OF ENGLAND
BY JOHN HALLAM

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH

OF ENGLAND

BY JOHN HALLAM



THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

DISCOVERS SOMETHING WHICH MAY SERVE TO PROVE THAT, THOUGH LOVE IS THE ORIGINAL SOURCE FROM WHICH JEALOUSY IS DERIVED, YET THE LATTER OF THESE PASSIONS IS THE MOST DIFFICULT OF THE TWO TO BE CONCEALED, AND ALSO LESS UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF REASON.

HERE are so many secret windings, such obscure recesses, in the human mind, that it is very difficult, if not wholly impossible, for speculation to arrive at the real spring or first mover of any action whatsoever. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, as the most virtuous and the most vicious propensities of nature are frequently, in a more or less degree, lodged and blended together in the same composition, and both equally under the influence of a thousand different passions, which disguise and vary the face of their operations so as not to be distinguished even by the persons themselves? It has already been observed, that there were some peculiarities in the humour and conduct of Lady Speck, which she had

policy and prudence enough to conceal entirely from the world; and, though not the most intimate of her acquaintance, not even her sister, could ever penetrate into the secret motives of her behaviour, which, to them, seemed frequently pretty strange, it is fit the reader should not be denied the satisfaction, at least as far as the above-mentioned promises will admit. As her ladyship had found very little happiness in marriage, she had been too much rejoiced at being released from that bondage by the death of her husband ever to think of entering into the same state a second time; but, having observed that this was commonly the profession of all widows, and as commonly ridiculed by those who heard it, she forbore making any mention of her resolution in this point.

She had very little vanity in her composition, but loved a variety of company: she was pleased to find herself continually surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen; but had been equally, if not more so, if they had visited her on any other score than that of courtship. She behaved to each of them so much alike, that jealousy was a thing unknown among these rivals; and, as none of them had any great cause to hope, so likewise none of them thought he had cause to despair of being one day the happy man: and her youth,

her

her beauty, her wit, her fortune, made her appear too valuable a prize not to persevere in the pursuit of.

Thus easy, thus happy in herself, and delightful to all that saw her, did she live, and reign the general toast and admiration of the town; when Celandine arrived from his travels, full-fraught with all those superficial accomplishments so enchanting to the unthinking part of the fair-sex. What attracts the eye is too apt to have an influence over the heart: his agreeable person, his gaudy equipage, and the show he made, dazzled the senses of even those who most affected to be thought wits; he was the theme of every tea-table, and the chief object for whom the arts of the toilette were employed. Lady Speck had heard much of him before she saw him; but he was soon introduced to her acquaintance by a lady who frequently visited her, and had always spoke wonders in his praise. Whether it were that she was prepossessed with the good opinion she found others had of him, or whether it was to himself alone he was indebted for the impression he had made on her, is uncertain; but nothing can be more true than that, at first sight, she felt for him what she had never done for any man after whole years of assiduity.

It is also altogether as impossible to determine if it was by any kind looks he perceived in her towards him, or by the great confidence he had in his own merits, that he was emboldened to declare himself her lover; it was, however, either to the one or to the other that she owed the triumph of this new conquest; and he had not made her many visits before she was confirmed in it by the most violent protestations that tongue could utter. It seemed, notwithstanding, extremely strange to her, that, amidst all the testimonies he endeavoured to give her of his love, he never once mentioned marriage; but, on the contrary, would frequently, in her presence, ridicule the institution; say it was a clog upon inclinations, and only fit to link two people together who had no notion of the true joys of love, or of living politely in the world. He often had the impudence even to repeat to her, in justification of his prophane position, all the lines he could remember from any of the poets who had ex-

ercised their talents in satirizing that sacred ceremony; particularly these of Mr. Dryden—

- ‘ Marriage, thou curse of love, and snare of life!
- ‘ That first debas’d a mistress to a wife!
- ‘ Love, like a scene, at distance should appear;
- ‘ But marriage views the gross-daub’d landscape near.
- ‘ Love’s nauseous cure! thou cloy’st whom thou should’st please;
- ‘ And, when that’s cured, then thou art the disease!
- ‘ When hearts are loose, thy chain our bodies ties;
- ‘ Love couples friends, but marriage enemies!’

But his behaviour on this score gave her not the least disgust towards him: she was herself an enemy to marriage; and besides, his estate, though large, was not an equivalent for that she was in possession of; nor was any part of his character such as she thought becoming a man whom she would make a husband of. She, nevertheless, loved him, nor took any pains to repel the kindness which every day grew stronger for him in her heart: she was amused with his conversation, delighted with his addresses, looked on him as a pretty play-thing, charming toy? which it would be doing too great a violence to her humour to throw away.

All this will, doubtless, give the reader no very favourable idea of her virtue; but we will suppose it was only a Platonick liking she had for him: how far, indeed, the dangerous liberties she allowed herself to take with him might have carried her, if they had been continued much longer, no one can pretend to say. She was not, however, so much lost in the tender folly she indulged, as not to be perfectly sensible that the manner in which she conversed with Celandine could not, if known to the world, but occasion a great deal of discourse, little to the advantage of her reputation; and that it behoved her, above all things, to keep this secret of her soul from taking air: to do this, she put in practice all the arts that a just fear of censure could inspire her with. When Celandine was present with other company, she affected to railly and turn into bagatelle every thing he said or did; and, when he was absent, to ridicule those vanities and fopperies which

which she had understanding enough to see in him, though not, in reality, to condemn him for. She not only treated those gentlemen who before made their addresses to her with a greater shew of favour than she had been accustomed to do, but also encouraged every new offer of that kind that was presented to her: and this conduct proved so effectual for the purpose she intended it, that no one person suspected Celandine was among the number of her lovers, much less that he was the darling favourite of her bosom.

Being in this situation, it is easy to conceive what racks of mind she must sustain on the account that had been just given by Mrs. M——: to be told that Celandine had an amour, and to hear it averred by the very woman who had been her rival, was a mere trifle in comparison with what followed. That he was found in the close arbour with Jenny was the thing that stung her to the quick, when she remembered that Celandine had met herself and sister in the walks; and how, instead of squireing them, as usual, he had only made a slight compliment, and abruptly left them; and that, as Jenny had excused herself from going out on account of some letters she said she had to write, it appeared plainly to her that he went not from the walks but with a design of going to Jenny; that she staid not at home but in expectation of his coming, and the appointment was previously agreed upon between them.

Most women have naturally so good an opinion of themselves as not to believe easily that the man who has once loved them can transfer his affections to another, without some very extraordinary arts put in practice for that purpose by the new object. Lady Speck thought herself as handsome as Jenny; and therefore concluded, that the amorous inclination which Celandine had all at once testified for that young lady could be owing to nothing but some advances made to him on her part.

How unjust and how cruel a passion is that of jealousy! It destroys all the nobler principles of the soul; it erases thence all the ideas of virtue, religion, and morality; it makes us not only condemn the innocent, and acquit the guilty, but also inspires us with the most savage and inhuman sentiments.

Lady Speck now hated her fair friend more than ever she had loved her: her beauty, her wit, all those accomplishments which had excited her esteem, rendered her now the object of her aversion. She was almost tempted to wish Mrs. M—— had perpetrated her outrageous design, if not to the destruction of her life, yet to the defacing of those charms which had triumphed over her in the heart of Celandine; and was little less angry with him for having prevented the fatal blow aimed against her rival, than she was for his faithfulness to herself.

Of all the various agitations that by turns convulse and rend the human heart, there are none which infligate to more pernicious purposes, or bring on, if continued, more disastrous consequences; but the flame, however violent it may flash for the present, can have no long existence in a mind not wholly divested of all good-nature and generosity: cooler and more reasonable sentiments, on a little reflection, soon abated the force of those turbulent emotions which had taken possession of this lady's bosom, but as yet were not powerful enough to suppress them entirely: what effects followed, either of the one or the other, will hereafter appear; but the conflict was for some time interrupted by some company coming in, whom Lady Speck was obliged to go down to receive, as they were more her guests than her sister's, and altogether strangers to Jenny.

CHAP. II.

CONTAINS A FARTHER CONFIRMATION OF THE POSITION ADVANCED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER, AND ALSO SOME OTHER PARTICULARS EXCITING THE CURIOSITY OF THE READER.

LADY Speck assumed a countenance as serene as possible, to entertain, with her usual politeness, the persons who came to visit her; but, in spite of all her endeavours to appear entirely easy, she could not keep herself from darting such ill-natured glances on Jenny, whenever she looked towards her, as must have been taken notice of by that young lady, if she had not been

too much engrossed by her own thoughts to be capable of penetrating into those of another.

The company stayed so late, that the instant they were gone, the ladies retired to their respective chambers. Jenny, who had her mind no less employed than Lady Speck, with the adventures of the day, was equally pleased to be alone, and indulge meditation on what had passed. The history of Mrs. M—— had dwelt very much upon her mind; but what made the most deep impression, was that part of it wherein she related the first motive which occasioned her fall at once from happiness and from virtue, and consequently drew on her all those dreadful misfortunes with which at present she was encompassed.

I believe the reader will easily remember, as the thing is of a pretty particular nature, how that unhappy woman, in order to revive those ardours of affection in her husband which she imagined were beginning to decay, had recourse to the dangerous stratagem of giving him a rival; and also how by coquetting with Celandine, and treating him with a shew of liking, the counterfeited flame kindled by degrees into a real one, and ended at length in her utter ruin and confusion.

The notions Jenny had of honour and generosity were too refined and delicate not to make her look with the utmost contempt on all kinds of artifice, on what pretences soever they were put in practice: this conduct of Mrs. M——'s, though, considering what ensued, the least guilty part of her character, seemed to her so highly criminal, as well as weak and mean, that she could not help thinking it worthy of all the punishment it met with. 'How is it possible,' cried she within herself, 'that a woman who truly loves virtue can be capable of putting on an appearance so much the reverse of it? What! if at that time she had no intention of gratifying the amorous inclinations of the man she sported with, to encourage them in him was a manifest violation, not only of modesty, but likewise of religion, honour, and those solemn obligations which she had entered into. Besides,' continued she, 'this wretched creature seems not to want sense enough to know the heinousness of the fault she was guilty of, even in this first step to

perdition; yet she ran boldly into it; and absolved herself on account of the good end she proposed by it, to regain the affections of her husband. Oh, how ridiculous was such an attempt for doing so! as if any man of common reason would love his wife the better for suspecting she was about to commit the worst and most shameful action a woman can be guilty of! I have seen some young ladies,' went she still on, 'that have made use of these little tricks to inspire jealousy in their lovers; either to make trial of their constancy, or shew their own power by giving pain: this is certainly silly as well as cruel; but what is no more than vanity and folly in them, is downright wickedness in a married woman.'

Thus did she pass some time in censuring the conduct of Mrs. M——; but as she was of that happy turn of mind to convert every thing which she either saw or heard of to her own advantage, and to make fresh improvements in herself by the misbehaviour of others, her reflections carried her yet farther, and remembrance presented her with an incident which happened long before she had the power of judging, but which she had heard much discourse of in her extreme youth. It was this.

A person of great distinction happened to be married to a lady very young and beautiful; she was a celebrated wit without being wise, and had the most romantick turn of mind; fancying herself a Statyra, she expected her husband should approach her with the obsequiousness of an Oroondates: he was little versed in histories of this nature; and though he loved her very well, treated her as a mere woman: the epithets of Angel and Goddess were strangers to his mouth; and those he usually saluted her with, were plain 'Madam,' or 'My Dear.' This disgusted her even in the first days of their marriage; she looked on such a behaviour as an indignity to her charms; her heart reproached the indelicacy of his manners, and half despised him for his want of taste; nor did her tongue restrain itself from testifying how much she was dissatisfied at every thing he said or did.

The fashion in which he found himself used by her, gave him some disquiet at first; but it lasted not long: though a man of sense, he was naturally indolent

lent to an excess; he loved his ease too well to part with it on any consideration whatever; he never thought any thing worth attempting the pursuit of which was likely to be attended with difficulty; and as he had never taken the pains to examine what it was that his wife expected from him, so he would have been equally negligent in gratifying her humour, if he had been better acquainted with it.

Their way of living together grew every day still worse and worse; as her haughty fullness increased, his carelessness of it increased in proportion. All the love they once had for each other turned into a mutual indifference, or rather a mutual aversion: she sought the food for her vanity among those who were of a disposition to indulge it; and she found not a few to whom the glory of pleasing a lady of her beauty, birth, and accomplishments, did not seem well worth all the flatteries they could address her with; the husband, in the mean time, made himself not wretched on account of the gallantries she received, but fled for consolation to the arms of a more obliging and endearing fair.

They continued to live together, however, in the same house; but slept not in the same bed, nor eat at the same table, except for decency sake when company was there, before whom they always behaved to each other with the greatest good manners and politeness imaginable. But this was a constraint which neither of them could long support; they parted by consent; after which her amours became the general topic of conversation; till, shunned by all her kindred, despised by her acquaintance, and slighted by those for whose sake she had sacrificed her reputation, she became sensible of her follies, and sought a reconciliation with her husband; but all her endeavours for that purpose were in vain; she hated a place where she no longer had either friends or admirers, and went a voluntary exile into foreign parts, where grief and remorse soon put an end to her life.

This incident threw Jenny into the most serious contemplations on the human system: the many observations she had made, convinced her that vanity was in a more or less degree inherent to the whole species; and that men as well as women were not exempt from it; and immediately recollecting some passages

she had seen which demonstrated this truth—'Good God!' cried she, 'how can any one be so fond of this idol frame, this poor machine, liable to be withered by every inclement blast that issues from the firmament! Let the proud of heart read Gulliver's Voyages to the Houhynims, and some other pieces of the same excellent author, and they will see and be ashamed to admire a body which requires such means to be sustained. No,' continued she, 'it is the mind which ought to be the chief object of our attention; it is there alone we are either beautiful or deformed; and the pains we take to ornament and embellish that nobler part of us will not be thrown away.'

She was so taken up with these philosophick reflections, that she went not to bed till the beams of Aurora darting through the window-curtains, reminded her how much she had lost of the time commonly allotted for repose. It was somewhat more late than ordinary when she rose the next morning: on her coming down stairs, she found the ladies already in the room where they always breakfasted; and guessing, by some circumstances, that she had made them wait, was beginning to apologize for her tardiness.

'Indeed, my dear,' cried Miss Wingman, interrupting her, 'we were afraid you were not well, and were just going to send to your chamber: but pray,' continued she very gaily, 'let me examine your countenance, and see if that will tell me whether you are quite got over the fright that terrible woman put you into yesterday.'

Jenny was about to make some answer; but Lady Speck, who could not forgive her for the part she bore in that adventure, took up the word before the other had time to open her mouth. 'The fright was of little consequence,' said she with an air which had something of derision in it, 'as she was delivered from the danger before she could have any apprehensions of it: but there were other particulars that happened afterwards, which perhaps were of a yet more disagreeable nature, and might make a deeper impression.' These words, and the tone in which they were spoke, gave Jenny an infinity of surprise; but without pausing to form any conjecture on the matter—'You will
L 'pardon

'pardon me, Madam,' cried she, innocently, 'if I am not able to comprehend your ladyship's meaning. I know of no accident that happened afterwards, or, indeed, in which I had the least concern.'

'How weak is it,' replied Lady Speck, 'in people to endeavour to conceal a passion, which, in spite of all they can do, will break out in every look and gesture! I pity you from my soul; and, had I sooner known the situation of your heart, would have contrived some way or other to have prevented Mrs. M—— from being quite so open in her narrative: it must certainly be a very great shock to you to hear some passages she related; but, alas! I was entirely ignorant that Celandine loved you, or that you loved Celandine; and little suspected that it was for his sake you so resolutely rejected the offers of Sir Robert Manley.'

'I should be sorry, Madam,' replied Jenny very disdainfully, 'that your ladyship, or any one else, should have so contemptible an opinion of my judgment. I know but little of the gentlemen, yet know enough to make a just distinction between them; and, were my hand and heart at my disposal, I should not hesitate one moment to which of them I should give the preference.'

'How cunning now you think you are!' said Lady Speck with an affected laugh: 'you speak the truth, but avoid mentioning the name: I will, however, do it for you, and answer in somewhat like the poet's words:

'Tis Celandine your heart would leap to meet,
'While Manley lay expiring at your feet.'

Scarce had Jenny the power to restrain her passion within the bounds of decency, on finding Lady Speck persisted in so injurious an accusation. Scorn and anger overwhelmed her soul, tears gushed from her eyes; and, rising hastily from her seat—'I will not imagine, Madam,' said she, 'that you are really in earnest in supposing such a thing; but the jest is of such a nature, as I do not think it becomes me to hear the continuance of.' In speaking these words she was about to quit the room; but Miss Wingman, who had

been a good deal astonished at what her sister had said, ran and pulled her back; but all her persuasions would have been ineffectual to have detained her, if Lady Speck, having vented her ill-humour, and now repenting she had gone so far, had not added her entreaties.

'My dear creature,' cried she, 'I had not the least design to affront you; I only meant to railly you a little on your staying at home, when so fine a day called every body to the walks.'—'I should have deserved it, Madam,' answered she, 'if I had denied myself the pleasure of attending your ladyship on any other motive than what I really did: but I assure you I wrote no less than five letters, as your own man can witness, whom, my own being out of the way, I took the liberty to send with them to the post-office.'—'I believe it,' said Lady Speck; 'I believe it; and heartily ask your pardon.' She was going to add something more by the way of reparation for the vexation she had given that young lady, when she was prevented by her woman; who having been sent to a milliner's for some things she wanted, came running into the room with a countenance as confused and wild as if she had met some spectre or apparition in her way.

'Oh, Madam!' cried she to her lady, 'I have the strangest thing to tell you, the oddest accident; to be sure, I was never so much surprized in all my life!'—'Pr'ythee, at what?' demanded Lady Speck. 'Lord, Madam!' returned she, 'I could not have thought such a thing of two such civil, well-behaved, gentlemen.'—'What gentlemen?' said Lady Speck: 'explain the mystery at once, and do not keep us in suspense by your unreasonable exclamations.'—'Lord, Madam!' replied she, 'your ladyship will wonder when you know all, as well as I: for my own part, I was so confounded, that I scarce know which way I got home. Just as I was stepping into the milliner's, bless me! I shall never forget it; but I will tell your ladyship as fast as I can: just as I was going into the shop, as I was saying, I heard a great noise in the street, and the sound of several men's voices crying out—"Bring them along, bring them along!" I turned about, as any one would do, but of mere

'mere curiosity; and, would your ladyship believe it possible? who should I see but Mr. Lovegrove and Mr. Celandine in the hands of I know not how many rough fellows, and followed by a huge crowd of all sorts of people! I fancy they had been fighting, for both their swords were drawn, and carried by one of the men that had hold of Mr. Lovegrove. I cannot directly say how that matter was; but there was a strange confused noise among the mob: one cried, it was a sad thing that such broils should happen; and another, that it would be a great prejudice to the town: and all I could hear distinctly was, that they were going to carry the gentlemen before a justice of peace.'

All the ladies were very much concerned at hearing this intelligence; but Lady Speck seemed the most affected with it; nor did the others at all wonder at her being so, as Mr. Lovegrove was her declared admirer, and was allowed by all that knew him to deserve more of her favour than he had as yet experienced.

They were all extremely impatient to know both the occasion and the consequence of this affair; and Lady Speck's woman either having not enquired, or not been able to learn, to what magistrate the gentlemen were carried, footmen were immediately dispatched to every quarter of the town, in hopes of bringing home that information, which the reader shall presently be made acquainted with.

C H A P. III.

COMPLEATS THE CHARACTER OF A MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN; OR A PRETTY FELLOW FOR THE LADIES.

I Believe there are none into whose hands these volumes shall happen to fall, at least if they consider the story of Mrs. M—— with any attention, but will easily perceive there was enough in it to give a very great alarm to a man so much enamoured as Mr. Lovegrove.

He had observed, that for some time before, as well as since their coming down to Bath, Celandine had been a constant dangler after Lady Speck.

Love and jealousy are quick-sighted passions: he thought also, that though he ridiculed and laughed at his affluities, she was not so much displeased with them as she ought to have been. This had frequently given him some uneasy apprehensions: but as there were several other gentlemen of worth and honour who made their addresses to Lady Speck, as well as himself; and she had never given him any assurance of distinguishing him above his competitors; he thought it would be too presuming in him to call her ladyship's conduct in question; especially in regard to a man who did not publicly profess himself her lover, and whose person, character, and behaviour, she always affected to despise.

But now to be told, that he had impudently boasted his coming down to Bath was on the invitation of a woman of quality, from whom he gave some hints of having received very extraordinary favours; and to find that the person to whom he said this had any reason to guess the woman of quality he mentioned was no other than Lady Speck; was such a shocking corroboration of his former suspicions, as fired him with the extremest rage.

Whether Lady Speck had in reality granted any favours to Celandine, or whether it was his own idle vanity alone which had made him talk in the manner he had done; this generous lover thought it would become him to chastise the insolence of such a braggadocio; but in what manner he should do so very much perplexed him; to send him a challenge on this account he feared would make too great a noise, and consequently displease the lady whose honour he meant to defend. After much debating within himself, an expedient came into his mind, which he immediately put in execution. He found by what he had heard Jenny say to Mrs. M——, that Celandine had taken the liberty to treat that young lady in a manner very unworthy of her character. This seemed to him a good pretence for covering the face of his design; and therefore resolved to make her quarrel appear as the chief motive of his resentment, touching only obliquely on that he had conceived against him in regard to Lady Speck.

Having well considered on all the consequences that might probably at-

tend the step he was about to take, and fully determined with himself to pursue it, he wrote to Celandine, that same evening, in the following terms—

‘ TO R. CELANDINE, ESQ.

‘ SIR,
‘ YOU have affronted a young lady of distinguished merit, at present under the protection of the woman I adore; and, it is said, have given room for suspicion of your having also entertained thoughts of herself altogether unbecoming you: I think it therefore a duty incumbent on me to demand that satisfaction which every gentleman has a right to expect, when injured in the persons of those he professes to esteem. I shall be glad to see you to-morrow morning about six, in the first field at the end of the Walks, where I flatter myself you will not long suffer yourself to be waited for by yours,

‘ E. LOVEGROVE.

‘ P. S. I shall come alone, for I see no need that any friends, either of yours or mine, should be involved in this dispute.’

This billet he sent by one of his servants; who, after staying a considerable time, returned with an answer containing these lines—

‘ TO E. LOVEGROVE, ESQ.

‘ SIR,
‘ I Am sorry you should desire any thing of me which suits not my humour to comply with: Lady Speck and Miss Jessamy are both of them very fine women; but, upon my soul, I think neither of them, or any other woman, worth drawing my sword for; so must desire you will excuse my refusing to meet you on this score; on any other you may command yours,

‘ R. CELANDINE.’

It would be difficult to decide, whether anger or contempt was the most predominant passion in the mind of Mr. Lovegrove on reading the above: he resolved, however, not to suffer the insolence of that bad man to go unpunished; but went very early the next morning to his lodgings, to force from him the satisfaction he required; or, still persisting to refuse it, to give him such treatment as men are ordinarily accustomed to receive after behaving in the manner he had done.

As he was going towards the house, he perceived, while at some distance, a post-chaise waiting at the door; and before he could well reach it, saw Celandine just ready to step in: on this he sprung forward with all the speed he could, and, catching Celandine by the arm—‘ Stay, Sir!’ cried he; ‘ you must not think to leave this town without making some atonement for your behaviour in it.’

‘ Sir,’ replied the other, with some hesitation in his voice, ‘ I give an account of my actions to no man, nor has any man a right to inspect into them.’—‘ Every man of honour has a right to inspect the actions of a villain!’ rejoined Mr. Lovegrove fiercely; ‘ and if you are guilty of such as you have neither justice to acknowledge, nor the courage to defend, you know the recompense you are to expect.’

‘ I dare fight!’ said Celandine; and immediately drew his sword, as did Mr. Lovegrove his at the same time; but both were prevented by a great posse of people, who in an instant were gathered about them, drawn thither by the outcries of Celandine’s servants, the postilion, and the people of the house, who were come to the door to take leave of their lodger; and it was the expectation of this seasonable interruption which doubtless inspired the antagonist of Mr. Lovegrove with so much boldness on a sudden.

They had scarce time to make one push before they were disarmed by the populace; and a constable, who lived hard by, coming to interpose his authority to put an end to the fray, took possession of both their swords, and told them they must give him leave to conduct them to a magistrate: they readily submitted; and were followed by a continually-increasing crowd, as Lady Speck’s woman had described.

They soon arrived at the house of a gentleman in the commission of the peace, who happened to be a person of great worth and honour. Celandine exhibited a most piteous complaint against his adversary; first, for sending him

him

him a challenge to fight on account of things which he said he knew nothing of; and afterwards for assaulting him in the streets, putting a stop to his journey, and occasioning a riot and disturbance in the town. Mr. Lovegrove was entirely silent till the other had left off speaking, and then related the whole which had passed between them, naturally as it was. The magistrate could scarce forbear smiling, but desired to see both the letters; on which Celandine produced the challenge; but Mr. Lovegrove being unwilling to expose the names of the ladies, which the other had indiscreetly mentioned in his answer, said he had it not about him, and believed he had lost it.

After having heard both parties, the worshipful gentleman began to expatiate, in terms befitting his character, on the bad custom of duelling: he said, that though the too frequent practice of it had rendered it not dishonourable, yet it was directly contrary to the rules both of religion and morality, and to the laws of society as well as those of the land: after which he recommended to them, and even exacted their mutual promise, to regard each other from that time forward, not as enemies, if they could not do so as friends.

'I will not take his word, Sir,' cried Celandine hastily; 'I am convinced he has malice against me in his heart; I go in danger of my life by him; and desire I may be admitted to make oath of it, and that he may be bound over.' This could not be refused; and the book was immediately presented to him. 'Are you, Sir, of the same way of thinking too?' said the justice to Mr. Lovegrove. 'No, upon honour, Sir!' replied he; 'I am not under the least apprehensions on the score of this gentleman: and dare answer for him, that if there was as little danger in his tongue as there is to be feared from his sword, he would be the most un hurtful creature breathing.'

It was with difficulty the justice restrained himself from laughing; but preserved as much an air of gravity as he could on the occasion. 'Well, then, Sir,' said he, 'I am compelled, by the duties of my office, to discharge your adversary, and oblige you to give security for your future behaviour towards him.'

On this, Celandine thanked him, and took his leave. Several of the crowd, who had burst into the hall, followed him with a thousand scurrilous jests and sneers at his cowardice; but he was too much a man of peace to take any notice of what they said; and, making what haste he could to the chaise, which still waited for him, set out for London, probably wishing he had not left it to come down to Bath.

Mr. Lovegrove sent for Lord Huntley and Sir Robert Manley, who immediately came; and all the little formalities of this affair being over, and settled to the satisfaction of the gentleman before whom they were, he threw off the magistrate, and assumed a character more natural to him, that of a man perfectly well-bred and complaisant: he was very pleasant with them on the conduct of Celandine; compelled them to stay breakfast with him, and entertained them as elegantly as such a repast would admit of.

CHAP. IV.

RELATES SOME PASSAGES SUBSEQUENT TO THE PRECEDING ADVENTURE.

AFTER the gentlemen had quitted the justice's house, each repaired to his respective lodging, in order to dress for the remainder of the day; but meeting again at the coffee-house, it was agreed to adjourn from thence to make a morning visit to Lady Speck and her fair companions, without mentioning a word of what had happened; Mr. Lovegrove being desirous that the whole affair should be kept a secret from them, unless chance should by any way make a discovery of it to them.

Those ladies were all this while in a good deal of uneasiness: the servants who had been sent out for intelligence were all returned, without being able to bring any thing material for the satisfaction of their curiosity. Miss Wingman and Jenny had both of them a very great regard for Mr. Lovegrove; the one, as having known him a considerable time; and the other, as having perceived in him many indications of his being a man truly worthy of esteem.

But Lady Speck had her own reasons

sons for being much more perplexed than either of them could be: she had an high esteem for Mr. Lovegrove on account of the amiable qualifications he was possessed of, and the long and respectful court he had made to her. The caprice of her destiny had made her find something in the person of Celandine which had attracted but too much of the more tender inclinations of her heart; and to think that any danger threatened either of these gentlemen was an extreme trouble to her.

But what touched her yet the more deeply, was the concern she had for her own reputation: she doubted not but that the quarrel between them was on her score; nor, indeed, could she well assign any other probable motive for it; especially when she reflected that Mr. Lovegrove, on hearing Mrs. M—— say that Celandine had come to Bath on the invitation of a woman of quality, had given her not only some looks, but also several hints, that he entertained the most jealous apprehensions that herself was the woman of quality whose favours that fop had so impudently boasted of. She had good reason, therefore, to be fearful that an affair of this nature might occasion her name to be brought in question, and perhaps, too, not in the most honourable fashion.

Suspicion is a kind of magnifying-glass, which represents whatever ill we dread in it's most formidable shape. This poor lady figured to herself a thousand distracting images; and, though she spoke but little, gave such visible demonstration of her inward disorders as could not but be taken notice of both by Jenny and Miss Wingman. As neither of these young ladies as yet had ever harboured the least suspicion of her having a particular regard for any man, much less of the sentiments that Celandine had inspired her with, they imagined they had now made a discovery; but it was in favour of Mr. Lovegrove; and both of them cried out almost at the same time—'How happy would Mr. Lovegrove think himself if he saw how your ladyship is disquieted on his account!'

Though Lady Speck affected to be a little peevish at their seeming to suppose her capable of having a tenderness for any man; yet she felt as much satisfaction as the present situation of her

mind would admit her to enjoy, in finding they marked out Mr. Lovegrove as the object, and that Celandine was quite out of the question with them on that account.

'Indeed, sister,' said Miss Wingman, 'it has always been my opinion, and I believe all your friends are of the same, that the person of Mr. Lovegrove, his accomplishments, his fortune, and long services, render him not unworthy of your acceptance; and, I think, you need not be angry, nor ashamed, that this accident has discovered your sensibility of his passion.'—'Lord, my dear, how very silly you are!' said Lady Speck: 'no one man has any charms for me above another. I am only vexed that men should fall out, fight, and kill one another; and this, too, for nothing perhaps, or, what is next to nothing, some idle puntilio of imaginary honour.'

Just as she had ended these words, the door was suddenly thrown open by a footman; and Lord Huntley, Sir Robert Manley, and Mr. Lovegrove, came altogether into the room. 'What, ladies,' cried the latter of these gentlemen, with an air more than ordinarily gay, 'not yet dressed! We came to attend you to the walks, and you are still in your dishabille!'—'We must have been strangely insensible,' replied Lady Speck, 'to have thought of dress when two of our acquaintances were going to embroe their hands in each other's blood!'—'Our hands are all clean, I think, Madam!' said Mr. Lovegrove. 'But can you add,' rejoined she hastily, 'that your heart is also so? Can you say you did not rise this morning with an intention to destroy, or be destroyed yourself?'

Here Mr. Lovegrove appearing a little confused, as debating within himself whether it was most proper for him to confess or to deny the fact, Lord Huntley immediately took up the word. 'No, faith, Madam!' said his lordship, with a smile; 'I dare answer so far for my friend, that he arose not this morning with the least animosity to any thing worthy of his sword.'—'No ambiguities, my good lord,' resumed she; 'I expect a plain answer to my question—therefore tell me at once, Mr. Lovegrove, how happened you to quarrel with Celandine, and which

‘which of you was the aggressor? You find,’ continued she, perceiving he was still silent, ‘that we are no strangers to the main point; and consequently have a right to expect you should gratify our curiosity with the particulars.’

‘It never has been my practice yet,’ Madam,’ replied Mr. Lovegrove, after a little pause, ‘to disobey your ladyship in any thing; nor must I now do it in this. You command me to tell you the motive of my quarrel with Celandine; and I must answer, it was on the score of justice and of virtue.’ You also ask who was the aggressor; to which I must also answer, that it was Celandine; who, by affronting a person loved and esteemed by you, justly merited chastisement, not only from me, but from all who have the honour of being acquainted with your ladyship.’

‘So, then,’ said Jenny, ‘I find that all this bustle is to be placed to my account.—But I would not have you imagine, Mr. Lovegrove,’ continued she, laughing, ‘that you are entitled to any acknowledgments from me, since I am indebted for what you have done entirely to the friendship I am honoured with by Lady Speck.’

Mr. Lovegrove was about to make some reply, but was prevented by Sir Robert Manley; who, approaching her with the most respectful air—‘Madam,’ said he, ‘if others had been as early acquainted with the presumption of Celandine, the glory of being your champion would certainly not have fallen to the lot of Mr. Lovegrove.’

‘I am glad, then,’ returned Jenny, ‘that it happened as it did; because otherwise I should have been under an obligation which it was not in my power to requite.’—‘It is of no importance, my dear,’ interrupted Lady Speck, ‘either who is the obliger or the obliged; and I only want to be fully informed in the particulars of this foolish transaction.’

On this, Mr. Lovegrove repeated all that passed between himself and Celandine, till their being carried before a magistrate; and would have gone through the whole, but Lord Huntley and Sir Robert Manley assisted him in the rest, and gave so pleasant a detail of Celandine’s behaviour on that occasion, as was highly diverting to the ladies. But,

though Lady Speck laughed, as well as her sister and Jenny, and affected to appear equally unconcerned at what she heard; yet there still remained something on her spirits which she could not forbear testifying in these or the like terms.

The little narrative being concluded—‘I am very glad,’ said she, ‘that no worse consequences attended this adventure; yet I cannot help being a little concerned that any thing should happen to occasion my name, or that of Miss Jessamy, to be mentioned before a magistrate, and such a mob of people as generally croud in to be witnesses of the decision he gives in cases of this nature.’

‘No, Madam!’ replied Mr. Lovegrove hastily; ‘I do assure your ladyship that neither of you have any cause to be in pain on that score; your names were held too sacred to be quoted as the subjects of a quarrel: and it was for this reason I refused to produce Celandine’s answer to the billet I sent him; he having imprudently, I might say impudently, too, inserted them in that scrawl.’—‘How!’ cried Lady Speck, with the utmost impatience in her voice and eyes; ‘let us see on what pretence the creature presumed to take that liberty!’

Though it is more than probable that Mr. Lovegrove was far from being displeased at having this opportunity of convincing Lady Speck in what manner she had been spoken of by Celandine, yet he suffered her to repeat her demand several times over before he complied with it; and, at last, seemed to do so with an extreme reluctance. ‘I intended, Madam,’ said he, ‘that no eyes but my own should have been witnesses of the unparalleled audacity it contains; but, as your ladyship commands I should deliver it to you, I neither can, nor dare, be disobedient.’

With these words, he took the letter he had received from Celandine out of his pocket, and presented it to her; adding, at the same time—‘This, Madam, however, will serve to prove, that, besides the first motive of my resentment to him, he subjoined another, not less deserving the punishment I designed.’ Her ladyship snatched it out of his hand with emotions

tions which it was not in her power to conceal; but having slightly looked it over to herself, grew a good deal more composed; and, forcing her countenance into a half-smile—‘I doubt not,’ said she, ‘but what Mr Lovegrove has said of this billet has raised a curiosity in you all for the contents; I will therefore read it aloud for the advantage of the company.’

‘Well, ladies,’ cried Lord Huntley, as soon as she had done, ‘though you have not yet the good fortune to have your merits peculiarly distinguished by this fine gentleman, you ought not to fall under too great humiliation, for you find he includes your whole sex; and plainly avows he looks upon no woman worthy venturing the tremendous discomposure of his well-tied sword-knot.’ Here followed much merriment among them, which had perhaps continued longer, as they were all persons of wit, and had so ample a field for ridicule; but it was now almost noon, and the ladies were not yet dressed; for which reason the gentlemen thought proper to withdraw, and leave them to consult their glasses on those charms that Celandine had affected to despise.

Jenny and Miss Wingman thought little of this adventure afterwards; but it made a very deep impression on the mind of Lady Speck: the delicacy Mr. Lovegrove had shewn in laying the stress of his resentment on the affront Celandine had offered to her friend, and not on the jealousy which she plainly saw he had conceived of herself, opened her eyes to those merits in him to which her partial inclination for the other had made her so long blind; and she now beheld both of the men such as they truly were, and not such as her unjudging fancy had lately painted them.

As ashamed of her past folly, she had no consolation but in the care she had always taken to conceal it from the world: as for Mr. Lovegrove, whose good opinion she was now most concerned to preserve, she resolved to behave towards him for the future in such a manner as should entirely dissipate whatever suspicions he might have entertained to her prejudice.

It was undoubtedly the good genius, or better angel, of this lady, which had brought about, however fortuitous they

might seem, such a happy concurrence of events as could not fail of awakening her to a just sense of what she owed to her character, and that esteem she was naturally so ambitious of maintaining. What advantages she received from this change of humour, and the emendations she was at present enlightened with, will hereafter be demonstrated; in the meantime, there are things of a yet more interesting nature, which demand the attention of the reader.

CHAP. V.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, AN ACCOUNT OF A VERY EXTRAORDINARY, AND NO LESS SEVERE TRIAL OF FEMALE FORTITUDE AND MODERATION.

ACCORDING to all the observations which reason and a long experience have enabled me to make, happiness is a thing which ought to be totally erased out of the vocabulary of sublunary enjoyments: the human heart is liable to so many passions, and the events of fortune so uncertain and precarious, that life is little more than a continued series of anxieties and suspense: what we pursue as the ultimate end of our desires, the *summum bonum* of all our wishes, fleets before us, dances in the wind, seems at some times ready to meet our grasp, at others soaring quite out of reach; or, when attained, deceives our expectations, baffles our high-raised hopes, and shews the fancied heaven a mere vapour.

Nor is this to be wondered at, or indeed much to be pitied, in those who place their happiness in the gratification of their passions, all of which, in general, tend to the acquisition of what is far from being a real good. There are some, though I fear an inconsiderable number, who, composed of more equal elements, wisely avoid the restless aims, the giddy vain pursuits, with which they see so many of their fellow-creatures so intoxicated and perplexed; would fain sit down contented with their lot, whatever it happens to be; and, observing this maxim of the poet—

‘Not toss and turn about their feverish will,
‘But know their ease must come by lying still.’

Yet not even these can find an asylum from

from cares : though the soul, like a hermit in his cell, sits quiet in the bosom, unruffled by any tempest of its own, it suffers from the rude blasts of others' faults. Envy and Detraction are sure to taint with their envenomed breath ; treachery, deceit, and all kinds of injustice, alarm it with the most dreadful apprehensions of impending danger, and shew the necessity of keeping a continual guard against their pernicious enterprises : but above all, the ingratitude of friends is the most terrible to sustain ; that anguish which proceeds from the detected falshood of a person on whom we depend is almost insupportable ; nor can reason and philosophy be always sufficient to defend us from it ; as I remember to have somewhere read—

' Fate ne'er strikes deep but when unkind-
' nefs joins.'

This is certainly a very melancholy circumstance ; and the situation of the injured person's mind cannot but be very uneasy. After having placed an entire confidence in any one whom we believe to be a friend ; after having entrusted him with the dearest secrets of our lives, and relied upon him for all the services and good offices in his power ; then, I say, to find him base, ungenerous, and deceitful, is as poignant an affliction as any to which language can give a name.

I know not whether to be eternally deprived of a real and experienced friend by the stroke of death, be not a less shock than it is to lose one, whom we have always believed as such, by his own infidelity. Under the former of these misfortunes we have the liberty to indulge many consolatory reflections ; first, that the great law of nature must be obeyed, and that there was an indispensable necessity for us to be one day separated ; secondly, in the hope that the person we lament is a gainer by this change, and much more happy than mortal life could make him ; and, thirdly, though it may seem, perhaps, a wild idea, in supposing a possibility that he may be still a witness of our actions, be pleased at our remembrance of him ; and, at the hour of our dissolution, even be appointed our conductor to the celestial mansions : but, under the latter, that of being betrayed by a false friend, we can have no such agreeable images before our eyes ; on the contrary, grief

and despair for ill-requited tenderness and sincerity, accompanied with remorse and shame for having made so unworthy a choice, must be the only subjects of our distracted meditations.

Thus impossible it is for minds the most serene by nature to remain always wholly free from inquietudes of one shape or other. Jenny, the heroine of this history, had a temper not easily discomposed, and well deserved that character which our English Sappho gave of a lady for whom she had a particular veneration.

' Cheerful as birds that welcome in the spring,
' No ill suspecting, nor no danger dreading ;
' In conscious innocence secure and blest'd,
' She liv'd belov'd of all, and loving all.'

And yet she met with something, which, if it had not all the effect it would have produced in most others of her sex, was at least sufficient to turn that so late harmonious frame of mind into a kind of chaos and inextricable confusion. Those arrows of vexation which the base contrivances of Bell-pine had levelled against her peace, had hitherto proved unsuccessful ; they had either missed their aim, or slightly glanced upon her without doing any real mischief ; but she now received a random shot, and from a hand which least designed to hurt her, that pierced her tender bosom to the quick, and left a wound behind which required a long length of time to heal.

Since the adventure of Celandine, the ladies had lived for some days in an uninterrupted scene of gaiety ; every day, almost every hour, brought with it some new pleasure or amusement : to heighten Jenny's satisfaction, she had received a letter from Jemmy, acquainting her that his business was now near being concluded, and that he should very shortly be with her at Bath ; he wrote to her on this account in terms so positive, that she doubted not but his next would inform her of the day in which he was to set out from London. In that expectation she sent him an answer full of tenderness, expressing the sincere pleasure she took in the hopes he gave her of seeing him so soon, and desiring he would not let slip the first opportunity that presented itself of fulfilling his promise ; though, in effect, she thought this injunction very needless ; for she

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had

had that perfect confidence in him, as to assure herself he would not lose a single moment that might bring him nearer to her.

But behold the swift vicissitudes of human affairs; how in one instant are the faces of things changed to the reverse of what they were! The ladies had been at a ball, which detained them till very late; on their coming home, Jenny remembering it was the day that the post came in, she asked if no letter had been brought for her; and being told there was, and that it lay upon her toilette, she wished the ladies a good night, and ran hastily to her chamber in order to peruse the letter, which she doubted not came from her dear Jemmy, with the certainty of his immediate approach. She was not, indeed, deceived in the former part of her conjecture; she saw it Jemmy's hand, and directed, as usual,

' TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

But what was her amazement, her consternation, when, breaking the seal, and unfolding the paper with all the impatience of the most warm affection, she found the contents as follows!

' DEAR ANGEL!

' WHEN I acquainted you with that curst engagement which an unavoidable necessity has laid me under, I little thought you would have resented it in the manner you now seem to do; especially when I assured you, with the utmost sincerity, that I would break from it as soon as I could find a pretence to do it with decency; you might, methinks, have known me better than to suspect I would omit any thing in my power to hasten the happy minute of flying to your arms with a heart unencumbered with any cares but those of pleasing you.

' If you return the passion I have for you with half that gratitude you have so enchantingly avowed, you will repent; you must by this time repent of the pains you cannot but be sensible your cruel billet has inflicted on me. I flatter myself with being able to see you in a few days at our usual place of meeting; when, if you are as just as fair, you will be more kind to him who is, with an unextinguished flame,

' my dear charmer, your most devoted
' and faithful servant,

' J. JESSAMY.

' P. S. If I have any friends among the intellectual world, I shall petition them to haunt your nightly dreams with the shadow of me, till propitious fortune throws the substance at your feet.'

What now was the condition of Jenny! She re-examined the seal and the hand-writing; she knew both too well to flatter herself with a possibility of their being counterfeited; nor was it in her power to conceive that the engagement mentioned in the letter could be any other than that between herself and Jemmy. Where are the words that can furnish a description, where is the heart, not under the same circumstances, that can be truly sensible of what she felt? Grief and indignation in these first moments were absorbed in wild astonishment; convulsions seized her breast; her brain grew giddy; her eyes dazzled, while attempting to look over again some passages in this fatal letter; and her whole frame being agitated with emotions too violent for nature to sustain, she fell back in the chair where she was sitting, and every function ceased its operation.

Her maid, who was waiting in her chamber, perceiving this, flew to her assistance, threw some lavender-water on her face, and at the same time screamed out for help. Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, being that instant coming up to their apartment, heard the cries, and ran into the room. They found their fair friend without any signs of breath, and motionless; they took hold of her hands, and felt them bedewed all over, as was her lovely face, with a cold dead damp, like that of the last agonies of departing life.

Surprized and frightened beyond measure, they cut the lacings of her stays; raised her gently forwards; applied hartshorn to her nostrils and temples, and every other remedy they could think of; till at length, either through their endeavours, or the force of nature labouring for itself, she recovered by degrees, opened her eyes, and uttered some words, which, though inarticulate, rejoiced their hearts.

Reason and recollection, however, were not as yet returned; and Lady Speck

Speck finding her disorder still continued very violent, thought proper, late as it then was, to send for a physician; and in the mean time both she and her sister, as well as their women-servants, who were called in, assisted in putting her into bed, where she was no sooner laid than she grew better: not only her voice, but her senses also were enough restored to thank the ladies for the trouble they had taken; and to tell them, in order to conceal the real cause, that she believed her disorder was occasioned by her having danced too much that night.

The physician being come, she notwithstanding suffered him to feel her pulse, and promised to follow his prescription, which was only a composing draught for that night; though he departed not without giving some items that his advice would be necessary next day. The ladies, after having seen her take the dose prepared for her, retired, and left her to the care of her own maid and Lady Speck's woman, who both sat by her bed-side the whole remainder of the night.

CHAP. VI.

TREATS OF MANY THINGS AS UNEXPECTED BY THE PERSONS CONCERNED IN THEM, AS THEY CAN BE BY THE READER HIMSELF.

LADY Speck and her sister had no sooner quitted Jenny's chamber than she fell into a profound sleep; whether owing to the goodness of her constitution, the doctor's prescription, or the fatigue she had undergone, is uncertain, but she awoke next morning greatly refreshed, and much more so in spirits than could have been expected.

She now called to mind all the particulars that had occasioned her late disorder; and remembering she had not put up the letter, ordered it should be looked for and brought to her: the maid searched carefully about the room; it being no where to be found, she concluded that somebody must have taken it away, and by that means a secret would be divulged which she had much

rather should have been eternally concealed.

But as this suggestion was only a sudden start of female pride, of which she had as small a share as any of her sex, her good understanding easily got the better of it. 'I think,' said she to herself, 'the unfaithful man called his engagement with me a cursed engagement, and promised to break it off: if so, the discovery must be made some time or other; it is therefore of little importance when or by what means his perfidiousness is revealed.'

She was not mistaken, indeed; the letter had dropped from her hand as she fainted. Miss Wingman, during the confusion, seeing a paper lie on the floor, took it up; and finding Jemmy's name subscribed, was curious to know the contents, and for that purpose put it into her pocket without any one observing what she did. She kept not from her sister the knowledge of the petty larceny she had committed; and as soon as they were alone together, read it carefully over, examined every sentence, and made their own reflections upon the whole; which, prejudiced as they were with a belief of Jemmy's inconstancy, were yet less unfavourable to him in this point than those of his offended mistress.

They were, however, extremely incensed against Jemmy; and, sincerely pitying the case of their friend, resolved to say and do every thing they could to soften her affliction. It being near morning when they went to rest, the day was very far advanced before they arose; but they had no sooner quitted their beds than they repaired directly to Jenny's chamber, and found her much less disconsolate than they had imagined.

As that young lady doubted not but it was either Lady Speck or her sister who had taken away her letter, or at least some person who would not fail of communicating it to them, she had determined, before they came, in what manner she would behave on the occasion. The sisters, on their part, were not altogether so well prepared; they expected not that she was as yet in a condition to endure much discourse, especially on so tender and critical a point; they thought it would be time enough to entertain her on that head

when the first shock of her misfortune should be over, and had not therefore well considered how to break their knowledge of it to her.

This caution in them was certainly very prudent, as well as very kind; but Jenny had too much spirit and resolution not to render it unnecessary. On their entrance she started up in her bed, and said to them with a smile—'I guessed, ladies, that your good-nature would bring you hither; so was just going to rise, that you might be spared the trouble.'

'I am very glad,' replied Lady Speck, 'to find that a disorder which seemed to threaten the worst consequences is likely to go off so well: but, my dear Miss Jessamy, I would not have you think of leaving your bed till your health is a little farther re-established. I will order,' added she, 'breakfast to be brought in here; and, after that, would fain persuade you to take some repose.'

The maid then going out of the room to fetch the utensils for breakfast—'Instead of this goodness, Madam,' said Jenny, 'your ladyship ought rather to chide me for my folly. The inconstancy and ingratitude of mankind are not things so new and strange to justify that surprize and confusion I was last night involved in.'

They looked on each other at these words, but made no answer; on which Jenny went on—'I am very sensible, ladies,' pursued she, 'that neither of you are unacquainted with the cause of my disorder: the letter I received last night has informed you of all; nor am I sorry it has done what my tongue might have faltered in performing.'

'Since I have your pardon, my dear,' replied Miss Wingman, 'I shall make no scruple to confess the theft which my curiosity made me guilty of; and I am the more ready to excuse myself for what I have done, as I am apt to think that the knowledge my sister and I have of this affair may enable us to give you some consolation under it.'

'Yes, my dear Miss Jessamy,' rejoined Lady Speck; 'you must believe that, though greatly interested in all that concerns you, our minds were less disconcerted than yours must na-

turally be on reading that epistle; and consequently were in a better capacity of judging, and seeing into the heart of him who wrote it.—'And what can you see there, Madam,' cried Jenny hastily, 'but the most vile ingratitude and perfidiousness?'—'I am going about,' said that lady, 'not to palliate his crimes; but I think it is your duty to thank Heaven, that by this incident of his directing to you what was doubtless intended for another, you are convinced how unworthy he is of your affection.'

'Besides,' cried Miss Wingman, perceiving Jenny sighed, and made no answer to what Lady Speck had said, 'methinks it should please you to find, that if Mr. Jessamy has slighted you for the sake of Miss Chit, he slights her also for some other; and she has no less a reason to condemn him than yourself.'

'Do you not think, then, that the letter was meant for her?' demanded Jenny hastily. 'No, indeed,' resumed Lady Speck; 'nor will you, when you consider more coolly on the matter, believe that any man, much less one so polite as Mr. Jessamy, would write in such a stile and manner to a woman he intended for a wife. This woman,' pursued she, 'is rather some petty mistress, whom chance may have thrown in his way.' On this Miss Wingman, after having urged something in defence of what her sister had said, returned the letter to Jenny, desiring she would examine it again, and then tell them how far she thought their opinion of it was unreasonable or improbable.

Jenny obeyed this injunction with a great deal of readiness; and after having paused for some moments on what she had read—'I confess, ladies,' said she, 'that the freedom Mr. Jessamy takes with this woman is little becoming of an honourable passion; but the more base his inclinations are, the more reason I have to resent he should attempt a gratification of them at the expence of that respect due from him to the engagement he has with me.'

'Men will say any thing to gain their point this way,' said Lady Speck laughing; 'and if hereafter you shall find no greater cause of complaint against him than what this letter gives you, I should almost pity his inad-

vertency

‘vertency in exposing his folly to the only woman from whom it most behoved him to have concealed it.’

Just as she had ended these words, tea and chocolate were brought in; after which, as the maids were present, no farther discourse passed upon this subject. When breakfast was over, the ladies retired in order to dress, but not without conjuring Jenny to lie still, and endeavour to take a little more repose: she promised to comply, but had nothing less in her head, being glad to be alone, and at liberty to make her own reflections on an event which had occasioned so great a change both in her sentiments and humour.

As she had imagined, in the first hurry of her spirits on the receipt of this letter, that it was in reality wrote to Miss Chit, and a demonstrative proof of the truth of all that had been told her on that account by Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, it was no inconsiderable alleviation of her trouble, to be now pretty well convinced, that instead of making his honourable addresses to a woman of condition, he was only amusing himself with an affair of gallantry, a thing not much to be wondered at in a gentleman of his years and gay disposition; and her good sense would, doubtless, have enabled her to forgive it, but for the promise he seemed to have made to this new object of his flame, of breaking through all engagements, that he might devote himself entirely to her.

This, in a man whom she had always looked upon and regarded as her second self, appeared so treacherous and ungrateful, that resentment got the better of all the tenderness she once had for him, and made her resolve to take him at his word, and be the first to release him from those engagements he had treated in so unworthy a manner.

Thus did the greatness of her spirit refuse to yield to the impulse of grief; she got out of bed, in spite of all the entreaties of her maid to the contrary, put on her cloaths, looked safely up the proof of her lover’s infidelity in a little casket where she kept her jewels, and would even have gone down into the dining-room as usual, but found her limbs too weak to obey the dictates of her will; she threw herself into an easy-chair, and remained there for some time, in a situation of mind which only those

of my fair readers who have experienced somewhat like the same, can be capable of conceiving.

She was in a deep reverie when the ladies returned to her chamber: she spoke cheerfully to them; yet they plainly saw, through all the vivacity she assumed, that a heavy melancholy had seated itself upon her heart. They would not therefore leave her: they ordered dinner to be served up in that room; and, when it was over, called for a pack of cards, and obliged her to make one at ombre.

They had played but a very short time before a servant acquainted the two ladies that a man was below who said his name was Landy; that he was just come from London, and had brought letters of the utmost importance, which he was charged to deliver the moment of his arrival.

‘Bless me! my mother’s steward!’ cried Lady Speck. ‘Grant, Heaven,’ rejoined Miss Wingman, ‘that no hurt has happened to her ladyship!’ With these words they threw the cards out of their hands, and ran immediately down stairs.

Jenny, who at another time would have been anxious for any thing that concerned her friend, was now too much engrossed with her own affairs to give much regard to the exclamations these ladies had made, and returned to those reflections they had endeavoured to divert her from.

It was not long, however, before they both came back, and with countenances which denoted the most extreme surprise. ‘Well, Miss Jessamy,’ said the younger, ‘I have done my best to console you; you may now do the same kind office to me; all men are alike perfidious; there is, faith, no honour in the whole sex.’

‘Aye, my dear,’ cried Lady Speck, ‘such a monstrous piece of villainy is come to light, as, when you hear, will make you forget every thing besides.’—‘All that you can guess is nothing to it,’ resumed Miss Wingman; ‘but I will keep you no longer in suspense. You must know that I have just received two letters; the one from my guardian, Sir Thomas Welby, and the other from my mamma: she would not trust the intelligence they contained by the post, for fear of a miscarriage, but sent her own steward’

ard on purpose to me: you shall hear them both; I will begin with that from Sir Thomas.'

She then took the letter she mentioned out of her pocket, and read as follows.

'TO MISS WINGMAN, AT BATH.

'DEAR MISS,

I Thank Heaven for putting it in my power to discover to you, I hope time enough to prevent your ruin, as wicked a design as ever entered the heart of the most profligate of our sex to attempt against the innocence of yours.

'I am ashamed to think that a nobleman of Lord Huntley's birth and personal endowments can be capable of descending to such a low piece of villainy; yet so it is. I can assure you, my dear Miss, that nothing is more certain than that he is already married. His lady, I believe, is but lately come from Ireland, and is at present lodged at the house of a particular friend of mine! I both saw and spoke to her ladyship, under the pretence of having some business with my lord; she told me he was not in town, which indeed I very well knew, having been informed he had followed you down to Bath. There are, besides this, many other circumstances to evince the truth; but as they are too numerous, and too long, to be inserted in the compass of a letter, I shall defer giving you the detail of them till I have the pleasure of seeing you. My advice to you is, that you put it not in the power of this unworthy lord to deceive you any farther, but return immediately to London. Lady Wingman is of the same opinion; but as this letter will be accompanied with one from herself, I doubt not but it will have all the effect it ought to have on your behaviour. I am, with the best wishes, my dear charge, your very affectionate friend, and most humble servant,

'T. WELBY.'

Jenny had no time to express any part of her sentiments on this occasion. Miss Wingman had no sooner ended her guardian's epistle, than she proceeded to that from her mother; the contents whereof were these,

'TO MISS WINGMAN, AT BATH.

'MY DEAR CHILD,

I Cannot sufficiently express the trouble I am under on account of Lord Huntley's baseness; the intelligence of which I first received from our good friend Sir Thomas Welby, and am since but too much confirmed in the truth of it by some enquiries myself has been at the pains to make. I must confess it was with difficulty I listened to any reports to his prejudice; I could not tell how to believe such fool deceit could be couched under a form so seemingly adorned with every virtue, as well as every accomplishment befitting his birth. But, my dear Kitty, we are never so easily beguiled as by the appearance of honour and sincerity. I tremble to think to what dangers you are exposed, while suffering yourself to be entertained with the insinuating addresses of a man who can mean nothing but to involve you in eternal wretchedness: I conjure you therefore, I command you by all the authority I have over you, never to see him more; to fly his presence as a serpent that watches to blast your peace and reputation with his envenomed breath. I have sent Landy on purpose to bring you this, and to attend you to London; and hope you will not detain him any longer than is necessary for your getting ready to set out. Farewell! That Heaven may have you always under its protection, is the unceasing prayer of, my dear child, your most affectionate mother,

'K. WINGMAN.

P. S. I am not in a condition to write to your sister, but desire you will give my blessing to her; and let her know, that if she stays behind you at Bath, as I suppose she will, she may expect to hear from me in a short time. In the present confusion of my thoughts, I had almost forgot my compliments to Miss Jessamy, which pray make acceptable to her.'

Jenny could scarce find words to express her astonishment at what she heard; she could not tell how to think Lord Huntley guilty in the manner he was represented; and yet could less believe that

that Sir Thomas Welby and Lady Wingman, who she knew had always favoured his pretensions, would write as they had done without having undeniable proofs of the justice of their accusation.

The three ladies had a long conversation together, the event of which will be seen in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. VII.

CONTAINS A BRIEF RECITAL OF THE RESOLUTIONS TAKEN ON THE FOREGOING ADVICE.

AMONG the many who made their addresses to Miss Wingman, there was none who had been so likely to succeed as Lord Huntley: she respected him so well, that had the information against him come from any other hands than those it did, she would not have given the least credit to it; but she loved him not enough to reject the admonitions of her friends, or to make her hesitate one moment if she should believe him guilty, or refuse to condemn a person whom they had found worthy of it.

Gay as she was by nature, she testified not the least reluctance to obey the commands of her mother in quitting Bath, and all its pleasures; and resolved to do so without seeing Lord Huntley before she went, or being at the pains of reproaching him with the crime he was accused of.

But as she seemed a little desirous that he should some way or other be made acquainted with her knowledge of his perfidiousness, and thought it as great an infringement of her mother's orders to write as to speak to him any more, Lady Speck was so obliging as to tell her she would take that task upon herself at his next visit.

Nor was it by this alone she proved the affection she had for her sister. 'As you were entrusted to my care by my mother,' said she, 'on our coming down to Bath, I am very loth to part with you till I have seen you safe again in her arms; therefore,' continued she, 'if Miss Jessamy consents, I should be glad to return all together to London in the same manner as we left it.'

Nothing could have been more agree-

able to Jenny than this proposal: she was not now in a condition to relish the pleasures of Bath, and longed very much to return to a place where persons are at liberty either to see all the world, or to live perfectly retired, as suits best with their humour or circumstances.

'I am charmed with your ladyship's design,' cried she; 'I could not have been easy to have seen Miss Wingman torn from us in this manner, especially on an occasion which could not afford her any pleasing ideas for the companions of her journey.'

Miss Wingman made many acknowledgments to them both for this kind offer, but at first refused to accept it. 'I think myself happy,' said she, 'in the testimony you give me of your good-nature and friendship towards me; but I cannot suffer you to think of leaving this place just in the height of the season, and returning to London, which is now a perfect wilderness, merely because I am obliged to go thither by a duty which I cannot dispense with.'

It is not to be supposed reasonable that this young lady was much in earnest in what she said on this score; the others, however, were too sincere to take her at her word; and it was at last agreed, that they should all set out together as soon as every thing could be got ready for their departure.

No company happening to come in, they passed the whole evening in Jenny's chamber; where the conversation turning chiefly on the communication of Lord Huntley's marriage, it suddenly came into Lady Speck's head, that it would be better for her to express her sentiments on that occasion by a letter, than by holding any discourse with a man whom she could scarce think upon with any tolerable degree of patience.

Miss Wingman approving of her intention, her ladyship took Jenny's standish, and immediately wrote to him in the following terms.

'TO LORD HUNTLEY.

'MY LORD,

'IT is with an infinity of astonishment, and little less concern, that I find your lordship's proposal of an alliance with our family, instead of
' an

‘ an honour, is the greatest affront that
 ‘ could possibly be offered to it. I
 ‘ thought my sister’s birth, fortune,
 ‘ and character, had set her above be-
 ‘ ing attempted to be made the dupe
 ‘ either of a vicious inclination or un-
 ‘ meaning gallantry; for to what else,
 ‘ than to gratify one or the other of
 ‘ these propensities, can tend the ad-
 ‘ dresses of a person who has already
 ‘ disposed of himself to another?’

‘ This, my lord, is sufficient to con-
 ‘ vince you that we are perfectly well
 ‘ acquainted with your marriage: af-
 ‘ ter which I cannot suppose you will
 ‘ even think of continuing your visits;
 ‘ the only reparation you can make for
 ‘ a proceeding so unworthy of you be-
 ‘ ing to shun, henceforward, the pre-
 ‘ sence of my much-injured sister, and
 ‘ also of all those who have any interest
 ‘ in her happiness or reputation; a-
 ‘ mong the number of whom, you can-
 ‘ not doubt, is her who is sorry to sub-
 ‘ scribe herself, my lord, your lord-
 ‘ ship’s ill-treated servant,

‘ M. SPECK.’

This, after having shewn it to Miss Wingman and Jenny for their approbation, she sent by a servant, to be left for Lord Huntley; but that nobleman coming not home till very late, could do nothing in the affair that night. Early the next morning Lady Speck received a billet from him, containing these lines.

‘ TO LADY SPECK.

‘ MADAM,

‘ I Received yours with more astonish-
 ‘ ment than you could be capable
 ‘ of feeling at the motive which in-
 ‘ duced your ladyship to write to me
 ‘ in the manner you did. So base, and
 ‘ withal so ridiculous, a calumny,
 ‘ would have merited only my con-
 ‘ tempt, had it not reached the ears of
 ‘ persons for whom I have the greatest
 ‘ reverence. Nothing is more easy than
 ‘ for me to clear my innocence in this
 ‘ matter; but, as I cannot bear to ap-
 ‘ pear, even for one moment, guilty in
 ‘ the eyes of my dear adorable Miss
 ‘ Wingman, I beg your ladyship will
 ‘ give me the opportunity of justifying
 ‘ myself by letting me know the name
 ‘ of my accuser; that villain who,

‘ while he stabs in the back, reaches
 ‘ my heart. In confidence of your
 ‘ ladyship’s generosity in this point, I
 ‘ will wait on you as soon as I am
 ‘ dressed; promising, at the same time,
 ‘ to intrude no more till this cruel af-
 ‘ fersion is removed, and I shall be
 ‘ found to be, what I truly am, a man
 ‘ of honour; and, with the most pro-
 ‘ found respect, Madam, your lady-
 ‘ ship’s most humble and most obedient
 ‘ servant,

‘ HUNTLEY.’

The two sisters, who had imagined he would have been too much shocked at the detection of his crime to have gone about to deny it, or to excuse it, cried out, that he had an unparalleled assurance; that to behave in this manner was an aggravation of his guilt; and proved his soul as mean and abject as his principles were corrupt and base.

But Jenny, who was always ready to think the best, and, besides, had the eyes of her reason less obscured by passion, began immediately to entertain more favourable sentiments: she found something in this letter which, in spite of all the appearances against him, made her believe there was a possibility of his being wronged. She could not forbear communicating her opinion to the ladies; and urged in the defence of it these arguments.

‘ Lord Huntley is a man of sense,’ said she; ‘ and, if he was so wicked as to be capable of acting in the manner that has been represented, he could not be so stupidly weak as to desire a farther explanation of it; certainly he would rather be silent on that head: if guilty, what would his pretensions to innocence avail? His making any noise in relation to a fact which, if true, may be so plainly proved, would only serve to make his criminal designs more conspicuous, and expose his villainy to those who otherwise might hear nothing of it.’

‘ All this is very true, my dear,’ replied Lady Speck; ‘ but yet there are some men who have had the impudence and folly not only to court, but even actually marry, a second wife, while the former has been living; and perhaps, too, at less distance than, it is likely, Lady Huntley was
 ‘ when

when he first made his addresses to my sister.

'It will not enter into my head that Lord Huntley is one of these; nor can I think it quite just that a man should be absolutely condemned without a fair trial, or even knowing by whom he is accused.'

Lady Speck paused a little on these words; and then said, that, as she was certain Sir Thomas Welby would not so positively assert a thing, the truth of which he was not well assured of, she was half inclined to grant Lord Huntley's request, though it were only the more to confound him.

Scarce had she done speaking in this manner, when her woman came into the room, and told her that Lord Huntley's servant, who had brought the letter, and had waited all this time for an answer, begged to know if her ladyship had any commands to send by him; to which, after a short consideration, she replied—'Yes; he may tell his lord that I shall be at home.'

Miss Wingman had not opened her mouth during this whole debate; but now shewed, by her countenance, that she was not displeased at the result; and, it is highly probable, felt more impatience than she thought proper to express for what should pass in this important interview.

CHAP. VIII.

SERVES ONLY TO RENDER THE CAUSE MORE INTRICATE, AND INVOLVE THE PARTIES CONCERNED IN IT IN FRESH PERPLEXITIES.

LADY Speck had given orders that, when Lord Huntley came, he should be admitted, but not farther than the parlour. It would have been pleasant enough for any one to have observed the meeting of these two: he approached her with a profound reverence, but with a reserve which had something in it very near akin to resentment; she returned his salutation with an air all distant and austere; and they stood looking upon one another for the space of near half a minute without speaking.

Lady Speck was the first that broke

silence: 'I did not expect, my lord,' said she, 'that your lordship would have given yourself the trouble of making any visits here, after what I wrote to you last night.'

'It is not, indeed, Madam, a thing very common with me,' answered he, gravely, 'to go to any place where I have been once forbid: but I am pierced in too tender a part to stand upon punctilios; both my love and honour are wounded, gashed, mangled, in a most cruel and infamous degree; and it is only from your ladyship's justice and humanity that I can hope a cure!'

'Can you deny, my lord, that you are married?' cried she. 'By Heaven! not married, nor contracted!' returned he, eagerly: 'nor, till I saw your charming sister, I defy the world to prove that I ever made the least proposal of that nature to any woman breathing.' These words, and the manner in which they were delivered, began a little to stagger that belief of his infidelity which she, till now, had thought herself confirmed in. 'If any part of what your lordship avers be true,' said she, 'Sir Thomas Welby must certainly have been imposed on by some very extraordinary methods.'

'Sir Thomas Welby, Madam!' retorted Lord Huntley, in great amazement; 'is it then possible that he should be my accuser?'—'There required a no less substantial evidence,' said she, 'to authorize a supposition of your lordship's being guilty of a crime like this. But you may see what he says,' added she, presenting him with Sir Thomas's letter.

He read it hastily to himself; and, as soon as he had done so—'I perceive indeed, Madam,' said he, 'that some uncommon arts have been put in practice against me; for what reason I am not able to conceive. Sir Thomas's veracity is well known to me; and, I think, he has been inclined to favour my pretensions: I doubt not, therefore, but he will readily afford me his assistance in diving to the bottom of this mysterious villainy. I am sure I shall lose no time, nor spare no pains, to bring the dark incendiary to light. But,' pursued he, 'I will trouble your ladyship no farther,

'farther, nor even ask to see the object of my soul's desire, till my innocence is fully cleared, and I have proved myself less unworthy of adoring her.'

He concluded these words with a low bow, and went directly out of the room, without waiting to hear what answer she might have made to them.

It was, perhaps, much for her ease that he did so; for she was now in a consternation at his behaviour little inferior to what she felt on the first information of his crime; his words, his looks, his resolution, made a deep impression on her; she had seen grief and resentment in his countenance, but nothing that betokened a consciousness of guilt. She knew not what to think, or how to form a right judgment of him; but ran immediately to Jenny and Miss Wingman, to impart to them all that had passed, and hear their sentiments upon it.

The latter of these young ladies was afraid of giving her opinion, probably lest it should be thought too favourable; but Jenny presently cried, that she could almost lay her life upon his innocence. 'I dare believe,' said she, 'that I have hit upon the real ground-work of this story: the woman who would pass for his wife is certainly no other than some cast-off mistress of his, who, either in revenge for his deserting her, or to give herself an air, assumes the name of Lady Huntley.'

'No, no, Miss Jessamy!' interrupted Lady Speck; 'it is impossible that Sir Thomas would assert, in such positive terms, a thing of this nature on so slender a foundation: I know him better; and there must be something more in it than we can at present see into.'

While the ladies were in this dilemma, Lord Huntley, who, the moment he had left Lady Speck, went in search of his two friends, Sir Robert Manley and Mr. Lovegrove, was now complaining to them of the aspersion cast upon him, and declaring his resolution of going to London with all possible expedition, in order to detect the primary author of the calumny cast upon him.

These gentlemen, who had known his lordship for a considerable time, and had never heard any thing like his

having consummated a marriage, were very much surprized that so odd a story should be raised, and highly applauded his intention of justifying himself as soon as he was able.

Both of them offered to be partakers of his journey: he told them he was greatly indebted to their friendship on this score; but that he hoped he should soon return to Bath with the proofs of his innocence, and that it would be altogether needless for them to undergo the fatigue of accompanying him.

Sir Robert Manley, however, insisted on going with him. 'As for Lovegrove,' said he, 'I think he stands better with Lady Speck for some days past than he had ever done before; and it would be pity to take him from her at a time when she seems to be in such favourable dispositions towards him; but, as for me, I have no mistress, at least none that will receive my vows, and consequently can have no pleasure equal to that of proving my sincerity to my friend.—Therefore, my dear lord,' added he, 'if you do not suffer me to go with you in your coach, you shall not hinder me from following you on horseback.'

Lord Huntley was at last prevailed upon to take Sir Robert with him on this expedition; but, though he hoped to return triumphant from it in four or five days at farthest, he would by no means hear of Mr. Lovegrove's leaving Bath, for ever so small a space of time, while Lady Speck continued there.

They all dined together; after which, Sir Robert and Mr. Lovegrove left Lord Huntley; the one to give directions to his man for every thing to be got ready for his departure the next morning by break of day, and the other to pay his devoirs to his mistress.

Jenny, who would not be persuaded to keep her chamber any longer, though not quite recovered enough to go abroad, was now come down into the dining-room; and Miss Wingman resolved not to appear again in any publick place while she remained at Bath, for fear of meeting Lord Huntley. Lady Speck, also, in complaisance to them both, would not go out of the house; so that Mr. Lovegrove, on his coming there, found them all at home.

The first compliments were no sooner over,

ever, than the conversation began on Lord Huntley's affair. Mr. Lovegrove left nothing unsaid that he thought might contribute to make them entertain a more favourable opinion of his friend: he remonstrated to them the improbability of his being guilty in the manner he was represented; and Lady Speck and Miss Wingman, in their turn, remonstrated the improbability that such a story could be raised without some sort of foundation; but Jenny, as she had always done, sided with Mr. Lovegrove, and took the part of the accused.

They were engaged in this dispute when Sir Robert Manley came in. That gentleman, though expecting to be back in a short time, was too polite to think of going without taking his leave of the ladies: hearing what subject they were upon, he seconded Mr. Lovegrove's arguments; and so warmly defended the cause of his absent friend, that Lady Speck was obliged to cry out—'Well, well, let us have no more discourse upon this head; it is time alone that can decide the point between us: for my part, I wish his lordship may be found as innocent as you would persuade us to believe he is.'

'This is extremely generous in your ladyship,' replied Sir Robert. 'But, Madam,' continued he, addressing himself to Miss Wingman, 'how happy should I make my friend, if I were permitted to carry him the assurance that you also joined with your sister in the same kind wish!'

'Lord Huntley may be certain,' answered she, blushing; 'that I should be very sorry a crime like what is laid to his charge should be proved on any in the world, much more on a person whom I cannot deny but I once thought highly deserving of my esteem.'

There passed nothing more of any moment while they were together, which was not very long; for the gentlemen were impatient to return to Lord Huntley, who, they knew, was alone, and stood in need of all the consolation they could give him. They staid the whole evening with him, and rejoined him very early in the morning, at which time he set out with Sir Robert on his journey to London.

CHAP. IX.

HAS IN IT SOME THINGS OF NO SMALL IMPORTANCE, THOUGH AT PRESENT THEY MAY APPEAR TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO BE INSERTED.

LORD Huntley being gone, and Miss Wingman freed from all those dangers her mother apprehended for her, there seemed no necessity for that young lady's leaving Bath; yet, as she had received such positive commands to do so, and Lady wanted to conduct her, she thought she could not well excuse herself from going. Jenny, who was now quite weary of the place, having lost all her relish for its pleasures, said all she could to fortify her in this resolution; and, between them both, Lady Speck was prevailed upon to think it right.

Accordingly both the sisters wrote to Lady Wingman, giving her an exact account of all that had passed in relation to Lord Huntley, and assuring her that they should throw themselves at her feet as soon as the necessary preparations could be made for their journey.

But before I proceed any farther on the particulars of these ladies adventures during the short time they had now to stay at Bath, I think it highly proper that the reader should be made fully acquainted with the several dispositions their minds were in at present.

As for Lady Speck, the late behaviour of Celandine had rendered him so despicable in her eyes, that she wondered at herself for having been able ever to endure the conversation of such a fop, and much more to have been won to a liking of his person, the graces of which she now plainly saw were chiefly owing to his milliner and taylor. Mr. Lovegrove, on the contrary, had shewn so much of the man of honour, and of the respectful lover, in what he had done, that she hesitated not a moment if she should give him the preference to all others who made their addresses to her; and if she could not as yet entirely overcome her aversion to entering a second time into the bands of marriage, she however resolved not to change her condition except in favour of him.

Miss Wingman was in a situation

very different from that of her sister. This young lady was of a humour extremely gay and volatile; she had never been at the pains of examining into the emotions of her own heart; but she now found out a secret there which had hitherto been concealed as much from herself as from the world: those alarms with which she had been agitated at first on the accusation against Lord Huntley, and the pleasure she had since felt in the assurances given her by Sir Robert Manley and Mr. Lovegrove, that it would be easy for him to prove his innocence, equally convinced her that he was not altogether so indifferent to her as she had imagined; and this it was which, perhaps, more than obedience to her mother's commands, made her so eager to return to London, where she thought she might soon be informed of the whole truth of this affair.

But poor Jenny laboured under sensations of a yet more unquiet nature: she had the confirmation of her lover's infidelity under his own hand; and whether he was guilty to the degree she had at first believed, of courting another woman upon honourable terms, yet he could not but appear extremely criminal in the attempt of purchasing the favour of one he intended only for a mistress, with the contempt of those solemn engagements he was bound in to herself.

In what other sense, indeed, was it possible for her to understand the first paragraph in that letter, which by his mistake in the superscription, had fallen into her hands? 'Here is no room for doubt,' cried she; 'the meaning is obvious and explicit; his heart renounces the obligation his father laid him under, and which his own perjured tongue a thousand times has sworn he wished no greater blessing than to fulfil.'

'The ungrateful man,' continued she, 'shall find no difficulty in getting rid of me; I shall spare him the pains of seeking a pretence to break off an engagement now grown so irksome to him; nor shall I envy the woman to whom his faithless heart is next devoted. I shall always reflect on a distich I remember to have read in the works of old Michael Drayton:

"He that can falsify his vows to one,
"Will be sincerely just and true to none."

Thus in some moments did she feel a kind of satisfaction in this early discovery of the inconstancy of his temper; others again representing her with the idea of what she once believed him, all that was just, generous, virtuous, and sincere, threw her into the most melancholy musings: every innocent endearment that had passed between them from their tenderest infancy till this great period, came fresh into her memory, and made her deeply regret the finding him so much unworthy either of her love or friendship.

It is certain that, besides the vivacity and flow of spirits which are generally the companions of youth and affluence of fortune, and keep affliction from seizing too forcibly on the vitals, she stood in need of all the good understanding she was endued with to enable her to sustain the shock of Jemmy's infidelity with that cheerfulness she wished to do. In spite of all her endeavours, she would sometimes fall into reveries which demanded other helps than those she received from within herself, to rouse her from them entirely. Though the natural sprightliness of Lady Speck and her sister was very much abated, in the one by the secret remorse she felt for the encouragement she had given to Celandine, and in the other by her suspense on account of Lord Huntley; yet neither of them were so taken up with their own cogitations as to neglect any thing in their power to dissipate the languor they observed in their fair friend.

But as it was Jemmy who had been the sole cause of her disquiet, so it was to him alone she was now indebted for her relief: the night before their departure she received a letter from him containing these lines.

'TO MISS JESSAMY, AT BATH.

'MY DEAR, DEAR JENNY!

'I Am so happy as just to snatch an opportunity of acquainting you that the wedding is over. I wish to Heaven that the revels for it were so too, that I might be at liberty to get away; for, besides the impatience I am in to see you, I am quite sick of the incessant noisy mirth of those who come to testify their joy on this occasion: I doubt not but they take me for the most dull, stupid fellow, in the universe; and, indeed how should it be

'be

‘be otherwise? In the midst of dancing, drinking, laughing, romping, I am absent; my heart is with you at Bath, and representing to me the more true felicities I might enjoy in your dear conversation. They tell me this hurry is to continue no longer than six days; but I think that an age; and nothing but my gratitude to my old friend, for the care he has taken of my affairs, should keep me a prisoner here for half that time. Be assured, that as soon as I can get free, I shall do little more than pass through London in my way towards you; so that if I am deprived of participating with you in the pleasures of the place you are in, I shall at least have that of conducting you home; till when, I hope, I need say nothing to convince you, that I am inviolably, and for ever, my dear Jenny’s most affectionate and devoted

‘J. JESSAMY.

HAM-HALL:

‘P. S. When we meet, you may expect a particular detail of what passes here, and some description of the bride, who has indeed a fine outside, but I am afraid wants a little of my dear Jenny’s understanding. Harry, however, finds no defect in her as yet, and I heartily wish, for both their sakes, he never may. Every man’s lot is not so happy as mine. Once more, my dear Jenny, adieu for a short time!’

This letter was a kind of clue to guide Jenny through the labyrinth of perplexity she had been involved in. She knew very well that one of the gentlemen, appointed by the last will and testament of Jemmy’s father for his executor and trustee, had a seat called Ham-Hall, in Bedfordshire. She had also heard that his son was about being married to a young lady of that county with a considerable fortune; she therefore easily conceived that the engagement mentioned by Jemmy in that former epistle, and which she imagined he had meant with herself, was in reality no other than being obliged to go down into the country on account of this wedding.

She immediately imparted to her two friends the letter she had received, and also gave them, at the same time, an ex-

planation of the mystery which had given her so much pain. Both of them sincerely congratulated her on the occasion, especially Miss Wingman, who took her in her arms, crying out—‘Did not I tell you, my dear, that Mr. Jessamy was not so guilty as you imagined?’—‘Aye,’ replied Jenny, ‘but for all that he is not quite innocent; nor will he find me very easy to give him absolution.’

‘If criminal in no greater matters than a transient amour,’ rejoined Lady Speck, ‘I think you might forgive him, without putting him to the penance even of a blush by your reproaches. In good truth, we women have nothing to do with the men’s affairs in this point before marriage; and as I now begin to believe, in spite of all I have heard to the contrary, that he addresses no other woman than yourself upon honourable terms, these are but venial transgressions, which you ought to overlook till you have made him your own.’

They were discoursing in this pleasant manner when Mr. Lovegrove entered: he came to pass the evening with them, knowing their things being all packed up for their journey, they would not go abroad any more while they staid at Bath.

Talking of the hour in which they intended to set out, he said that he was extremely glad to know it, because he would give orders for a post-chaise to be ready exactly at the same time, that he might not have the mortification of being left behind them even for a moment.

Though he directed these words to the ladies in general, yet Lady Speck knew very well they were meant only to herself; and, looking on him with the most obliging air—‘No, Mr. Lovegrove,’ said she, ‘since you will needs be so complaisant as to accompany us, I see no occasion for your travelling in the way you mention. As your own coach is not here, and there is a vacant place in mine, I am very certain we shall all be pleased to have it so agreeably filled.’

He was so transported, with this offer, that he could not restrain himself from catching hold of her hand, and kissing it with the most passionate gestures. ‘This is a condescension, Madam,’ said he, ‘which I never durst have

‘ have presumed to hope, much less to have requested; but it is the peculiar property of Heaven to prevent the petitions of it's vassals, by blessings the most unexpected, as well as undeserved.’

Miss Wingman and Jenny, finding they were likely to enter into a conversation which required no sharers, withdrew to a window, as if to look at something that passed in the street. How far Mr. Lovegrove improved this opportunity is not material to particularize. The reader will easily suppose, that neither that nor Lady Speck's good-humour were thrown away upon him.

CHAP. X.

IS A DIGRESSION OF NO CONSEQUENCE TO THE HISTORY, AND MAY THEREFORE EITHER BE READ OR OMITTED AT DISCRETION.

THE sun had made but a very short progress in his diurnal course, when Lady Speck, Miss Wingman, and the amiable Jenny, accompanied by Mr. Lovegrove, set out on their journey for London, escorted by Landy and all their men-servants on horseback.

Our fair travellers soon found the advantage they had gained by the invitation given to Mr. Lovegrove; the innate satisfaction that gentleman felt on Lady Speck's obliging behaviour towards him, diffused itself through all his air and features, and added a double vivacity to his conversation: he was all life, all gaiety, all spirits; he told a thousand diverting stories, and sung as many pretty songs; so that if they had been more inclined to seriousness than they really were, it would have been impossible for them to have indulged any melancholy reflections in his company.

The day was near passed over in this agreeable manner, when a sudden stop was put to all their pleasantry: one of the hindermost wheels of the coach flew off it's axis, and but for the coachman's uncommon presence of mind, in restraining the horses that same instant, some mischief might probably have ensued: all the servants immediately alighted, endeavouring to repair the da-

mage, but in vain; part of the iron-work was broke, and two spokes of the wheel had started with the shock. This accident happened about five miles from the town where they had designed to lie that night; but as there was a small village pretty near, it was judged proper to walk thither, as the only expedient in this exigence; which they did with a great deal of alacrity and cheerfulness, while the dismembered machine, though with some difficulty, was dragged after them.

The accommodation they found here was indifferent enough; but what deficiencies are there in nature or in fortune which good-humour cannot supply? The ladies laughed heartily at their pilgrimage: and Mr. Lovegrove made them all scamper about the room by attempting to wipe the dust off their shoes with his handkerchief.

In fine, their supper, their lodgings, all that to persons of less wit and more affectation would have been matters of the utmost mortification, to them served only as subjects of diversion, and occasional pleasantry.

They arose the next morning in the same cheerful temper with which they had lain down; nor did it abate on being told that the workmen who had been sent for to mend the coach could not pretend to make it fit to take the road for several hours. As the place they were in afforded no other convenience to prosecute their journey, they resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and content themselves with what was without a remedy. Mr. Lovegrove, however, took upon himself the office of caterer, and was so fortunate as to provide an entertainment somewhat less inelegant than they had been obliged to content themselves with the night before.

But, while dinner was getting ready, an accident happened which contributed to make the time of their abode there seem the shorter, by presenting them with a new theme of conversation.

The woman who kept the house, after having gently opened the door of the room where they were, came in making a curtsy at every step she took, and approached the ladies with an—
‘ I beg pardon; I hope no offence: but I have a poor guest below that would have me to come up. I am very tender hearted; though God knows what she is, or who she is; for my part, I never



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'never saw her before last night in my whole life, so I have nothing to answer for on that account; and if she be bad, it is the worse for herself; that is all I have to say.'

'If you have nothing more to say, mistress,' cried Mr. Lovegrove laughing, 'I think you are very much to blame to lose your time in telling us.'

'I hope your lordship's worship and all their ladyships will excuse me; I am but a plain woman; but, God knows my heart, I mean no harm: but, as I was saying, a poor young woman finding I had quality in my house, has been baiting me this two hours, I am sure, to shew you a snuff-box she had got to sell; how she came by it, I cannot tell; but this I must say, that she does not look like a thief; though there are such sad doings in the world, that one does not know who to trust.'

'Let us see it, however,' said Lady Speck. 'Aye, aye,' rejoined the others; 'let us see it, by all means.' On this the woman produced the box, though not without repeating several times over her former apologies.

The box was a most curious English pebble, set in gold, with a hinge and lining of the same metal; they handed it from one to the other, and concluded, that as it was a toy too genteel for the possession of a person in very abject circumstances, it must either be stolen, or the real owner be reduced by some uncommon distress to the necessity of parting with it.

'This,' said she, 'is the young woman; she says she came very honestly by the box: as I told your honours before, I know nothing of the matter; she is quite a stranger to me, but I shall leave her with you; and if your honour and ladyships worships will be pleased to examine her, you mayhap will be better judges than I am. For my part, I have a great deal of business to do, and cannot be spared any longer from my bar and my kitchen; indeed, there is nobody but myself to take care of any thing in this house, though I have a husband, and daughter at woman's estate, as I may say, for she is past fourteen; yet all lies upon me; so I hope your honours will excuse me.'

It may be easily imagined that all the company were very glad to get rid

of her impertinent babble, so readily dismissed her; Mr. Lovegrove telling her at the same time, with an ironical complaisance, that he was extremely troubled she had wasted so many of her important minutes on so trivial an occasion.

After this prating woman was gone, the young person she had left behind, and who had entered no farther than just within the door, on being desired to come forward, advanced with a slow and timid air, yet which had nothing in it of the appearance of a conscious guilt: notwithstanding the disguise of an old-fashioned long riding-hood, which covered her whole body, and even hid some part of her lovely face, there was still enough to be seen to prepossess any beholder in her favour.

Her extreme youth, for she seemed not to have exceeded fifteen or sixteen years at farthest, the delicacy of her complexion, and of those features which she suffered to be exposed to view, excited a kind of respectful compassion in the hearts of all those she was at present with.

Mr. Lovegrove, who had undertaken to be the speaker, began with asking her, if she was the owner of the box before them; to which she answering in the affirmative—'I am very sorry, then,' said he, 'and I am certain that all here are so, that any exigence should oblige you to dispose of it.'

'The vicissitudes of fortune, Sir,' replied she, with a becoming assurance, 'are too frequently experienced in the affairs of life to raise much wonder, or to know much pity, except from the hearts of a generous few.'

'That is true,' resumed Mr. Lovegrove; 'but you are too young to have been subjected to them by any of those ways the fickle goddess ordinarily takes to shew her power over the world: the distress you labour under must therefore proceed from some uncommon source, which if you thought proper to communicate, I dare answer you are now among persons who would not only wish, but also make it their endeavour, to lessen the weight of your affliction.'

She was about to make some reply, but was prevented by Lady Speck, who immediately subjoined to what Mr. Lovegrove had said—'There is nothing wanting,' cried she, 'but the knowledge

• knowledge of your affairs to make
• me shew my readiness to serve you.' The other two ladies spoke much to the same purpose, especially Jenny, who had taken more than an ordinary fancy to this fair-one.

After having thanked them in the politest terms for their goodness to one so altogether a stranger to them—'The accidents of my life,' said she, 'are little worthy the attention of this company; but since I am commanded to repeat them, I shall make no scruple to obey, on condition I may be permitted to conceal the names of all the persons concerned in them.'

They then assured her that they should content themselves with such things as she thought proper to impart; and, making her sit down, desired she would not delay one moment the satisfaction she had promised; which request she complied with, as will be seen in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. XI.

IS A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME DIGRESSION, WHICH, HOWEVER INSIGNIFICANT IT MAY APPEAR AT PRESENT, THE READER WILL HEREAFTER, PERHAPS, BE GLAD TO TURN BACK TO THE PAGES IT CONTAINS.

THE young stranger having been made acquainted, before her coming up stairs, of the rank and condition of the persons to whom she was about to be introduced, would not suffer herself to be any farther entreated by them, but began to satisfy the curiosity she had excited in these or the like words.

'I am the daughter of a gentleman,' said she, 'who, by living in his youth above the income of his estate, has been reduced to live below the dignity of his birth, in order that his children may not, at his decease, have too much cause to regret the situation in which they shall be left.'

'It is impossible for any parent to behave with greater tenderness and indulgence, or to be more sincerely anxious for the welfare of his posterity. Sensible of his former mistakes, he has often condescended to tell us, that he looks upon us as persons he has wronged, by having wasted what should have rendered

comfortable the life he gave. His affairs, however, are not on so ill a footing but that he supports his family in a genteel, though not in a grand manner; and if he lives a few years longer, it is hoped will be able to leave the estate to my brother, now a student at Cambridge, born to inherit, free from all incumbrance, except myself and a sister some years older than either of us.

As for a provision for myself and sister, I have heard him say that his scheme is, as soon as my brother arrives at a proper age, to match him with some woman of fortune; which fortune should equally be divided between us two, and a settlement made for her out of the estate.

He never flattered himself with the expectations of any offers of marriage to our advantage; and though he gave us all the accomplishments befitting our station in life, yet did he never encourage either of us to imagine that without money we had anything in us capable of attracting a heart worthy our acceptance.

But to my great misfortune, he found himself mistaken in this point. A gentleman of a very large estate, happening to see me at a friend's house where I sometimes visited, took an extraordinary fancy to me; and after some necessary enquiries concerning my birth, character, and circumstances, came to wait upon my father, and asked his permission to make his addresses to me; adding, at the same time, that he desired nothing but myself; and whatever fortune was intended for me might be given to my sister.

This last was a prevailing argument with my father, who, dear as I believe I then was to him, would perhaps have rather suffered me to lose so advantageous a match, than have confessed his incapacity of giving me a portion.

But how fatal did this act of generosity in my lover prove to me! My father, charmed with the proposal, hesitated not to comply with it, provided my consent might be obtained; which in his heart he resolved from that moment to compel me to grant, in case he should find me refractory to it.

It will doubtless seem a little strange

to you," continued she, "that I should mention as a misfortune what you might expect a girl in my precarious situation would have rejoiced at, and been elated with, as the greatest good that could have befallen her: the world I know condemn my folly; I condemn myself; yet was it as impossible for me to act otherwise, as it is to repent of what I have done.

You will perhaps imagine that he is some deformed and loathsome creature, but I assure you he is not; for I must do him the justice to acknowledge, that, making an allowance for his age, which by his own account is pretty near fifty, few men can boast of having a more agreeable person; that he has also a good understanding, a great deal of ready wit, and is very facetious in conversation: but all this was insufficient to engage my affection; and I have a certain delicacy in my nature, if I may so call it, which will not permit me, on any consideration whatever, to give my hand where my heart will not go along with it.

The astonishment I felt on being first informed of the new conquest I had made, was succeeded by an adequate proportion of horror at being commanded by my father to receive that gentleman as the person ordained by Heaven and him to be my husband, and to look on such an alliance as the greatest blessing that could be bestowed upon me.

I blushed, I trembled, and had not power to make the least reply, till being urged to speak, I recollected, as well as I was able, my scattered senses; and cried, though with a broken and faltering voice, that I was too young to think of marriage; to which my father sternly answered—"Be guided, then, by those who know how to think for you;" and with these words left me to consider on what he had said.

The same day my lover dined with us, as I afterwards found, by the appointment of my father; who, as soon as the cloth was taken away, retired to his closet, pretending he had some letters to write, and left me to entertain this guest, or rather to be entertained by him with the declaration of his passion.

He made it, indeed, in the most

respectful terms: he told me, that having lost his wife in bringing a son into the world, he had resolved never to transfer the affection for her to any other woman; that he devoted near two and twenty years to her memory; that, during the whole time of his widowhood, he had never seen that face, till mine, which had the power to alienate his thoughts from the grave where she lay buried; but that he no sooner beheld me, than he felt new life and new desires rekindling in him; remembered that he was a man, born to enjoy the social delights of pure and virtuous love, and at the same time found it was with me alone he could partake them.

As this sort of conversation, and, indeed, every thing relative to love, was entirely new to me, I made but very awkward replies; and was so little able to express my real sentiments to him on that head, that I afterwards found he took what I said as the effects of simplicity and bashfulness, rather than any aversion either to him or his proposals.

My father, who, poor man! rejoiced in this opportunity of making my fortune, seemed highly pleased with the account my lover gave him of my behaviour: he told me I was a very good girl, and that he doubted not but that I should deserve the happiness Heaven was about to confer upon me. "But," said he, "though the modesty with which I hear you receive this first declaration was very becoming in a maid of your years; yet, as we have agreed the wedding shall be consummated in a few days, I would have you grow less reserved on every visit he makes to you: accustom yourself to treat him, by degrees, with more freedom, to the end that, when you are made one, you may not be too much strangers to each other."

This so frightened me, that I could not forbear crying out, with some vehemence—"Oh, Sir! I conjure you not to talk in this manner! I never can think of being married to him!"

The look my father gave me at these words will always be imprinted on my memory. "Never think of being married to him!" said he; "then never think I am your father;

Q

"think

"think rather of being an utter alien,
 "an out-cast from my name and fa-
 "mily! Think of begging, starving;
 "of infamy, contempt, and wretched-
 "ness!"

"These cruel expressions coming
 "from the mouth of a parent, who,
 "till now, had always used me with
 "the extremest tenderness, cut me to
 "the very soul: I threw myself at his
 "feet; I wept; I beseeched him to
 "moderate his passion; and protested,
 "as I might do with the greatest sin-
 "cerity, that the thought of offending
 "him was more terrible to me than
 "that of death itself.

"He appeared somewhat mollified
 "with these submissions. "Child,"
 "said he, raising me from the posture I
 "was in, "you cannot be so ignorant
 "as not to know what I do in this af-
 "fair is wholly for your happiness;
 "though, indeed, whenever Heaven is
 "pleased to call me hence, it would be
 "an infinite satisfaction to me in my
 "dying moments that I left one of my
 "daughters independent.—I could
 "wish," added he, looking towards
 "my sister, who sat at work in the room,
 "that she had an offer equally advan-
 "tageous."

"If I had, Sir" replied she pertly, "I
 "should scarce be so mad or silly as to
 "run the risque of disobliging you,
 "and, at the same time, of ruining
 "myself by refusing it."

The beautiful stranger was in this
 part of her little history, when she found
 herself obliged to break off by seeing
 dinner brought upon the table. She
 would have withdrawn till the com-
 pany should be more at leisure; but
 they insisted, in the most strenuous
 terms, that she would be their guest;
 to which, after making some few apo-
 logies, she consented.

CH A P. XII.

CONCLUDES THE DISTRESSFUL NARRATIVE.

AS the waiters were present, nothing
 was said, during the whole time
 of dinner, concerning the subject which
 that necessary appendix to life had in-
 terrupted; but the cloth was no sooner
 taken away, than the three ladies, as
 well as Mr. Lovegrove, testified the in-

terest they took in their fair guest's af-
 fairs by their impatience for knowing
 the event.

She replied to the many complaisant
 things they said to her with such an air
 and grace as convinced them, more than
 any thing she had related, that she had
 indeed been educated in the most gen-
 teel manner, and also been accustomed
 to converse with persons of the best fa-
 shion and greatest politeness.

But, though the discourse that passed
 between them, on the score of mere ci-
 vility, might very well deserve a place
 in this work, I shall omit the repetition,
 as it might be apt to make the reader's
 attention to wander from the main
 point; and only say, that she prosecuted
 her history in the following terms.

"My father," said she, "now con-
 "descended to talk to me in the mildest,
 "and withal in the most pathetick stile;
 "he endeavoured to allure my young
 "heart by enumerating and displaying
 "the pleasures that attend on wealth
 "and grandeur. He remonstrated to
 "me, that the circumstances of our fa-
 "mily would not permit his children,
 "especially his daughters, to be direct-
 "ed only by inclination in the article
 "of marriage; and that, as I could
 "find no possible objection to my lover
 "but being somewhat too old, grati-
 "tude for the happiness he was ready
 "to put me in possession of might very
 "well atone for that defect.

"You say you cannot love this gen-
 "tleman," continued he; "but, pray,
 "what is this passion that is called love
 "but a vain delusion, an *ignis fatuus*
 "of the mind, that leads all that fol-
 "low it astray? Suppose, rejecting the
 "certain good fortune now put into
 "your power, you should hereafter fix
 "your fancy either on some one who
 "has not the means of supporting you,
 "or on one who returns not your af-
 "fection, how truly miserable would
 "be your state!"

"I could find no arguments to oppose
 "against those he urged, and could only
 "answer with my tears; till, being bid
 "to speak, and the command several
 "times repeated, I at last sobbed out,
 "that I would make use of my utmost
 "endeavours to obey him.

"I know not whether his menaces at
 "first, and his persuasions afterwards,
 "might not have made me, at that time,
 "promise to do every thing he would
 "have

‘ have me; but some company coming in, luckily preserved me from adding to the guilt of disobedience that of deceit.

‘ These visitors staid with us till very late; so I was relieved from any farther persecutions for that night: but the next morning, at breakfast, they were renewed; and, as I had no heart to consent, nor courage absolutely to refuse, I could only beg him to allow me a little time to bring my mind to a conformity with his will.

‘ It is certain that my aversion to this match seemed unreasonable even to myself, and I did all I could to conquer it; but my efforts to that purpose being fruitless, I set myself to consider, whether to live under the everlasting displeasure of a father, whom I revered and loved, perhaps be turned out of doors by him, and exposed to poverty and contempt, or to pass my whole life in opulence with the man I hated, would be the least of evils.

‘ Oh, ladies! how impossible is it to represent what it was I felt while thus employed! To whichever of these ways I turned my thoughts, I was all horror and confusion: the present idea seemed still the worst; I was distracted, irresolute, and fluctuated between both; and all I knew of myself was, that I was wholly incapable of supporting either.

‘ To heighten my affliction, though I had many acquaintances, I had no one friend on whom I could depend for assistance or advice. My sister, who, by the rules of nature, should have pitied my distress, rather added to it by all the ways she could invent.

‘ Indeed, she never loved me; and, I have reason to believe, I owe great part of my father’s severity to her insinuations. I will tell you an incident which confirms me in that belief: it was this.

‘ The very Sunday before the misfortune I am now reciting befel me, a young gentleman happened to sit in a pew just opposite to mine: he fixed his eyes upon me with so much earnestness during the whole time of divine service, that I could not help observing him with some confusion. After we came out of church, turning my head back upon some occa-

sion, I perceived he followed me, though at a distance; but when I came near our door, the footman who attended me stepping before to knock, he advanced hastily, and came time enough to make me a profound reverence just as I was entering the house. I was a little confounded, as I had never seen him before. I returned his civility, however, and went in. My sister, who had not been at church that day, was looking out of a window, and beheld this passage: she rallied me a little upon it, and asked me who that pretty fellow was that came to the door with me. I told her the simple truth, and it passed off till we were going to bed; when one of the maids told me, in her presence, a fine young gentleman had watched the footman as he was going on some errand, and asked him a bundance of questions concerning me. I thought it a little strange, but said nothing; nor did my sister seem to take much notice of it.

‘ I thought little of this adventure; but found she afterwards made a handle of it, not only to possess my father with an opinion that I rejected the lover he recommended to me for the sake of one who was my own choice, but also to reproach me as having encouraged a clandestine courtship.

‘ I mention this only to shew how destitute I was of any consolation whatever; but, in the midst of perturbations which almost deprived me of my senses, an expedient started at once into my head, which flattered me with some small prospect of relief.

‘ My lover appeared to be a man who wanted neither good sense nor generosity; and I fancied that, if he knew the true state of my heart, the one would shew him the extreme madness of marrying a woman who had so utter a dislike to him; and the other make him ashamed of rendering miserable the person he pretended to love.

‘ On this foundation I built my hopes; and resolved, on his next visit, to make him thoroughly acquainted with the deplorable condition to which I was reduced by his unfortunate passion; and to beseech him to withdraw his pretensions as of his own accord, and without hating to

my father that any thing in my behaviour had been the cause.

But, alas! I had no sooner contrived this project, than I found the impracticability of putting it into execution. My father had a closet which opened from his bed-chamber; it was between that and the dining-room, and divided from the latter by a thin partition.

“Good God!” continued this afflicted fair-one, “how every thing conspired against me! My father had always kept the key of this closet himself, but had now given it to my sister; and, I soon found, for no other purpose than that she should hear from thence what passed between me and my lover, and give him an account.

Though I only suspected this at first, yet was certain of it when, being called down from my chamber where I lay, to receive my lover, who waited for me in the dining-room, I saw, as I crossed the stair-case, the shadow of my sister passing hastily into the very closet I have mentioned.

The old gentleman was in great good-humour that day; and perhaps my tears and prayers might have worked on him the effect I wished, had I not been so unhappily disappointed of making the experiment.

Having taken notice, I suppose, that I wore no watch, though indeed I had one, but, it being out of order, was sent some time before to be mended, he brought with him a fine repeater set round with diamonds, and begged me to accept of it. As I knew who was witness of our conversation, I durst not refuse his present, and much less talk to him in the manner I had intended.

I knew not then what course to take; but, at last, bethought me of employing my pen to give him that information which my tongue was deprived of all opportunity of doing: accordingly I wrote to him in this manner.

“SIR,
“IT is only in your power to save me from the worst of miseries; that of a forced marriage. My father is inexorable to my tears, and resolute to compel me to be yours; but not all his authority, your merits, nor my just sensibility of them,

“can ever bring my heart to consent to the union you propose: in fine, I cannot love you as a husband, but shall always regard you as the best of friends, if you forego the claim paternal power has given you, and refuse that hand, the acceptance of which would infallibly make you no less wretched than myself. Consider, therefore, Sir, what it is you are about, and drive not an unhappy maid to desperation; for, be assured, I will seek relief in death rather than be yours.”

This I folded up; but neither sealed nor directed it, as I designed to slip it into his own hands as he should be going away from his next visit: but here again my scheme was frustrated, my father coming home before he went away, and waiting on him down stairs.

The ensuing day, however, I thought myself more fortunate. He came; and business calling him away somewhat before his usual hour, I followed to the dining-room, and gave him the paper, saying at the same time—“I beseech you, Sir, to consider seriously on the contents of this, and make no mention of it to my father.”

He looked very much surprized, and seemed as if about to open what I gave him; but I clapped my hand hastily upon his, crying—“For Heaven’s sake, take care what you do; this is no proper place!” And with these words turned quick into the room, to prevent any questions he might have made.

My heart fluttered a little at the step I had taken. Suspense is a very uneasy situation; but, as I thought it impossible that any man would venture to marry a woman who had wrote to him in the manner I had done, I grew more composed, and slept much better that night than for several preceding ones.

But, oh! how short-lived was my ease, and how terrible a surcharge of woe did the next day present me with! My father, who went out soon after breakfast, returned not till the cloth was laid for dinner, and then only to tell me that he had been with my lover all the morning; that every thing was concluded between them; and

and that the marriage should be solemnized at our house the evening of the succeeding day.

Judge, ladies, of my condition! The convict at the bar feels not more horror at the sentence of approaching fate than I did at the event which I had vainly flattered myself was far removed from me: the amazement I was in kept me for some moments in a kind of stupid silence. My father was so taken up in directing my sister what preparations she should make for this affair, that he regarded not my confusion, till grief and despair unloosed my tongue; and I cried out—“Oh, Sir! did you not say I should have time?”

“Time!” replied he; “can any time be more lucky for you than this, when you are going to have the same settlement as if you brought ten thousand pounds? Your lover is so pleased with the pretty trick you played him last night, that, I believe, I might have got more for you if I had insisted upon it: but this was his own offer; and it is very well. We are going together to my lawyer’s, to order the writings.”

My sister then asked him if he would not dine; to which he answered in the negative: and, after giving her some farther instructions, left us to return to his intended son-in-law, who, he said, waited for him at the chocolate-house.

Dinner was presently brought in; I sat down, but could not eat a bit. My sister, who, since the death of my mother, had been housekeeper, and affected to be very notable, talked of nothing but the hurry she should be in; and what should be the first, and what should be the second, course of the wedding-supper: for though there were but two or three friends to be invited, yet my father had ordered that every thing of this dreadful ceremony should be set forth with as much elegance as possible.

On my making no reply to all she said, she told me I was a sullen fool, and did not deserve my good fortune. I had no spirit to enter into any altercation with her; so flung from the table, and retired to my chamber, to vent those cruel agitations with which I was now more than ever overwhelmed.

The first reflections that occurred to me were on this hated lover’s being pleased with the paper I had given him, and telling my father that I had played him a pretty trick. “What!” cried I to myself, “is it not enough that he neglects my complaints? Must he also insult me for them, and turn my grief into derision?”

But I had no time to waste on this subject: my doom was fixed; and I must either fly or tamely submit to it. I resolved on the former, whatever should be the consequence; and now thought of nothing but the means of accomplishing it.

It was not long before I determined on what course to take. I have an aunt married to a merchant at Corke; I believe she will grant me her protection. I am going, however, to make the experiment; and, if she refuses, must content myself to earn my bread either by going to service, or working at my needle.

CHAP. XIII.

MAY PROPERLY ENOUGH COME UNDER THE DENOMINATION OF AN APPENDIX TO THE THREE LAST PRECEDING CHAPTERS, AS CONTAINING SOME THINGS WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED IN THEM.

THE fair fugitive now thought she had related all that was expected from her; but Lady Speck, perceiving she had done speaking, prevented what any of the rest of the company would have said on that occasion, by crying hastily—“Madam, you have not given us an account of the manner of your escaping the misfortune you so much dreaded: we see you here, but know not by what means you are so, without which your history will be imperfect.”

“As I may, perhaps, have been too circumstantial in some parts of my narrative,” replied she, “I was cautious not to weary out your patience by any farther particulars of an event so little deserving your regard; but, as you are so good to afford me your attention, I shall readily make you a detail of whatever passed from the moment of my resolving to fly from my

‘ my father’s house to that of my arrival at a place where I have the honour to be so generously entertained: and I am the more glad to do it, as there is indeed one thing which, in common justice to the gentleman who made his addressee to me, I ought not to have omitted.

‘ As to my departure,’ pursued she, ‘ nothing was more easily to be accomplished. No one suspected I had any thoughts of it; so no care was taken to prevent my flight, either by confining my person, or setting any body to observe my motions: but I was willing to take such of my things as I could conveniently carry with me. This required some contrivance: there was no possibility of sending a trunk or portmanteau out of the house; therefore found I was obliged to leave every thing behind me which I could not be the porter of myself.

‘ My sister was mighty busy all that afternoon in her domestick affairs. I employed that time in looking over my wearing apparel; and made the first assortment of them I could, selecting those which I thought I could least support the want of. My fine laces I crammed into a handkerchief, in order to put into my pockets; and the more bulky part of my linen, with some upper-garments, I tied in two pillow-cases; and then essayed whether I could carry them on each side under my hoop-petticoat, and found I could do it very well. Certainly these vast hoops were invented chiefly for the convenience of those who carry about them what they want should be concealed!’

Not only Mr. Lovegrove, but the ladies themselves, laughed heartily at this reflection on their mode; but they would not interrupt her; and she went on.

‘ Finding I was able to walk under the burdens I had prepared, at least as far as out of sight of our house, I put them all together into a large trunk, packed up as they were, ready to march next morning; for I thought it not advisable to go that night, as lying at any house in town might endanger a discovery; and I knew that no carriage of any kind would set out before day-break.

‘ After this I had sat down and considered what more was to be done be-

fore I went away. My father, till now, had always been most indulgent to me; humoured me in every thing; and even this last act of power, cruel as it was, I knew was kindly meant; I could not therefore think of leaving him, perhaps for ever, without letting him see I had not quite forgot the reverence I owed him.

‘ I then took pen and paper, and wrote a letter to him: I cannot remember exactly the expressions I made use of, but know they were as pathetick as could be dictated by a heart overflowing, as mine was, with filial love and grief.

‘ I told him that I had exerted the whole force of my endeavours to obey him; that my reason and the insurmountable aversion I had to the match he proposed, had occasioned conflicts in my breast which life could scarce sustain; that I fled not from the presence of the best of fathers, but to avoid being guilty of a deed which would have been yet more grievous to him; begged him to forgive me, and to rest assured, that to what exigencies soever I might be reduced in this forlorn and helpless condition, nothing should tempt me to bring disgrace upon my family, or dishonour to myself.

‘ Having finished this melancholy epistle, I threw it into the drawer of a little escrutoire, designing to take it with me in the morning, and send it to my father by the penny-post: but, good God! how great was my confusion, when happening to look over some writings I have here, I know not for what reason, for I had nothing which I feared should be exposed after I was gone, one of the first things I laid my hands on was the very paper I had wrote to my lover, and thought I had given to him!

‘ I did not presently conceive how this could be. I knew I had wrote no copy, and that it was the same which I had been certain of having delivered to him; but at last I remembered, that not being able to give it to him on the day I intended, I had put it into this drawer to prevent it’s being seen by any accident; and this recollection convinced me, that, instead of a letter of complaint, he had received from me a foolish love song, though set to very good musick, which a lady of
‘ my

my acquaintance had desired me to write out for her; and I thought, as I could not find it, I had dropt it from my pocket. It begins thus:

"Dear:st Damon, would you shew
"What a faithful man can do,
"Love me ever,
"Leave me never."

She was proceeding, but Mr. Lovegrove was so highly diverted with this incident, that he could not forbear interrupting her. 'By heavens, Madam,' said he, 'it would have been cruel in you to have made us lose so agreeable a part of your history!'

The ladies expressed themselves in much the same manner. 'I cannot help laughing,' cried Lady Speck, 'to think of the old gentleman's transports on receiving so fond a remembrance from his young mistress.'—'Nor I,' subjoined Miss Wingman, 'at the idea how much he must be mortified when he found himself deceived.'—'For my part,' said Jenny, in a more serious air, 'I pity the poor man, and am heartily sorry for the lady, who, but for this mistake, might not, perhaps, have been driven to the necessity of quitting her father's house.'

'It is utterly impossible, Madam,' replied the other, resuming the thread of her discourse, 'to know what would have happened, had this not been the case. I was, however, so much shocked at the thoughts of what I had done, that I resolved to let him continue in his error no longer than I had it in my power to convince him of it. To this end I enclosed the letter I had designed for him in another piece of paper, in which I wrote, I think, to this effect:

"SIR,

"THE silly paper, which by mistake I put into your hands, must certainly have given you a very odd opinion both of my understanding and sincerity.

"This will, however, undeceive you as to the latter, by shewing you I meant not to disguise the true situation of my heart, which had you sooner known, perhaps I might not have been the wretch I am: but it is now too late; and all the hopes I flat-

tered myself with from your generosity and compassion are vanished into air.

"Yes, Sir, the agreement made between my father and yourself drives me from all I once thought happiness; but beg you to believe that I shall always retain a grateful sense of the advantages offered me by your love, how miserable soever it has made me; and shall never cease to wish you may longer enjoy all those blessings in life which cruel destiny denies any part of to

"The forlorn, &c."

'To this,' continued she, 'I added a postscript, to let him know that I left behind me the watch which he had been so good to present me with, and doubted not but my father would return it to him as soon as my flight should be discovered.

'Having dispatched all that I thought necessary for my going, my mind for some moments was as easy and composed as if the preparations I had been making were only for a journey of pleasure; but, alas! the sad occasion soon recoiled upon me, and filled me with most gloomy apprehensions.

'My father came home in the evening in so jocose a humour as hindered him from observing that melancholy which I could not else have been able to hide from him: he had, indeed, been drinking more freely than he was accustomed; and I found also by what he said, that my lover, by toasting my health too plentifully, had rendered himself incapable of waiting on me that night.

'Nothing material happened afterwards to the time of my elopement, which every thing seemed to favour; my sister went very early in the morning to Covent Garden to buy fruit for the dessert, taking one of the men with her to bring home what purchases she made; the other was busy in cleaning the plate; all the maids were in the kitchen, and my father was yet in bed: so the coast being entirely clear, I tied my panniers to my sides, stuffed my pockets with as much as they would contain, and went directly out of the house without being seen by any body; though I believe whoever had met me would not have guessed in what manner I was equipped.

ped. I made all the haste I could out of the street, however; stepped into the first hackney-coach I found, and drove to a place where I remembered to have seen second-hand cloaths hung up for sale; there I bought this riding-hood, which I thought would be some kind of a disguise.

Bristol being just opposite to that part of Ireland where my aunt lives, I had no other route to take; but, in the hurry of my thoughts, had never once considered that as I had secured no place in the stage-coach, it was a thousand against one if there would be any room for me in it this season of the year.

I did not forget, however, in my way to the inn, to put the letters I had wrote to my father and lover into the penny-post; but found, when I came there, the coach was not only full, but had set out above an hour before. This put me into great perplexity; but I was now embarked on an expedition, and must go through it some how or other. The Windsor stage was just going out, and had a place, which I gladly filled, in order to be so far on my journey.

On my arrival there, I was at as great a loss as before; but being told that if I hired a chaise to Maidenhead, I might possibly find a place in some one or other of the coaches that put in there, I took this advice; but would not lie in that town, lest I should be seen by some persons of my acquaintance that lived there; so drove on to this village, which I thought would answer my purpose as well, as I should catch the coaches as they passed by this morning. I got up very early, that I might be ready for the first; for it was indifferent to me in which I went, provided they took the road I wanted to go; but my hopes deceived me; every one that came this way was full.

But this was not the only, nor the worst disappointment I met with at this place. Having laid out what loose money I had about me, I thought to have recourse to my purse; in which, besides sufficient to defray the expences of my journey, there was a diamond-ring which had been my mother's, and a medal which I set a high value upon: not finding it presently, I was very much alarmed. I

pulled every thing out of my pockets that were in them, but the examination only served to convince me that what I sought was lost. I know not how this accident happened, nor is it of any importance.

It is easy to conceive how terrible a misfortune this was to a person in my present circumstances. I should have been driven to the last despair, if a thought had not occurred to me, that the little box I took the liberty of sending by the woman of the house might be acceptable to some one or other of this company.

Here ended all she had to say; but the conclusion was accompanied with some tears, which, notwithstanding robbed the eyes from which they fell of no part of their lustre.

CHAP. XIV.

CONTAINS MUCH MATTER FOR EDUCATION, BUT VERY LITTLE FOR ENTERTAINMENT.

THE distresses of a beautiful person have a double influence over the heart. Those misfortunes which the dignity of our nature oblige us to commiserate, excite a more kindly warmth, a more interested concern, in proportion to the loveliness of the object we see labouring under them.

There was something in the air and whole behaviour of this young stranger, which, joined to the calamity of her present condition, had a kind of magnetick force, capable of attracting both respect and compassion in minds less generous and gentle than those of the company she now was with.

They thanked her for the pleasure she had given them in the recital of her adventures, and at the same time testified the most affectionate concern for the event.

Each having expressed some part of their sentiments on this occasion, Lady Speck drew her sister and Jenny aside, and, after a short whisper between themselves, all returned to their seats; and the former addressing herself to their unfortunate guest, spoke in this manner:

'We cannot think, Madam,' said she, 'of depriving you of a thing which an unforeseen necessity has obliged

'obliged you to expose to sale; but if you please to receive a small contribution in lieu of a purchase, we shall take your acceptance as a favour done to ourselves.'

With these words her ladyship put six guineas into her hand, which she took, bowed, and blushed; though not half so much as Jenny did, who was extremely scandalized at the meanness of the present, though she did not think proper to discover her opinion of it at that time.

On this Mr. Lovegrove, who doubtless had his own reflections, cried hastily out—'Then, ladies, since you will not buy the box, I will; I have a mind to make a present of it to a lady.'—'I protest I will not have it,' said Lady Speck. 'Nor I,' rejoined Miss Wingman. 'Nor I,' cried Jenny. 'You need not be under this agitation, ladies,' replied he, smiling; 'for, I assure you, it neither was nor is my intention to make an offering of it to any of you.'

They all looked a little grave at hearing him speak in this manner, but said nothing; while he counted ten guineas out of his purse, and presented them to the fair fugitive with one hand, and with the other, in the same moment, took up the snuff-box, which had all this time lain on a side-board near which he sat. 'This, Madam,' said he, 'is an equivalent, I believe.'

He then put the box into his pocket with a very serious air; but immediately taking it out again, laid it into the lap of the owner. 'You are the only person, Madam,' said he, 'to whom I ought to make this present: be pleased to accept it as a token of my sincere respect for a lady who at your years can have behaved with so much fortitude and resolution.'

All the ladies were highly pleased at the gallant turn he had given to this affair; but the obliged person was so much overwhelmed with the sense she had of such an unexpected act of generosity, that she was able to express her gratitude only in broken and disjointed phrases; which, notwithstanding, Mr. Lovegrove would not suffer her to go on with; but asked her in what manner she now intended to prosecute her journey.

She replied, that as there was no wheel-carriage to be procured in that

village, she had thoughts of taking a man and horse to conduct her as far as Reading, where she was informed she might be sure of being better accommodated.

Though Mr. Lovegrove had no other view in this question than merely to turn the discourse, it proved a very fortunate one for the young traveller: on hearing the answer she made—'You need not,' said Lady Speck, 'be at the pains or expence of hiring a man and horse, as we have enough of both standing idle. I doubt not but the woman of the house will readily provide a pillion; and you may ride behind one of my servants.'

This offer being too convenient, as well as obliging, not to be joyfully accepted, the lady immediately called for one of her servants, and gave him orders to do as she had said; adding withal, that when they came to Reading he should use his endeavours to assist the young lady he carried in getting a post-chaise for her to pursue her journey.

A very little time served for the execution of this command; and after the most becoming retributions on the one side, and sincere good wishes on the other, the fair stranger took her leave of a company among whom she had been so providentially thrown in a time of such distress.

Jenny, who had her head and heart a good deal taken up with what had passed, followed her down stairs; and making her step into a little room where they could not be overheard, surprized her with these words.

'I cannot express,' said she, with the greatest sweetness in her voice and looks, 'how deeply I have been touched with your misfortunes, nor how much ashamed I am of the slender contribution made for your relief. Lady Speck is very good; and I never was more amazed than to hear her mention so pitiful a sum as two guineas a-piece; but as it was agreed to by her sister, I could not well oppose it without giving offence: I shall, however, never be able to remember this affair without blushing, if you do not allow me to make up some part of the deficiency.'

She accompanied the latter part of this speech with a present of five guineas, which the other shewed great unwillingness to accept; saying, she was already

already overloaded with favours, and what she had received was more than sufficient for all the purposes she wanted: but Jenny told her, that she knew not what accidents might happen to a person at such a distance from her friends; and, in fine, forced her to take it; then, after giving her a most cordial embrace, left her, and returned to the company, without taking any notice of the occasion of her leaving them.

She found them animadverting on this adventure, which doubtless had something pretty extraordinary in it. Lady Speck was just saying how lucky a thing it was for the young stranger that she happened to come into the same inn where they were. 'It was so, indeed,' replied Jenny; 'and I think no less fortunate for us also, as the sight of her distress has given us an opportunity of doing what every one ought to rejoice in having the power to do.'

'Nothing can be more just, Madam, than this reflection of yours,' said Mr. Lovegrove; 'but I am sorry to have observed, that there are too many who have greatly the power without being blessed with the will to do the least good office: others again, who, though of a more beneficent disposition, confine their bounties within the narrow compass of their own acquaintance. Distress is not distress with them, unless the person who labours under it be known to them; forgetting that all mankind are but one family, descended originally from the same parents; that every individual is a branch from the same stock, and consequently have a kindred right to the protection of each other.'

'I was an ear witness not long ago,' continued he, 'of a very severe as well as a genteel reprimand given to a peer of the first rank by a person in great distress, who had petitioned his lordship for relief, and to whom he sent for answer, that he knew nothing of him, and that he never gave any thing to strangers; on this the unfortunate person replied to him that delivered the message—"Then tell your lord that he will never relieve an angel."

This worthy gentleman would perhaps have farther expatiated on the beauties of a mind extensively benevolent, if they had not been interrupted by

Landy, who came up to acquaint them the necessary repairs of the coach were now entirely finished. On hearing this, as there were yet some hours of daylight, they all agreed to go to Maidenhead that night; not only because they were sure of meeting with better accommodation than they had found here, but also for the sake of being so much the farther on their journey.

Every thing being got ready with all imaginable expedition, they departed from that village, where Lady Speck left orders that the servant who had been sent to conduct the young stranger should refresh himself there that night, and follow them early the next morning to Maidenhead.

CHAP. XV.

CANNOT FAIL OF GIVING AN AGREEABLE SENSATION TO EVERY HONEST AND GOOD-NATURED READER.

MISS Wingman, who, besides the natural affection she had for a mother who tenderly loved her, had always been bred in the strictest principles of duty and obedience to her, could not keep herself from being a little uneasy at the delay that had happened in their journey, fearing that indulgent parent might be under some apprehensions of her being detained by a worse accident than the real one, a day longer than she expected.

To relieve her as soon as possible, however, from the anxieties she might be under on this score, she made Landy, instead of stopping with them at Maidenhead, proceed directly, and with all the speed he could, towards London: the honest steward knowing his old lady's temper, was glad to be charged with this commission, assured the young one, that, as far as the day was advanced, he doubted not but he should be able to reach Windsor that night; and from thence, setting out early the next morning, carry Lady Wingman the joyful news of their approach several hours before the coach could possibly arrive.

This filial observance, in a young lady of Miss Wingman's gay and volatile disposition, appeared extremely amiable in the eyes both of Jenny and Mr.

Mr. Lovegrove; but I will not trouble the reader with any repetition of the many compliments they made to her upon the occasion, things of much greater moment requiring to be discussed.

Nothing worthy of obtaining a place in this history happening at present, I shall only say, they all came to Maidenhead perfectly well pleased with the change of their quarters; and that Mr. Lovegrove, to whose direction every thing was left, took care they should be made full amends that evening for the bad entertainment of the preceding one.

The servant, who had been sent to attend the fair fugitive, returned, according to the orders he had received, very early in the morning, and brought an account, that he had been so fortunate as to procure a handsome post-chaise for her, which was to carry her quite to Bristol.

Mr. Lovegrove, Jenny, and Miss Wingman, were all up and dressed; the equipage was ready: but Lady Speck, who loved to travel at her ease, not rising before her usual hour, they did not set out so soon as some of the company, her sister in particular, were impatient to do.

Notwithstanding this, the high metal of the horses, and skill of the conductor, brought them to London pretty early in the afternoon. Lady Speck, who thought herself under an indispensable duty of waiting on her mother before she went home, prevailed on Jenny and Mr. Lovegrove to accompany them; so the coachman was ordered to drive directly thither.

It cannot be doubted but that the good old lady received her two daughters with all the demonstrations of affection imaginable, and those they brought with them with the greatest complaisance; but after the first salutations were over—'I am sorry,' said she, turning to Lady Speck, 'that what I wrote to Kitty has made you and Miss Jessamy quit the pleasures of Bath, so much sooner than I believe either of you intended.'

'I am sorry, Madam,' replied she, 'for the occasion of your ladyship's writing in that manner.'—'So am not I,' cried a voice well known to all that were present; and immediately Lord Huntley, followed by Sir Tho-

mas Welby, rushed from an inner room, where they had withdrawn on the ladies coming up. 'The late cloud,' continued Lord Huntley, 'cast upon my honour, I hope will only serve to render it more bright in the eyes of those to whom I most desire it should be conspicuous.'

He then paid his compliments to each of the ladies, one after another, who were all of them so astonished at the sight of him, that they had not the power of uttering one word: this scene, in effect was so pleasant, that Sir Thomas Welby laughed till his sides shook; and Lady Wingman, in spite of her gravity, could not forbear smiling.

As Lord Huntley advanced to embrace Mr. Lovegrove—'I congratulate you, my lord,' said that gentleman; 'I congratulate you, since there needs no other proof than seeing your lordship here, to assure me that your innocence is fully cleared.'

'Aye, aye,' cried Sir Thomas Welby; 'all this bustle has happened through my foolish mistake: and I am glad that, besides my fair charge and her mother, here are so many witnesses of my acknowledging it.'

'Sir Thomas,' replied Lord Huntley, 'you have so well atoned for re-presenting me more unworthy than I really am, or can be, by the promise you have given me of using your interest to make me more happy than I can ever deserve to be, that I have reason to bless an error so propitious to my hopes.'

'The event, I perceive, has proved fortunate enough,' said Lady Speck; 'but, methinks, I should be glad to know how it came about to be so, and by what means Sir Thomas was so strangely deceived.'

'Strangely indeed, Madam!' answered he; 'I am ashamed to think of it: but have a little patience, and you shall be fully acquainted with all the particulars of this very foolish affair; it is a penance I have enjoined myself, for my weakness in so rashly giving credit to appearances.'

The company now seated themselves, which before they had not done; and Sir Thomas, on seeing the three young ladies and Mr. Lovegrove prepared to give their attention to what he had to deliver, began the recital he had promised, in these or the like words.

P 2 'Happening

‘Happening to call,’ said he, ‘at the house of an honest tradesman with whom I have been long acquainted, I was a little surprized, on passing through his shop, to hear a person who came in just after me, enquire if Lord Huntley or his lady were at home.’

‘I staid not to hear what answer was given to the man, but went directly to my friend, whom I saw sitting in his counting-house: the first question I asked him was, what lodgers he had in the house? To which he replied, that at present he had the honour of having Lord and Lady Huntley, of the kingdom of Ireland; but should not long be so happy, for they had taken a great house in the New Buildings, and only waited till their furniture, which was on the road from West-Chester, should arrive.’

‘The consternation I was in made me put a great many interrogations to him, some of which I believe were impertinent enough; but he had the good manners, however, to answer succinctly to every thing I asked, according to the best of his knowledge. He told me, that Lord Huntley had been in England some time before his lady; that he had staid but two nights with her in these lodgings before he went out of town, and would not return till his house should be quite compleated, and fit for his reception, leaving the care of every thing to her ladyship and the steward.’

‘He also added, that hearing they intended to furnish one apartment entirely new, he had recommended an upholsterer and cabinet-maker to them for that purpose, and hoped he should have an opportunity of obliging several others of his friends and neighbours, by helping them to the custom of this noble lord.’

‘As he is of a very communicative disposition, he ran on, of his own accord, with several other particulars; to which, indeed, I did not give much attention, thinking myself thoroughly convinced in the main point, that of Lord Huntley’s being a married man.’

‘But notwithstanding all he said served to corroborate that belief in me, I was willing to be still more confirmed; which I thought I might

be, by seeing and speaking to the lady herself.’

‘Accordingly I told my friend, that I was well acquainted with Lord Huntley, though I had not till now heard of his marriage; but that, since it was so, and the thing seemed to be no secret, I should be glad to pay my compliments to her ladyship on that occasion.’

‘To this he replied, that she was the best-humoured woman in the world, and he was sure would take it very kindly. “Yonder is the steward,” cried he; “I will let him know your intentions.” In speaking these words, and without waiting to hear what I would say, he beckoned to a person who was that moment coming into the house: presently the worst countenanced man I ever saw, on my signifying to him my desire of waiting on Lady Huntley, answered with a great deal of civility, that he would see if her ladyship was at leisure to receive the honour of my visit.’

‘I forgot to send up my name, which blunder occasioned him to come down again to ask it. I made no scruple to inform him who I was, with this addition, of being one of Lord Huntley’s friends: he went up again, but staid much longer above the second time than he had done the first; at last, however, he returned with leave for my admission.’

‘I followed my conductor, who introduced me to the presence of a very lovely woman indeed, though she had somewhat of a downcast look in her eyes; which, as well as a good deal of hesitation in her voice in receiving me, I at that time imputed to her modesty, on finding herself accosted by a stranger; but have since found more proper causes to ascribe it to, those of guilt and fear.’

‘When the first compliments were passed, I took the liberty of asking her to what part of the country my lord had retired. She seemed in more confusion than before at this question, which then gave me some surprise; but on reflecting afterwards upon it, I easily found it had proceeded from her want of being prepared with an answer. I was, however, so inconsiderate as to furnish her

her with one, by mentioning Bath; on which she presently cried out—
 "Yes, Sir; my lord is gone to Bath with some persons of quality, his relations."

Having satisfied my curiosity with the sight of this fine lady, I took a pretty hasty leave of her, and went directly to Lady Wingman, to whom I was impatient to communicate the discovery which, I thought, had been so providentially thrown in my way.

Her ladyship, as may easily be supposed, was both amazed and troubled; but the result of our conversation was to write immediately to Miss Wingman, and apprize her of the danger we imagined she was in from the addresses of a married man. My lady would needs send Lady with these dispatches, in order to enforce the contents, and to conduct her daughter up to London.

I need not tell you the satisfaction Miss Wingman's letter gave us. Her ladyship was now perfectly easy; and I gave myself no farther pains to enquire after Lord and Lady Huntley. Happening, however, to meet my friend one day by accident, he told me that his lordship was expected in town every hour, and that all was ready for their going into their house; so that he should soon lose his lodgers.

Things were in this position, when I was told one morning, soon after I was out of bed, that Lord Huntley, and a gentleman he had brought with him, were below, and desired to speak with me. I think I was not more astonished on hearing he was married, than I was at his making me a visit. I ran down, notwithstanding, to receive him; but more hastened by the perplexity I was in than by any respect I had for him at that time.

"Indeed, my lord," continued Sir Thomas, addressing himself to Lord Huntley, "I can never too much admire your lordship's moderation in behaving towards me as you did, after knowing what I had wrote concerning you to Miss Wingman."—
 "Oh, Sir Thomas!" replied that nobleman, "I reserved all my fire for those who I supposed had traduced me to you, and created me an enemy out of my best friend."

Sir Thomas was about to make some return to what Lord Huntley had said;

but the ladies cried out, that they were impatient for the catastrophe of this adventure, and desired he would give a truce to compliments, and pursue the thread of his discourse: on which he told them they should be obeyed; and went on thus.

"What I have farther to relate," said he, "will be contained in a very short compass. My lord and I soon came to an *eclaircissement*: his lordship repeated to me the heads of my letter to Miss Wingman; and I gave him a faithful account of the reasons on which my accusation was founded. He requested me to use my endeavours to shew him the villain that had usurped his name. I readily complied; and attended his lordship and his friend, who, I afterwards found, was Sir Robert Manley, to the house where the supposed Lord Huntley and his lady lodged.

My honest friend was luckily at home; but, on my desiring to speak with Lord or Lady Huntley, he told me they had left him two days before, and were gone to their new house: on which I asked him if he knew Lord Huntley when he saw him? "Yes, certainly!" replied he, somewhat surprized at the question. "Am I the person," cried Lord Huntley, stepping forward, "that lodged with you, and bore the name of Lord Huntley?"—"No, Sir," answered he; "nor has he any thing of your resemblance."—"Then," said I, "you have been imposed upon; it is well if not cheated too: for, I assure you, this is the real Lord Huntley; and him you have had with you must be an impostor."

Never were horror and amazement more strongly painted than in the face of this poor tradesman. "Then I am undone!" cried he. "I do not mean for what I shall lose myself, though it is no trifle; but I have drawn in several of my friends to give them credit." He then proceeded to inform us that they had taken up plate, jewels, household furniture, and wearing apparel, to a considerable amount; and all through his recommendation. We pitied his distress, comforted him the best we could, and told him that, as the affair was so recent, it was to be hoped their things might be recovered.

Lord

‘ Lord Huntley’s honour was now fully cleared; but he could not be content without condign punishment being inflicted on the villain who had assumed his name and character for purposes so infamous and base. The defrauded tradesmen were all sent for on this occasion; and, as it could not be imagined that the pretended Lord Huntley would either stay long in this town, or venture to appear to any stranger while in it, the best expedient that offered was to get a search-warrant to force open the doors of his new habitation; by which means he would not only be apprehended, but also such part of the goods he had taken up, which were not yet embzzled, might be restored to the proper owners.

‘ A warrant was easily obtained on the oath of the several tradesmen, who all went with Lord Huntley, Sir Robert Manley, and myself, to see it put in execution by the officers of justice; but, to our great disappointment, the impostor was flown, with the whole gang belonging to him, both male and female. Upon enquiry among the neighbours, we found they had been there but one night; which time, it may be supposed, they had spent in packing up and carrying off goods they had brought in. The house, indeed, is conveniently situated for such a purpose, there being a back-door through the stables into another street.’

Here Sir Thomas Welby ended his little narrative: what was said upon it will be part of the subject of the succeeding chapter.

C H A P. XVI.

TREATS OF MORE THINGS THAN ONE.

AFTER thanking Sir Thomas Welby for the trouble he had given himself in satisfying their curiosity, and congratulating Lord Huntley on the ease he had found in removing the aspersions cast upon him, this amiable company began to enquire what methods had been taken to find out where the impostor and his associates had concealed themselves, in order that they might be brought to justice.

Lord Huntley replied, that nothing had been left undone for that purpose; that not only all the suspected places in London had been searched, but also letters sent to all those ports in the kingdom which opened either towards France, Holland, or Ireland, with a description of their persons, and affidavits of the frauds they had been guilty of; but that all this had been of no effect: so that those wretches, if they took any of those routes, must have escaped before the intelligence arrived.

‘ I cannot but confess,’ said Mr. Lovegrove, ‘ that the impostor shewed a good deal of address in the management of this affair; for, as he had assumed the character of a nobleman whose person, he must needs believe, was well known, he took care not to be seen by any one but the master of the house where the scene of his villainy was to be transacted, and even by him but just enough to give him room to say he had such a one for his lodger.’

‘ It certainly requires abundance both of courage and policy to form a complete villain,’ said Lady Wingman; and I have often wondered that men, endued with such great talents, should not rather employ them for ends more laudable, as well as more safe, for themselves.’

‘ All good qualities, Madam,’ replied Mr. Lovegrove, ‘ lose their very nature when accompanied with a vicious disposition. Some men are born with such an unhappy propensity, such an innate love of wickedness, that they will do nothing at all unless they can do mischief: it is in that alone they are capable of exerting the talents they are possessed of. Nothing is more frequent than for a lawyer, who might make a very good figure in a just cause, to chuse to engage himself only in those which require chicanery and artifice; nor for a soldier drummed out of his regiment for cowardice, to become a most bold and hardened villain in robbing on the highway.’

‘ Yet there is a way to correct this propensity you talk of,’ cried Lady Speck; ‘ otherwise vice would rather be a misfortune than a fault, and consequently deserve less blame than pity.’

‘ Doubtless, Madam,’ answered Mr. Lovegrove;

Lovegrove; 'but it must be done in the most early years of life, and requires more pains than either tutor or pupil are sometimes inclined to take.'

This gentleman would, perhaps, have gone on with some discourse concerning the mistakes of education, and the little care that is too generally taken in giving a right bent to the minds of youth, which might have been of very great service to many of my readers, if it had not been prevented by the sudden entrance of Sir Robert Manley; on which the conversation immediately turned on other subjects.

The trusty Landy, according to his promise, having reached London pretty early that morning, Lady Wingman took it into her head to surprize her daughters with the sight of Lord Huntley in a place where they could so little expect to find him; and willing also that their common friends should be witnesses of this meeting, made an invitation, at the same time, to Sir Thomas Welby and Sir Robert Manley; but the latter of these gentlemen not being at home when the message was delivered, heard not of it till some hours afterwards, which was the cause that he came not with the others.

Welcomes, congratulations, and all the compliments befitting the present occasion, were now renewed; after which—'What I have lost,' said Sir Robert Manley, 'by not being here before, will, I hope, be made up by the company by the intelligence I bring.—You know, my lord,' continued he, turning to Lord Huntley, 'that we met Celandine in the Park yesterday?'

'Yes,' replied that nobleman, laughing; 'he was all alert and gay, talking to some ladies, when we met him: but I shall never forget how his countenance changed on perceiving us, and how silly and sheepish he looked as we passed by him!'

'The secret of his doing so,' resumed Sir Robert, 'is easy to guess. The sight of us two, doubtless, made him imagine that the terrible Mr. Lovegrove was also in town; for I have just now heard that he has packed up all his fardles of fopperies, and is gone this very morning to make a second tour, and display them to the best advan-

tage he can among his brethren, the petit-maitres.'

'What! gone to Paris?' cried Mr. Lovegrove. 'Aye, verily!' replied the other: 'his diamond tassel now ceases to sparkle in St. James's sun, and his musk and amber to perfume the Mall. Your dreadful idea has driven hence the hero of the mode—'

"To the great grief of many a charming toast,
"Who sighs and mourns her dear Pulvilio
"lost!"

'Fye upon you, Sir Robert!' said Miss Wingman, giving him a slap over the shoulder with her fan; 'I cannot have so mean an opinion of my sex as to believe that there is even one woman in the world that will regret the absence of such a coxcomb.'

'Yes, sister,' rejoined Lady Speck, 'just as one would regret the loss of a squirrel or a monkey, who has diverted one with its tricks; for, I dare answer, no woman ever considered him in any other light.'

'Perhaps not, Madam,' said Lord Huntley; 'but as the animals you mention are sometimes very mischievous, so there may be danger in encouraging the follies of Celandine, which every one is not aware of. There is a certain young lady in this town, by some cried up for one of the greatest beauties in it, who has received a wound in her reputation, which will not easily be healed, on account of her acquaintance with him.'

'I know who your lordship means,' cried Jenny, who was always ready to take part with the absent; 'but dare believe that, whoever censures her for having the least tendre for that unworthy trifler, does her a great deal of injustice. It is true, he has had the impudence and vanity to follow her to all publick places, and even to take some liberty in company, which her excess of good-nature kept her from resenting so much as, perhaps, she ought to have done: yet, in spite of these appearances, I think I may be pretty positive that she heartily hates and despises him.'

Mr. Lovegrove, who, in all probability, had more concern in this discourse than any one of the company, except

except Lady Speck, joined not in it; but affected to be wholly unattentive during the time it lasted, and seemed taken up with admiring a fine gold-headed cane Sir Thomas Welby had in his hand.

The good baronet, who had all this while been silent, as knowing nothing either of Celandine or the lady mentioned by Lord Huntley, could not now, on hearing what Jenny said, forbear testifying his admiration of her generosity in expressions no less polite than they were sincere.

'It is no new thing, Sir Thomas,' said Mr. Lovegrove, 'to hear Miss Jessamy plead the cause of the accused: strong as was the indictment laid against Lord Huntley in your letter, I can assure you it lost half its force by the arguments which this fair advocate urged in opposition to it; scarce could the supposed criminal himself have defended his innocence with more zeal, or in terms more pathetic and efficacious.'

It cannot be doubted but that Lord Huntley made the most grateful acknowledgments to that young lady, on being told the part she had taken in his justification. 'But bow, Madam,' said he to her, 'did my charming judge receive the pleas you were so good to offer in my behalf?'

'Oh, my lord,' answered she with a smile, 'this is not a fair question; a barrister, you know, never pretends to dive into the sentiments of the court.' He then was about to address something to Miss Wingman, who seemed in a good deal of confusion at this discourse; but her blushes were instantly relieved by the butler coming in to tell Lady Wingman that supper was on the table; on which they all adjourned into the next room; and sat down to partake of a very elegant collation, which that lady had prepared for their entertainment.

What passed during the time of eating would be superfluous to repeat; so I shall only say, that soon after the cloth was taken away, Lady Speck, knowing her mother went early to bed, made a motion to retire, and by doing so, engaged the company to break up, to the no small satisfaction of Jenny, who was impatient to get home, for reasons which will presently appear.

C H A P. XVII.

AFFORDS FRESH MATTER TO EMPLOY THE SPECULATION OF EVERY CURIOUS READER.

BY Jemmy's letter from Ham-Hall, Jenny found that the time which he proposed to continue there was elapsed; and therefore doubting not but that he was now in town, sent her servant the minute she came home, to acquaint him with her arrival; but she was a good deal surprized when the return of the messenger informed her, that after staying but two nights in London, he had set out the very day before for Bath.

The gall of this disappointment had an equal portion of sweetness mingled with it: if she was vexed at not being able to see him so soon as she had expected, she was no less pleased on the haste he had made to go to Bath, as she knew he could have no reason to imagine she as yet had left that place.

This being a new proof of the sincerity of his affection towards her, very much abated her impatience to reproach him with the less honourable addresses he had made elsewhere; and she sometimes even doubted within herself, whether she ought ever to give him any shock upon that score.

When the suspicion of an enormous injury is once removed, all lesser ones decrease in magnitude, and seem less deserving our resentment than they really are. Jenny believing her lover innocent, as to the main point, began now to think little of any thing else he might be guilty of.

The good-humour she was in at present with him rendered her mind quite composed: but the time was not arrived when she was to remain in any settled state of tranquillity; a letter was brought to her by a person who refused to say either from whom or from whence he came. It contained these lines:

'TO MISS JESSAMY.'

'MADAM,
'THE high character I have heard of your good-nature and complaisance makes me not doubt but you are endowed with an equal share of justice

‘ justice and generosity, especially when
 ‘ these noble virtues are to be exerted
 ‘ in favour of a person of your own
 ‘ sex; and in that confidence take the
 ‘ liberty of entreating you will set me
 ‘ right in an affair on which the whole
 ‘ happiness of my life depends, and
 ‘ which none but yourself can clear up
 ‘ from its present ambiguity.

‘ I have for a considerable time re-
 ‘ ceived the most passionate addresses of
 ‘ a gentleman whom, I very well know,
 ‘ the world once looked upon as destin-
 ‘ ed to be yours: he has gained my
 ‘ friends consent, and, by his merits
 ‘ and assiduities, so great an ascendant
 ‘ over me, that nothing hitherto has
 ‘ hindered me from accepting his hand,
 ‘ but the fears that in doing so I should
 ‘ be accessory to his being guilty of an
 ‘ irreparable injury to you.

‘ After all this, it may perhaps be
 ‘ needless to tell you, that I mean Mr.
 ‘ Jessamy; but as my circumstances re-
 ‘ quire a plain and categorical answer
 ‘ from you on this head, it behoves me
 ‘ to express myself in terms which will
 ‘ admit no room to doubt their mean-
 ‘ ing: it is, indeed, Madam, no other
 ‘ than he whom I love, and by whom I
 ‘ am equally beloved; and who, while
 ‘ he confesses a former engagement with
 ‘ you, protests at the same time, and
 ‘ with the same seeming sincerity at
 ‘ least, that it is now entirely broken
 ‘ off, and that he is at full liberty to
 ‘ dispose of his person where he has
 ‘ given his heart.

‘ But I have been told, by people
 ‘ more experienced than myself, that
 ‘ men will say and swear any thing to
 ‘ gain their point; I dare, therefore,
 ‘ depend on nothing but an assurance
 ‘ from yourself of the reality of his pro-
 ‘ fessions. Tell me, I beseech you,
 ‘ how far the intended union between
 ‘ you is dissolved, and whether I may
 ‘ be his without a crime? Pity a rival,
 ‘ who would rather die than invade your
 ‘ property, if once convinced he is so;
 ‘ ease a suspense which has something
 ‘ in it more distracting, more cruel, than
 ‘ all that could be inflicted by the last
 ‘ despair on her who is, with the great-
 ‘ est respect, Madam, your most obedi-
 ‘ ent, though unknown servant.

‘ P. S. I beg an immediate answer,
 ‘ because I have promised to give
 ‘ mine to Mr. Jessamy on his re-

‘ turn from Bath; and should be
 ‘ glad to know, before he comes,
 ‘ in what manner I ought to square
 ‘ my conduct towards him.’

On the first reading this letter, new
 alarms, new doubts, new jealousies; in-
 stantly filled the head and heart of Jen-
 ny; but, on the second perusal, there
 seemed to her something too romantick
 in the expression, as well as purport of
 it, for her to believe it founded upon
 real fact; and she began to fancy it was
 either intended by her enemies as an in-
 sult, or her friends as a jest: resolving,
 therefore, that from which quarter so-
 ever it came, neither of them should
 have any room to laugh at her behavi-
 our on the occasion, she took a small
 piece of paper, and wrote in the follow-
 ing words.

‘ IF I were really possessed of all the
 ‘ good qualities ascribed to me in
 ‘ the letter before me, I know none of
 ‘ them that would oblige me to send any
 ‘ answer to an anonymous epistle: when
 ‘ the lady who wrote it thinks proper
 ‘ to reveal herself, she may depend on
 ‘ the satisfaction she desires; in the mean
 ‘ time she is at liberty to form what
 ‘ conjecture she pleases, and to be di-
 ‘ rected by them which appear to her to
 ‘ have the greatest probability of being
 ‘ right.’

This, without either seal or direc-
 tion, and only folded in a careless man-
 ner, she gave to the messenger who had
 brought the letter, and bid him carry it
 to those who sent him.

She set herself down again in order
 to re-examine the contents of this ex-
 traordinary epistle; but the more she did
 so, the less able was she to conceive the
 real intention of it, or from what hand
 it came.

After forming, and as often reject-
 ing, a thousand different conjectures, it
 at last came into her head, that the wo-
 man to whom Jemmy had wrote that
 letter which she received at Bath by
 mistake, had contrived this stratagem
 to create a dissention between them.

‘ I have heard,’ said she to herself,
 ‘ that women of the vile profession I
 ‘ suppose her of, value themselves up-
 ‘ on these kind of artifices, and take a
 ‘ pride in the mischiefs they sometimes
 ‘ occasion: but certainly,’ continued

she, 'those on whom such little tricks have any effect must have a very small share of understanding. Jemmy, however,' added she, after a pause, 'will see by this the scandal and danger of entering into any sort of intimacy with such abandoned creatures.'

But though it must be acknowledged that there was the appearance of a good deal of reason to confirm her in this last opinion, yet I believe the sagacious reader, by what has been the business of several chapters in the first volume of this work, will easily guess that the letter in question was only an addition to the former attempts made by the invidious Bellpine to dissolve that cement of affection which had so long united the hearts of our two lovers.

It was, indeed, no other than that base man, who knowing she was in town, by having accidentally met her footman in the morning, had taken this method of corroborating the many others which he before had put in practice.

He waited at a coffee house in the neighbourhood, to see what return Jenny would make by his emissary; which finding not so satisfactory as he wished, he went directly to visit her, hoping that by her countenance and behaviour, immediately after the receipt of this letter, he would be able to discover, more than by her answer to it, what effect it had wrought upon her.

It has been already observed, that Jemmy had inspired her with the best opinion of this treacherous friend; so she no sooner heard he was below, than she ordered he should be introduced, and received him with that sweetness and affability with which she always treated those whom she thought deserving of it.

What company were at Bath; who made the most brilliant appearance there; who won, and who lost at play; with other such like matters, employed the first moments of their conversation: but Bellpine, desirous of turning it on something more applicable to his purpose, gave over speaking on these subjects as soon as he could do so without abruptness.

'Mr. Jessamy must certainly be very unhappy, Madam,' said he, 'on finding you had quitted Bath before his arrival there.'—'He deserves little pity

on that score,' replied Jenny: 'you men can always find ways to divert yourselves; few of you regret the absence of an old friend, when you have so many opportunities of engaging new ones.'

Though she spoke these words with a very gay air, yet there was a certain keenness in her looks at the same time, which persuaded this watchful observer that his plot had not entirely failed of the success he aimed at.

'I do not pretend, Madam,' resumed he, 'to dive into the sentiments of Mr. Jessamy; but I am very sure, that if you were free, and at liberty to be addressed, there are men in the world who would think no joy equal to that of gazing on you, and of repeating every day, every hour, nay, every minute, the influence of your charms.'

'It is possible, indeed,' answered she, 'that there may be some who would endeavour to make me believe so, and that might be even vain enough to imagine I was pleased with what they said: it is, therefore, very fortunate for me, that I was disposed of by my parents before I arrived at an age to be teased with such impertinence.'

'It is strange how you have escaped them. However, Madam,' said he, 'your marriage with Mr. Jessamy being so long delayed, might reasonably tempt those who wish it so, to flatter themselves with a belief that it never will be accomplished, and that there was somewhat of a disinclination either on the one side or the other.'

These words made her not doubt but that the report she had heard so much of concerning Jemmy's inconstancy had also reached his ears; and she would certainly have been instigated, if not by female curiosity, by love or jealousy, to enter into some discourse with him on that head, if the intimacy between them had not restrained her, as she thought he would not betray to her the secret of his friend, in case he were entrusted with it.

What he said, however, bringing fresh to her memory the vexation she had lately undergone on this account, her countenance went through several changes in the space of half a minute. 'Whoever should think in the manner you mention,' replied she, 'would discover a great want of judgment: a conjecture

conjecture of this nature could be justified only by the behaviour of one or other of us; and I believe it has been such on both sides as to give no room for suspicion that either of us regretted the agreement made between our parents.

A lady to whom Jenny had sent a card that morning, to give notice of her being in town, that same instant coming in, prevented Bellpine from making any answer; and he took his leave soon after, having discovered by this visit that his artifices had given her some uneasiness, but less resentment than was necessary for the success of his design.

CHAP. XVIII.

IS DULL ENOUGH TO PLEASE THOSE WHO TAKE AN ILL-NATURED DELIGHT IN FINDING SOMETHING TO CONDEMN; YET IS NOT WITHOUT OCCURRENCES WHICH WILL KEEP AWAKE THE ATTENTION OF SUCH WHO READ WITH A DESIRE OF BEING AGREEABLY AMUSED.

THE lady who came to visit Jenny was extremely good-humoured, but a little too talkative; she never exceeded the bounds of truth in any thing she said, but gave herself not the trouble of considering how far the truths she uttered were proper to be revealed.

I have observed, that people of this temper frequently do as much mischief, without designing it, as those of the most malicious intentions are capable of: and though sincerity be among the number of the most valuable virtues, yet there are many circumstances wherein to speak all one knows may produce as bad consequences as to speak more than one knows.

I never happened to fall into the company of either man or woman of this stamp, but I have fresh in memory some lines I formerly read in Browne's works—

'Those babbling echoes of whate'er they hear,
'Fame's menial servants, who her tidings bear,
'Sow such dissention, kindle such debate,
'As turns all sweet to sour, all love to hate.'

But to return to my subject. Bellpine had no sooner left the two ladies together, than Jenny's friend began to ex-

press some wonder at seeing her in town so much before the time she was expected: 'What,' cried she, 'is there any disagreement between you and Mr. Jessamy?'

'No, not any,' replied Jenny, a little startled at the question: 'but wherefore do you ask?'—'Nay,' resumed the other, 'it was only a foolish imagination of my own: not but I had some reason for it, too. You must know, that I thought you had been told something of him that had made you angry; and so, when you heard he was coming down to Bath, you immediately flounced up to London.'

'All a mistake, upon my word!' said Jenny: 'the ladies I was with had some business in town; and my unwillingness to be left behind was the sole cause of my returning to London so soon. But, pray, what put such a thing into your head?'

'I did not think to tell you,' answered this fair gossip; 'but since you press me—though I am afraid it will vex you—yet I think, too, you ought to know it; and if you will promise me not to fret, I will let you into the whole secret.'

Jenny then said, that she should listen without pain to any thing she had to relate, and gave her many more assurances of her philosophy in this point than she had occasion to do; as the other was no less impatient to disburden herself of the secret than she was to be made a sharer in it.

'Well, men will be men,' said the lady; 'there is no such thing as changing nature: but, sure, I made the discovery I am going to tell you, by the oddest accident that ever was; I suppose you know Mrs. Comode, the habbit-maker?'—'No,' replied Jenny; 'but I have heard of her.'

'I buy all my things of her,' resumed the other; 'she has vast business, and I think the genteelst fancy of any woman of her profession about town; every thing she makes up sits with such an air! You must know, I had bespoke a fly-petticoat with fringes of her: it not being sent home according to the time she promised, I called in one morning as I passed that way to see if it was done; she made a thousand apologies, and said I should have it that day; but I scolded heartily, and insisted upon seeing how near it

‘ was finished; on which she ran up to fetch it, leaving me alone in the shop.

‘ The moment she was gone,’ continued this tale-monger, ‘ I found my garter was slipt; I durst not venture to tie it up in that place, for fear somebody should come in; and was running into a little room behind the shop; but, Lord! I shall never forget how I was surprised; I had no sooner pushed open the door of that place, who do you think I saw there?’

‘ I cannot guess, indeed, my dear; but expect you will inform me,’ replied Jenny. ‘ Why, no other,’ said she, ‘ than the very individual Mr. Jessamy!—Do not be uneasy now—sitting as close to a fine lady as two kernels in a nut-shell, hand in hand, and one of his arms across her shoulder: they were so earnest in discourse, that they either did not hear the door open, or thought it was Mrs. Comode herself; but both seemed in great confusion, and started from their seats when I came in. Whether Mr. Jessamy saw enough of me to distinguish who I was, I know not; for I only cried—“ I ask pardon,” and went out of the room with as much haste as I had entered.

‘ Mrs. Comode came down presently after, and brought the petticoat; but I was in such a consternation at what I had seen, that I could scarce look upon it. I told her of what had happened, but did not say I knew either of the parties. She appeared very much shocked, but made an awkward excuse; said they were two of her customers that had been walking that morning, and came in to beg a pot of tea; on which I took no farther notice; but have had no good opinion of her ever since.

‘ Some woman of the town, I suppose,’ said Jenny: ‘ pray, what sort of creature was it he had with him?’—‘ Nay,’ answered the other, ‘ you cannot think-it possible for me to give any particular description of her by the momentary glimpse I had of her: but I cannot say that altogether she looked like such a person.’

Jenny had boasted of so much fortitude, that she was a little vexed she had betrayed any want of it by the question she had asked; but she afterwards atoned for it by affecting the most perfect indifference during the rest of the

conversation they had together on this subject, which lasted almost the whole time the lady staid.

Nothing is more painful than, when the mind is discomposed, to be under a necessity of concealing it: Jenny had been impatient to be alone long before she was so, and found a good deal of ease when she attained an opportunity of reflecting at leisure on what she had heard.

The story told her by this lady had not so much affected her, as the hint given her by Bellpine, concerning a supposition that the match between her and Jemmy was on the point of being broke off. This tallying so exactly with the intelligence sent to Lady Speck at Bath, convinced her that such a thing was really talked of in town, and could not but very much alarm both her love and pride.

Yet when she remembered her lover's tender letter from Ham-Hall, and the many others she had received from him while she was at Bath; besides the haste she found he had made in hurrying down to that place, in expectation of meeting her there; she could not tell how to think it possible, that, if guilty as represented, he could be capable of such deceit.

‘ There is no answering for the hearts of men,’ said she: ‘ love is an involuntary passion; chance or fatality directs the choice, and sometimes a single moment undoes the work of years. I should not be surprised that Jemmy happened to see a face which had more charms for him than mine: but wherefore, then, should he carry on the deception with me? How would it avail his new flame to pretend to prosecute a former one? No,’ continued she, after pausing a little; ‘ for him to act in this manner would be as inconsistent with reason and common sense, as with honour and justice; and it would also be the utmost weakness in me to believe it.’

Thus did she make herself tolerably easy as to the main part of what was laid to his charge; but as to his having entered into an affair of gallantry, she had too plain a proof of that under his own hand-writing, to admit the least room for doubt, and needed not the confirmation she had just received of it from her friend.

Upon the whole, however, few young ladies in her circumstances would have suffered less inquietude: and this must be

be said of her, that it was much more difficult to raise any tempest in her mind, than it was to calm that tempest after it had been raised.

Neither grief nor anger had the power to affect her long, or to drive her to any excesses while they lasted: a humour extremely volatile, a great deal of good-nature, and an equal share of understanding, were happily united in her composition, and made her always ready to believe the best, and to forgive the worst.

The small remains of resentment and discontent, on the various occasions that had been given her for both, were entirely dissipated, when, on the evening of the succeeding day, she received a letter from Jemmy, the contents whereof were as follow.

‘ TO MISS JESSAMY.

‘ MY MORE THAN EVER DEAR JENNY!

‘ I Have certainly been of late one of the most unlucky fellows in the universe; first, to be detained, by a series of cross accidents, from following you in a few days, as I proposed; then, when I had dispatched those vexatious affairs, and just upon the wing to fly to Bath, to be dragged to another quarter of the kingdom, by one whose entreaties you know I could not well deny; and, lastly, when, got free from every care but my impatience to be with you, I arrived here full-fraught with the expectation of meeting all my soul holds dear, to find you had left the place scarce twenty-four hours before I came; judge how sincerely I am mortified! I suppose the caprice of those you were with carried you so suddenly from hence: but I hope that day is now near at hand when those who take you will be obliged to take me also; for indeed, my dear Jenny, I am quite weary of this life. Whenever I am from you for any length of time, I feel, methinks, as if separated from myself: the more I see of other women, the more I regret the absence of my dear Jenny. As I came hither pretty early last night, I went to the Long-room: there were a great many fine ladies there; but all their beauties are without a charm for me; I can be gay, but not happy, in their company; the power of giving true felicity to Jemmy is reserved only for his dear, dear Jenny.

‘ I give you warning, therefore, not to think of delaying any longer a blessing I have been made to hope for ever since my first putting on breeches reminded me that, if I lived, I should be one day a man; but be assured I should have little joy in being so, if it were not for the expectation of being yours by a more tender title than that with which I now subscribe myself, unalterably and inviolably, my dear, dear Jenny’s most passionately devoted, most faithful lover, and ever humble and obedient servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ P. S. I would have set out to-morrow morning on my return for London, but my servant got an ugly fall from his horse in coming hither, and is very much bruised; so I am willing to give him one day to recover himself; but hope, the next, to be so far on my journey towards you, as that there will be but a few hours distance between your receiving this and the author of it; till when I am, my dear, dear Jenny,

‘ Your’s, as above.’

Jenny was now in such great good-humour with her lover, that she grew half resolved to consent to his desires for the consummation of their marriage, if it were only to put a final end to those idle reports which had been spread concerning his having an intention to break it off.

But before we bring them together again, it is highly necessary that the reader should be made fully acquainted with the manner in which Jemmy had passed his time during this little separation, and also to clear up those parts of his conduct which have hitherto appeared mysterious.

C H A P. XIX.

RETURNS TO WHAT HAS, DOUBTLESS, BEEN LONG AGO EXPECTED; AND OPENS A NEW SCENE OF VARIOUS AND ENTERTAINING OCCURRENCES.

I Am very much afraid that poor Jemmy has lain for a great while under the displeasure of my fair readers, and that few among them will be quite so ready

ready as Jenny has been to take his bare word for a sufficient proof of his honour, and the sincerity of his passion.

It is high time, therefore, to let his actions speak for themselves; and if they cannot shew him so wholly blameless as could be wished, from the frailties of youth and nature, they will at least defend his character from the more gross imputations of perfidiousness, ingratitude, and deceit.

As I have no view to self-interest in this work; no time-server, no patron to please; it may be depended on that I shall present my hero such as he truly is; and not, like some political historians of a modern date, attempt to mislead the judgment by any false glosses or misrepresentations of facts.

The writers I have been speaking of will not allow the person on whom Fortune has not vouchsafed to smile, any one virtue or good quality; he must be all black, without a single speck of white, even to excite the compassion of the world: what false steps he may have been guilty of are ascribed to his own innate propensity to evil, not to any inadvertency, nor to the wicked insinuations of those on whom he may unhappily have depended, and who, perhaps, have found their interest in pushing him on to things purposely to betray and ruin him.

Whereas, on the other hand, the man whom a concurrence of fortuitous events, or perhaps some indirect measures of his own or partizans contrivance, have raised to prosperity, shall be mounted on the pinnacle of fame; his virtues, if he has any, be refounded even to the remotest borders of the earth; and all his vices, though numerous as the hairs upon his head, and glaring with red impiety, be so screened and shadowed over with the incense of panegyrick, as not to be discerned but by a few eagle-eyed observers: but I shall say no more; these authors, perhaps, earn their sustenance by the labour of the pen; these are not times for Truth to go clad in velvet; and there is no serving God and Mammon.

I cannot, however, without great injustice, close this reflection till I have taken notice that there is one who bravely, and almost alone, has courage to enter the lists of battle against an host of adversaries; and attempts to rescue injured innocence from the claws of cruel

and all-devouring Scandal: may his honest endeavours meet the success they merit; and, in spite of prejudice and partiality, open the eyes of too long hood-wink'd Reason!

And now for our *Jemmy Jessamy*. Nothing is more certain than that he had determined to follow his dear Jenny to Bath, according to his promise, as soon as the affairs which brought his steward to town should be dispatched; nor was he less uneasy than one of his letters, inserted in a former chapter, had intimated to her, on finding himself likely to be detained in London so much longer than he had expected at the time of her departure.

Business of any kind, especially of that sort in which he was now engaged, was no way agreeable to his humour: to be obliged to sit for hours together reading over leases, bonds, and ejectments, instead of poetry and books of diversion; to converse every day with men of pleasure; was extremely distasteful to him: but, in the midst of all this, he met with something, which, though he did not think of any great moment, served, however, to add to the perplexity of his mind, and involve him in an embarrassment he had never dreamt of.

He was at breakfast one morning, when his servant informed him, that a gentleman who called himself *Morgan* desired to speak with him: this was a person for whom *Jemmy* had a very great esteem, not only on account of many good qualities he was possessed of, but likewise as he knew he had been always highly respected by his father.

He gave orders that he should be immediately introduced; and when he was so, began to testify, with as much sincerity as politeness, how much he thought himself indebted to him for the favour of this visit; but he was soon interrupted by the other, who, with an honest plainness, replied in these terms.

'*Mr. Jessamy,*' said he, 'this is not a visit of mere ceremony; I come not hither at this time either to make or receive any compliments, but to do you a more essential service, and myself a more real pleasure. To be free with you,' continued he, 'I am very much troubled at some things I have heard in relation to you; and would gladly offer you such advice as my long experience of the world may enable me to give you.'

Few

Few young people like to have their conduct called in question: Jemmy presently imagined that the old gentleman had been informed of some little flights, some trifling irregularities, which company and the gaiety of his own temper might have led him into, and expected to be entertained with a grave lesson on that occasion; he told him, however, that he should willingly listen to any instructions he should give him.

'I believe,' resumed Mr. Morgan, 'that you are convinced I wish you well; but if you are not, I hope what I have to say will make you so. Miss Chit, take me not,' pursued he, seeing the other look very serious; 'I am not going to reprimand you; I know not as yet whether you deserve it: I have not seen Miss Jessamy since she was an infant; I have heard, indeed, a very good character both of her person and accomplishments; but you are the best judge of her merits, as well as of your own heart. I am confident, that when your parents agreed upon a marriage between you, they meant not it should render either of you miserable; so have nothing to say as to that: but, whatever be the motive of your breaking with her, I would not have you, methinks, transfer your addresses to any one where there is not a greater probability of being more happy.'

Jemmy was so confounded, so astonished, at hearing him speak in this manner, that he had not the power, for some moments, of uttering one syllable; and when he had, it was only to cry—'Breaking with her, Sir! What! breaking with Miss Jessamy?'

'You have, doubtless, your own reasons for so doing,' replied the good old gentleman: 'but let that pass; I would only have you be wary how you make a second choice. It is not in my nature to traduce the character of any one: Miss Chit may be a very deserving young woman, for any thing I have to accuse her of; but you know very well that her family is doubtful, her fortune precarious, and, if she should have any, it will be little for her husband's honour to receive. Besides, this is not the worst; for though she may be virtuous in fact, yet she keeps company with some persons of both sexes, which does not become a woman who has any regard for reputation: in short, my dear Mr. Jess-

samy, she is in no respect a fit wife for you.'

'A wife for me!' said Jemmy, not yet recovered from his amazement; 'for Heaven's sake, Sir, explain the meaning of all this! You talk of things which have so little analogy with my intentions, that they never once entered into my head or heart. To break my engagements with Miss Jessamy, or to make my addresses to Miss Chit, are both of them equally inconsistent with my inclinations as with my reason; and it is not possible for me to conceive how such chimeras could come into the thoughts of any one.'

'As to the first,' answered Mr. Morgan, 'I have heard it mentioned in several companies where I have been, as an event past all dispute; and as to what concerns Miss Chit, I was not only told it by a person who frequently visits her, but also had it confirmed yesterday at the coffee-house by her own father; who being asked if there was any truth in the report of an intended marriage between his daughter and Mr. Jessamy, replied with his usual stiffness and formality, That he believed a treaty of that nature was upon the carpet.'

Jemmy, on hearing this, was fully persuaded, that so idle a rumour could proceed from nothing but the vanity of that young lady; which so incensed him against her, that he could not forbear, in the first emotions of passion, speaking of her in terms which nothing but the occasion could excuse.

As he was discussing the matter with Mr. Morgan, and convincing that gentleman of the entire fallacy of all he had reproached him with, a card was brought from Miss Chit, in which was wrote these words.

'MISS Chit gives her compliments to Mr. Jessamy; and desires his company to a concert to be performed by private hands this evening at her house.'

'Now, Sir,' said he to Mr. Morgan, 'you shall see the little influence the charms of this vain girl have over me. I will send her a letter instead of a card; and such a one as shall put an effectual stop to all the foolish imaginations she may have conceived on my account.'

He

He then took pen and paper; and, without giving himself much trouble to consider what he was about, wrote to her in these terms.

‘ TO MISS CHIT.

‘ MADAM,

‘ **B**USINESS denies me the pleasure of accepting your invitation; but I lay hold of this opportunity of taking my leave of you, as I cannot do it in person.

‘ Love and honour summon me to Bath, where my dear Miss Jessamy is gone before. As it is impossible but you must have heard of my engagements with that lady, you will not wonder that I am in the utmost impatience to follow her.

‘ Whenever you venture on marriage, I wish you all the happiness which I hope very shortly to enjoy in that state with the admirable lady to whom I am going. I am, with thanks for all favours, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.’

This letter, after having shewed it to Mr. Morgan, and received his approbation, Jemmy sent directly away, and gave orders that it should be left for the lady without waiting for any answer.

On talking farther of this affair, they both concluded that the report must have taken rise originally from the vanity of the daughter, and the stupidity of the father; who, misconstruing the civilities Jemmy treated them with, as the effects of an amorous inclination, had boasted of the imaginary conquest to some of their acquaintance; those again had whispered it to others, till it went round, and became, as is common in such cases, the universal secret.

Thus had the artifices of Bellpine made Miss Chit and her father, who were in reality no more than the dupes of his design, appear as the principal contrivers of it. There is nothing, indeed, in which the judgment is so liable to be deceived, as in endeavouring to discover the first author of a calumny; those generally stand behind the curtain, content themselves with the invention, and leave the work of malice to be performed by others; as one of our poets says—

‘ ’Tis difficult, when rumour once is spread,
‘ To trace it’s windings to the fountain-head.’

The injustice which Jemmy and his friend were guilty of in this point, may, however, have some claim to absolution, as this belief was founded on the most strong probability of truth that could be.

These gentlemen parted not till the clock striking three, reminded them of dinner: Mr. Morgan, being engaged at home, would fain have taken Jemmy with him; but he was not at present in a humour for much company, therefore desired to be excused from complying with the invitation.

CHAP. XX.

IS SHORT, BUT PITHY.

A Volatile temper is not always a sufficient security against discontent. Jemmy loved his dear Jenny even more than he knew he did himself; and to be assu ed from a mouth whose veracity he was too well convinced of to suspect, that it was said he had quitted her for the sake of Miss Chit, he looked upon as such an indignity to her merits, as gave him more pain than any censure the supposed change might bring upon himself.

He wrote to her that same night; but as he hoped the idle report which gave him so much vexation could not as yet, at least, have extended itself so far as Bath, he thought it improper to make any mention of it till he should see her in person, and have the better opportunity of proving the falshood of it: he complained, therefore, only of the business that kept him so long from her; and his heart now more than ever overflowing with love and tenderness, his expressions were comformable.

This was the letter which Jenny received immediately after the intelligence given her by Lady Speck and Miss Wingman of his supposed infidelity: the effects of it have been already shewn, and need not be repeated.

Bellpine, who had been at Miss Chit’s concert, was a good deal surpris ed at not finding Jemmy there, as he knew he had been invited; but much more when that young lady, taking him aside, shewed him the answer that had been sent

sent to her card, and reproached him, in terms pretty severe, for having endeavoured to persuade her she was mistress of a heart which she now found was so firmly attached to another.

It is natural, when the mind is overcharged with thoughts of any kind, to disburden itself to those who we believe take an interest in our affairs: Jemmy had not a greater confidence in any one man of his acquaintance than Bellpine; it may be supposed, therefore, that he failed not to communicate to him the perplexity he was at present under, and the story which had occasioned it.

That faithless friend affected the utmost astonishment at the recital; and cried out, with a shew of the most affectionate zeal—'Good God! I hope Miss Jessamy has heard nothing of this.'

'I think it scarce possible,' replied Jemmy, 'that such a report can have reached her ears, at least as yet, in the place where she is; and as I hope to be with her in a few days, I shall take care to arm her against what she might be told hereafter, by relating it myself.'

This greatly disconcerted Bellpine: he had flattered himself that Jemmy's affairs would have detained him so long in London, that the stratagems laid to inspire her with a belief of his inconstancy would have taken too strong a hold of her heart to be totally removed. Fain would he have dissuaded him from going to Bath, but could find no reasons for that purpose plausible enough to prevent the real motive from being suspected. Chance, however, at present befriended his designs, and did that for him which all his invention, fertile as it was, could not furnish him with the means of accomplishing.

As Jemmy, in an indolent and unreflective mood, was one day loitering in Covent Garden Piazza, a fine gilt chariot, with two footmen behind it, stopped at one of the arches; and just as he was passing, an ancient gentleman and a very young lady alighted out of it, and went into the Great Auction-house, lately Mr. Cock's, but now occupied in the same manner by Mr. Langford.

He started, and was strangely surprised at sight of this lady; not on account of her beauty, though she was handsome beyond description, but be-

cause he thought himself perfectly well acquainted with her face; but where, or at what time he had been so, he could not presently recollect.

He stood for the space of several minutes endeavouring to recover a more distinct idea of that lovely person; but finding it impossible, he stepped to one of the footmen, who was leaning his back against a pillar, and asked him to whom that chariot belonged; and being answered—'To Sir Thomas Hardy,' 'Then,' resumed Jemmy, 'I suppose the young lady with him is his daughter?'—'No, Sir,' replied the fellow with a smile, which he was not able to restrain, 'I assure you she is his wife.'

Jemmy on this began to think he had been mistaken: resolving, however, to be convinced, he went into the auction-room, doubting not but a second and more full view would set him right.

There was a great deal of company; but he presently singled her out, and was now more assured than ever, that they were no strangers to each other; when, on fixing his eyes upon her, he perceived her countenance change at sight of him, that she grew pale and red by turns, and betrayed all the marks of the utmost confusion.

Yet all this was not sufficient to enable him to bring back to remembrance what curiosity made him so desirous of retrieving, till the lady, taking the opportunity of her husband's being engaged in looking over some pictures, advanced hastily towards him, and said in a low voice—'What, has Mr. Jessamy forgot his Celia of the Woods?'

'Heavens!' cried he, 'what a stupid dolt was I!'—'Hush,' replied she, 'take no notice of me here.' She had kept her eyes upon her husband all the time she was speaking to Jemmy, and observing that he now looked that way, rejoined him in an instant.

The old baronet kept very close to his fair wife all the rest of the time; yet had she the address to steal a moment just to bid Jemmy meet her at ten the next morning at the end of the Mall next Buckingham House.

He could only give her a bow of assent; and remained in a consternation, which only can be guessed at by the knowledge who Celia was, and the intercourse he formerly had with her.

C H A P. XXI.

DISCOVERS CELIA OF THE WOODS
ON HER FIRST ACQUAINTANCE
WITH JEMMY, AND ALSO SOME
OTHER PARTICULARS OF EQUAL
IMPORTANCE.

THOUGH Jemmy, when he was at Oxford, debarred himself from few of those gay amusements which he saw taken by his fellow collegians, yet he applied himself to his studies more closely than most gentlemen-commoners think they are under any obligation to do; and, because he would not be interrupted, would frequently steal from the university, and pass whole hours together in the fields, either reading or contemplating.

A pretty warm dispute happening to rise one day between two students, concerning the true reading of Persius, he was ambitious of becoming more master of the subject than either of them seemed to be; accordingly he put the book into his pocket, and repaired to the usual place of retirement.

The evening was fair and pleasant, and he was so much absorbed in meditation, that he wandered on to a greater distance from the town than he had been accustomed; till at last, finding himself a little weary, he sat down at the foot of a large spreading oak.

Here he prosecuted the examination of that crabbed author; but had not long done so before he was interrupted, and his eyes taken off by the sudden appearance of a sight more pleasing.

The tree, which served him at once for a support and screen, was just at the entrance of a little wood; a rustling among the leaves made him look that way, where he immediately saw a young country maid; she was neat, though plainly dressed; and had eyes which might vie with any that sparkled in the box or drawing-room.

At this view he was not master of himself; like Carlos at the sight of Angelina in the play, he threw away his book, started from the posture he was in, and advanced towards the sweet temptation: she saw him too, and fled, but not so fast as not to be easily overtaken.

The first rencounter between these

two young persons reminds me of a passage I have read in one of our best poets—

‘As Mahomet was musing in his cell,
‘Some dull insipid paradise to trace,
‘A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by:
‘Passing, she shot at him a side-long glance,
‘And look’d behind, as if to be pursu’d;
‘He took the hint, embrac’d the flying fair;
‘And, having found his heaven, he fix’d it
‘there.’

It is not to be imagined that Jemmy accosted a maid of her degree with any set speeches or formal salutations: those charms which in a woman of condition would have inspired him with a respectful awe, served only to fill his heart with the most unwarrantable desires; he told her she was pretty, and at the same time attempted to convince her that he thought her so, by catching her forcibly in his arms, and giving her two or three hearty kisses.

She struggled, blushed, cried—‘Fye, Sir!’ and desired him to forbear; but our young commoner was not to be so easily rebuffed; the little repulses she gave him served only the more to inflame his amorous inclination; and he had perhaps compleated his conquest without any farther ceremony, if she had not fallen on her knees, and with tears besought him to desist.

Jemmy had too much honour and good nature not to be touched with a behaviour so moving, and which he had so little reason to expect from the weak efforts she at first made to repel his caresses.

‘Nay, my dear creature,’ said he, ‘I scorn to do any thing by force; but if all the love in the world can make you mine, I shall be happy: tell me, therefore,’ continued he, ‘who you are, and where you live, that I may see you another time.’

‘Oh lud, Sir!’ cried she, ‘that is impossible: what do you think my friends would say, if they should see such a gentleman as you come to visit me?’—‘I did not mean so,’ replied he: ‘but I suppose your father lives hereabout; and, it may be, is of some business that might give a pretence for my calling at his house.’

‘My father keeps a farm,’ said she, ‘about six miles off; but I am at present

sent with my uncle, who is a gardener, and lives on the other side of the wood.'—'That's unlucky,' rejoined he; 'for I have no sort of occasion for any thing in his way. You must, then, consent to meet me, my little angel,' added he, tenderly pressing her hand.

On this she blushed, hung down her head, but made no answer; till he repeating his request, and enforcing it by all the rhetoric he was master of, whether real or feigned I will not pretend to say, she at last promised to meet him the next evening at the place where they now were.

He received this grant with the greatest shew of transport, but made her swear to the fulfilling it; after which he asked her by what name he should think of his dear pretty charmer. 'They call me Celia, Sir,' said she. 'Then,' cried he, 'you shall be my Celia of the Woods; and I will be your Jessamy of the Plains.'

The sun beginning now to withdraw his beams, they were obliged to part; but before they did, Celia gave evident indications that her Jessamy had made no slight impression on her young and unexperienced heart.

Jemmy returned from his evening's excursion with thoughts very full of this new amour, which he flattered himself would afford him a most agreeable amusement, without costing much pains in the acquisition.

Besides, the liking he had for this country girl seemed to him to be no breach of his fidelity to Jenny, or any way interfere with the honourable affections he had for that young lady; she being then but in her sixteenth year, himself not quite nineteen, and was not intended by their parents that they should marry till they had attained the age of one and twenty; so that it was a long time to the completion of his felicity with her. I know not whether my fair readers will look upon this as a sufficient excuse for him; but dare answer, that those of the other sex will think what he did was no more than a venial transgression.

As for poor Celia, she was in agitations which she had never known, nor had the least notion of before; she was charmed with the person of Jemmy; she was quite ravished at the kind things he had said to her; and

the liberties he had taken with her at that first interview would have been shocking to her modesty, had they been offered by any of those whom she was accustomed to converse with; yet did that very rudeness in him appear too agreeable to alarm her with any dreadful apprehensions of his repeating it.

More full of joy than fear, she longed for the appointed hour of meeting him again, and hastened to the rendezvous, where she had not waited many minutes before the charmer of her soul appeared: he flew to her with open arms; and the transport she felt made her half return the strenuous embrace he gave her.

They sat down together upon a little hillock, beneath the shade of some trees which arched above their heads, and formed a kind of canopy; here Jemmy, finding her softened to his wish, would fain have finished the affair he had made so considerable a progress in; but, on perceiving his intent, she burst a second time into tears; begged he would not ruin her; confessed she loved him, but said she could not bear the thoughts of being naughty.

He could scarce keep himself from laughing; but as he had promised not to make use of force, failed not to urge all the arguments that such a thing would admit of, to persuade her that what he requested of her was not naughty in itself, but perfectly conformable to the laws of nature.

She was too ignorant, and perhaps also too little inclined to attempt any thing in order to confute what he said on this occasion; but though she refused with less resolution than she had done, yet she would not absolutely consent to his desires: on which Jemmy, not doubting but the fruit thus ripened would soon fall of itself, told her, that he was not of a humour to accept of any favours granted with reluctance, and that he would content himself with such as he should find her willing to bestow.

He kept his word, and pressed her no farther at that time: this the poor innocent creature looked upon as so great a condescension in him, and thought herself so much obliged by it, that she readily allowed his kisses, his embraces, and, in short, every freedom except that only one which he had assured her he would not take without her leave.

Notwithstanding what they called the

crown of a lover's felicity was wanting, this couple passed the time they were together in a manner pleasing enough to both; nor parted without a mutual promise of re-enjoying the same happiness again on the ensuing day.

Jemmy, however, who was of too sanguine and amorous disposition not to feel a good deal of impatience for the consummation of his wishes, in order to hasten it, contrived a stratagem, which, from the ascendant he had gained over Celia's heart, gave him no room to doubt would fail of success in making her lovely person no less entirely his. It was this.

He approached her at their next meeting with the most solemn and dejected air. She had brought him a fine posy selected from the choicest flowers in her uncle's garden, tied together with a piece of green ribband: she was going to present it to him, when perceiving the change in his countenance, she started, and asked him if he was not well.

'No, Celia,' answered he, affecting to speak in a very faint voice, 'I am sick; sick at heart.'—'Indeed I am very sorry,' said she: 'smell to this posy; I hope it will refresh you, my dear Sir.'—'No, Celia,' returned he, 'it is not in the power of art or nature to relieve me: you must lose your lover; I must die, my Celia.'—'Now, all that's good forbid it!' cried she, and wept bitterly.

'I must die,' said he again; 'or, what is worse than death, never see my Celia more.' Surprized and overwhelmed with the melting passions of love and grief at hearing him speak in this manner, she threw her taper arms about his neck, laid her cheek close to his, and begged him to tell her what he meant, and the cause of his complaint.

'You dear, cruel maid,' answered he, with a well counterfeited agony, 'it is you who are the cause of my complaint; and it is you alone can be my cure: in short, it is impossible for me to breathe the same air with you and not see you; yet every time I see you gives fresh tortures to my bleeding heart, by letting me know still more of the heaven I am denied possessing. I have, therefore, taken a resolution to banish myself for ever

from you, and from this country. 'You must, then,' continued he, embracing her with the utmost eagerness, 'either lose all your Jessamy, or give me all my Celia.'

The consternation she was in is not to be expressed; but every look, every emotion, betrayed to him the inward trouble of her mind. She could not speak for several minutes; but at last cried out, with a voice interrupted with sighs—'Oh, Mr. Jessamy! will you, can you, be so barbarous to leave me, leave me for ever?'

'Call not that barbarous which your unkindness drives me to,' rejoined he: 'if I loved you with a common passion, I could, perhaps, be easy under the severe restriction you have laid me under; but you are too beautiful, and I too much enamoured: oh, then, throw off at once this cruel coyness! this unmerciful reserve! Generously say you will be all mine, and make both me and yourself completely blessed.'

He uttered these last words in accents which pierced her to the soul: she was all confusion; irresolute for a while; sometimes looking on him, and sometimes on the ground: but love at length, prevailing love, got the better of that bashfulness, which it is likely had, more than any other principle, till now restrained her from yielding to his suit; she threw herself into his arms; and, hiding her head within his bosom—'I cannot part with you,' cried she; 'I can deny you nothing; you have my heart, and must command whatever Celia has to give.'

There is a strong probability, if it does not amount even to a certainty, that Jemmy would not have given her time for a second thought, which might have revoked the promise she had made; but his plot, hitherto successful, was now entirely frustrated by the sudden sound of men's voices at a distance, and which seemed to approach more near.

'Oh lud!' cried she, extremely frightened, 'I hear my uncle: if he should come this way, and find me with a gentleman, he will tell my father, and I shall be half killed. Dear Mr. Jessamy, make all the haste you can out of the wood; I will go and face him, and pretend I was going to

‘to carry these flowers to a great lady who lives hard by.’

Jemmy could not forbear cursing both the uncle and the interruption; but thought proper to comply with Celia's advice, after having exacted an oath from her to meet him again the next day, and fulfil her engagement; which she readily gave, and then tripped away as fast as her legs could carry her.

Thus did they part, not to see each other again for a much longer time than either of them imagined; the cause of which will presently be shewn.

CHAP. XXII.

IN WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, IT WILL BE FOUND HIGHLY PROPER, THAT SOME PASSAGES FORMERLY INSERTED SHOULD BE RECAPITULATED, IN ORDER TO FORM THE BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THOSE WHICH ARE NOW UPON THE TAPIS.

JEMMY returned to the college in no very good humour, as may be supposed, though the mortification of the disappointment he had received was very much alleviated by the assurance he had of Celia's affection for him; but on his entering into his chambers he met with something which made the adventures of the day, and indeed all that passed between him and the country maid, vanish like a dream from his remembrance.

A letter was presented to him, which had been left for him by the post, summoning him immediately to London to receive the last commands and blessing of a dying father. Filial piety and dutiful affection now took up all his mind, and he thought of nothing but to be speedy in his obedience to the authoritative mandate.

Accordingly he arose the next morning by break of day, rode post, and arrived in London before evening, as has been already related in the beginning of the first volume of this work.

On his going back to the university, after the melancholy solemnity of his father's funeral was over, Celia came again a little into his head; and though he designed shortly to quit Oxford entirely, yet he thought that for the time

he staid he could not have a more agreeable amusement than the prosecution of that amour to divert his affliction for the loss he had sustained.

To this end he went to the wood; ranged through every part of that scene of their loves, but found no Celia there; he knew her uncle's name, but not directly where he lived; or if he had, would not have thought it proper to go to his house to make any enquiry concerning her; happening, however, to see a fellow cutting down wood, he ventured to ask him if one Mr. Adams, a gardener, did not live somewhere thereabouts. ‘Aye, Sir,’ replied the man; ‘if you turn by that thicket, on your right-hand, you may see his house.’—‘Nay,’ said Jemmy carelessly, ‘I have no business with him; I have only heard that he is a very honest man.’—‘Aye, Sir,’ rejoined the other, ‘that he is; to be sure, as ever broke bread; I have known him above these thirty years, and never heard any thing ill of him in my life.’

Jemmy finding this fellow seemed to be of a communicative disposition, demanded of him what family Mr. Adams had. ‘Ah, Sir!’ said the man, ‘he has only two boys; one he brings up to his own business, and the other is a gentleman's servant: his wife, rest her soul! has been dead two years come Michaelmas next; and he would have been quite helpless, if he had not got a brother's daughter of his to look after his things; but she is gone now, I know not what the poor man will do: he was to have a maid, and there are so few of them good.’—‘What! is his niece dead too?’ cried Jemmy pretty hastily. ‘No, Sir,’ answered he; ‘but she is gone away. Her father, belike, sent for her home; I know not on what account, not I; but she has left poor Adams, and he is in a piteous plight.’

Jemmy being desirous of receiving as much intelligence as he could of his little mistress, affected to be in some concern for the honest gardener, her uncle, pretending he had heard much in his commendation from those that knew him; and said it was a great pity that the maid should be sent for away, as she was so useful to him, and so notable a manager.

‘Aye, very handy indeed, Sir,’ answered Mr. Adams's friend: ‘she kept every

‘every thing in the house so clean and so tight, it would have done your heart good to have seen it: but as to her father’s sending for her away, I do not know; mayhap he had a mind to have her under his own eye; he has the character of a parious shrewd man, and sees things a great while before they come.’

‘Was there any danger, then, to be apprehended in her staying?’ demanded Jemmy. ‘I can say nothing to that, Sir: she is as likely, as comely a lass as any in the country round, but I believe very honest; though she has a kind of leer with her eyes, and is always simpering and smirking; and you know, Sir, that gives encouragement. There were a power of young fellows that had a hankering after her. I have heard my wife say, a thousand times I believe, and she is seldom mistaken, that she wished Celia might come to good.’

‘Besides, Sir,’ continued he, shaking his head, ‘we are so near the university here; and the young students are most of them wild blades, and spend their time more in running after the girls than in their books.’

It must be observed, that Jemmy was now in his travelling dress; for had he appeared as a gentleman-commoner, nobody can suppose that the countryman would have been so free in his discourse with him; which being once entered into, he would probably have gone on with till he had related all he knew of the news of the whole parish.

But Jemmy having satisfied his curiosity as fully as he could have desired, and much more than he had reason to expect, grew quite weary of this kind of conversation, and soon after took leave of his informer, and walked back to the college.

He had now lost his Celia of the Woods: he knew, indeed, where to find her; but as his stay in Oxford was to be very short, and he had many friends to see before he went away, he had no time to devote to the pursuit of a mistress so far removed; besides, he knew not what inconveniences might attend his seeking her at a father’s house; and was too indolent in his nature to risk any difficulties for the sake of gratifying a passion such as the beauty of that girl had inspired him with.

After he had quitted the university entirely, and was settled in London, besides the society of his dear Jenny, whom, in spite of the little excursions of his youth, he loved with the most pure and respectful passion, new scenes of life, new amusements, new pleasures, crowded upon his senses, and presently obliterated the memory of those he left behind.

Celia no more was wished for, no more thought on by him. How was it possible that after so long a space of time as two whole years, and having seen such a variety of beautiful faces, he should be able to recollect his plain country maid, under the character of a fine town lady, blazing with gold and jewels, attended by a splendid equipage, and dignified with a title?

This adventure, notwithstanding, served greatly to dissipate all the chagrin which the story invented in relation to his infidelity to Jenny had involved him in: he could not keep himself from being highly pleased at meeting with a person who had once so many charms for him, nor with finding, by her behaviour towards him, that so prodigious a change of fortune had not made the least change in her sentiments on his account: in a word, all the long dormant inclinations, which he had formerly felt for Celia, now revived in his bosom at the sight of Lady Hardy, and he hesitated not a moment whether he should comply with the appointment she had made him.

How uncertain, how wandering, are the passions of mankind! How yielding to every temptation that presents itself! Seldom are they masters of their own hearts or actions, especially at Jemmy’s years; and well may they deceive others in what they are deceived themselves!

When they protest to love no other object than the present, they may, perhaps, resolve to be as just as they pretend; but, alas! this is not in their power, even though it may be in their will: they can no more command their wishes than they can their thoughts; which, as Shakespeare tells us, ‘Once lost, are gone beyond the clouds.’ We often see that, to reverse this boasted constancy, is the work of but a single minute; and then, in vain, their past professions recoil upon their minds: in
vain

vain the idea of the forsaken fair haunts them in nightly visions—

‘For mighty love, which honour does despise,
‘For reasons, shews them a new charmer’s
‘eyes.’

C H A P. XXIII.

CONTAINS ONLY SUCH ACCIDENTS
AS ARE TOO COMMON TO EXCITE
MUCH WONDER.

I Would not be understood, by the observations made on the generality of mankind in the close of the preceding chapter, that the vice of inconstancy ought to be imputed to the hero of this history: what in most others is the effect of a love of variety, was produced in him by the too great vivacity and sprightliness of his temper. He had sometimes very strong inclinations, but never a real affection for any but his dear Jenny; and, though these may have led him into errors which render him not wholly blameless, yet the permanence of his devoirs to that sole object of his honourable passion, shews his character to have in it infinitely more of light than shade.

Let no one, therefore, pass too severe a censure on his conduct in regard to this fair tempter, either as Celia of the Woods, or Lady Hardy. Whatever was the first motive of his addresses to her, curiosity to know how this transformation came about might now have, and doubtless had, some share in exciting him to renew his acquaintance with her.

I shall not, however, as I have more than once assured my readers, make any attempts either to palliate or disguise the truth. Jemmy was punctual to the hour that had been prefixed by his mistress; yet found her in the Park before him: she had placed herself on a bench behind the Mall, as being most free from company. When he first discerned her, she seemed talking to a young woman, who stood waiting near her, but left her ladyship alone before he could come up to them.

‘How little possible was it for me to expect this blessing!’ said he, approaching her. ‘Hold, hold!’ cried she, interrupting him; ‘we have no time at present for fine speeches; and you will be surprized to find your-

self summoned here only to be told you must be gone.’—‘I should be indeed surprized,’ rejoined he; ‘but how have I deserved to be so unhappy?’

‘No, no!’ replied she, smiling; ‘you are not unhappy, though I could easily tell you how you deserve to be so; but this is no place either for a quarrel or a reconciliation. You must know, I could not come out alone, for fear of giving suspicion to my old husband, so brought my woman with me; but, as soon as I saw you, sent her home under the pretence of fetching my snuff-box, which I left behind me for that purpose: she will be here again in two minutes, for we live but in the next street, and have a door into the Park. Therefore take this,’ continued she; ‘and be careful to do as this directs.’

‘Let me first examine how I approve of the contents,’ said he, with his accustomed gaiety. ‘You may,’ answered she; ‘but then you will lose the only moment that I have to tell you I am as much yours as ever, and that I have not known one joy in life since last we parted.’—‘Angelick creature!’ cried he, with a voice and eyes all transport; ‘Oh! that I had the opportunity of throwing myself at your feet, to thank, as it deserves, this goodness! Where—when—shall we meet again?’

‘The paper I gave you will inform you,’ replied she; ‘but do not disappoint Lady Hardy in the same manner as you did Celia of the Woods.’—‘Oh, I can clear myself of that!’ cried he: ‘it was a sad necessity that drove me from you; and I had no means of conveying a letter to you; but I have sought you since.’—‘And I have sought you too,’ rejoined she: ‘but we must talk of this hereafter; I see my woman coming. Leave me, for Heaven’s sake! And if you stay in the walks, pass carelessly by, and seem not to regard me.’ Jemmy had only time to tell her that he would read the dear mandate, and obey whatever it enjoined.

After speaking these words, he retired, with as much haste as he could, to the other end of the walk; where he examined what had been given him by the lady, and found it contained only these few expressive lines.

‘GO,

“GO, at six this evening precisely, to Mrs. Comode, the habit-maker, in *** Street: she is already apprized of your coming, but knows not your person; so you have only to say you come for the ribband; on which she will immediately conduct you to—
“Yours, &c.”

It has been observed through the course of this history, that Jemmy, in spite of his gay temper, had sometimes the power of thinking very seriously. The billet he had in his hand, together with the looks and gestures of the lady, filled him with reflections which, it cannot be supposed, she either intended or wished to inspire.

To find that the most timid bashfulness, the most innocent simplicity of mind and manners, thus improved, in the compass of so small a space of time, into all the assured airs of a woman who had passed her whole life in artifice and intrigue, seemed to him a thing so strange, so out of nature, that he would never have believed it possible, had he not seen it verified in the character of his Celia, at present Lady Hardy.

This transformation did not render her more amiable in his eyes; he was, however, punctual to the assignation; though, it is pretty certain, his curiosity of knowing those accidents which had occasioned so extraordinary a revolution, both in her circumstances and behaviour, had as great a share in carrying him thither as any other motive.

On his coming to Mrs. Comode's, he found the obliging gentlewoman ready to receive him; and, on his giving the appointed signal, led him, with a smiling countenance, into a back-parlour behind the shop, where Lady Hardy already waited his approach.

He was doubtless about to salute her with some fine speech; but she no sooner saw him enter, than, starting from her seat, she threw herself at once into his arms, before they were even open to receive her. “My dear, dear Mr. Jessamy!” cried she, with an undescribable softness in her voice and eyes, “a few days past how little did I hope for this happiness!”

Such love, such tenderness, in one so young and beautiful, must have warmed the heart of a dull stoick, much more that of one endowed by nature with the

most amorous inclinations. Jemmy must have been as insensible as he was really the reverse, had he not felt the force of such united charms. He returned all her transports, her caresses, with interest: they said the most passionate and endearing things to each other; but the energy of their expressions, as they were so often interrupted with kisses and embraces, would be lost in the repetition; for, as Mr. Dryden justly says—

“Imperfect sentences, and broken sounds,
“And nonsense, is the eloquence of love.”

After the first demonstrations of their mutual joy on this meeting were over—

“I will not,” said she, “be so ungenerous to accuse you of a crime of which I know you clear. I discovered the melancholy occasion which called you in such haste to London: but tell me, my dear Jessamy,” continued she, “did not your heart feel some anguish on finding yourself obliged to leave your Celia just as you had prevailed upon her to swear she would be yours?”

He could not, without being guilty of as much ill manners as ingratitude, avoid pretending he had suffered greatly on that account: but, whatever was wanting of sincerity in this assertion, he atoned for in the relation he made her of the pains he had taken in searching for her on his return to Oxford.

She laughed heartily at the detail he gave her of the conversation he had with the countryman concerning her uncle Adams, and the affairs of his family: “And now,” said she, “I will make you the confidante of every thing that has happened to me since I had the pleasure of seeing you.”

Jemmy then telling her it was a favour for which he had the utmost impatience, she immediately gave him the satisfaction he desired.

C H A P. XXIV.

THE HISTORY OF CELIA OF THE WOODS, PROSECUTED IN THAT OF LADY HARDY, AND RELATED BY HERSELF TO JEMMY.

“I Will not,” said she, “poison the sweets of our present moments with any description of the bitter pangs I suffered in not finding you,
“23

‘ as I expected, in the wood : I had too much dependance on your love and honour to entertain one thought that this disappointment was an act of your own choice; and therefore feared that you, was either suddenly taken sick, or that some other ill accident had befallen you.

‘ Under these apprehensions I passed the most cruel night that ever was; nor did the day bring me much more tranquillity: though I sometimes flattered myself that business, company, or some such-like enemy to love, had kept you from me the evening before, and that you would not fail on this to come and make atonement for the disquiet you had given me.

‘ Accordingly, in this hope, I went, about the usual hour, to the dear scene of our past meetings: I threw myself on the little hillock where we had sat; I kissed, I embraced, the tree you had leaned against; I invoked Love and all it's powers to bring my Jessamy once more to my arms; and ran to the entrance of the wood; and vainly still expected your approach. I envied the little birds that hopped among the boughs above my head; and wished to be one of them, that I might fly to the place which I then thought contained you, and see in what manner you were employed.

‘ I had like to have forgot,’ continued she, ‘ I promised that I would not trouble you either with my grief or my despair; yet I am unwarily running into a detail of both. Pardon me, my dear Jessamy, and prepare to hear what contrivances my passion for you inspired me with.

‘ It was almost dark when I left the wood: my uncle was come out of the grounds, and at home before me; he chid me for being abroad so late; but I made an excuse which, though not worth your hearing, passed well enough upon him. I rose very early the next morning, and wrote a little letter to you; but, when I had done, knew not which way to convey it to you; nor, indeed, how to direct it properly, as I had never heard you say to which of the colleges you belonged.

‘ Resolved, however, at any rate, and whatever I did, to be satisfied concerning your health, and what was

‘ become of you, I went to Oxford, under pretence of buying something I stood in need of. I was afraid and ashamed to go to the university, and ask for you; but believing that you must be known in town, enquired at several great shops, but without any success, till a perriwig-maker directed me to go to a coffee-house, which he said you used every day.

‘ Here I was informed, that you had been sent for to London, on account of your father's indisposition, and was gone the day before; but that not having quitted the university, it was expected you would not long be absent. This intelligence a little comforted me, and I returned with a satisfaction in my mind, which I believe might spread a more than ordinary glee upon my countenance.

‘ But, however it was, my looks, it seems, were that day ordained to do for me what I never had vanity enough to expect from them.

‘ On my coming home, I found a chariot, with two footmen, waiting at our door, and within a very old grave gentleman busy in discourse with my uncle: the latter had some time before got a slip from a fine extick plant out of a nobleman's garden, which he had reared to such perfection, that it was now loaded with flowers; and it was concerning the purchase of this, and some other curiosities my uncle's nursery afforded, that had brought this guest to our house.

‘ I fancy, my dear Jessamy, that you already imagine that the person I am speaking of was no other than Sir Thomas Hardy, whose wife I now am, and who you saw yesterday with me at the auction: it was he indeed, whose heart, without designing it, I captivated at first sight.

Jemmy on this could not forbear making compliments on the force of her charms; to which she only replied, that of how great service soever they had been to her interest, she took no pleasure in looking lovely in any eyes but those of her dear Jessamy; and then went on with her discourse.

‘ The old baronet,’ resumed she, ‘ had his eyes fixed upon me from the moment I came into the room, and soon took an opportunity of asking my uncle if I was his daughter. “ No,

"please your honour," replied he, "she is only my niece. Farmer Adams, one of your honour's tenants, is her father."

"Oh, then," cried Sir Thomas, "I suppose he has sent her hither to be out of the way of some handsome young man or another whom she may have taken a liking to."—"No, please your honour," said my uncle, "I hope the girl has no such thoughts in her head as yet: my brother only lets her be here, out of kindness to me, to look after my house."

"A very pretty housekeeper indeed," rejoined Sir Thomas; "and I do not doubt but she manages as well as can be expected."—"For her years, Sir," said my uncle. "I dare swear she does," cried my new lover; "and, were it not for robbing you, I should be glad to have such a one to look after my affairs."

"I could not forbear blushing excessively at these words; though I was far from imagining he had any design in them: he said no more, however, at that time; but having ordered my uncle to bring home the plants he had bought of him, went into his chariot, though not without giving me a very amorous look as he passed by."

"For my part, I should have thought no more of this stuff afterwards, but was very much surprized when I saw him come again the next day; my uncle happened to be abroad, and I was sitting alone at work in a little room just by the door, which was wide open, and he came directly in."

"Where is your uncle, my pretty maid?" said he; "I would buy some things of him."—"I replied, that I believed he was not far off, and would call the boy to go in search of him."—"It is no matter," returned he, taking hold of my hand to prevent my doing as I had said; "and, to tell you the truth, I am glad of this opportunity of saying something to you that may be for your advantage."

"I wondered what he meant; but sat down again on his bidding me: he then told me I was a pretty maid, and would be more pretty still, if I was dressed as I ought to be. "It is a pity," said he, "that such limbs as these should be employed in any

hard or servile work. I know very well, that neither your father nor your uncle are able to do much for you; therefore, if you will be one of my family, you shall eat and drink of the best, have fine cloaths, and have no business but to see that the servants do theirs."

"To all this I answered, that I was very much obliged to his honour for the offer he made me, but that I was not accustomed to the ways of gentlemen, and in no respect qualified for the place he mentioned."

"Yes, my dear girl," cried he, "you are sufficiently qualified for every thing I shall require of you." In speaking these words, he threw his withered arms about my neck, and kissed me with a vehemence which one would not think his years capable of."

"I protest to you," continued she, "that I was so foolish as not to apprehend the base design he had upon me, till this last action convinced me of it. I struggled, and got loose from an embrace which was then so detestable to me; I told him that I was not for his purpose, and that I never would be the wicked creature he would have me."

"You are a little fool, and do not consider the value of the offer you reject," said he, throwing a handful of guineas into my lap. "See here; your pocket shall be always filled with these, to dispose of as you think fit; you shall have what you please, do what you please, command me and my whole estate; I desire only a little love in recompense."

"I despise all you can give or promise," answered I; "therefore take back your gold, or I shall throw it out of doors, for your servants to pick up: poor as I am, I will not sell my honesty."

"It was not in this manner, my Jessamy," pursued she, looking fondly on him, "that I withstood the attempts you made upon my virtue. How wide is the difference between love and interest! My old baronet, however, took my behaviour as the effect of the most pure and perfect virtue; he was both amazed and charmed with it; and, approaching me with looks as respectful as they had lately been presuming—" "Well, my lovely maid," said he, "I will not

"not henceforward go about to seduce your innocence: I love you; but will endeavour to conquer my desires."

"I answered in a tone pretty rude, I believe, that it was the only thing he could oblige me in; on which he stood in a considerative posture for some moments: at last, coming out of it—"Celia," said he, looking earnestly on my face, "it is my desire to do every thing to oblige you; and, since that will do it, shall come here no more." With these words he turned from me, and it was with much ado I prevailed on him to take up his money; but I protested a single piece should not remain behind."

Her ladyship was going on, but Mrs. Commode, who was all complaisance, came in with tea, which occasioned a small interruption; after which she resumed her discourse, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXV.

CONTAINS THE SEQUEL OF LADY HARDY'S STORY, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

AFTER my old baronet had left me," said she, "and I had leisure to reflect on what had passed, though I was far from repenting of having refused the offer he had made of living with him; yet, to confess the truth, I thought there was no necessity for giving myself the grand airs I had done, and that I might have taken the gold he would have forced upon me, without any breach either of my modesty or virtue: but this it was which, as he has since told me, gave him so high an opinion of my spirit and delicacy, as made him think me worthy of the dignity he was determined to raise me to."

The third day after that in which he had been with me, a man and horse arrived from my father, with orders to bring me home directly. I cannot tell whether myself or uncle were most surprized at this message, but am certain that both of us were very much so. "Sure," said he, "brother does not intend to take her from me without letting me know, that I might provide for myself."

"I can say nothing to that," replied the fellow; "but I believe she will not come back in haste; for he bid me tell her she must bring all the things away that she has here." This convincing him that my father had indeed taken it into his head to keep me at home, he complained bitterly of his unkindness, and asked the man a thousand questions concerning my being sent for so suddenly away, in none of which the other was able to give him any satisfaction."

"I was all this while in tears, which my uncle, poor man, imputed to my good-nature and sorrow for leaving him thus destitute; but, alas! they proceeded from a cause very different from what he imagined, that of being obliged to remove so much farther from the only place where I could ever hope to see my dear Jessamy again."

But there was no remedy; the orders I had received must be submitted to: I therefore went up to my room; packed up my little wardrobe, which I gave to the man to put before him; took leave of my uncle; got upon the pillion; and, with an aching heart, trotted towards home as fast as the horse, thus loaded, could carry us."

On my arrival, I found my father waiting at the door to receive me: he lifted me off the horse himself; kissed me; said I was a good girl for making such haste to come when he sent for me: in fine, I never remember to have seen him in such a humour in my whole life. My mother was the same: she caught me in her arms as soon as she saw me, and cried—"My dear Celia, thou wert born to be a blessing to us all!" I was strangely surprized at all this complaisance and joy; but as my parents made many circumlocutions in their discourse before they informed me of the motive, I will tell it you in a more brief manner."

Sir Thomas Hardy, it seems, had been with my father; told him he had seen me at my uncle's; that he liked me; and, if he would give his consent, would marry me, as soon as things could be got ready for that purpose. You may be sure my father did not make many words to this bargain; and it was agreed between them, that I should be immediately

sent for home, in order to be clothed according to the station I was going to enjoy.

The astonishment I was in at hearing all this is impossible to be expressed; I shall therefore only say, that it was such as almost turned my brain, and for a good while allowed me not the power of knowing whether I was most pleased or troubled at an event so prodigious.

Early the next morning a servant belonging to my lover brought me a portmanteau, in which I found several rolls of various coloured silks; a great deal of lace and Dresden work, with some pieces of Holland of an extraordinary fineness: in the portmanteau was also a small ivory casket, containing a gold repeating watch and equipage; a set of diamond buckles for my stays; a large pearl necklace with a solitaire, and several other trinkets of a considerable value.

'You may believe,' continued she, 'that my eyes were dazzled with the sight of such things as I had never seen in my whole life before; but I had scarce time to examine them thoroughly before Sir Thomas came himself to visit me: he told me he was glad to see me at home, and asked me how I liked the presents he had made. I was very much confounded; but had courage enough to reply, that I liked them very well, especially as they were accompanied with honourable intentions. This answer pleased him so much, that he could not forbear taking me in his arms, though my father and mother were in the room, saying at the same time—"My dear girl, I have nothing for thee but the most honourable intentions; and what I have given thee now are mere trifles in comparison of what I will hereafter make thee mistress of."

He staid with us near two hours; and, before he went away, gave my mother fifty guineas, to pay for making my cloaths, and to provide for me such other things as she should find necessary, earnestly recommending to her to get all ready for our marriage with as much speed as possible.

He might have spared himself the trouble of this injunction; for never were two people more eagerly anxious for any thing than my poor father and mother to see me disposed of in a

manner so infinitely beyond all they could have hoped. The persons employed in equipping me were so much pressed, and so well paid, that in a very few days nothing was wanting for my nuptials, which were celebrated by the parson of the parish at my father's house; after which I was carried to that which is now my home, and as pleasant a seat as any in the whole county.

During the first week of our marriage, my head was so taken up with the coach and six; number of my servants; the magnificence of every thing about me; the title of my Ladyship; and the compliments made on that occasion; that I thought of nothing but my new grandeur: but all these things became less dazzling to me as they grew more customary; and all my relish for them vanished with their novelty.

The idea of my dear Jessamy now returned to my remembrance; I sighed; I languished; and thought I could have exchanged all my present opulence for one soft hour of love with that first and only charmer of my soul.

My husband's fondness for me increased every day; but, alas! the endearments of a man of his years are rather disgustful than agreeable; and I have often wished, that as it is impossible I should ever have any love for him, that he had less for me, in spite of the advantages I receive by it.

In this manner, my dear Jessamy, added she, 'I passed two whole years, quite hopeless of ever tasting more substantial joys, till business calling Sir Thomas to London, chance has blest me with the sight of him who never has been absent from my mind.'

Jemmy, perceiving she had done, thanked her for the gratification of his curiosity, and the share he had in her remembrance; and then reminded her, that at the last meeting in the wood she had made a promise to him, which he had now a right to claim the performance of.

'If I had not intended to pay my debt,' replied she with a smile, 'I should certainly have avoided the presence of my creditor.'—'When, then,' cried he, 'where shall we meet? for I suppose this is no proper place for the continuance of our interviews.'

'You are mistaken,' said she; 'Mrs. Comode

‘Comode and I know each other perfectly well; Sir Thomas carried me to Tunbridge last year; she kept a shop there at that time; I bought all my things of her, and we soon grew very intimate; on my coming to town I renewed my acquaintance with her; and am very sure of her readiness to oblige me in every thing I desire.’

‘It falls out a little unlucky, indeed,’ pursued she, ‘that we could not go up stairs to-day; but it seems some other company had appointed to drink tea there before Mrs. Comode knew any thing of our coming.’

He then begged she would prefix a time for their happy meeting: on which she told him, that she was to go the next morning to see Windsor Castle, and that Sir Thomas proposed staying there two or three days; but that as soon as they returned, he might be sure she would fly to her dear Jessamy, with a transport at least equal to his own.

‘But how shall I be apprised,’ cried he; ‘how know when to expect the blissful moment?’—‘I have a contrivance for that,’ answered she; ‘I will send a little note to Mrs. Comode, which you may either call for here, or she shall leave for you on your giving her your directions.’

‘I will not give her that trouble,’ said he, ‘nor fail to wait on her every morning till the dear mandate shall arrive;—’ Then I will take care,’ rejoined she, ‘to send the evening before, in order to prevent you from being previously engaged elsewhere.’

Jemmy was beginning to express himself in a very tender manner on this occasion, when the door immediately flew open, and a lady rushed into the room; perceiving company there, she staid not a quarter of a minute, yet long enough to put them both into a good deal of confusion, especially Jemmy, who by his momentary glance, discovered she was one whom he had often seen with Jenny.

This was, indeed, that same officious friend, who had told Jenny the manner in which she had surprized him; but had he known with what moderation that lady received the intelligence, it would have added, if possible, to the love and admiration he had for her.

But whatever vexation this accident might give him on his own account, he took care to conceal it under the ap-

pearance of his great concern for the reputation of his dear Lady Hardy, who, after the first hurry of her spirits was over, seemed perfectly easy, and endeavoured to make him so, saying, that as she had been but three weeks in town, and knew very few people in it, she did not apprehend any danger from this intrusion.

He gave but little attention to what she said on this subject; second thoughts made him repent his promise of calling every day at Mrs. Comode’s, as there was more than a possibility of being met there again by the lady who had just left them, or of being seen by some other of Jenny’s acquaintance.

As soon as Mrs. Comode had got rid of her customer, she came in and made an apology for what had happened, by relating the accident of the garter, as the lady had told it her, assuring them withal, that the next time they did her the honour of a visit, she would take care they should not be interrupted.

Lady Hardy then told her, they had been settling a correspondence together, and was going to say in what manner it was to be conducted; but Jemmy prevented her, by crying out—‘Hold, Madam, business or company may detain me from receiving your ladyship’s commands so soon as they arrive. I should be glad, therefore, that Mrs. Comode would be at the pains to send them directly to me.’

The obliging shop-keeper replied, that she should always take a pleasure in serving Lady Hardy, or any of her friends; on which he told her his name, and that of the street wherein he lived.

After this nothing material passed; and Lady Hardy not judging it proper to stay abroad too long, the lovers separated with a mutual expectation of seeing each other again at the same place in a few days.

C H A P. XXVI.

WILL, IN SOME MEASURE, CONTRIBUTE TO RECONCILE JEMMY TO THOSE WHO MAY HAVE BEEN OFFENDED WITH HIM.

HOW much soever Jemmy might be envied by the young amorous sparks of the town for the adventure he was now engaged in, yet certain it is he

he felt less satisfaction in it than might have been expected, either from his own years and warmth of constitution, or from the beauty and love of his mistress.

Celia of the Woods, it is true, had at first sight inspired him with very strong desires; but then it was a transient flame, a sudden flash of inclination, which ceased on being absent from the object; the idea of her charms had been long since forgot; and if it returned, on finding her again in the person of Lady Hardy, it was but a faint resemblance of what he felt before, and could be called little more than the ghost of his first passion.

The reason of this is pretty evident; there is a charm in innocence more attracting to a nice and delicate heart than any other perfection whatsoever: the harmless simplicity of the rural maid was not only now all lost in the fine lady, but exchanged for a certain boldness of looks and behaviour, and a spirit for intrigue, no way engaging to the penetrating Jemmy.

Besides, it must be remembered, that when he first saw Celia he was two years younger, and consequently had less solidity, and, perhaps, a less sensibility of the merits of Jenny than he has since acquired, by being a more constant witness of them: to this may also be added, that an amour with Lady Hardy was not a thing of his own seeking, but rather in a manner forced upon him; a circumstance which, in most men, would have destroyed a great part of the relish for it.

From all that has been said, it may very justly be concluded, that Jemmy considered the affair he was entering into only as a mere matter of amusement for his senses, without allowing it any share in the affections of his mind; and it is a point which might bear some dispute, whether, had the business which so long detained him in London been completed, he would have staid one day longer in respect to Lady Hardy, or have rather chose to have gone directly down to Bath.

An accident altogether unexpected, however, prevented him from being put to the trial, and left him not at liberty to do either the one or the other, by snatching him away at once from the pursuit both of his honourable and dishonourable flame.

The business he had so much complained of was adjusted while Lady Hardy was at Windsor, and he now had it in his power either to wait her return to London or to go down to Bath: he was, perhaps, debating within himself which of these two he should do, when he received a billet from Mrs. Comode, with a small piece of paper inclosed in it; that from Mrs. Comode contained these lines.

‘ TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘ HONOURED SIR,
‘ I Just now have received the inclosed
‘ from the lady you know of: it
‘ was brought by her footman, unsealed
‘ as you see, and addressed to me to
‘ prevent suspicion: her ladyship has a
‘ world of wit; but you will easily
‘ comprehend the meaning, and not
‘ fail to favour with your company, at
‘ the appointed hour, those who so
‘ much desire it. I am, with the profoundest
‘ respect, honoured Sir, your
‘ most devoted, and most faithful servant,

‘ B. COMODE.

‘ P. S. You may depend, Sir, that
‘ every thing shall be ordered so
‘ as you may be here in all the
‘ privacy you can wish.’

In the other piece of paper he found these words.

‘ TO MRS. COMODE.

‘ DEAR MRS. COMODE,
‘ I Came last night from Windsor, and
‘ am in prodigious want of a new
‘ robe de chambre, for I am quite
‘ weary and sick of those I have by me;
‘ therefore pray get me some patterns
‘ of silks, such as you think I shall
‘ like. I will be with you to-morrow
‘ at five o’clock precisely, to make my
‘ choice. I am, dear Comode,
‘ yours,

‘ HARDY.’

‘ P. S. Be sure you do not fail to
‘ get the silks ready against I
‘ come.’

Whatever uncertainty his mind was in before, this turned the balance, and he sent his compliments by the bearer

to Mrs. Comode, with an assurance that he would wait on her as she desired: but he had scarce dispatched this message, when a footman belonging to one Mr. Ellwood came to let him know his master entreated his company immediately at his house, on business of the utmost importance.

This Mr. Ellwood was one of those gentlemen who had been appointed by Jemmy's father for the trustees and guardians of his minority. He was a man of great fortune, great abilities, and yet greater integrity: our young hero had a thousand obligations to him, particularly in relation to that perplexing affair he had lately been involved in, and which he could not so easily have accomplished without his kind assistance.

The eldest son of this worthy person had been a fellow collegian with Jemmy: they had lived together in the most perfect harmony while at the university; nor had the friendship between them slackened since their quitting it. They had not now seen each other for a considerable time, the old gentleman, who lived for the most part at his seat in Bedfordshire, having sent for his son, in order to make his address to a young lady of that county, an heiress to a large estate.

The attachment Jemmy had to this family made him presently comply with the summons that had been sent him. Mr. Ellwood hearing he was come, met him at the top of the stairs, and with a countenance which expressed the inward satisfaction of his mind—'Dear Mr. Jessamy,' cried he, 'I have news to tell you, which I am certain you will participate in the joy of; my boy has gained his point, the lady has consented, and we must go, and see them tacked together.'

Jemmy had heard much talk of this courtship; and that it went on very successfully, but did not think it had been so near a conclusion: he expressed, however, the interest he took in so felicitous an event in terms the most obliging and sincere.

'I doubt not,' said Mr. Ellwood, 'but the goodness of your heart makes you pleased with every thing that gives pleasure to your friends: but this is not all we require of you; Harry must needs have you as a witness of his marriage; he presses me

to engage you to accompany me to Ham-Hall; and here is a letter for you, which he sent inclosed in mine; I have not been so curious or so ill-mannered as to open it; but I suppose it is on the account I mention: pray, see whether I am mistaken.'

Jemmy having taken the letter out of his hand, instantly broke the seal, and read aloud as follows—

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND,
I Have now done with hopes, fears, and suspense; the angel I so long solicited has at last consented to be mine, and I am shortly to enjoy a happiness which can have no alloy but the want of your presence.

I would fain flatter myself, that the earnest desire I have to see you on this blest occasion will be sufficient to bring you to Ham-Hall; but lest I should be too vain in this point, have entreated my father, whose influence is questionless more powerful, to omit nothing which may engage you to accompany him; and in expectation remain, with the greatest sincerity, dear Jessamy, your most affectionate friend, and very humble servant,

H. ELLWOOD.

This invitation very much disconcerted Jemmy: the regard he had for those that made it, rendered him very unwilling to deny, and the double obligation he had laid himself under, first of meeting Lady Hardy at Mrs. Comode's, and secondly of going down to Bath, made him not well know how to comply.

Mr. Ellwood, on perceiving he paused and seemed in some dilemma, told him he would have no denial, and remonstrated to him that he could have no engagements in town with any persons who were more truly his friends than those that now desired his company in Bedfordshire.

Jemmy was a little ashamed at the reluctance he had shewn to this journey, and could find no better excuse for it than that which was indeed the chief motive, his having promised Jenny to follow her to Bath, and the expectation he knew she was in every day of seeing him arrive.

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‘If that be all,’ cried the old gentleman, ‘the difficulty is easily removed; you have only to write to her, and relate the occasion that keeps you from her somewhat longer than you intended; and I will answer for her she has good-nature enough to pardon you.’

Jemmy being still desirous of finding some excuse to avoid this invitation, repeated the discourse he had with Mr. Morgan, and the report which was spread about town in relation to his supposed infidelity to Jenny, urging the necessity of his being with her before she should hear any thing of it.

Mr. Ellwood laughed at the apprehensions he discovered on this account; replied, that it was not likely that such an idle story should be told her, especially while she remained at so great a distance from the place where it was invented: ‘But in case,’ continued he, ‘any malicious person should convey the scandal to her, as the thing is utterly without foundation, it may be easily disproved when you come together, and she would allow it a weakness in herself to have given credit to it.’

This, with some other arguments, assisted by Jemmy’s own unwillingness to disoblige him, soon decided the matter; and as Mr. Ellwood said he purposed to set out early the next morning, Jenny’s lover took his leave to make what preparations were necessary for his departure, as well as to give an account to both his mistresses of what had happened.

C H A P. XXVII.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER PARTICULARS, A MORE FULL EXPLANATION OF JEMMY’S INNOCENCE IN SOME THINGS WHICH HAD VERY MUCH THE APPEARANCE OF BEING CRIMINAL.

JEMMY had no sooner taken leave of Mr. Ellwood, than he wrote to Lady Hardy, telling her, that an unavoidable necessity had torn him from his wishes; that he was compelled to go into the country the next morning, and consequently must be deprived of the pleasure of meeting her, as he had hoped, according to appointment; but

added, that he should return in a very short time, and then enjoy the happiness he languished for. This he inclosed in another to Mrs. Comode, with an entreaty that she would convey it as directed with all expedition and secrecy.

That necessary friend discharged the trust reposed in her with so much diligence, that on his coming home pretty early from Vauxhall, where he had been that evening with some company, he found a letter from Mrs. Comode, with another inclosed in it from Lady Hardy, in answer to his billet; the contents of both were as follow.

‘TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘HONOURED SIR,
‘I Know not what you will find in the inclosed, though it was wrote at my house, and I saw it wetted with tears, falling from a pair of the most beautiful eyes in the world. I doubt not, however, but you will soon dry them up: it would, indeed, be a great pity, that two such charming persons should have any cause of complaint against each other. You will pardon this freedom, as it springs from my zeal for your future happiness, to which you may assure yourself I shall always be proud to contribute; being with the most profound respect, honoured Sir, your very faithful, and obsequious servant,

‘B. COMODE.’

By this prelude he easily guessed what was the purport of the other, so was not surprized at the reproaches it contained.

‘TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘SIR,
‘I Have just now received yours by the hands of Mrs. Comode; and Sir Thomas being abroad, I have the opportunity of disburdening myself of some part of that mingled astonishment and grief your cruel epistle has involved me in. Oh, Mr. Jessamy! how can you treat with such indifference a woman who loves you to distraction! Nothing but yourself could ever made me believe you were capable of behaving towards me in this manner. Is this the effect of all your

‘ your soft expressions? Is this the recompence of the fondness I have shewn to you? You find me ready to risk every thing for you, virtue, duty, reputation; nay, the dangers of eternal ruin are too weak to deter me from flying into your arms: should any other engagement, then, any business, any pleasure, have the power to snatch you from me? The excuses you make might have passed well enough with me when I was the ignorant unjudging Celia of the Woods; but time, reading, and observation, has now informed me better; and I know what a woman has a right to expect from the man who has a real passion for her; but I see you are insensible, ungrateful, yet still I love you; and, in spite of my resentment, cannot help wishing you a prosperous journey, and a safe return. You promise me that it shall be speedy; but I know not how to give credit to your words: the sooner you come back, however, the more you will be entitled to the forgiveness of your too much devoted

‘ CELIA.’

‘ P. S. Sir Thomas talks of staying in London all next winter. This would be joyful news to me indeed, if I could flatter myself with a belief you wished it so; but dare not hope too much, after the cruel disappointment you have given me.’

Till the receipt of this, Jemmy thought he had done with Lady Hardy till his return from Bedfordshire; but he now found himself under a necessity either of writing to her again, or of giving her cause to complain of his want of politeness as well as love.

With the pleasures of an amorous intrigue there will be always some mixture of fatigue. Jemmy loved to enjoy the one, but was not of a humour to endure much of the other, especially at present; and the tender reproaches and accusation in this letter seemed to him so many impertinences, which he would gladly have been able to dispense with himself from answering.

He was also obliged to write to Jenny that same night, in order to give her an account of the motive that carried him to Ham-Hall, at the very instant he was

about to gratify his inclinations in following her to Bath; but this was a task which he was far from feeling any reluctance in the performance of; so widely different are the effects of an honourable and a dishonourable passion!

This put me in mind of a very just, as well as beautiful, hieroglyphick, which I once saw among the paintings of Titian. The capital figures in the piece were two Cupids, the one coming down from Jupiter in a milk-white robe, his sparkling eyes wide open, and garlands in his hands, of fresh and unmixed sweets, ready to crown the brows of every faithful votary: the other in a garment of a dusky yellow, spattered all over with black, seemed ascending from the earth; condensed vapours encircled his head, a bandage covered his eyes, and in his impure hands were wreaths of half-shed faded roses, thinly blended with thorns and prickly briars.

The ancients were extremely fond of expressing their designs by emblems; and this custom, which is as old as the Syriac and Chaldean, is still retained, throughout the greatest part of Europe, in the devices on their shields; so that, by looking on the escutcheon of any family, it is easy to know for what great action it was at first distinguished. And this, methinks, should remind those who wear them to act in such a manner as may render themselves worthy of the honours acquired for them by their progenitors; otherwise they are no more, according to the words of a late author, than—

‘ Dignify’d dregs of Britain’s fallen race,
‘ Honour’s dishonour, and Fame’s last disgrace.’

But this is not a work in which remonstrances are to be expected, nor perhaps would be greatly relished; I shall therefore leave the world such as it is, and, without being much of a prophet, one may say, is like to be, and return to the subject of my history.

Jemmy wrote a long letter to his dear Jenny; in which he acquainted her with all the particulars relating to the journey he was about to take, in compliance with Mr. Ellwood’s invitations; and expressed the utmost discontent at an accident which hindered him from

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going

going to Bath so soon as he designed, and hoped to have done.

Having finished this, he set himself about answering the complaint of Lady Hardy; which he did in terms that have no occasion to be repeated, this letter having been already inserted in the fifth chapter of this volume; to which, if the reader takes the trouble to turn back, he will easily perceive to be the same that, by one of the caprices of fortune, fell into the hands of Jenny, and threw her into the condition there described.

Jemmy, in this point, acted like some careless apothecaries, who, by fixing wrong labels on the potions they prepare, frequently destroy one patient by what would have given relief to another: so he, having sealed both the letters before he wrote the superscription of either, directed that he designed for Jenny to Lady Hardy; and, by consequence, that for Lady Hardy to Jenny.

Quite ignorant of the mischief his inadvertency would occasion, he sent a servant with these dispatches; the one to be left at Mrs. Comode's, and the other at the post-house.

About five the next morning, the impatient Mr. Ellwood called on him in his travelling coach. What unwillingness soever he had testified for this expedition, he had taken care that every thing necessary for it should be prepared against the coming of his friend; so being entirely ready, they set out together immediately, attended by the servants belonging to both of them.

The coachman having orders to make all the speed he could, the horses being full of spirit, the road good, and no bad accident retarding the progress of their journey, they arrived at Ham-Hall that same evening; where it is not to be doubted but they were received by the intended bridegroom with all demonstrations imaginable of joy; of duty to the one, and affection to the other.

The wedding was not solemnized till two days after, on account of some writings which had waited for the old gentleman to sign, he having agreed to settle a pretty large estate upon his son at this marriage.

I will not trouble my reader with any description of these nuptials, though they were celebrated with as much mag-

nificence as the rank of the persons, and the place they were in, would admit of, without incurring the censure of vanity and ostentation. Jemmy staid there eight days, and was then obliged to tear himself away from his kind hosts, who would not have suffered him to part so soon but on the score of his impatience to be with Jenny, and the reasons he had given Mr. Ellwood for it.

C H A P. XXVIII.

TREATS OF SUCH THINGS AS THE AUTHOR IS PRETTY WELL CONVINCED, FROM A LONG SERIES OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE HUMAN MIND, WILL AFFORD MORE PLEASURE THAN OFFENCE, EVEN AMONG SOME OF THOSE WHO MOST AFFECT A CONTRARY SENSATION.

HOW strangely ignorant are we of our own hearts! How weak a dependance is there to be placed upon our best resolves! So true is this maxim of Mr. Dryden—

‘ Men are but children of a larger growth;
‘ Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
‘ And full as craving too, and full as vain.’

Who that has heard with what reluctance Jemmy went down to Bedfordshire, the insensibility he expressed for all the gaieties and pleasures of the nuptial feast, and the impatience he had to take his leave of friends who so much desired and valued his company; who, I say, that has been informed of all this, but would have thought that, according to the promise he had made to Jenny in his letter to her from Ham-Hall, he would have done little more in London than just pass through it in his way to Bath?

Yet see the swift vicissitude, and how suddenly the rolling tide of inclination is capable of overturning those designs which even we ourselves have believed were founded on the most solid basis, and impossible to be shaken!

But I will not detain the attention of my readers with any superfluous remarks of my own; the fact I am going to relate will be sufficient of itself to prove the uncertain state of human resolution, and may serve to abate the pride

pride of those who depend too much on their own strength of mind.

Jemmy, who, during his stay in the country, had his whole soul absorbed, as it were, in the thoughts of his dear and deserving Jenny, had no sooner reached London than his stability began to slacken; and, though he did not cease to love her with the same tenderness as ever, yet that burning impatience he had so lately felt to be with her became less fierce on something coming in his way which, till he saw, had almost slipped his memory.

He came to town in a post-chaise; but how his inclinations stood in regard to Lady Hardy, or whether he would have endeavoured to see her before he went to Bath, is altogether uncertain; something, however, happened, which turned the balance on her side, and reminded him both of her and the promise he had made in that letter, which he doubted not but she had received.

He alighted at a coffee-house, which he was accustomed to frequent very much. A stop of coaches happening to be in the street, he saw Sir Thomas and Lady Hardy in one of them, just opposite the door he was going to enter: she saw him too, and gave him a very significant look; which was all the salutation the place and company she was in would allow of.

A young amorous heart, I think, may, with some analogy, be compared to tinder, as it is ready to take fire from every spark that falls. How cool soever Jemmy might have been some moments before, this sight sufficed to revive the glowing embers of desire, and made him think it would not become him to neglect totally so kind and fair a creature.

He supped that night with some company he met at the coffee-house; but resolved to send to her, by the way of Mrs. Comode, the next morning. The impatience of the lady, nevertheless, prevented his intentions; and, on his coming home, he was presented with a letter, which, his people said, had been left for him by a porter above an hour before.

He opened it with some eagerness, not doubting from what hand it came; and found, as he had imagined, the cover from Mrs. Comode, with these lines.

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

HONOURED SIR,

I Send you what, I dare say, will be a welcome present: your answer to it, with the utmost expedition, is requested to be left at my house, as usual. I beg you, Sir, to believe that I shall always be ready to oblige you and the beautiful party to the utmost of my poor power; being, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant, to command,

B. COMODE.

The contents of the inclosed were as follow.

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

SIR,

I See you are in town, but am far from assuring myself you have any thoughts of me: the violence of your passion for your charming Jenny, and the hurry you are in to follow her to Bath, may probably have made you forget that there is such a person in the world as myself. I send this, therefore, to desire one more interview, even though it should be to take an everlasting leave. My happy rival would not certainly regret your giving that satisfaction to a woman who loves you more than, perhaps, she is capable of doing. Honour and gratitude demand this from you; to them I appeal, and shall commit my cause.

Since you went out of town, I have another misfortune, added to that of having discovered your engagement with Jenny: Mrs. Comode has let her lodgings to a person intimately acquainted with my husband; so it is utterly impracticable for me to see you there; and I am reduced, by this piece of ill-luck, to desire you will find out some more proper place for our meeting. Whether it be at your own house, or at that of any friend in whom you can confide, is a matter of indifference to me; only remember, that I will not venture to a tavern, bagnio, or any such publick place.

As I am convinced your heart, if not wholly lost, is at least divided, I should have little joy in the continu-

ance of an intercourse so dangerous to myself, and so negligently pursued by you: you need not, therefore, be under any apprehensions of my persecuting you with a passion you seemed to have ceased desiring any farther proofs of. Happy should I be, indeed, to find myself mistaken in what I have so much cause to fear. See me once more, however; and fix the yet uncertain fate of her who is, with too much sincerity, the unkind Jessamy's still affectionate and devoted

CELIA.

P. S. If you no longer have any love for me, let pity and goodness nature for that you have inspired me with prevail on you not to keep me in suspense. I languish, I am distracted, till I receive your answer, with an appointment where and when I shall have the opportunity of telling you all my soul is full of!

This passionate epistle gave Jemmy much more pain than pleasure; not that he was either surprized or troubled at the knowledge he found she had of his engagement with Jenny. He was sensible a thousand accidents might reveal it to her; nor did he think she had any

business to interfere with the honourable addresses he made elsewhere; and, had she ever questioned him upon that subject, would not have evaded or denied the truth.

But it vexed him a good deal to find that the providing a place for their meeting was required of him. Whatever amorous intrigues he had hitherto been engaged in, had been accompanied with no difficulties; they had fallen in his way without any pains of his own; he had never been put to the trouble of forming any contrivances for the carrying them on; and the injunction now laid upon him was a thing no less new than disagreeable to him.

Never had he been so much puzzled in his whole life: he judged it highly inconvenient, for many reasons, to make an appointment with her at his own house; and, as she had excepted against all those he should readily have proposed, he might well be at a very great loss to whom he should apply on such an occasion.

What course he took in this perplexing dilemma, and what consequences attended this adventure, as well as the catastrophe of many others mentioned in this work, the reader, if he has patience to wait, will find fully set forth and explained in the succeeding volume.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



THE
HISTORY
OF

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.

SHOWS THE CHARACTER OF JEMMY IN A LIGHT WHICH WILL BE THOUGHT WORTHY OF APPROBATION BY SOME READERS, AND EQUALLY RIDICULED BY OTHERS.

HOW much soever Jemmy was taken up, on going to bed, with the thoughts of when and where he should meet with his mistress according to her desire, he did not forget, next morning, an appointment he had made to breakfast with a gentleman, in order to look over some curiosities that had been brought from Rome at the last jubilee.

In his way thither, as he was passing by the door of a great mercer, he was surprized with the sight of Lady Hardy starting out upon him; and, before he had time to speak, or, indeed, to think whether he ought to do so in that place or no—'Well, Mr. Jessamy,' cried she, in a low voice, 'what answer may I expect to the letter I sent last night?'—'Such a one, Madam,' replied he, 'as, I hope, will give you no future cause to reproach me.'

'I should be glad—' said she, and

was going on; but something, which will hereafter be discovered, prevented her, and she ran back into the shop in the greatest hurry and confusion. Jemmy imagined that the sight of some person who knew her had given her this alarm; but as it was improper to follow her, and he did not chuse to saunter about the street in hopes of speaking to her again, he went directly to the place where he was expected.

He staid no longer at this visit than mere civility required. The task enjoined him by Lady Hardy ran very much in his head, and he could not be easy till he had found some means or other of performing it.

He was returning home so deeply buried in cogitation, that, though he went through the Park, which at that time was very full of company, he saw not nor took notice of any body in it, till Bellpine meeting him in his unusual musing, accosted him with a slap on the shoulder, accompanied by these lines, borrowed from Farquhar's Recruiting Officer—

'Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
'Fly, I conjure thee, by this magick blow!'

'What, in the name of wonder,' pursued he, 'has wrought this transformation? What fair cruel she has the power

‘power to engross you to herself, and make you absent amidst a throng of beauties?’

The sight of him, together with the salutation he had given him, put Jessamy in mind of something he had never thought on before: ‘Faith, Bellpine,’ answered he, laughing, ‘your guess is partly right; I was thinking of a lady, though no cruel one, and just wishing for such a friend as you.’

‘Then here I am—propos,’ cried the other: ‘what act of friendship am I to be employed in?’—‘Come home with me, and I will tell you,’ replied Jessamy. ‘With all my heart,’ said Bellpine; ‘I will only speak to a couple of gentlemen I see yonder, and be after you in a moment.’

Jemmy was now astonished at his own stupidity: so anxious as he had been to find a proper place for the consummation of his amour with Lady Hardy, yet he had never once thought of having recourse to Bellpine for that purpose, who was a single man; had handsome lodgings, and looked upon by him as sufficiently his friend to oblige him in a much greater matter than the use of his apartment for a few hours.

He walked slowly on, and the other overtook him before he reached his own door. As soon as they were come into the house, and shut up together, Jessamy told him, that having a small affair of gallantry with a woman of condition, who would not venture to any house of publick resort, the favour he requested of him was to lend him his lodgings to entertain her in.

To this the other replied, that he was glad of the opportunity of contributing to his pleasures: ‘But,’ said he, ‘we must be very cautious; my landlady, you must know, is a formal piece of stuff; and piques herself mightily on the reputation and honesty of her house; I will therefore sneak privately out before you come, that she may not know that I am abroad; and when my man has shewed you and your fair companion up stairs, he shall tell the old cant that you are relations of mine come to visit me.’

Bellpine looked extremely thoughtful all the time he was speaking, which Jessamy interpreting as the effect of his

great zeal and care that every thing should be conducted to his satisfaction, heartily embraced and thanked him for.

The other grew every moment more serious: but asked him on what day, and what hour, he intended to bring his mistress. ‘That must depend upon herself,’ said Jessamy, ‘and what opportunity chance and our good fortune may befriend us with; but I shall take care to give you timely notice.’

‘I suppose,’ resumed Bellpine, ‘as this affair is to be a mighty secret, I must not be trusted with the name of this fine lady.’—‘No, friend,’ replied Jessamy, ‘you must excuse me there: she is a person of fashion, and a married woman.’—‘Aye,’ returned Bellpine, in a voice scarce articulate, through his inward agitations; ‘and you might have added too, a lewd, a base, and a most ungrateful woman.’

‘What do you mean, Sir?’ demanded Jessamy, somewhat startled at his looks and manner of speaking. ‘Before I answer you,’ cried Bellpine, ‘tell me, I conjure you, by all our friendship, tell me truly, whether you have yet enjoyed her?’—‘No,’ upon my honour!’ replied the other, still more surprized; ‘but wherefore do you ask? She is perhaps your mistress.’

‘Would to Heaven,’ said Bellpine, ‘that she were mine, or yours, or any man’s mistress, so she were not my uncle’s wife, and dignified with the name of Lady Hardy!’

Never was any one in a greater consternation than Jessamy was on hearing this; he had been told, indeed, somewhat concerning his having an uncle who had married a girl of mean extraction, but knew nothing of his name, or the particulars of the story. ‘What!’ cried he hastily, ‘is Sir Thomas Hardy your uncle?’

‘Yes,’ replied the other sullenly; ‘he is my mother’s brother, and I was always looked upon as his undoubted heir; but by his marriage with this Jezebel I am like to be defrauded of an estate of upwards of two thousand pounds a year.’

Jemmy having by this time a little recovered himself from his surprize, was very much affected at these last words: ‘You shall not be a loser by any act of mine,’ said he: ‘if Lady Hardy were more handsome than she is, and I loved

‘loved her more than I ever did, be assured I would henceforth for ever shun her presence, and forego the gratification of my desires, rather than be guilty of attempting any thing which might happen to prove an injury to my friend.’

‘This is generous, indeed,’ cried Bellpine, embracing him, ‘and what I could have expected from no man but yourself. You will pardon, dear Sir,’ continued he, ‘the warmth of some expressions I may have let fall; but I cannot keep my temper in due bounds whenever I think on my uncle’s dotage, and the misfortunes I may possibly be reduced to by it.’

After many repeated assurances on the one side, and retributions on the other, Jemmy bethought himself of asking him how it came into his head to guess that Lady Hardy, of all woman kind, was the mistress he had spoke of, and intended to have brought to his lodgings.

‘It can be called, indeed, no more than a conjecture,’ replied Bellpine, ‘yet was it such a conjecture as amounted almost to a certainty. You know,’ pursued he, ‘that you spoke to her this morning at the door of a shop in Chandos Street; I was sitting in a parlour-window just opposite to it, and had the opportunity of beholding with what hurry of looks and motion her impudent ladyship flew out to meet you; and how presently after conscious guilt and fear at sight of me in turning her head that way, made her leave you, and retire with as much precipitation as she had come out. This,’ went he still on, ‘was enough to give a strange suspicion of your intimacy, and I thought to have asked you by what means you came to be so well acquainted with one of our family: but you prevented me, by making a request which confirmed me in what I had so much reason to believe before; and also that you were entirely ignorant of the near relationship between me and that vile woman.’

‘You do me justice,’ said Jemmy; ‘nothing could be farther from my thoughts than that she was your aunt; I knew her before she had any expectation of being so, and when she was much more innocent than I fear she is at present.’ He then, on the de-

fire of the other, related the manner of his first acquaintance with Celia of the Woods, and the many accidents which had intervened, and hindered the completion of what at that time he so ardently had desired, and she seemed not very averse to grant.

On his having finished this recital— ‘When I consider,’ said Bellpine, ‘what you are, and what she was at the time of her acquaintance with you in the wood, I could almost pity her for not being able, even after marriage, to banish an idea so agreeable, and which had made the first impression on her heart; but, my dear friend, it is not for your sake alone she has transgressed the rules of virtue, and even of decency: others have proved the too great warmth of her constitution; some unquestionable instances of this have come to my knowledge; be assured I speak not this out of malice, nor, in regard of my uncle’s honour, would mention it at all, if I did not think it might serve to fortify you in the resolution you have taken of never seeing her any more.’

A sort of contemptuous smile spread itself all over Jemmy’s face at this supposition: he assured Bellpine that there was no occasion for any proofs of that lady’s levity to enable him to keep the promise he had made; and that as he never was possessed of any more than a transient inclination for her, he could throw it off without feeling the least pain. ‘Whatever anecdotes, therefore,’ said he, ‘you favour me with, will only serve to gratify my curiosity.’

Bellpine was, however, preparing to recollect the passages he had to relate; but their discourse had already taken up so much time, that before he could begin, a servant came into the room, and told his master that dinner was upon table. ‘Well, then,’ said Jemmy to his guest, ‘you must do penance with me; a bachelor’s table is always thinly served; but I indulged somewhat too plentifully last night, so mortify to-day with a boiled chicken and small beer.’

In speaking these words he took Bellpine by the hand, and led him into another room, where it is not to be doubted but that they found more covers already placed than he had made mention of.

C H A P. II.

CONTAINS, BESIDES OTHER MATTERS, SOME FARTHER PARTICULARS RELATING TO LADY HARDY, WHICH SHE DID NOT THINK PROPER TO MAKE ANY MENTION OF TO JEMMY, IN THE DETAIL SHE HAD GIVEN HIM OF HER ADVENTURES.

DINNER was no sooner over, all the appurtenances of it removed, and the servants withdrawn, than Bell-pine began the little narrative he had promised, in these or the like terms:

‘It was always my custom,’ said he, ‘even from my childhood, to go to Oxfordshire, and pay my respects to my uncle three or four times a year; nor did I refrain continuing to give him this mark of my duty and affection after his marriage: though, as you may suppose, it was an event which gave me great uneasiness.

‘The first time I saw my new aunt, I found her busily employed in learning French, musick, and dancing. She seemed, and I believe really was, no less desirous of becoming mistress of those accomplishments than her fond husband was that she should be so, passing all those hours he suffered her from his presence either in reading some books which he had presented to her, or in the study of the lessons given her by her masters; her behaviour was also full of humility and courtesy: in a word, as much as I was prejudiced against her, which I confess I greatly was, I could see nothing in her to condemn during this visit, which lasted near three weeks, and as unwilling that my uncle should think I took any umbrage at the change of his condition.

‘I went not down again till six months after, having been detained in London by a long fit of sickness, which it was thought would have been my last: but, good God! how strange a transformation had happened in the family in that time! On my arrival, most of the old servants were removed, and new ones in their places; all my aunt’s preceptors were dismissed, and her ladyship, instead of the tractable, obliging creature I had left her, was now grown haughty, sullen, and

‘reserved; scarce spoke but in her husband’s presence, and then with only an assumed softness. In short, every thing was the very reverse of what it had been, except my uncle himself, and he too, I thought, appeared less cheerful and satisfied than usual.

‘But what the most amazed me was, to find that in the change of domesticks was included an old gentleman who had lived with my uncle for seven or eight and twenty years, in quality of a housekeeper, and being a distant relation of my father’s, and reduced by misfortunes to go to service, had been recommended by my mother to take care of his affairs; which trust she so well discharged, and gave my uncle such content, that he used frequently to say, that as long as they both lived, Jamison, for so she is called, and he should never part.

‘I took the liberty of asking my uncle what was become of her; but he only replied, that she was a foolish woman; that he had discharged her; and that he had done with her: I rejoined, that I hoped she had been guilty of nothing to incur his displeasure. “I tell you,” cried he, peevishly, “she is a foolish impertinent woman; say no more about her.” I obeyed; but could not keep myself from putting some questions concerning her removal to those of the servants who had lived there in her time; but could get no other answer from any of them than a shake of the head, or a shrug of the shoulder. All this encreased my wonder; but on hearing she was at present boarded at a little farm-house about three or four miles off, I got one of my uncle’s horses, and went thither one morning, under pretence of riding for the air.

‘Notwithstanding the good creature received me with the greatest joy imaginable, I found the utmost difficulty in prevailing on her to acquaint me with the reason of her having left a place where she had been so useful as well as so much respected; and all I could get from her for a good while was, that Sir Thomas had now no occasion for a housekeeper, having so good a lady, and such like evasive answers; which convincing me there was some mystery in the affair,

‘made

made me the more solicitous for an explanation.

I pressed, however, in such strong terms, that she at last consented to satisfy me. "Your aunt is a base woman," said she, "and deserves to be exposed; but as ill as Sir Thomas has used me, I should be sorry that he should be made the jest of the county, therefore would not mention what I am going to relate to any person in the world besides yourself; nor even to you, if I did not know you would be obliged, for your own sake, to keep it secret."

After this, she asked me if I did not remember that the last time I was down, there was a young French Hugonot, who made part of the family, and had been agreed with by Sir Thomas to teach her ladyship the language for two guineas a month and his board. I told her I knew very well there had been such a man, and she proceeded to inform me, that this fellow presently grew a prodigious favourite with Lady Hardy; that she was always praising him, and was so extravagantly silly as even to ask the maids if they did not think Monsieur La Noye was a very handsome man. This," said Mrs. Jamison, "occasioned whispers in the family, which were little to her ladyship's advantage; but, for my part, I really looked upon her behaviour as the effect of simplicity, and not of guilt, as some of them imagined; till happening to go to the best chamber to see if every thing was in order, as I had made it be cleaned the day before, who did I see there but my lady and this La Noye upon the bed together; they had forgot, it seems, to fasten the door, and the posture I surprized them in admitted no doubt of their guilt; I was so thunder-struck, that I had not the power to go either forward or backward; but stood motionless as a stock; the fellow started up, and rushed by me out of the room: my lady, you may be sure, was in confusion enough; she ran to me, threw herself at my feet, burst into tears, and cried—"Dear Jamison, do not betray me!"—"Oh, Madam!" said I, "I never thought to have seen what I have seen."—"I was half asleep," rejoined she, "when he came into the room, and I

scarce knew what I did; therefore, dear Mrs. Jamison, do not ruin me; do not tell Sir Thomas; indeed I will never be guilty of the like again."

I could not forbear interrupting the good woman in this part of her story, said Bellpine, "by venting my indignation in a volley of curses on the scandal of our family; but she conjured me to moderate my passion, and resolve to shew no future marks of it, or protested she would reveal no farther; I gave my promise to do as she desired, and she went on.

"The deceitful creature," resumed she, "hung about me all the time she was speaking, with such a shew of innocence and grief, that at last, I am ashamed to say it, her tears, her seeming penitence, her humiliation, melted me into pity, and I promised never to mention what I had discovered, on condition she would never repeat her offence; and also that she should make some pretence to Sir Thomas for getting the vile seducer of her honour removed out of the family."

"This she bound herself by the most solemn imprecation to perform; but, alas! one day, another, and another, still came on, and passed away without any proof, or even probability of the sincerity of her conversion; she took care, indeed, not to be surprized in the manner she had been; but I easily saw by Sir Thomas's behaviour, and some words he let fall in casual conversation, that there was no thought of parting with this French fellow till her ladyship was made perfect in the language.

"I expressed my sentiments very plainly to her on this head, on which she told me that Monsieur had not taken any freedoms with her since the time I caught them together, and that he had sworn never to attempt the like again; and added, that though she would be glad to get rid of him, and could not endure the sight of him, yet she could find no excuse to make to Sir Thomas for leaving off learning French, till she was become mistress of it, which she was far from being as yet.

"This not satisfying me, I renewed my remonstrances to her as often as I had an opportunity; but I soon found,

“ that instead of working the effect I
 “ aimed at, she rather seemed more
 “ hardened by them; every time I
 “ spoke she answered in a more lofty
 “ strain; and at last told me that she
 “ would not be teased; that it was suf-
 “ ficient she did not repeat her fault,
 “ and as for the rest she knew what was
 “ proper to be done, and would not be
 “ kept in leading-strings by any ser-
 “ vant of her husband's.

“ I now plainly saw, that she was no
 “ less wicked, though more wary, than
 “ she had been; I was troubled at the
 “ shame she would bring upon my ma-
 “ ster, and was debating within my-
 “ self whether or not I should relate
 “ to him the discovery I had made,
 “ and all that had passed upon it between
 “ us, when an unforeseen accident
 “ saved me the pains of thinking any
 “ farther on the matter.

“ Her ladyship, who, as you may
 “ suppose, was never much respected
 “ by the servants, on account of her
 “ birth, became every day less so
 “ through the strong suspicion they
 “ had of her incontinency; but the in-
 “ solence of her gallant was intolerable
 “ to all of them, especially to Hum-
 “ phrey, who being the oldest servant
 “ in the house, except myself, would
 “ not submit to the impertinent com-
 “ mands of that French renegado; this
 “ causing many quarrels, he resolved
 “ to leave Sir Thomas's service; but,
 “ before he went, had opportunity of
 “ revenging himself on those who were
 “ the occasion of his doing so.

“ I was one morning with Sir Tho-
 “ mas in his closet, settling my ac-
 “ counts, as I always did every month,
 “ when this Humphrey came running
 “ in, and told him that my lady was in
 “ the summer-house at the farther end
 “ of the garden, and desired he would
 “ come to her that minute, for there
 “ was a great curiosity to be seen there.
 “ What little fancy has she got in her
 “ head, I wonder?” said Sir Thomas;
 “ but I will go.”—“ Your honour must
 “ come immediately,” cried the fellow,
 “ or the sight will be gone.”—“ Well,
 “ well,” replied he, “ she must be hu-
 “ moured.” In speaking this he threw
 “ down the papers, and hurried away
 “ as fast as the burden of his years
 “ would let him.

“ I staid some little time in the clo-
 “ set, expecting Sir Thomas would

“ soon return; but finding he did not,
 “ left it, and went down. I had just
 “ got to the bottom of the stairs, when
 “ he came in, followed by my lady,
 “ both of them with countenances
 “ strangely discomposed. “ Sirrah!”
 “ said he, very angrily to Humphrey,
 “ who happened to be in the passage,
 “ how dare you tell me that your lady
 “ wanted to speak with me in the sum-
 “ mer-house?”—“ Sir,” replied the
 “ fellow, with the greatest assurance,
 “ I saw my lady and the young French-
 “ man run thither very fast, so I thought
 “ there might be something very extra-
 “ ordinary to be seen; so made bold to
 “ tell your honour of it.”—“ You are
 “ an impudent rascal!” cried Sir Tho-
 “ mas, and went up stairs; still follow-
 “ ed by my lady.

“ I wondered what all this meant,
 “ but was soon after informed of the
 “ whole matter. The fellow, it seems,
 “ being convinced in his own mind
 “ that my lady and this Frenchman
 “ were too great, had watched all their
 “ motions, and finding that they re-
 “ tired almost every morning into this
 “ summer-house, when they knew Sir
 “ Thomas was reading, or otherwise
 “ employed in his closet, he had taken
 “ this method of giving the injured
 “ husband an opportunity of detecting
 “ them.

“ I did not approve of Humphrey's
 “ proceeding in this point; and told
 “ him, that let the matter be how it
 “ will, he must not hope to keep his
 “ place after what he had done. He
 “ replied, that he did not care how soon
 “ he was discharged; that he had got
 “ money enough to set up an ale-house,
 “ and would not stay in any service
 “ where he must be insulted by people
 “ no better born than himself, and not
 “ half so honest.”

“ Here,” said Bellpine, “ I could not
 “ forbear interrupting Mrs. Jamison a
 “ second time, by asking her how the
 “ shameful pair behaved on the approach
 “ of my uncle. “ All that can be
 “ known of that part of the story,”
 “ replied she, “ I was told by the gar-
 “ dener, who happened to be at work
 “ very near the place. He said, that
 “ Sir Thomas, on finding the door
 “ made fast, knocked, and called to be
 “ let in; but no answer being made, he
 “ beckoned the gardener to him, and
 “ bid him clamber up to the window,
 “ and

"and get in that way; but on his attempting to do so, the door was opened by those within, and Sir Thomas having gained entrance, the man withdrew, and went again to his work. He told me that the Frenchman came out in a few minutes, looking very pale and discomposed, and that neither Sir Thomas nor his lady appeared in a much better condition, though they staid some time after, as he supposed, to talk the business over.

"What passed between them on this score," pursued Mrs. Jamison, "is impossible to be known; all that I can tell you is, that Monsieur La Noye was dismissed entirely from the family within two hours after; that my lady either was or pretended to be very sick, and Sir Thomas appeared in a worse humour than ever I had seen him. Humphrey was discharged that same day; and the next day the poor gardener and two other servants, for what reasons I know not, shared the same fate: indeed, I little thought it would also have been mine; but all the distinction I had to boast of from the rest was, to be the last turned off."

Bellpine was going on, when Jemmy was called suddenly away to a gentleman, who his servant told him was very earnest to speak with him. Who this person was, and what her business, the reader shall not wait long to be informed.

CHAP. III.

IF IT CANNOT BE SAID TO DESERVE ANY ENCOMIUM, IT MUST AT LEAST BE ALLOWED TO STAND IN NO NEED OF AN APOLOGY.

THIS person whom Jemmy had been told was so importunate to see him was no other than Mrs. Comode. Lady Hardy, after having been obliged to leave him so abruptly in the morning, went directly to this woman, and commissioned her to find him either at his own house, or wherever else he could be heard of, in order to excuse her behaviour, by relating the accident which had occasioned it; and also to know of himself if he had thought of a convenient place for their meeting.

This necessary woman delivered her message with the utmost punctuality; and added, that she was extremely sorry for not having at present an apartment to accommodate them with: "But your honour may depend," said she, "that nothing in my power shall be wanting to oblige both you and the good lady."

Jemmy received all this with great coolness, and only told her that Lady Hardy should have a full declaration of his sentiments in a letter that same evening—"Which," said he, "I will direct under a cover to you, as usual; and, perhaps, will be the last trouble I shall give you."

She seemed pretty much astonished on hearing him speak in this manner, and was going to make some reply; but he told her he had a friend within whom he could not leave alone any longer, so begged her pardon, and rung the bell for a servant to open the door.

He paused for some moments before he returned to Bellpine, considering whether he should inform him of the visit he had just received; but as he was so nearly interested in the honour of Sir Thomas Hardy, he thought it best not to say any thing to him of an affair which was of no consequence in itself, and would only serve to add to the chagrin he was already in.

The other no sooner saw him re-enter the room, and that he was prepared to give attention to what he had to say, than he resumed his discourse in words to this effect.

"There is now little remaining to inform you of," said he; "Mrs. Jamison only told me, that for three or four days after La Noye was dismissed, her infamous ladyship kept her chamber; whether by the order of Sir Thomas, or that she was really indisposed, she could not be certain; but during that time her artifices so far prevailed upon him, that he not only discharged all those servants whom he thought had any suspicion of her crime, but also forbade them from ever coming within his doors again on any pretence whatsoever. I then asked her, if she thought my uncle was really convinced of the infidelity of his wife. "As much as I am myself," replied she, "though he will not seem to be so, because the excessive fondness he has for her

"will not suffer him to part from her."

"I rather think," said I, "that he stands in awe of the just ridicule of the world, for having married, at his years, a girl whose conduct obliged him to get rid of in so short a time."

"It may be owing partly to the one, and partly to the other of these motives," answered she; "but however that may be, I can assure you, that he will suffer nobody to come near him, that he imagines has the least suspicion of her virtue."

"This is sufficiently evident in the case of La Noye," added she: "but I can give you another instance since the banishment of her Frenchman; she has been caught in pretty close conference with a young gentleman, who has been for some time a guest at a neighbouring seat. Though Sir Thomas has been told that a fine diamond ring, which her ladyship pretended to have lost, has been seen on the finger of that spark, he only affected to laugh at the intelligence, and has since broke off all acquaintance with the person from whom he received it."

"This is the sum of that account given me by Mrs. Jamison; and I must be in fact as stupid as my uncle affects to be, if I doubted the truth of it. Judge then, my dear friend," continued he, "of the unhappiness of my situation; I am every moment in danger of being deprived of my inheritance by the incontinency of this vile woman; and if I make any attempt to detect her infamy, am equally in danger of losing it by my uncle's displeasure."

Jemmy could not help agreeing with him, that there was, indeed, somewhat extremely precarious in his case; but told him, he ought to console himself with this reflection, that as Lady Hardy had never yet been pregnant, she might, in all probability, not be so while Sir Thomas Hardy lived.

After this the conversation between them turned on various subjects, till Bellpine, having an engagement that evening, took his leave; but before they parted, Jemmy told him, that his business in London being now entirely finished, he intended to set out the next morning for Bath, where he knew Jenny by this time expected him.

Bellpine was not altogether so much chagrined at this intelligence as he would have been some days before; for, though he would have been glad to have kept him from Jenny, yet he was pleased at his removing himself out of the way of Lady Hardy. Men who are themselves deceitful, are always slow in giving credit to the sincerity of others: he had not enough depended on the promise Jemmy had made of breaking off all intercourse with his aunt, till he found him resolved to go from the place she was in, and to which it was not likely he should return till she had left it, as he had heard Sir Thomas say he intended to stay but a few days longer.

But not even this demonstration of his friend's honour towards him had the power of touching his ungrateful heart with any remorse for what he had done, or of obliging him to desist from the prosecution of his wicked attempt to break the union between him and Jenny; as the reader must have observed by the letter he sent to her under the character of a supposed rival, and the invidious hints he threw out in the visit he made her on her arrival in town.

As for Jemmy, he was not much surprised at the account given him of Lady Hardy's conduct; by the little he had seen of her behaviour since his renewing an acquaintance with her in the character she now bore, he was perfectly convinced that she had a great genius, as well as inclination, for intrigues; and had also often imagined that an amour, such as she was about to enter into with him, was not a thing in which she was altogether unpractised. He was not, therefore, sorry that his friendship for Bellpine obliged him to discontinue an amorous correspondence with her; and as it was an affair at present not of his own seeking, and he had given into not through the force of passion, but merely for the sake of amusement, cannot be supposed to give him any pangs in quitting.

He thought it a great pity, however, that a woman, endowed by nature with beauty, wit, and every thing requisite to adorn the station to which she was raised, should know so little how to improve or to deserve the good fortune that had befallen her; and, in this serious humour, remembering the promise he had

had given to her emissary of making a full declaration of his sentiments by way of letter, sat down immediately, and wrote to her in the following manner.

‘ TO LADY HARDY.

‘ MADAM,

‘ I Know not how you will relish this epistle; but am very certain you ought to look upon it as the greatest proof both of love and friendship that can be given by man: be not therefore startled, when I tell you I must see you no more. It is for your sake, and yours alone, that I have taken this resolution, and tear myself away from all the joys which beauty, such as yours, has the power of bestowing.

‘ I have well considered the consequences which must infallibly attend your entering into an amorous engagement with me; and find that all the love I could offer in return would be too poor a recompense for those innumerable difficulties and dangers to which you would be perpetually exposed by it.

‘ Exert, then, the whole force of your reason to curb the encroachments of lawless passion in your own heart, and to disdain the shew of it in another; set a true value on yourself, and believe that no man living can deserve that, merely for the gratification of his desires, you should sacrifice your honour, virtue, reputation, peace of mind, and, in short, all that is valuable in your sex.

‘ This advice may appear very odd in a man of my years; but the less you expected it from me, the more impression it ought to make on you. You are not only a wife, but also bound, by a double obligation, to be just. Remember the station for which you were designed by nature, and be not insensible of that to which you are raised by fortune: look round on the magnificence of every thing about you; think to whom you owe it, and let gratitude supply the place of love for a husband who so dearly prizes you. I allow that old age has something in it extremely disagreeable to youth; yet, methinks, the many advantages you enjoy might compensate for that one deficiency; and also re-

mind you, that as Sir Thomas, by the course of nature, cannot long be with you, it is only by observing a proper conduct, while he lives, that you can, after his decease, have any right to expect the honourable addresses of a person capable of making you more happy.

‘ Before I take my leave, I have one thing more to add, though it be a secret which my sex would hardly forgive me for revealing. We are apt to think a woman is never singly kind; that the favours she grants to one, she is equally liberal of to others; and, in this opinion, are seldom very thankful for the blessings we enjoy. If you take this upon the assurance I give you of it, pride will enable you to forbear making the experiment. Farewel! Believe that, though I cease henceforth all correspondence with you, I am, with the best wishes, Madam, your ladyship’s most humble and obliged servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ POSTSCRIPT.

‘ MADAM,

‘ To attempt sending to me again, either by letter or message, will be giving yourself an unprofitable trouble; for, besides the resolution I have made of avoiding a communication which I can neither answer to myself, nor the regard I have for you, I shall infallibly leave this town to-morrow morning.’

This he sealed up, and put under a cover directed to Mrs. Comode; in which he wrote these lines.

‘ MADAM,

‘ PRAY deliver the inclosed with your accustomed care; and you will oblige your humble servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.’

It must be owned, that the advice contained in the above was very good; but whether Jemmy would have acted in this manner if his passion for the lady had been more strong, or his friendship for Bellpine less sincere, is a moot point, and must be left to the decision of the judicious reader.

C H A P.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINS A BRIEF RECITAL OF JEMMY'S JOURNEY AND RETURN, WITH SOME OTHER PARTICULARS, WHICH, IF NOT INTERESTING, WILL BE FOUND NECESSARY, HOWEVER, TO BE INSERTED.

THE morning dew was yet upon the grass, when Jemmy, attended by one servant, set out for Bath in a post-chaise. It happened a little unluckily for him, that this was the very day that Lady Speck's coach had broke down, and the company been obliged to put up at the first village till it was repaired; but for which accident he might have spared himself part of his journey, and met those upon the road whom he went to seek at a greater distance.

Finding, on his arrival at Bath, that Jenny had left the place, he was no less disappointed and vexed than he had expressed himself to be in the letter he sent to her from thence. He took a lodging in the same house the ladies had quitted; and put many questions to the mistresses of it concerning the motive of their departing so suddenly; but all she could answer was, that she believed it was on Miss Wingman's account, as the old lady's steward had been sent down, after which they had presently prepared for going.

In order to divert his thoughts, he no sooner had put off his travelling-dress than he went to the Long-Room: but as it often happens that seeking pleasure we encounter pain, so it was with Jemmy; here he met with something which, instead of dissipating the gloominess of his mind, served only to render it more heavy.

There was a great deal of company, many of whom Jemmy had a slight acquaintance with, but none with whom he had any intimacy, except one gentleman, who, on the moment of his entering the room, ran to embrace him. 'Dear Jack!' cried Jemmy to him, 'you wonder, I believe, to see me here at this tail of the season?'—'No, faith!' replied the other; 'I should have wondered if I had seen you here before. I have always observed that married people, and people that are going to

break off, are always careful to avoid each other; they are like buckets in a well, one up and the other down.'—'What do you mean?' demanded Jemmy, a little gravely. 'How dull of understanding you affect to be!' said the other. 'Miss Jessamy left Bath one day, you come to it the next: do you think the world do not see into this? It was not, however, quite so politick, methinks; you should have staid a day longer at least; for sure you must meet, if not clash, upon the road.'—'If I had been so fortunate,' replied Jemmy, 'you would not have found me at Bath; for, I assure you, it was only my impatience to see that lady that brought me hither.'—'Then there is nothing in the story of your breaking with her,' cried the gentleman, 'and going to be married to Miss Chit?'—'Just as much,' returned he, 'as that you are going to be made King of the Romans.'

The other was about to make some answer; but all farther discourse between them on this head was prevented for the present by several gentlemen, who, seeing Jemmy at a distance, came that instant towards him to pay their compliments to him on his arrival.

As Jemmy had never been in the least sensible that any report was raised of his infidelity to Jenny till he was told it by Mr. Morgan, he was the more surprized to hear it at Bath, and from the mouth of a person who had left London before he thought such a thing had ever been talked of there. This making him extremely curious to know who had been his informers, he took an opportunity, when most of the company were engaged at play, to propose to him passing the remainder of the evening together at a tavern; to which the other readily agreed, and they immediately adjourned.

They had no sooner seated themselves, than Jemmy renewed the conversation which had been interrupted in the Long-Room, and desired his friend, in the most earnest terms, to let him know by whom, and in what manner, he had been told so wild and so improbable a story as that of his breaking off with Miss Jessamy, and making his addresses to Miss Chit.

'Faith, my dear Jessamy,' replied the other, 'I am afraid I shall be able

to give you but little satisfaction in this point. I think that the first time I ever heard any thing of it was at White's Chocolate-House, the day before I left London; but there being a good deal of company, I cannot for my soul recollect what gentleman began the discourse, though I know I was a good deal surprized at it, remembering that I heard you express some uneasiness that your affairs in town would not permit you to accompany me to Bath; where, you then said, the best part of yourself, meaning Miss Jessamy, 'was already gone. I must confess,' continued he, 'that my journey, and one affair or other of my own, put this intelligence quite out of my head, till, on my coming hither, I found it the discourse of almost all the tea-tables where I had been; some condemning, others excusing, your change; but every one agreeing in the certainty of the fact.'

Here Jemmy could not keep himself from expressing some astonishment, that a thing, so utterly without the least foundation in truth, should be able to obtain such credit; and, more especially, that it should already have reached to such a distance as Bath.

'For my part,' resumed the gentleman, 'I see nothing strange in all this: a story once raised, whether true or false, immediately spreads itself like wild-fire, and runs through the ears and tongues of as many as have any acquaintance with the persons concerned in it. Do you not know what the poet tells us?

"On eagles wings immortal scandals fly."

'Besides,' said he, 'Bath is the same thing as London: people are so perpetually going backwards and forwards, that what is talked on in one place can never be long a secret in the other. You may also find another reason for the propagation of this rumour: you cannot suppose that either yourself or Miss Jessamy are so little known, or so indifferent to the world, as that it should not be interested in whatever concerns you.'

This compliment was lost upon Jemmy in the humour he was in at present: they were going on, however, with some farther discourse on the same subject,

when something else coming that instant into the gentleman's mind, he asked him suddenly if he had heard any thing of the hurly-burly that had happened in the house where Miss Jessamy and the other ladies lodged; to which Jemmy answered in the negative, and desired to know of what nature.

The other then repeated to him what he had heard from the mouth of common fame; that a woman, who it was said had been kept by Celandine, and ran mad on his quitting her, had attempted to stab Miss Jessamy; that Mr. Lovegrove had sent him a challenge on that young lady's account, which he refused to accept; but that some *brulée* happening between them afterwards, they were both carried before a magistrate, where Mr. Lovegrove, being proved the aggressor, was obliged to give bail; and the other, to avoid being pointed at for a coward, went directly out of town.

'Well, but the occasion, my dear friend,' cried Jemmy hastily; 'how was Celandine answerable for the fury of his forsaken mistress? Or, if he could be so, how came Lovegrove, who all the world knows courts Lady Speck, to be so warm in his resentment on the account of any other woman?' — 'Indeed,' replied the other, 'the whole affair seems to me, and to all I have heard speak of it, as much a mystery as it can be to yourself: I can only tell you what happened; but as to the why and the wherefore, it must be left to time, and the parties themselves, to unfold.'

Jemmy's impatience to know every thing relating to an event in which he thought himself so deeply interested, made him persecute his friend with a thousand questions, which were altogether unavailing, as the other had it not in his power to inform him in any more than he had already done. Hoping, however, to get better intelligence at home, he took leave of his friend more early than otherwise he would have done; yet came to his lodging too late for what he had proposed: the gentlewoman of the house was gone to bed, and he was compelled to defer taking any measures for the satisfaction of his curiosity till the next day.

In the morning, the mistress of the house, on his requesting it, drank chocolate with him in his own apartment; but,

but, at first, was very cautious in her replies to the interrogatories he put to her; till finding he was already informed of the quarrel between Mr. Lovegrove and Celandine, and also on whose account it happened, she made no scruple of relating to him all she knew of the transaction of the garden, and the danger Miss Jessamy had been in from the jealous rage of Mrs. M—.

Let any one, who is truly a lover, judge how much Jemmy must be shocked on hearing the double danger to which his mistress had been exposed; and, as he doubted not but his presence would have secured her from meeting either with the one or the other of these insults, he severely condemned himself for having suffered any thing to keep him from her. He met with several of his acquaintance here, who would fain have detained him among them during the remainder of the season: but all the persuasions in the world would not now have prevailed upon him to stay a moment longer than he could conveniently depart.

By way of atonement for the vexation, and perhaps the slights Jenny might have sustained through the report of his infidelity, he resolved to shew that he came to Bath only for her sake, and that neither the place nor company had any charms for him now she was gone. Accordingly he set out for London, after giving one day's rest to his servant, who, as he had wrote to Jenny, was very much hurt by a fall he had received in the journey thither.

CHAP. V.

DISPLAYS LOVE IN COLOURS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE IN WHICH THAT PASSION GENERALLY APPEARS, AND SEEMS CALCULATED CHIEFLY FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR; BUT WILL SCARCELY BE DISPLEASING TO SUCH AS ARE NOT SO; WITH THIS PROVISIO, THAT THEY HAVE NO SHARE OF ENVY IN THEIR COMPOSITION.

NOT the sybils of antiquity, nor those enthusiasts who mounted the hallowed tripod, more mistook for the inspiration of their fictitious deity

the phrenzy of their own heated imaginations, or were more deceived themselves, or capable of deceiving others, than those lovers are who dignify with the sacred name of a pure and virtuous affection that passion which is excited merely by beauty and the difference of sex.

I have heard of some ladies of that romantick turn of mind, as not to be convinced of their lovers sincerity without the most fatal proofs, and have taken in good earnest what the humorous poet only meant in ridicule—

‘He that will hang or beat out’s brains,
‘The devil’s in him if he seigns.’

But though it is to be hoped that far the greater number are of a more reasonable way of thinking, yet I am afraid that, even among some of these, the hero of this history will be looked upon as no more than a half lover at the best. He could be perfectly easy and gay out of Jenny’s company; nay, and what is less to be forgiven, amuse the hours of absence from her in an amorous conversation with other women, when with her he has hitherto discovered none of those impatiences, those alternate hopes and fears, those extravagances, which men so frequently put in practice, and which their mistresses are apt to take as the most certain indications of a true and ardent passion. Yet, in spite of these deficiencies, omissions, commissions, and other commissions against the god of love, I doubt not to bring him, by degrees, into the good graces of the most imperious, vain, and tyrannick, of my fair readers.

It will appear that he loved the object of his honourable flame much more than he knew he did himself: he had never been sensible of the least jealousy on her account; nor, indeed, had taken much pains to prevent that passion from laying hold on her; yet no sooner had he reason to believe she was acquainted with the story of his falshood, than he felt all the pangs which he supposed had seized her heart on receiving a shock so unexpected.

What was wanting in the violence of that passion he had for her, was abundantly made up with tenderness: he trembled not for himself, but her; conscious of his innocence, he had no cause to dread the reproaches she might meet

meet him with ; but was ready to sink under the apprehensions of what she endured till he was fully cleared of this unjust accusation.

It was now that he first began to feel that burning impatience to be with her which all lovers pretend to have : it was not that he so much languished to feast his eyes upon her beauties, or his ears with her wit and engaging conversation, though both had charms for him preferable to those of any other woman in the world ; but it was to ease her of all suspense, in regard to his integrity ; and convince her, by the most unquestionable integrity, that he was incapable of love for any but herself. Let the discreet and judging part of womankind speak their opinion of a lover such as this ; and, I believe, Jemmy himself might safely appeal to the verdict they would give.

The freedom with which, from their infancy, they had been accustomed to converse together, abolished all manner of ceremony between them ; but, had more been required, Jemmy's eagerness to see her would not have permitted him to make use of it at this time : he ordered the postilion to drive directly to the house where she was lodged, and without going home, or having any thoughts of changing his travelling dress, flew up stairs, nor even waited till a servant should apprise her of his arrival. This, however, being the day on which his letter had made her expect his coming, she had taken care to be at home and alone, judging it improper there should be any witnesses of a conversation which she knew not but might be of too much importance to be divulged.

On seeing him enter the room, she rose hastily from her seat, and received the embrace he gave her with the same sweetness and obliging air with which she had always treated him. ' My dear, dear Jenny,' cried he, throwing himself a second time upon her bosom, ' how many disappointments have I suffered before I could attain the blessing I now enjoy ! '— ' I should have shared with you in those disappointments,' answered she, smiling, ' if I had not been assured that whatever pleasures you missed the enjoyment of at Bath, were very well atoned for by others that you met with in London.'— ' Cruel sarcasm ! ' rejoined he,

looking earnestly on her face ; ' could I have expected it from a mouth so much used to softness ? If to have been detained from the presence of all my soul holds dear ; if to have been involved in affairs to which my nature is the most averse ; if to have been aspersed, scandalized, doubly wounded in my love and honour by a villainous report ; if these are pleasures, I have indeed met with enough to gratify the spleen of my worst enemies, but would, methinks, excite my Jenny's pity.'

' One cannot rightly pity,' replied she, more seriously, ' what one is not perfectly acquainted with : you may, perhaps, have had some embarrassments which you did not think proper to communicate to me, and I was loth to depend too much on what I heard from others.'— ' The less you have depended, the more generous you are, and the more fortunate I am. I need not ask what it is you mean ; I know you have been told, that I am inconstant, perfidious ; that, insensible to your merits, and the happiness ordained for me by the best of fathers, I have basely transferred my vows and affections to another.'

' This story,' continued he, perceiving she was silent, ' false and absurd as in itself it is, has not only gained strange credit here, but I find has also been carried down to Bath, and cannot have escaped your ears. I hope you know your Jemmy better than to imagine there was even a possibility of there being the least truth in it ; yet the uneasiness you may have felt through the regard for me, in finding it believed by others, has given me a mortification beyond what I am able to express.'

' Much pains has, indeed, been taken,' replied Jenny, ' to persuade both myself and friends, that you no longer thought me worthy of your affection, and were weary of the engagements made for us by our parents ; but I assure you, that I never gave the least credit to any insinuations of this kind, though made in the most specious manner imaginable.'

She was going on, but Jemmy could not forbear interrupting her, by catching her in his arms, and testifying by that action, as well as by the most rapturous expressions, the grateful sense

he had of the justice she had done him. After having indulged him for some moments—'It was not,' said she, 'that I was thus tenacious of your constancy through any vanity of my own merits, but through a perfect confidence in the sincerity of your heart: I was far from thinking it impossible that you could cease to love me, but then I also thought it impossible that you would not at the same time cease all professions of it; I always believed you incapable of deceit, and therefore could not give credit to your change of sentiments in respect to me, while you continued to assure me they were the same as ever.'—'Charming, angelick creature!' cried he, seizing her a second time, and pressing her with the extremest tenderness to his breast—'How beyond all description villainous, as well as stupid, must be the man, who could wrong such excellent sweetness, such unparalleled goodness!'

Jenny then told him, that whoever had propagated this report, must certainly be greatly interested in having it believed, since such uncommon methods had been taken for that purpose—'As you will presently be convinced by what I have to shew you.' In speaking these words, she ran hastily to a little cabinet, and having taken thence the letter which had been sent to Lady Speck at Bath, and that other which she had received herself since her coming to town from a pretended rival, put them both into his hands, and desired him to peruse them.

Jemmy read them over with an equal mixture of rage and astonishment. He now plainly saw, that to break the union between him and Jenny must have been a thing contrived by some person who was an enemy to both, and could not proceed merely from the vanity of Miss Chit, in imagining him her lover; much less could he think it possible that any woman was capable of raising such a report for the sake of revenge, against a man for not loving her, who had never pretended to do so. He repeated to Jenny, without the least reserve, the motive of his being at first introduced to that young lady's acquaintance, and of the visits he continued to make at her house, till he was informed by Mr. Morgan what the world said of it; protested, as he might

do with the greatest veracity, that he never had the least thought of making an amorous address to her on any score whatever.

They were still upon this topick, and endeavouring, by various conjectures, to fathom the bottom of an affair which seemed so mysterious to both of them, when a servant came into the room to lay the cloth, Jenny having ordered supper should be served up that night in her own chamber. This changed the subject of their entertainment for the present; but the business of the table was no sooner over, than more and greater matters came upon the carpet.

C H A P. VI.

WILL BE FOUND YET MORE AFFECTING THAN THE FORMER, UNLESS THE READER IS AS DULL AS, PERHAPS, HE MAY THINK THE AUTHOR.

WHEN our lovers had regained the opportunity of communicating freely to each other all that their minds were charged with, Jemmy, who had thought a good deal of what had been told him concerning the insults Jenny had received from Celandine and his outrageous mistress, began to testify a desire of being fully informed of the particulars of an adventure he had heard but an imperfect account of at Bath.

Jenny hesitated not to comply with his request; but though she expatiated, with all the wit and satire she was mistress of, on Celandine's behaviour in regard to the challenge sent him by Mr. Lovegrove, yet she took care to avoid setting his impertinence towards herself in so bad a light as she might have done, and it indeed deserved. Never had this young lady given a greater demonstration of her prudence, than in thus shadowing over, as much as truth would permit, the insolence of Celandine: she considered, that it was not unlikely that Jemmy might some time or other meet him, and think himself obliged to call him to a severe account, for an affront offered to the woman whom it was so publicly known he was about to marry.

She soon found how necessary had been the precaution she had taken;
Jemmy

Jemmy flew into the extremest rage at the presumption of Celandine, even on hearing it in the manner she recited it; and she was obliged, before she could bring him to any degree of moderation, to remind him, that all the actions of so egregious a coxcomb proceeded more from folly than design, and merited rather contempt than indignation from a man of sense.

'You see, my dear Jenny,' said he, 'how many inconveniences have attended the protraction of our marriage so much beyond the time in which it was expected to have been consummated: for Heaven's sake, therefore, let us put an end to the suspense that every one is in, and convince the world that we indeed are born only for each other.'

'Could you resolve,' cried she, with an air which had something very meaning in it, 'to renounce all the joys of an unhouse'd condition, as Otway calls a single life, and give up your liberty before fully satisfied with the sweets you men find in it? How would it sound at Mrs. Comode's, that Mr. Jessamy was become a husband?'— 'Mrs. Comode!' repeated he. She made no answer presently, but went again to her cabinet to fetch the letter he had intended for Lady Hardy, and put it open into his hands. 'How would marriage, my dear Jessamy,' resumed she, 'agree with the promise you made in this, of coming to the arms of the kind she to whom you wrote it, with a heart entirely unincumbered with any cares but those of pleasing her?'

The consternation he was in at this sight is utterly impossible to be described; but recovering himself from it as well as he could— 'Before I make any attempt,' said he, 'either to excuse or justify my conduct in this point, tell me, I conjure you, by what means this letter came into your possession.'

'You need but turn the paper,' answered she, 'and the superscription will inform you.' He did so, and finding it— 'To Miss Jessamy at Bath,' instantly discovered the mistake he had committed, and cried out in the greatest confusion— 'Good God! how justly is my folly punished!' then turning to Jenny— 'yet when known,' continued he, 'by how odd an accident I was

betrayed into this error, you will, I am sure, forgive me.'

'I will know nothing farther of this matter,' replied Jenny, 'nor shall I ever think of it hereafter; all I desire is, that, when we marry, you will either have no amours, or be more cautious in concealing them: and, in return, I promise never to examine into your conduct; to send no spies to watch your motions; to listen to no tales that may be brought me; nor by any methods whatever endeavour to discover more than you would have me.'

'Generous creature!' rejoined he, kissing her hand; 'yet permit me to assure you, by all my hopes of happiness, that the fault I am now detected in was never eagerly pursued by me; that it was only an intention; did not proceed to swerve, even in thought, from the fidelity I owe my dear forgiving Jenny.'

'Make no vows on this last head, I beseech you,' said she; 'I have heard people much older, and more experienced than ourselves, say, that the surest way to do a thing is to resolve against it. Besides, my dear Jemmy,' added she, with the most engaging sprightliness, 'I shall not be so unreasonable to expect more constancy from you, than human nature and your constitution will allow; and if you are as good as you can, may very well content myself with your endeavours to be better.'

What so much gains upon the soul as to meet endearments where we expected only reproaches? according to the words of a late honourable author:

'Kindness has resistless charms,
'All things else but faintly warms;
'It gilds the lover's servile chain,
'And makes the slave grow pleas'd and vain.'

To find Jenny thus, turning into pleasantry what would have made other women swell into a storm of rage and jealousy, transported Jemmy almost beyond himself; he thought she was somewhat superior to mortality, and half divine; and ascribed to her what Mr. Addison makes Juba say of Cato's daughter:

'The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
'True, she is fair, O how divinely fair!

'But then the lovely maid improves her
'charms,
'With wisdom, modesty, good-nature,
'And sanctity of manners.'—

In the exuberance of his present admiration, he gave her such praises, as not being able to endure the hearing, she put her hand before his mouth to silence—'Hold, Jemmy,' said she; 'you cannot entertain me with any thing less agreeable than encomiums, which, thank Heaven, I am not so silly as to imagine I deserve. If you would oblige me, let us change the conversation.'—'Oh, Jenny! Jenny!' cried he, sending forth a tender sigh between every repetition of her name, 'How is it possible for me to think or speak of any thing but your transcendent goodness, and my own unworthiness!'

In pronouncing these last words he fixed his eyes upon the letter which had given him so much confusion, and he had thrown upon the table after having seen what it was. Jenny perceiving on what his looks were bent, snatched it hastily away, and running to a candle, set it immediately on fire. 'This testimony of your fault,' said she, 'shall no more rise up against you; and, as it consumes, may all remembrance of it for ever be extinguished!'

The heart of Jemmy was so much overwhelmed with love and gratitude at this action, and the words that accompanied it, that he could not refrain the most extravagant demonstrations of what he felt; he threw himself at her feet, and embraced her knees with transports not to be described, nor even by himself expressed.

It was with a great deal of difficulty that she made him rise from the posture he was in, and much more that she prevailed on him to talk no more on this affair; to which, on whatever topick she began, he would still return.

The time passed so swiftly, as well as sweetly, in this tender intercourse, that the lovers never so much as thought on hours, nor once looked upon their watches, till the sonorous guardian of the night, with his usual solemnity, thundered in their ears—'Past two o'clock.'

It was now that Jemmy first reflected how much he had transgressed on his dear mistress's repose, and therefore pre-

pared to take an unwilling leave; but she would not suffer him to go, till her servant, none of his own being there, had got a chair for him; which being brought, they embraced, kissed, and parted; the behaviour of each to the other having imprinted a mutual satisfaction in their minds, greater than ever either of them had before experienced.

CHAP. VII.

IS VERY CONCISE, AND PRESENTS THE READER ONLY WITH SOME FEW PASSAGES, BY WAY OF A PREPARATIVE FOR EVENTS SHORTLY TO ENSUE, OF AN INFINITELY FAR GREATER CONSEQUENCE.

THE good-natured reader must certainly be pleased to find, that all the base artifices of Bellpine were so entirely frustrated; that all his endeavours to dissolve the union between the lovers had only served to cement it the more firmly; that they were now in a fair way of being as happy as could be wished; and that the ungenerous contriver of the plots against them had the mortification to see all his labour had been thrown away.

He could not, indeed, any longer flatter himself with the least hopes of success; the last conversation he had with Jemmy before he went to Bath, and that he now had with Jenny on her arrival from that place, convinced him that neither the one nor the other were to be wrought upon by any projects he could frame. Besides the disappointment of those vain hopes he had entertained of becoming one day the master of Jenny's person and fortune, it vexed him to the heart to have lost himself in the good graces of Miss Chit; not that he had any regard for her on her own account, but because, as has been already observed, he was soliciting for an employment at court, where he knew that young lady had a very great interest. He had never been to visit her since the concert, when, as the reader may remember, she had given him a rebuff which might well make him fearful of approaching her again, without some more plausible pretence than it was in his power to make, to cover the occasion

JEMMY AND JENNY JESSAMY



JESSAMY

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 It was now that the night was still and the moon shone
 and how much he had travelled on his
 best friends, and therefore he
 his power to make, to cover the
 more plausible reasons than was in
 without long
 which might well make him fearful of
 member, he had given him a reply
 correct, when, as the reader may be
 his had never been, and had not had the
 Steward del.







Stewart del. Borrell sculp.
 Plate IV. Published as the Act directs by Hamilton & Co. Feb. 26 1785.

sion he had given her of offence. It also fell out, very unluckily for him, that just at this time the post he was endeavouring to procure happened in the disposal of a certain great person, who, it was said, was too nearly allied to Miss Chit to have refused her any thing she asked; well, therefore, might he be chagrined at having, by a foolish scheme, incurred the displeasure of one so able, and whom he had reason to believe would otherwise have been so ready to serve him.

Miss Chit had, indeed, a great deal of good nature, and an inclination to afford all the assistance in her power to any one who she thought either wanted or deserved it; she had been acquainted with Belpine for a considerable time, had looked upon him as a very facetious tea-table visitor, and he had not deceived himself in believing she would have exerted her whole interest in his favour.

But all the good will she once had for him was now justly converted into an adequate resentment; she was gay and flighty, but wanted not understanding; she plainly saw he had imposed upon her on Mr. Jessamy's account, by the answer that gentleman had sent to her card of invitation; and as she was not able to conceive with what design he had made her the dupe, it gave her the more disquiet, and dwelt the longer on her mind. She likewise found he had told the same story he had done to herself to several of her friends, who were continually teasing her with one question or another concerning this imaginary lover; nor could all her protestations that she knew nothing of the matter, pass with any of them for more than maiden bashfulness.

All this while, however, she knew not how much she suffered in the opinion of some people, till a pretty extraordinary chance discovered it to her. On account of some apprehensions of an inward decay, she had been advised to drink milk warm from the cow, with conserve of roses; and, in compliance with this recipe, went every morning into the Park, and sat upon a bench while her maid prepared the dose she was to take.

It happened that at one of these times two elderly gentlemen came and placed

themselves on the same seat; they took no other notice of her than the compliment of—'By your leave, Madam,' nor did she much regard the near neighbourhood of them, as their age and gravity defended her from the fears of being treated by them with any of those impertinences she might have had reason enough to expect from the more young and gay. They talked only of the weather, the calamity of the times, and such like common topicks of conversation, till he who appeared to be somewhat the oldest of the two, started up on a sudden, and went hastily towards a footman who he saw passing along on the other side of the Mall.

On his return—'If I am not mistaken,' said his friend, 'the person you have been speaking to belongs to Mr. Jessamy.'—'Yes,' replied he; 'I did not know his master was in town; but it seems he came last night.'—'Are you acquainted with him, pray?'—'No otherwise,' said he, 'than by seeing him at a coffee-house where I sometimes go; but I am told he is a very accomplished gentleman.'—'As any in town,' rejoined the old gentleman, pretty eagerly; 'and, I can tell you, has as few of the vices of it.'

Before we proceed any farther, it is highly proper to inform the reader, that the person who spoke with so much friendly warmth, was no other than that very Mr. Morgan mentioned in the nineteenth chapter of the second volume, for the remarkable conference he had with Jemmy, on account of his supposed infidelity to Jenny. This hearty well-wisher of Jemmy was about to add something farther in his praise, but was hindered from doing so at that time by the other's saying, that he had heard some talk of the match between him and Miss Jessamy being broke off, and that he made his addresses at present to a young lady called Miss Chit. 'Nothing in it, upon my word, Sir,' replied Mr. Morgan, a little peevishly; 'all an idle story, raised by the vain girl herself. I heard it too, and I believe was the first that told him of it;—but I never saw a man so much surprized and vexed. She wanted to draw him in, I suppose; she has a good voice, it seems, and plays on the harpsichord; he made her

* her some few visits on that score, and
 * she was so silly as either to believe
 * him really in love with her, or to en-
 * deavour to make others believe so, if
 * she could; that is all, upon my ho-
 * nour, Sir."

It is easy to conceive what Miss Chit must feel on being witness of this discourse. On hearing Mr. Jessamy named, she had sat longer than else she would have done, out of mere curiosity of knowing what would be said of him, but little expected to hear such a character of herself: she as yet, however, restrained the passion she was in, and Mr. Morgan went on—"Thank Heaven, I have no daughters," resumed he; "formerly a young maid was ready to blush to death at being told a man was in love with her; but now, forsooth, the girls are as proud of a new lover as they are of a new suit of cloaths, and want as much to shew it: but, a lack-a-day! Miss Chit quite missed her mark in my friend Jessamy; he loves musick, it is true; but is not to be sung or played out of his senses."

She could now hold out no longer. "Do you know this Miss Chit, Sir," demanded she, "whom you speak of in this contemptuous manner?"—"No, truly, Madam," answered he; "but if I did, I should make no scruple to tell her my mind on this occasion."—"If you had the least acquaintance with her," returned she, "you would find she stood in no need of any lessons you could give. I can assure you she despises the thoughts of drawing in any man; she is above it: and as for boasting of her lovers, has too many who are really such, for her to be vain on any imaginary single one." With these words she quitted the bench; and, casting a disdainful look on Mr. Morgan, took hold of her maid's arm, and tripped down the walk with the utmost precipitation.

What the gentleman said of her after she was gone, or whether Mr. Morgan had any guess that she was the person he had been speaking of, is not material; I shall only say, that the affronted lady went home in the greatest agitations; that she wept, raved, cursed Bellpine as the primary cause of all this, and at last took a resolution to do what will presently be shewn.

C H A P. VIII.

CONTAINS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY, AS WELL AS UNEXPECTED, TURN IN THE LOVERS AFFAIRS, NOT FIT TO BE READ BY THOSE WHO HAVE TENDER HEARTS OR WATERY EYES.

THE joy one feels on being forgiven an offence which one repents, and is heartily ashamed of, can be surpassed by nothing but that most sublime satisfaction which must fill the mind of the person who forgives. Both our lovers were equally pleased with themselves and with each other, and there wanted but one thing to complete the felicity of either.

As for Jenny, it cannot be supposed that she wished a supream happiness than what she now enjoyed, in a full assurance of the affection and sincerity of her dear Jemmy; but we will not pretend to say, that his desires were altogether so much circumscribed. He thought it was now high time to fulfil the agreement made between their parents, and the more so, as it would be the only sure way of totally silencing the present invidious report, and of preventing all others of the like nature from being propagated hereafter. This last, he thought, would be a prevailing motive with her, and therefore resolved to omit neither that nor any other argument, which all the love and wit he was master of could furnish him with, to gain her consent to a speedy celebration of their nuptials.

The pleasing contemplations on Jenny's behaviour towards him the evening before, her thousand amiable qualities, and the idea of that happiness he hoped shortly to be in full possession of, kept him in bed somewhat longer than was his custom; but he was no sooner up and dressed, than he hastened to the apartment of that dear mistress, who had been the sole object both of his dreams and waking thoughts.

He found Miss Wingman with her, but was not sorry he did so; for as he knew that lady was acquainted with the story of his imaginary falsehood, by the letter which had been sent to Lady

Speck,

Speck, he made no scruple of saying to Jenny great part of what he would have done had she not been present; nor was Jenny at all displeased that this young lady should be witness how little foundation there was for the reports which had been spread. 'Indeed, my dear,' said Miss Wingman, on hearing him press the completion of their marriage, 'I think you ought not to refuse compliance with Mr. Jessamy's desires, if it were only to make him some amends for the vexation he must have endured in the late scandal thrown upon him.'—'First, be generous yourself, before you direct others to be so,' replied Jenny, laughing. 'Mr. Jessamy cannot have suffered more, or with less reason, than Lord Huntley has done; and when I see you inclined to make a reparation, I may perhaps be prevailed upon to follow your example.'

'I do not know how soon I may be obliged to it,' resumed that lady; 'for Sir Thomas Welby and my mamma are so ashamed and concerned at the injury they have done my lord by their unjust suspicions, that, by way of atonement, they are for making a present of me to him, almost whether I will or not.'—'Excellent, i'faith!' cried Jemmy; 'you are caught, my dear Jenny, and have made a promise without knowing you did so: I shall, however, be obliged to watch and pray for Lord Huntley's happiness, as I find my own so much depends upon it.'

They went on in the same strain of pleasantry all the time Miss Wingman staid; but after she was gone, Jemmy began to renew his suit with more seriousness, and had the pleasure to find it not altogether rejected, though not immediately complied with.

'It is not owing to the want of affection for you,' said she, with the most enchanting softness, 'but rather to an excess of it, that I would yet a little longer protract what you at present seem so earnestly to desire: men are oftendecieved in their own hearts; I speak not to reproach you for any amours you have been engaged in, or that I am jealous of any you may hereafter be engaged in; no, my dear Jemmy, I should not think that even marriage gave me a right to censure or pry into your actions: it is for your own sake

alone that I would have you forbear making a vow of constancy, till you are very certain of being quite out of love with variety; but rather continue in a condition which allows you full liberty to pursue whatever pleasures you think fit, without having any occasion to condemn yourself.'—'I should be ready to condemn myself to everlasting horrors,' cried he, 'could I be capable of lavishing one tender thought on any but she who so well deserves all, and much more than I can pay. I confess I have been guilty of some follies; but in all my amusements with your sex, my heart had never the least share: no, that was always, is, and ever must be entirely, unchangeably, inviolably, devoted to my only dear, dear Jenny!'

They were in the midst of this tender conversation, when the persons with whom Jenny boarded, hearing Jemmy was above, sent to entreat he would honour them with his company at dinner that day; which invitation, for the sake of not being separated from Jenny, he willingly accepted.

These people were well-bred, and perfectly chearful; but the lovers liking no company so well as that of each other, staid no longer with them than decency demanded, and Jemmy had again an opportunity of repeating his solicitations, which he did in the most pressing and emphatick manner. How far he would have been able to prevail is uncertain; Jenny's servant came into the room, and told her that a young lady, who called herself Miss Chit, was in a chair at the door, and desired leave to wait on her. On hearing the name of Miss Chit, Jemmy and Jenny looked upon each other with the utmost astonishment. 'Are you acquainted with her?' cried he. 'Not in the least,' answered she; 'nor can imagine what should bring her here.'—'But go,' said she to the man, 'and shew her up.' They had no time to form any conjectures, the lady immediately came in, and Jenny rose to receive her with her accustomed politeness, but mixed with a certain reserve, which she neither could nor endeavour to throw off.

'You are, doubtless, surprized, Madam,' said Miss Chit, 'at receiving a visit from one so much a stranger to you;

‘you; but you will pardon the liberty I have taken, when you know the necessity that obliged me to it.’—‘I cannot suppose, Madam,’ replied Jenny, ‘that you would have given yourself this trouble without being induced by some extraordinary motive.’—‘An extraordinary one indeed, Madam,’ resumed the other—‘And I am very glad to meet you here,’ addressing herself to Jemmy, ‘as what I have to say to this lady concerns you also.’—‘You are certainly in the right, Madam,’ added he very gravely; ‘for whatever relates to this lady must infallibly concern me too.’—‘I never believed the contrary,’ said Miss Chit; ‘nor doubted of the sincerity of your attachment to one so deserving of it; and it was in some measure to do justice to you that I brought me hither, as well as to vindicate myself from the most cruel aspersion that ever was laid on any one of my sex.’

No reply being made to these words, she went on—‘It is scarce possible,’ said she, ‘that either of you can have escaped the hearing a report, which, absurd as it is, has been strangely propagated about town, concerning the intended marriage between you being broke off. But you, perhaps, may be ignorant that your pretended friend, Bellpine, was the sole author of this invention.’

‘Bellpine!’ cried they both out at the same time; ‘sure, Madam, you mistake!’—‘Yes, Bellpine,’ rejoined she, ‘for what base ends I know not, would fain have made me so weak as to believe Mr. Jessamy was not only false to his first vows, but also false on my account. I pretend not to be free from the follies my sex are charged with, yet was never vain enough to believe a man in love with me till he had told me so himself; and therefore gave no credit to all he said and swore upon that subject: his artifices, however, wrought so far upon my father, and all those of my friends with whom he had any acquaintance, that, wherever I went, I was entertained with no other discourse than my imaginary conquest. I was very much amazed at all this; but other thoughts kept it from dwelling much upon my mind, till this morning I was grossly affront-

ed, by being told that I myself had spread about this foolish story, as having flattered myself that the few visits Mr. Jessamy had favoured me with were made on the account of his having a passion for me.’

‘It is no matter, Madam,’ cried Jemmy, ‘by whom or in what manner this ridiculous story has been propagated: but tell me, was it from Bellpine that you were first informed of this pretended villainy?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ answered she; ‘it was from him, and him alone, that your character has been traduced, Miss Jessamy without doubt disquieted, and myself attempted to be deceived, as you will presently be convinced, if you have patience to listen to the monstrous detail I can give you of his behaviour.’

She then went on, and gave a succinct account of all the particulars she knew of Bellpine’s conduct in this affair; which, as the reader is already perfectly acquainted with, need not be here repeated.

Jenny opened not her lips, but listened with the greatest attention to all she said; but Jemmy could not keep himself from interrupting her at almost every sentence by some vehement exclamation; and when he spoke not, discovered by his gestures all the marks of an overboiling rage. ‘Well, Madam,’ cried he, perceiving she had done, ‘I see that Bellpine has been the *Boutefeu*: for what reason he has been so, belongs to me to penetrate.’ He said no more, but snatched up his hat, which lay on a table near him, and flew down the stairs without taking any other leave.

Jenny having observed the agitations he had been in, was greatly frightened at this last action: she ran and opened the door, which he had flung after him as he went, and called as loud as she could to him to come back; but he either heard not, or would not at that time obey her summons. She then stamped with both her feet, and rung the bell for her footman with such violence, as snapped the wire by which it hung. ‘Run,’ cried she, ‘overtake Mr. Jessamy, who is just gone out of the house; tell him, I must needs speak with him, and desire he will return this instant.’

It is not to be doubted but that the fellow did his best; but notwithstanding all the speed he made, the person he pursued was gone quite out of sight. This increasing the ferment on Jenny's spirits—'I wish, Madam,' said she to Miss Chit, 'you had reserved the story you have been telling, till you had found me alone; it is dangerous to let one gentleman know too much of the injuries he has sustained from another.'—'I should be sorry, Madam,' replied that young lady, 'that what I meant well should prove the contrary: but I flatter myself the event will give me no cause for repentance; Mr. Jessamy, I hope, will only examine Bellpine on this affair; he is not worthy of his sword; nor, as base men are generally cowards, will scarcely be provoked to meet it.'

Jenny making no answer, and continuing to walk about the room in a disordered motion, the other easily perceived her company was not desired, so took her leave without much ceremony on either side.

Impossible is it to describe the apprehensions, the alarms, which shook the tender heart of Jenny for what might be the consequences of the discovery Miss Chit had made. She figured to herself all that was terrible on the occasion, and could scarce bear up under the ideas of her own formation. But if she suffered so much through the fears of what might, or might not happen, what must the cruel certainty inflict, when in about three hours after she saw Jemmy enter the room with a countenance pale and confused, and his cloaths sprinkled in many places with blood! 'Oh, heavens!' cried she, 'what have you been doing?'—'An act of justice,' replied he, 'which I can repent of for no other reason than as it compels me to be once more separated from you. I know not but I have killed the villain Bellpine, and prudence requires that I should be out of the way for a short time.'—'But whither will you go?' demanded she, in a voice scarcely articulate. 'Where can you be safe?'—'I have already taken care of that,' answered he; 'all is prepared for my departure; and I but stay to snatch one dear embrace.'—'Go, then; oh, go!' cried

she, 'and hazard not your safety by a moment's delay.' Though she spoke this with all the courage she could assume, yet she could not so well conceal the tremblings of her whole frame, while he held her in his arms, but that he found, and was pierced with them to the soul: 'I cannot go,' said he, 'and leave you thus.'—'You must, you must,' rejoined she; 'your presence, while this danger threatens, is much more terrible to me than your absence can be.'

He then told her, that a boat waited to carry him that night to Greenwich; that he should take post-chaise from thence to Dover, and hoped to be in Calais before that time the next day. On hearing this, she in a manner forced him from her arms, and never was there a more tender, though hasty parting, than between those two so equally loving and beloved.

CHAP. IX.

IS INSERTED FOR NO OTHER PURPOSE THAN MERELY TO GRATIFY THE CURIOSITY OF THE READER.

THE event which once more separated our lovers is of so interesting a nature, that I believe there are but very few who will not be desirous of knowing those particulars concerning it, which Jemmy had no opportunity of relating to his fair mistress, in the short time his safety allowed him to stay with her.

But, first, as some people may be apt to think that Miss Chit, in making the discovery she had done, had a view to the consequences which ensued; and that, in mere spite to Jemmy for not loving her, and Bellpine for having imposed upon her, she had taken this method of revenging herself on both; in justice to her character, I must therefore beg leave to observe, that, if this had been the case, she would rather have chose to have wrote the whole matter to Jemmy, with whom she was acquainted, than have gone in person to a lady to whom she had never spoke in her whole life, and from whom she could not be certain of meeting a very candid reception.

On hearing herself accused in the manner she had been by Mr. Morgan, and not doubting but that Jenny, as the party most concerned, had been equally severe upon her on that occasion, she came, in the heat of her passion, to clear herself to that lady from the imputation of a vanity of which she was, indeed, not guilty; and to convince her, by relating the whole proceeding of Bellpine in this affair, that she neither was, nor ever imagined herself, her rival in Jemmy's affection. It is true, that, on seeing him there, she might have forebore making any mention of Bellpine, or the business on which she came; but, then, what other excuse could she have made to Jenny for this visit? At least, she was not at that time prepared with any; so that, it must be allowed, the mischief she did sprung more from inadvertency than design.

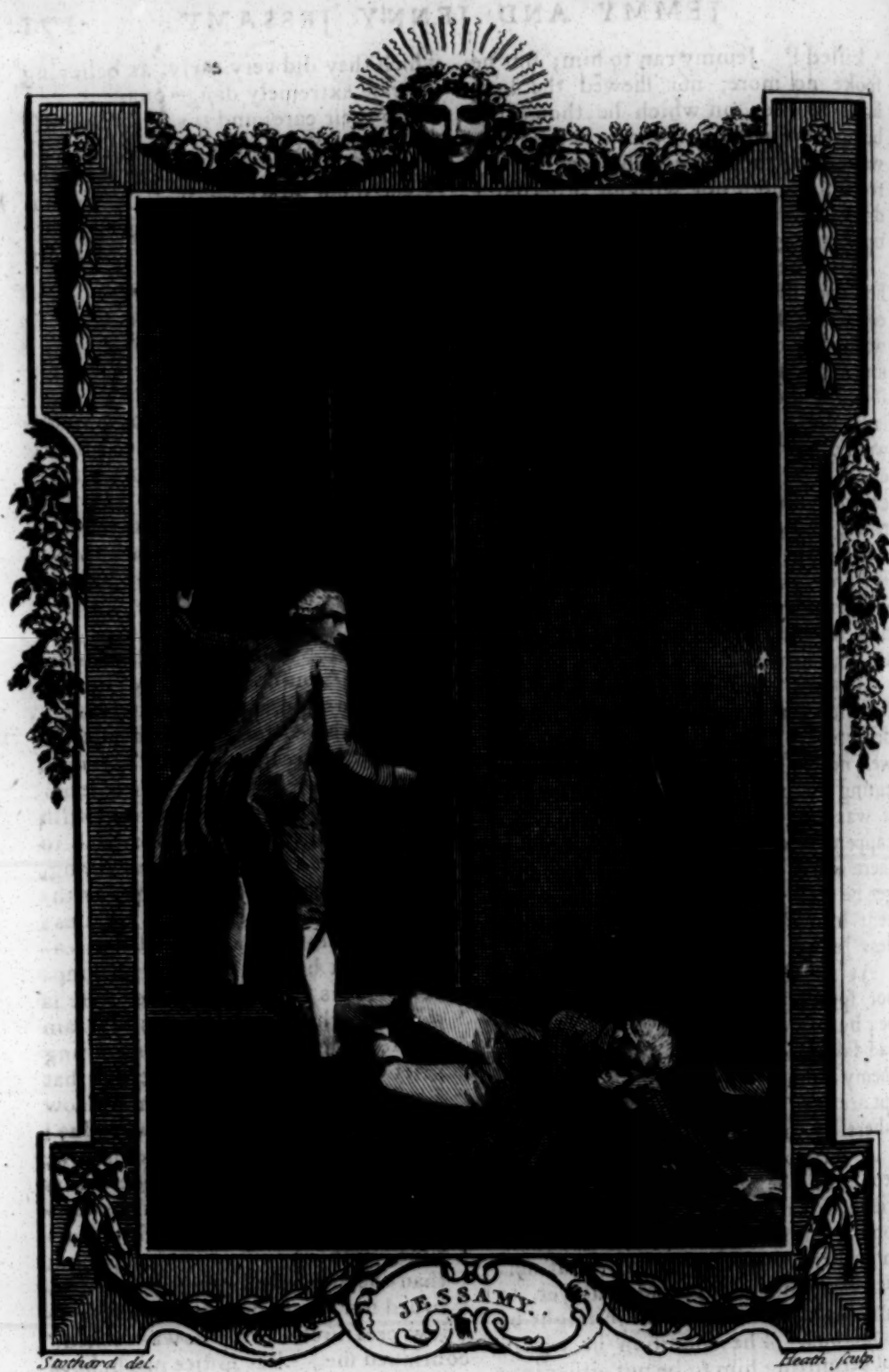
As for Jemmy, nobody, I believe, will either wonder at, or condemn, his just indignation, on finding himself thus treacherously dealt with by a person he had loved and so much confided in: the laws both of honour and nature obliged him to demand some satisfaction for the injury that had been done him; and he must have been little of a lover, and, indeed, little of a man, not to have resented it in the manner he did. Fired with a rage impossible to be expressed, he had not patience to wait the dull formality of a challenge; but, the moment he left Jenny's apartment, flew in search of that infamous traducer of his reputation.

As he knew most of the houses frequented by Bellpine, he went from one to another enquiring for him, but without success; and was just going home in order to send him a summons to meet him the next morning, when, in his way thither, he saw, by the light of the lamps, (for it was then dark) the person he had vainly sought for, coming out of a tavern with another gentleman, arm in arm. 'Bellpine!' cried he. 'Jessamy!' rejoined the other. 'What, left Bath so soon?'—'Yes,' resumed Jemmy; 'and must needs speak with you this instant.'—'I was going to supper with this gentleman,' said Bellpine; 'but will put off my engagement, if your business be of any importance.'—'It is,' replied Jemmy; 'and cannot be delayed.'

Bellpine perceiving, by his manner of speaking, that he had somewhat more than ordinary in his mind, and perhaps imagining it might be some new incident relating to Lady Hardy, excused himself to his friend for quitting him; and they went into the tavern, and up into the same room where Bellpine and the other gentleman had been drinking. The bottles and glasses were not yet removed; but, as soon as they were so, and fresh wine brought in—'Now, my dear friend, your pleasure?' said Bellpine. 'To tell you that you are a villain!' replied Jemmy; 'a most consummate villain!'—'A villain, Sir!' retorted Bellpine. 'Yes, I again repeat the name,' cried Jemmy; 'a villain, a base incendiary! or you would not, by the most monstrous of all falsehoods, have defamed the character of one you called your friend, and endeavoured to break the bands of union between two hearts inseparably linked by love and honour!'

Conscious guilt now stared this base man in the face, and assisted the reproaches of his injured friend: he affected, however, an entire ignorance of what he was accused of, and would have seemed to take as only a jest what the other said to him. But our hero was in too great a heat to endure this trifling: he told him, that he had learned the truth of every thing from Miss Chit; that she was now with Jenny; and insisted that he should either go with him to those two ladies, renounce all he had said, and ask pardon on his knees, or with his sword defend the injustice he had done.

To this he sullenly replied, that he knew of no obligation he was under to do either the one or the other. 'Then you are a coward, a scoundrel, and a poltroon!' cried Jemmy; 'and deserve to be used as such!' With these words, he took one of the glasses, which the drawer had filled before he left the room, and threw full in his face. The other could not now be any longer passive; they made several thrusts, and Bellpine had the advantage of having the first hit, by wounding his antagonist in the arm: but this slight hurt was soon retured with double interest; Jemmy making a furious push, ran him quite through the body. He fell immediately, crying out—'Oh! I am killed!'



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'killed!' Jemmy ran to him; but he spoke no more, nor shewed the least signs of life; on which he thought it behoved him to make the best of his way out of the house; which he did directly, though not without ordering a drawer, as he passed by the bar, to go up to the gentleman above.

After he had got out of that street, he stood still awhile, to consider what course he should take, in case Bellpine was really dead; and, on reflecting how much circumstances were against him, found it most advisable to leave England till he should hear whether the wound he had given him was mortal or not. Having resolved on this, he called upon a surgeon of his acquaintance, and directed him to go immediately to the tavern where he had left Bellpine, contenting himself with having his own arm, which had only a flesh wound, dressed and bound up by the apprentice.

He then went home, and made his servants get every thing ready for his departure. They loved their master too well not to be very expeditious in executing his commands; and, indeed, as it was not likely but that what had happened would presently be known, there was no time to be lost: the danger he was in, however, would not prevent him from bidding adieu to his dear Jenny, as has been already said.

As for Bellpine, he was not dead; nor speechless, as he had feigned to be; but, finding himself deeply pierced, had fallen out of policy, to prevent his enemy from giving a second blow: so apt are men of mean minds to judge of others by themselves.

A surgeon had been sent for by the people of the tavern before Jemmy's friend arrived: both these gentlemen coming almost at the same time, examined the wound together; but neither of them could pretend, as yet, to give his opinion how far it might be dangerous. The condition he was in not permitting him to be put either into a coach or chair, they were obliged to lay him on a mattraß, and, covered close over with blankets, make him to be carried by two fellows on a bier to his lodgings. Both the surgeons immediately followed, saw him into bed, and gave exact directions in what manner he should be ordered till they should attend him again the next morning;

which they did very early, as believing his case extremely dangerous.

To their care, and the secret remorse of his own conscience for having so justly incurred the misfortune now fallen upon him, we shall leave him for a time, and return to subjects more capable of affecting the heart of every generous reader.

CHAP. X.

TREATS OF DIVERS THINGS, SOME OF LITTLE, SOME OF GREATER, CONSEQUENCE; BUT NONE THAT WILL AFFORD MUCH MATTER OF ENTERTAINMENT TO THOSE THAT READ FOR NO OTHER END THAN MERELY TO DIVERT THEMSELVES.

EVERY passion of the human mind gains double energy by our endeavours to conceal it: like fire, which, being smothered for a time, bursts out at last with greater violence. Jenny, who had behaved with so much seeming resolution while Jemmy was with her, could not see him turn his back to leave her, she knew not for how long, and on so dreadful an occasion, without falling into the extremest agonies: all her moderation, almost all her reason, forsook her at this dreadful juncture. 'He is gone!' cried she. 'He is gone! perhaps for ever! and I am left to waste my youth in unavailing grief! But what of that, selfish that I am, in comparison of him? How small a share of pity is my due! His single loss is all I have to mourn; while he, dear unhappy wanderer! is driven at once from his native country, from love, from friendship, fortune, without any other companion than the dire reflection of having embued his hands in the blood of a fellow creature! Bellpine was wicked,' continued she; 'but justice might have overtaken him without the guilt of him he had wronged. Oh, what is honour! this impatience of indignities; as the poet calls it—

"This raging fit of virtue in the soul;
"This painful burden, which great minds
"must bear;
"Obtain'd with danger, and possess'd with
"fear."

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This was the manner in which the generous and truly amiable Jenny lamented the accident that had happened: she wept not for the absence of her lover, but for the occasion that enforced it. Such was the delicacy of her soul, that his real infidelity would not have inflicted on her the thousandth part of those agonies she now endured on his having so fatally resented the aspersions; and so dear was he to her, that she would have wished to see him unfaithful rather than unhappy.

It might, perhaps, be too affecting, though all that could be said would be far short of the truth of what she suffered during this whole cruel night: the morning, however, brought her some consolation; she heard that Bellpine was not dead; and, to find that he had not been killed on the spot, as *Jemmy* had imagined, affording her some hopes that his wounds might not be mortal, gave her as much satisfaction as a person in her circumstances was capable of feeling.

The whole adventure being presently blazed abroad, all her friends, and more of her acquaintance than, at that time, she wished to see, came to visit her, and make their compliments of condolence. Among the number of the former were *Lady Speck*, *Miss Wingman*, *Mr. Lovegrove*, and *Sir Robert Manley*. After their having expressed their concern for the accident, as it might give *Mr. Jessamy* much trouble, especially if his antagonist should die, they told her that *Lord Huntley* was to give them a concert that evening upon the River, and would have persuaded her to have accompanied them, in order, as they said, and really meant, to divert those melancholy thoughts which could not but rise in her mind on what had happened.

It is not to be imagined that she gave the least ear to so unseasonable an invitation; but they continuing to press her with a great deal of earnestness to accept it—'Oh!' said she, bursting into tears, which hitherto she had restrained in their presence, 'can you think me capable of making one in a party of pleasure, while the liberty, perhaps the life, of him ordained to be my husband, is in danger? No! till I know him safe, musick would be discord to my ears, and every thing that

'gives joy to others, add to my affliction!' On hearing this, *Sir Robert Manley* could not forbear breaking into a kind of rhapsody—'Happy *Mr. Jessamy*!' cried he; 'by his very misfortunes rendered yet more blessed in the proofs of such exalted tenderness!'

Mr. Lovegrove said little less in praise of her constancy and generosity; and the ladies afterwards gave over urging her any farther on the subject they had done, but employed the whole time they staid with her in discourses more suitable to her present humour. But what was most of all obliging to her, was a promise the two gentlemen made of taking care to inform themselves, from day to day, of the true condition of *Bellpine's* wounds, and letting her have an exact account, to the end she might transmit it to *Mr. Jessamy*, and enable him the better to judge what course he had to take.

Several others of her acquaintance, who, hearing what had happened, came to visit her on that occasion, and those among them who were most apprehensive on *Jemmy's* account, forbore to speak their sentiments in her presence; but, on the contrary, all joined to comfort her with hopes which they were far from entertaining themselves; so that she passed this night with somewhat more tranquillity than she had done the preceding one.

Between her broken slumbers, however, a thousand melancholy reflections returned upon her mind; her thoughts pursued the dear unhappy fugitive in his wanderings; they painted him to her troubled imagination in the most forlorn and piteous moving figure; thus travelling by night, and exposed to dangers almost equal to those from which he fled: nor when her eyes, doubly fatigued with tears and watching, were closed again in sleep, did the sad ideas entirely quit her head.

The next day brought with it somewhat which threw her into fresh agitations. She was no sooner up than her maid presented her with a letter, which had been left for her by a footman some time before she had quitted her bed, she having lain that morning longer than was her usual custom.

She was a little surprized at not knowing the hand on the superscription; but

but on her opening it, found it from Miss Chit; and contained the following lines.

TO MISS JESSAMY.

MADAM,

I Am extremely sorry to send you any intelligence that may add to the disquiet I am sensible you are already under; but there are some in which it is absolutely necessary that even the most painful truths should be revealed: you will find this relating to Mr. Jessamy is so; and therefore do not condemn, as an over officiousness in me, what I now take the liberty to communicate.

One of the surgeons who attends Bellpine has declared, that, according to the best of his judgment, his patient cannot live; on which a search-warrant is issued out against Mr. Jessamy, it being already known that he has absconded from his house.

This, Madam, my father heard last night at a coffee-house; and, moreover, that the people of the tavern, as well as a gentleman who, it seems, was with Bellpine when he was met by Mr. Jessamy, have offered to depose, that he took him aside, prevailed with him to leave his company, and go with him into a private room, where he soon after left him for dead.

I cannot pretend to any understanding in such matters; but they say that, in the eye of the law, these circumstances will make the affair appear very black on the side of Mr. Jessamy; and that the fact will not be considered as a rencounter, or a fair duel, but as a downright premeditated murder.

As I cannot suppose that to whatever place Mr. Jessamy is retired you are ignorant of it, I thought it highly proper to give you this intimation, to the end you may apprize him of the greatness of his danger, and warn him to keep extremely close: indeed, I should never have forgiven myself, if, by neglecting to do so, any worse accident than what has already happened, should ensue; but I will trouble you no farther, than to assure you that I am, with all due respect, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant,

S. CHIT.

P. S. My poor father is troubled beyond measure at this event; and swears, that, old as he is, if he had sooner been convinced of the baseness of Bellpine, which till now he never was, he would have taken upon himself to punish it.

Jenny had but just finished the reading this epistle, when she was convinced of the truth of the intelligence it contained; the officers of justice came in; produced their warrant; and one of them very civilly entreated her leave to do what, by virtue of their commission, they were empowered to have done without it.

She seemed a little surprized notwithstanding, and said with an air of some resentment, that it seemed very odd to her that they should come to search her lodgings for a gentleman; to which another of them, more furly than he who had spoke first, replied, that they had orders to search not only her lodgings, but all that house, and every other which Mr. Jessamy had been known to frequent. She said no more, but suffered them to pass wherever they would, and they discharged their duty with so much diligence, as to leave no place unlooked into, that was big enough to have concealed a much less person than him they sought for.

Though Jenny had nothing to apprehend on this score, yet the sight of these men, and the errand they came upon, was an extreme shock to her; but she presently received another yet greater, when the person with whom she boarded told her, without considering the consequence of what he said, that he was credibly informed that notice had been sent to all the ports, to prevent Mr. Jessamy from making his escape out of the kingdom. These words struck her with such a horror, that she was very near falling into fits; and it was not in the power of all that both he and his wife could say afterwards to pacify her grief, or to make her be persuaded that Mr. Jessamy must needs be in Calais before any orders to stop him could arrive at Dover. They remonstrated to her, that if he travelled all night, as it was not to be doubted but he did, he would certainly reach the port by the next day at noon; and as there was always some one or other

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of the packets ready, might embark the same hour he came; 'So that, my dear Miss,' cried he merrily, 'you may depend upon it, your lover, long before now, has been regaling himself with good Burgundy, and some *Quelque chose* or other, *a-la-mode de France*.'

She could not help allowing the reasonableness of his arguments; but imagination, that creative faculty, which has the power to raise us to the utmost pinnacle of happiness, or sink us into the lowest depths of despair, formed so many accidents which might retard her dear *Jemmy's* journey, and render him too late to avoid the pursuit made after him, that she could not think she ought to flatter herself with the hopes of his being safe, till she was positively assured he was so.

CHAP. XI.

CONTAINS SOME OCCURRENCES DESERVING THE ATTENTION OF THE READER.

IN a continual rack of thought, to which all the persuasions of her friends could not give the least intermission, did the fair heroine of this history pass her nights and days, till *Jemmy*, being safely arrived at Calais, sent her the following epistle:

'TO MISS JESSAMY.

'MY FOR EVER DEAR, DEAR JENNY!
'THE concern I saw you under on my departure has hung more heavy on my spirits than even the occasion that enforced it; but I assure you that none of your commands have been lost upon me; I have taken all the precautions that human prudence could suggest not to render your kind wishes unavailing, and preserve a life which I am so happy as to know you set some value upon. The date of this will inform you that I have now reached an asylum, from whence it is not in the power of my enemies to snatch me; but perhaps, after all, I might have spared your tender heart the cruel alarm I have given it, and myself the trouble of coming hither. Since I left London I have been tempt-

ed to hope that *Bellpine* is not dead, and that it was no more than a swoon in which I left him; if so, with what transport shall I soon return to thank my dear *Jenny* for all her unequalled goodness!

'It is you, and you alone, my everlasting charmer, that can make either my life or liberty a blessing; and when this cursed affair is once over, I shall then doubly taste the sweets of both; for oh, my soul! I now feel that the apprehensions of being deprived of you are infinitely more terrible to me than those of becoming an exile, an outlaw, a vagabond. But I will not turn the eyes of my imagination that way; my reason, my resolution, faulter at it; and, as *Orway* says—

"Madness lies there, and hell is in the thought."

'I will rather endeavour to believe the best, and that the first intelligence I receive from England will entirely banish these sad ideas from my mind; but whatever I suffer, or shall hereafter suffer, I beg my dear *Jenny* will exert all her fortitude to repel the invasions of an over-much grief and pity: let your answer to this assure me, that you bear with moderation this sudden turn in our late blest condition, which is the only consolation can at present be received by him who is, with a love unalterable, soul of my soul, your most faithfully, and most passionately devoted lover and servant,

'J. JESSAMY.

'P. S. In the distraction of my thoughts, I had like to have sent this away without informing you where an answer might find me; pardon therefore the wildness of my brain, and direct for me at Monsieur Grandfire's, the Silver Lion, in Calais.'

The joy which filled the affectionate heart of *Jenny*, on finding her dear *Jemmy* had so happily avoided all the pursuit that might be made after him, was so great, that for a time it entirely dissipated all her other anxiety. But the ease she enjoyed was momentary; all

all the information the enquiries that her friends could procure was, that though Bellpine was not dead, he was far from being out of danger; and the consideration of what consequences his death must produce, in case his wound should prove mortal, rendered her incapable of enjoying any lasting or perfect satisfaction.

It cannot be supposed that she contented herself with once perusing a letter she had so much languished for; she read it over and over, and the oftener she did so, the more a flood of tenderness poured in upon her soul; but the reader will be better able to judge, by her own words, of the disposition she was in, than by any description I am able to give of it.

After having well weighed what apprehensions they were which seemed to give him the most pain, she thought herself obliged, both by love and gratitude, to make use of her utmost endeavours to remove them, as will be seen in the answer she gave to his letter, which was wrote in the following terms:

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

MY VERY DEAR JEMMY,

I Congratulate you on your fortunate arrival at Calais: you cannot more rejoice on finding yourself in a place of safety, than I have done in the knowledge that you are so. I have also the pleasure to acquaint you, that Bellpine still lives; I wish I could lengthen the intelligence by adding, that there are hopes of his recovery; but that is a satisfaction as yet denied us.

But wherefore, my dear Jemmy, do you wound my heart with apprehensions for which you have not the least ground? Do you know so little of your Jenny as to believe that any change of circumstances can change her sentiments in regard to you? No; if the vain supposition of losing me disturbs your peace, henceforth be perfectly at rest; for be assured, that wherever you are, I will be.

Take not this as a slight of sudden passion, which I may hereafter be tempted to repent of and retract, but as the firm and determined resolution of my soul, founded on the principles

of honour, of duty, and of justice, as well as inclination.

Love for each other, my dear Jessamy, was the first lesson taught us in our most early years, and I have too long been accustomed to the practice, to be capable of swerving from it: should therefore the fate of Bellpine, which Heaven forbid, be such as our worst fears suggest, you have no more to do, on the news of it, than to go directly into Paris, and provide a proper place for my reception; and there, if you continue to desire it, the English ambassador's chaplain may fulfil the engagement made for us between our parents.

Farewell: I flatter myself that you will find some satisfaction in the assurance I now give you of being, with all the tenderness you can wish or expect, my dear Jemmy, sincerely, faithfully, and ever yours,

J. JESSAMY.

P. S. I must do our common friends the justice to let you know they are greatly affected at your misfortune, all of them at least that I see; indeed, if they were not, they would find but little welcome from me. Once more adieu; I expect to hear from you again by the first post.

Jenny, not doubting but what she had wrote would afford great relief to the anxieties of her lover, found in that thought sufficient to calm those she had felt within herself. Such is the effect of a real tenderness, as to make us take pleasure in every thing that we imagine will give pleasure to the person beloved.

And now let those readers, who in the beginning of this history were apt to look on Jemmy and Jenny as two insensibles, acknowledge their mistake, and be convinced, that flames which burn with rapidity at first are soonest wasted; and that a gentle, and almost imperceptible glow of a pure affection, when once raised up by any extraordinary incident, sends forth a stronger and more lasting heat.

I remember to have read a little pamphlet, entitled, *Reflections on the different Effects of Love*, which contains many pretty observations on the sub-

ject I am speaking of; but I know of none more just than this of Mr. Dryden:

‘ Love various minds does variously inspire;
 ‘ He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
 ‘ Like that of incense on the altars laid;
 ‘ But raging flames tempestuous souls invade,
 ‘ A fire which every wind of passion blows;
 ‘ With pride it mounts, and with revenge it
 glows.’

It may easily be perceived by those who consider the motives on which the events of this history depend, that our lovers were not thus stirred up by accidents relating merely to themselves, but by such as concerned each other: Jemmy had not fought with Bellpine but for the discontent and affronts which he thought his dear Jenny had suffered through his base artifices; nor would Jenny have discovered any part of the warmth she now did, had she not been invigorated by the perplexity and danger of her Jemmy. Nothing certainly can be more truly worthy of admiration than the love, the constancy, the generosity of this amiable lady, who at her years could so readily renounce her native country, kindred, and all the amusements to which her youth had been accustomed, and resolve to live in a perpetual banishment, if, by the death of Bellpine, the man ordained to be her husband in his more prosperous circumstances, should now be reduced to the condition of an exile. Nor was Jemmy, gay and unthinking as he has sometimes appeared, at all inferior to his charming mistress, in giving her the most unquestionable and exalted proofs of the sincerity and disinterestedness of his passion, as the next chapter will declare.

CHAP. XII.

RECITES A PASSAGE WHICH WILL CERTAINLY BE EXTREMELY AGREEABLE TO ALL THE LADIES: IT IS MUCH TO BE FEARED, HOWEVER, THAT THERE ARE BUT VERY FEW OF THEM WHO CAN, WITH ANY REASON, FLATTER THEMSELVES WITH EXPERIENCING THE LIKE.

JENNY, who had the mortification of hearing every day that Bellpine grew rather worse than better, began to

call to mind every trifling accident that had happened to give her any disgust in England, to the end that she might have the less love for it, and be more reconciled to the thoughts of leaving it for ever. She found it, indeed, a thing of no great difficulty to conquer all the reluctance she might at first have on that score: the society of the man she loved, and by whom she was so much beloved, was an over-balance for all she was about to quit for his sake; and her whole mind was now taken up with the manner in which she should order her affairs, so as to be prepared to go whenever the circumstances of things should call her.

Her resolution being settled, her thoughts, by degrees, became so too, and she now enjoyed more serenity than she had known since the accident that drove Jemmy from her; but the post not bringing her a letter as she expected, some part of her former discontents began to revive in her: she was, however, too well assured of his punctuality not to impute this disappointment to some other cause than his neglect.

She soon found that she had done him no more than justice in this point. Mr. Morgan came the next morning to visit her. As she had not seen him since she was a girl, his coming at this juncture a little surprized her, and he kept her in suspense for some time, by making her a thousand compliments, after the fashion of old men, on the improvements he found in her stature and beauty, before he related to her the business which had brought him thither.

At last, though not till after many circumlocutions, by way of prelude—‘ I have a present for you, my pretty lady,’ said he; ‘ I received a letter last night from my good Mr. Jessamy, and something inclosed for you, which he commissioned me to deliver into your own hands: here it is,’ continued he, giving her a packet; ‘ take it, I believe it will not be displeasing to you.’—‘ I have no apprehensions of receiving any thing that can be so,’ either from him or you, Sir,’ replied she; ‘ you will, therefore, pardon my impatience to see what it contains.’—‘ Aye, aye,’ cried he, ‘ read it by all means; I would have you read it while I am here.’

He then retired to a window, and took up a book while she opened the packet,

packet, in which was a large parchment, heavy with the weight of seals, and a letter from Jemmy containing these lines.

‘ TO MISS JESSAMY.

‘ WITH what words, O thou more than woman! thou angel of thy sex! shall I express that rush of joyous astonishment, that extasy, which, on the reading your dear letter, overwhelmed my heart! Can you then resolve to leave your native country, with all the charms you once found in it? Can you do this for my unworthy sake, consent to share my fate, and live in exile with your Jemmy? Yes, I know you can; you have said it, and will not promise without meaning to perform.

‘ Thus transcendently blessed in your affection, the goods of fortune would be below my care if you had no interest in them; nor would even life itself be of any estimation with me, were it not dear to you: but as they both are yours, eternally devoted to you, they ought not to be neglected by me.

‘ On my relating my affair with Bellpine, in all it’s unhappy circumstances, to a lawyer who happened to come over with me, he told me I ought to take proper methods for securing my estate, in case the wound I had given should prove mortal: I approved of his advice; and as there is no English attorney at Calais, he has been so good as to draw up an instrument for that purpose himself, which is the same I now send to you.

‘ You will find by it, my dear Jenny, that I am no longer possessed of any lands or hereditaments; you are the mistress of all that once was mine: to whom, indeed, should I commit my estate but to her who has my soul in keeping? I have wrote to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ellwood to assist you in whatever cares may attend this accession, and also to my steward and house-keeper to receive their orders henceforward from you, who have now the only right to command and to direct their services.

‘ What remittances I may have occasion for, I shall become your petitioner to grant, and doubt not but your charity will extend itself as far

as you think my wants may reason-

ably require. I am sure that I can feel none of the thousandth part so great as that of your dear society, which, without my daring to ask, you have promised to relieve.

‘ I should be glad, methinks, however, to know the certainty of my doom; that is, whether I may have hope of returning to England, or must content myself with being a denizen of France; though in whatever place my lot is cast, fate will find it very difficult to render me unhappy, while permitted to subscribe myself, with the most perfect and pure passion, my dearest Jenny’s fervently and unalterably devoted servant,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ P. S. I need not tell my dear Jenny with how much impatience I shall long for the arrival of the next mail, and every mail, till we are so happy as to meet again.’

Having read the letter, she unfolded the writing which accompanied it, and found it was a deed of conveyance to herself of Jemmy’s whole estate, both real and personal. As she knew not well the nature of these things, nor for what end this had been done, it threw her into so deep a reverie that she forgot Mr. Morgan was in the room. But that gentleman perceiving she had done reading, returned to the seat he had lately quitted; and, taking her by the hand, asked her, with a smile, what she thought of the gift her lover had made her. ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I know not what to think; and should be at a very great loss how to behave on the occasion, if I did not depend on being directed by one or other of the two worthy persons mentioned in Mr. Jessamy’s letter.’

He then explained to her all she wanted to know, and concluded with some compliments on the confidence Mr. Jessamy reposed in her: ‘ If ever I see him again,’ said he pleasantly, ‘ I shall tell him that he relies much on his own merit to imagine he can secure the affections of so fine a lady, after endowing her with a fortune which may entitle her to the addresses of the first nobleman in the kingdom.’

‘ He need not be very vain,’ returned

ed she, 'to be entirely free from all apprehensions on that score. But, Sir,' continued she, 'there is another danger, which, perhaps, he has not thought of; I have a kinsman, who, though a very distant one, is yet my heir, in case I die unmarried, and would certainly, after my demise, seize on every thing which could be proved had been in my possession at that time.'

'Demisel' cried Mr. Morgan. 'How can such a thought come into your head? A virgin in her bloom talk of dying!'—'Things more unlikely, Sir, have come to pass,' said she; 'and I am for leaving nothing to chance, especially on such an account as this: as the first proof, therefore, of that assistance Mr. Jessamy makes me hope for from you, I must entreat you will provide me an able lawyer, that I may make my will, and, by bequeathing back to Mr. Jessamy his own estate, with my whole fortune annexed to it, unite both, according as our parents always intended they should be.'

Mr. Morgan looked on her with the highest admiration all the time she was speaking; but making no immediate answer, she went on, insisting that he would do as she desired; to which he at last consented, and promised to bring an attorney with him in the afternoon: they had some farther conversation together, in which Jenny displayed herself so well, without aiming to do so, that he departed quite amazed and charmed to find such generosity, such justice, and such prudence, in a person of her years.

When she was left alone, and had leisure to reflect on what Jemmy had done, it did not seem at all strange to her that he should have reposed so much confidence in her, because she thought there was not a possibility for any woman in the world to be wicked enough to abuse such a trust; but she wondered at the haste he made to execute a deed of this nature, which she could see no necessity for on the score of what had passed between him and Bellpine, at least as yet. After a little pause—'It must certainly be,' cried she, 'that the dear generous man has caused this instrument to be drawn up merely for my sake, that if any unforeseen accident should snatch him suddenly

from the world, I should then remain in an undisturbed possession of all he left behind: no other motive can have induced him to act in this manner; and it was only the secret sympathy of my soul with his, that has put it into my head to make a will in his favour.' It pleased her to think she had found a way to be even with him in his tender care, and longed for the return of Mr. Morgan, that she might put in execution what she had devised.

That gentleman came in the afternoon, and, according to the promise she had exacted from him, brought with him an able lawyer of his particular acquaintance, whom, as soon as the first civilities were over, she immediately set to work upon the business for which she had desired his presence.

The writing being entirely finished in all its forms, and witnessed by Mr. Morgan and the people of the house, whom Jenny had ordered to be called up for that purpose, she deposited it in Mr. Morgan's hands, desiring him to keep it till she should die, unless some accident should oblige her to demand it back: this he assured her he would do, still affecting to smile, though admiring within himself a precaution so uncommon in a young lady. But whatever either he or his friend the lawyer might think of her on this occasion, they were afterwards convinced, by the vivacity and sprightliness of her conversation and behaviour during the whole time they continued with her, that it was not by any melancholy vapours she had been instigated to the step she had taken, and which appeared so extraordinary to them, as indeed it well might do to persons who never had an opportunity of being acquainted with the greatness of her mind.

C H A P. XIII.

AFFORDS LESS MATTER EITHER OF INSTRUCTION OR ENTERTAINMENT THAN MANY OF THE FORMER; THOUGH PERHAPS MORE OF BOTH THAN CAN BE FOUND IN SOME OTHER HISTORIES OF THE SAME NATURE WITH THIS.

HOW preferable are the enjoyments of the mind to those of the body! Persons of a truly delicate way

of thinking find a much greater pleasure in their own contemplations, on a delightful subject, than those of less refined ideas are capable of tasting in the utmost gratification of the senses.

Our amiable Jenny felt a more perfect satisfaction in the proof she had received of her lover's affection, and in that she had just shewn of her own for him, than she had ever known when with him; and no cross accident had intervened to oblige either of them to exert and display their mutual tenderness. She was in a most delightful situation of mind on this occasion, when Mr. Morgan made her another morning visit, on a business which, he doubted not, but would greatly add to her contentment. It was this.

The sincere good-will he had towards Jemmy had made him indefatigable in his endeavours to find out the true state of Bellpine's condition; he had gone and sent several times to the house where he lodged, without being able to get any satisfactory account, sometimes being told one thing, and sometime another; they even refused to let him know who were the surgeons that attended him: this, however, he got intelligence of from the people of the tavern where the accident had happened; the first to whom he applied seemed a little uneasy at the questions he put to him; made very short and evasive answers, the plainest of which was, That if the gentleman lived, it would be a miracle.

Mr. Morgan, not contenting himself with this, went directly to the other, who was the same that had been sent by Jemmy, and whom he found of a much more communicative disposition, though less able to give him the information he desired: he said, that on examining the wound, he had thought it a very bad one; but when he went the next morning to visit Mr. Bellpine, he was told by somebody about him, that there was no need of his attendance, and that he was not permitted to stay in the room even while the first dressings were taken off, though he had earnestly requested it. Mr. Morgan then asked him, if he apprehended the wound to be mortal by what he had seen of it at first? 'I then thought it so,' replied the surgeon; 'for, had it been as I imagined, he must have died in twelve hours;

but as he has lived till now, I think I may safely pronounce him out of danger, except a fever takes him.'

He then went on, and gave so many reasons, from the structure of the human body, to prove that if Bellpine's wound had been mortal, he must have died long before the time which had elapsed since his receiving it, that the hearty old gentleman was quite convinced, and ran immediately to make Jenny partaker of the joyful news.

She was, indeed, extremely pleased; but said she could not conceive what motive should induce Bellpine or his friends to give out that he was still in danger, if it was not really so. 'Spite,' cried Mr. Morgan; 'nothing but spite, as my friend Lee somewhere has it;

"Spite, by the gods! proud spite, and burning envy."

'I see into his design,' continued he, 'as well as if I were of his cabinet-council. The venomous revengeful rascal thinks, as long as he can make people believe his life is despaired of, Mr. Jessamy will be obliged to keep out of the way: but he may be out in his politicks; the surgeon assures me, that he will depose upon oath that the wound is not mortal; and if so, Mr. Jessamy may come over as soon as he pleases; bail will be taken for him.'—'Ah, Sir, let him not trust to that,' cried Jenny hastily; 'and I beseech you do not advise him to it when you write.'—'I advise him, Madam!' answered he, 'not I indeed; I shall only tell him what I think; he may do as he pleases.'—'You may be certain, Sir,' resumed she, 'that I should greatly rejoice in Mr. Jessamy's return, if he could come without any hazard either of his life or liberty; but you must pardon me, if I am not altogether so sanguine in this matter as you seem to be: I am apt to hope, and believe with you, that Bellpine is not in so dangerous a way as is pretended; but then, methinks, we ought not to build too much upon the asseveration of this surgeon, whose judgment we cannot be sure is infallible.'

Mr. Morgan was about to say something in answer to this, but was prevented; Jenny's servant opened the door

instantly, and told her that Lady Speck was just coming up stairs; on which he took his leave for that time.

After the usual salutations of a first meeting were over, and they had seated themselves—‘If the heart is to be judged by the countenance,’ said Lady Speck, looking earnestly on her friend, ‘I may hope, my dear, that yours is somewhat less depressed than it has been of late.’ On her speaking in this manner, Jenny made no scruple to repeat to her all she had been told by Mr. Morgan in regard to Bellpine’s condition, and also the reasons which both of them had assigned for his causing it to be reported so much worse than in effect it was.

‘Bellpine must certainly be one of the most mischievous fellows in the universe,’ said Lady Speck; ‘and since you have now got a more perfect intelligence of his situation, I may venture to let you know, that nothing can be more terrible than the account given of it by his servant, both to Sir Robert and Mr. Lovegrove; who, I assure you, did not fail to make the enquiries they promised when they were here last; and it has been only because they were unwilling either to deceive you, or to be the bearers of an unwelcome truth, that they have denied themselves the pleasure of waiting on you for some days.’

Jenny expressed herself in the most grateful terms for the generous concern those gentlemen had seemed to take in her affairs; and then began to turn the conversation on some other topick: but there was something in the behaviour of Bellpine, which appeared so peculiar as well as base, in the opinion of Lady Speck, that she could talk of little else all the time she staid, which, indeed, was not very long, her ladyship being in her dishabille, and in haste to go home to dress for dinner.

She was no sooner gone, than Jenny’s servant acquainted her, that a lady who called herself Sophia had been to wait on her. ‘Sophia!’ cried she hastily; ‘why then did you not shew her up?’—‘You had company, Madam,’ answered he, ‘and she said she rather chose to wait on you when you were quite alone, and that she would come again in the afternoon to see if you were so.’

If the reader has forgot this young

lady, he may have recourse to the second chapter of the first volume, where he will find her character at large; and now need only to be told, that Jenny, who had not heard of her being in town, was extremely glad that she should have a person near her, in whom she placed more confidence than in most others of her acquaintance.

The pleasure of this friend’s return did not, however, make her forget that it was post-day, and that she had an obligation to discharge, which could not be dispensed with by any other; and, therefore, to prevent any interruption which delay might occasion, sat down immediately, and wrote the following lines:

‘TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘MY DEAR JEMMY,

‘I Received the trust you reposed in me, of which I shall be a very faithful steward; but I have just heard something which makes me hope you might have spared yourself that trouble. Your worthy friend Mr. Morgan will write to you the particulars, and, perhaps, subjoin some advice, which, though I am certain he means well, cannot consent you should comply with. So much as I prize your presence, I should tremble to behold you here, while there remains even the most distant menace either to your life or liberty.

‘A little time, of course, must put an end to our suspense; till then, therefore, I conjure you, content yourself with the assurance I have given you, and now again repeat, that if you cannot come to me, I will go to you, and endeavour, by every thing in my power, to soften the asperity of all other losses.

‘I fear, indeed, you pass your days in a manner uncomfortable enough; without friends, without acquaintance, without any companion but your own melancholy thoughts; nothing to please, or even to amuse your mind. I am ignorant of the place you are in; I only know it is on the sea-coast: there, methinks, I see you often wandering, casting a wishful eye towards what you left behind, and almost cursing fortune for the deprivation. Tell me, my Jemmy, does my fancy paint your situation such as it

' it is? I shall rejoice, to find myself deceived, and to hear that Calais is not wanting in matters of agreeable entertainment. Believe, you can give no account so welcome to me as that of your being perfectly easy: endeavour, at least, to make yourself so, I beseech you, till the circumstances of things permit you to be happy, and to make happy all your friends, particularly her who is, with an unfeigned affection, dear Jemmy, yours eternally,

' J. JESSAMY.

' P. S. I cannot close this without once more conjuring you, not for your own sake but mine, not to think of returning till we shall be well assured that Bellpine has left his chamber.'

She soon found how much she had been in the right to lay hold of the first opportunity to prepare the above, otherwise she might have been prevented from doing it all that day; for Sophia, who had a great deal to say to her, came very early in the afternoon.

CHAP. XIV.

CONTAINS A VERY STRANGE AND DETESTABLE INSTANCE OF PERfidiousness and Ingratitude, IN A PERSON OF THE MOST HONOURABLE VOCATION.

THESE two young ladies, who, from their childhood, had preserved an entire friendship for each other, could not meet, after an absence of many months, without the utmost demonstrations of affection on both sides; after which Jenny gently reproached the other, as having been very remiss of late in writing to her; and that, whenever she did so, her letters had been short, reserved, and such as ordinarily pass between persons who converse together merely through complaisance.

' Your charge would be very just,' said Sophia, ' had it been in my power to have acted otherwise than I did; but indeed, my dear Miss Jessamy, I had nothing to write, except such things as were utterly improper for me to communicate by the post. I am now, however,' continued she,

with a deep sigh, ' come to tell you all, as well as to take my everlasting leave.'

These words, and the manner in which they were delivered, threw Jenny into so great an astonishment, that she had not the power of asking an explanation of them; which the other perceiving, saved her the trouble of speaking, and went on.

' Yes,' continued she, ' I shall very shortly be removed from all that ever yet have known me; shall quit England as soon as the vessel that is to carry me is ready to put to sea, which I hope will be in a very few days; nor, when you have heard my unhappy story, will you think it strange that I should be impatient to go from a place where I have received such cruel injustice, as, perhaps, no woman but myself ever met with.'

' Heavens! of what nature?' cried Jenny with some eagerness. ' Of a most monstrous, and I believe, unprecedented one,' replied she: ' but I will keep you no longer in suspense; you shall at once be let into the secret of those wrongs I have sustained, and of the folly which exposed me to them.'

Finding Jenny made no answer, but was prepared to give attention to what she was about to say, she wiped off some tears, which, in spite of her endeavours to restrain them, fell from her eyes, and then began the recital she had promised, in the following terms.

THE HISTORY OF SOPHIA.

' YOU may remember, my dear Miss Jessamy,' said she, ' in what a rage my brother flew out of the house after the ridiculous adventure you was witness of, the last time you favoured me with a visit; he then went no farther than to a gentleman's seat about four miles distant; but from thence proceeded to London, where he continued full three months: on his return, he appeared very pen-sive and discontented, which I at first imputed to the disappointment he had received from the lady you saw; but I soon found it arose from a quite different cause. He had, it seems, mortgaged the best part of his estate to discharge some debts he had contracted at play; the only vice I know him guilty of, but to which he has always

‘ always been too much addicted: he had the generosity, however, to pay my fortune, which was but five and twenty hundred pounds, into the bank. He now gave me the bills, and told me, that he must go and live in the southern parts of France till he had retrieved his circumstances, and that he had spoke to a gentleman about letting his house; but added, that I should be welcome to stay in it, and have the use of every thing, till a tenant could be found, if I chose to do so. This offer, having my own reasons for it, I gladly accepted of. He had before prepared every thing for his departure, and in four days left me to myself.

‘ You will, doubtless, wonder that I should chose to remain in a great lone house without any companion, and be at the expence of keeping two maids and a man-servant, which the income of my little fortune could ill afford, rather than come to town, where I might have been boarded in a genteel family, and lived much cheaper, and more agreeably in the opinion of every body but myself. I will tell you my reason for all this; it was love; love, that fatal phrenzy of our sex, that sure destruction of all that is dear to womankind. I ought to blush even at the remembrance I ever was directed by it, much more to confess the shameful folly.’

‘ Hold, my dear Sophia,’ cried Jenny, interrupting her, ‘ take care what you say: Mr. Dryden was certainly as good a judge of human nature as you can pretend to be; and he tells us, that—

“ Love’s an heroick passion, which can find
 “ No room in any base degen’rate mind;
 “ It kindles all the soul with honour’s fire,
 “ To make the lover worthy his desire.”

‘ And I am of opinion, that a virtuous love, such as I doubt not yours was, ought never to be repented or ashamed of.’—‘ I allow the truth of what you say,’ answered Sophia; ‘ but then it must be a love conducted with prudence, and for a worthy object. Mine, alas! had neither the one nor the other of these excuses to plead in its defence, as you will presently be convinced.’

Here she stopped to give passage to

some sighs which had been labouring in her bosom; after which, growing a little more composed, she went on in the prosecution of her narrative.

‘ While my brother was at London,’ resumed she, ‘ I unfortunately, as it has proved, happened into the acquaintance of a young officer in the army, called Willmore. The first time I saw him was at a gentleman’s house about a mile distant from ours, where I sometimes visited: though there were several other ladies in the company, he seemed to take a particular notice of me, and I could not avoid doing so of him. He has, indeed, every thing in his person that can attract the eye, and captivate the heart; he is handsome, well made, genteel, has abundance of wit and vivacity; and, though he talks a great deal, never speaks but to the purpose.

‘ When I took my leave, he would needs see me home, though I had a servant with me, and but three little fields to cross. I refused this offer; but must own I could not help being very well pleased that he persisted in it. In short, he came home with me; and though, as we walked, he entertained me only with common subjects of conversation, yet he treated them in such a manner as appeared to me very agreeable.

‘ Among other things, happening to tell me that he had lodgings at Windsor, and was almost always there, when not obliged to be with the regiment, I said it was a thing seldom heard of, that a gay young gentleman, like him, should prefer a little country town to the pleasures of London: to which he replied, that hunting and reading were his favourite pleasures. “ The one,” said he, “ I frequently take with very good company; and the other I am here more at liberty to indulge myself in than I could possibly be in London.” He then asked me if I took any delight in the latter of these amusements; and on my answering that I did—“ Because, Madam,” rejoined he, “ I have all the publick papers and new pamphlets constantly sent down to me as they come out; and, if you will give me leave, will wait on you with such of them as I shall find worthy of your perusal.”

‘ Though I plainly saw this was no
 ‘ more

more than a pretence to visit me, yet I thought it so handsome a one, and afforded me so good an excuse for granting him the permission he desired, that I hesitated not to tell him that I should readily accept, and be thankful for, the favour he mentioned.

This was the method he took to introduce himself. He was almost every day bringing me some new book or other; and, in return for this civility, I lent him such as he chose to read out of my brother's collection, which is esteemed a very good one. At first, our conversation turned chiefly on the subjects with which we had mutually obliged each other; but, after a few visits, he threw off that restraint he had hitherto been under, and professed himself my lover.

As I have already confessed the liking I had of his person, you will not expect to hear that I received the declaration of his passion with any disdain; on the contrary, I am afraid I listened to it with too visible an approbation: but, however that might be, (for, indeed, I do not well remember how I behaved at that time) all that I know is, that I forbade not his addresses.

I will not give you the trouble of hearing, nor myself the confusion of repeating, how very easily I was won to give credit to every thing he said in relation to his pretended passion; for such you will find it was; and not only pretended for the sake of gallantry and amusement, but for the carrying on a design the most low, base, and dishonourable, that ever entered the heart of man, much less of a gentleman, to conceive or put in practice.

It was in the height of his courtship that my brother came home. The hurry of his affairs, the discontent he was in, and the short time he staid, hindered me from saying any thing to him concerning my new lover: but you now may perceive the motive which induced me so readily to embrace the offer he made me of staying in his house after he was gone. I knew Willmore was fond of the country; and I dreaded lest I should see him less frequently in town: fool that I was, not to consider that a man

who truly loved would follow me any where!

As we grew more familiar in conversation, I found he was much better acquainted with the circumstances of our family than I could have thought he was. Among other things, he one day mentioned my brother's late miscarriage; and asked me, with some concern, whether it had been any prejudice to my fortune. I told him that it had not, and related to him how tender he had been of me in that point; at which he seemed extremely pleased, and said no more upon that subject.

Soon after this he went to London, where he staid upwards of a week; a much longer time than ever he had done since my acquaintance with him. The same day which brought him again to Windsor, brought him also to visit me; but though his expressions were, I think, more endearing and more passionate than ever they had been, I perceived there was a certain air of melancholy about him, which very much affected me: I could not forbear taking notice of it to him; and asked him, with more tenderness than perhaps became me, if any ill accident had happened to him since he left me. He told me not any; but added, that he had been a little vexed, and could not help thinking himself a very unlucky fellow.

On my farther desiring him to let me know the occasion of his chagrin, he told me, that he could not content himself with the condition of a subaltern; that he had never entered into the army but with the hopes of rising in it; nor had accepted of a lieutenantancy, which was the commission he then bore, but with the expectation of being soon a captain. "Now," said he, "just at this juncture, an old officer has got leave to sell out; and I might have his commission for about a thousand guineas and my own in exchange, which I have a gentleman ready to purchase. This it is, my dear Sophia," added he, "that has so much disconcerted me; for, though I have offered a very large premium, and my own bond to pay the money quarterly, I can no way raise it."

"Bless me!" cried I, "have you no friends, no relations, who, on such

"such an occasion would not advance that sum?" — "Yes, several," answered he, "who would do it for a word-speaking; but they are all of them either out of the kingdom, or at their country-seats, I know not how far off; and the thing must be done immediately, or not at all; and Heaven knows whether I shall ever meet with such an opportunity again!"

"Indeed, my dear Miss Jessamy," continued she, "I thought it a great pity that any man, much more the person I loved, and intended to make my husband, should lose so considerable an advantage through the want of what was in my power to supply him with. I did not consider much on the matter; but stepped to my cabinet, and took out bank-bills to the amount of a thousand pounds, which I put directly into his hands. "There, Mr. Willmore," said I, "is the sum you stand in need of; and I hope it will not come too late to lay out in the purchase you mention."

"Though I believe he saw enough into my weakness to expect I would do as I did, yet he seemed equally surprised as transported with it. "Well, my dear Sophia," cried he, kissing my hand, "this is generous indeed, and truly like yourself! But I hope," continued he, "you will soon consent to reap some part of the benefit of the favour you have conferred; and, as promotions in the army must come by degrees, who knows but you may one day see your lover (I flatter myself, long before then your husband) at the head of a regiment, instead of a company?"

"I replied, that I wished him success for his own sake; and as to what related to myself, we would talk of that hereafter. He then told me, that he would go to London very early the next morning; and, at his return, bring with him a bond in exchange for the bills I had obliged him with: "Which," added he, with a gay air, "if you should not think sufficient, I am ready to give you my person as a collateral security."

She was in this part of her story when the tea-equipage, that important article of a lady's drawing-room, was brought in; on which she was obliged to break off till it should be removed.

C H A P. XV.

IS ONLY A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME STORY.

THE ladies having finished their little regale, and the gentleman-usher of the ceremony withdrawn with his tea-kettle and lamp, Jenny began to testify some impatience for the knowledge of an event which, as yet, she could have no other room to guess at than by the exclamations of Sophia.

"If I had not been infatuated to a degree beyond what ever woman was," resumed that lady, "I must have seen that, whatever Willmore pretended, his head was much more taken up with the thoughts of his commission than of his passion for me; for, after the first retributions were over, he talked of little else during the whole time he staid."

"He took his leave, however, in a manner tender enough; and I remained perfectly satisfied with his behaviour, as well as with myself for what I had done. So high an idea had I both of his love and honour, that when, instead of seeing him in five or six days, as he had made me expect, I heard nothing of him in three whole weeks, I was far from entertaining the least suspicion of him; nor felt any other alarms than what proceeded from my fears that some ill accident might have befallen him."

"But at last he removed all my apprehensions on that score by sending me a letter, or rather billet, containing these lines.

"TO MISS SOPHIA *****"

"MADAM,

"I Have, at last, accomplished my affairs, which took me up more time and expence than I imagined: all is now over, however; and there remains but one thing more to make me compleatly happy. I shall be at Windsor in a few days, and will then do myself the pleasure of waiting on you; till when, believe me, with great respect, Madam, your most humble and obedient servant,

"G. WILLMORE."

"You

‘ You look astonished, my dear Miss Jessamy,’ pursued she, perceiving Jenny did so; ‘ and well indeed you may! Did ever man write such a letter to a woman he courted, who he knew loved him, and from whom he had received so great an obligation? Yet, (would you think it possible?) not even this opened my blinded eyes! I doubted not but, by the one thing remaining to make him compleatly blessed, he meant the consummation of our marriage; and the kindness of that expression sufficed with me to atone for all the cool indifference of the rest.

‘ Eight days more, from the time of my receiving this epistle, were elapsed without my seeing or hearing any thing farther of him: but when, at the expiration of that time, he came, whatever doubts might have been beginning to rise in my mind, they all vanished as soon as he appeared, and were succeeded by a double portion of satisfaction.

‘ I know not whether it was owing to his being so long absent from me, or whether the success of his affairs had diffused a more than ordinary sprightliness through all his air, but, methought, he looked more charming, more engaging, than ever: the passion he pretended to have for me seemed also to be increased even to a romantick height; and, after telling me that his own lawyer being out of town, and not chusing to employ any other, he had not brought the bond he promised—“But what occasion,” cried he, eagerly kissing my hand, “is there for the formality of a bond, when you have my heart, my soul, in your possession? When myself, and all I am or ever shall be master of, is entirely at your command; never happy till you accept the offer!”

‘ In a word, he continued to press me so closely on the article of marriage all that whole evening, that, before we parted, I made him a kind of half promise; and, to confess the truth, (for I will hide nothing from you), I was at that time so much softened by the artifices he put in practice, that if I did not say positively I would be his, it was owing rather to my bashfulness than want of inclination to comply.

‘ Indeed, when I came to reason with

myself, I thought it would be a piece of silly nicety to keep him any longer in suspense; that his family, his person, his accomplishments, and the post he had now obtained, might entitle him to a woman of a larger fortune than I was mistress of; and that, putting love entirely out of the question, nobody would condemn the choice I had made of him. In short, my dear, having thus fixed my resolution, the next visit assured him of my consent; and I told him that I was ready to give him my hand, as soon as every thing necessary for that ceremony could be prepared.

‘ I had often heard him, in casual conversation, express a great dislike of publick weddings; and he now represented, that for ours to be so must infallibly be attended with many inconveniences. “For besides,” said he, “the ridiculous bustle of drums, trumpets, epithalamiums, that always disturb the slumbers of people on their first going to bed together with a licence, there are so many young officers of my acquaintance who would come the next morning to congratulate me on my happiness, as I know would be shocking to the modesty of my dear Sophia.”

‘ Finding I approved of what he said—“For the reasons I have mentioned,” resumed he, “Windfor would be the most improper place in the world: we both are so well known there, that, the moment we are tacked, the bells would immediately proclaim what we had been about. The thing can be done no where with so much privacy as in London; and, to tell you the truth, though perhaps you will laugh at my superstition,” continued he, “my father and mother were married at Ely Chapel: their whole lives were a series of love and joy; and I should like, methinks, that my happiness should be fixed at the same altar theirs was.”

‘ I could not, indeed, forbear railly-ing him a little on this whim; but replied, that I had not the least objection to the place he mentioned; but, on the contrary, should chuse that the ceremony should be performed there, rather than in any parish church whatever. He then told me, that, having flattered himself with finding me no less just to his

passion than I now had been, he had already made some preparations, which he hoped would not be displeasing to me. I asked him of what nature; to which he replied, that he had an aunt, an excellent good old lady, whom he had made the confidante of his courtship to me; that, by the character he had given her of me, she approved highly of the match; and that we should be welcome to an apartment in her house till we could take one for ourselves, and get it fitted up for our reception.

To this he added, that she was a widow of a handsome jointure; that her eldest son had a large estate in Somersetshire, and her youngest was a captain in the navy; that she had two daughters, who were both unmarried, and lived with her; that they kept the best company: "So that, my dear," continued he, "you will find you do not marry into a family you will have any cause to be ashamed of."

He said a great deal more in praise of these relations; all which I took for gospel; and was so much charmed with the character of my aunt that was to be, and two young cousins, that I almost longed to be with them; and it was presently concluded between us, that I should go with him to London the next day; that he should introduce me to these ladies; that he should leave me with them for that night, and return in the morning with a ring and licence, in order to put the last hand to the business of his courtship.

Every thing being thus settled, as I then thought, much for my convenience and satisfaction, I slept that night without the least forebodings of the mischief that was just ready to fall upon me. About eleven the next morning, a chariot, by Willmore's order, came to the door. I told my maids I was going on some business to London, but should come back in a few days, as I knew I was obliged to do, on account of delivering up the keys of the house, and all that was in it, to the person whom my brother had intrusted with the care of his affairs; so took nothing with me but some linen, and a wrapping-gown. I took up Willmore at the corner of a back lane, where he waited, by appoint-

ment, for me; and we drove directly to London.

We alighted at the door of a handsome house in one of the streets near Hatton Garden, and were immediately shewed up into the dining-room, where we found a grave old gentlewoman, whose appearance answered very well to the description Willmore had given of her. He presented me to her with these words—"This, Madam," said he, "is the lady I spoke of, and who has, at last, consented to make me happy." She received me with a great shew of respect and kindness, but accompanied with a certain stiffness, which, I thought, had something of affectation in it; but this I imputed merely to the time in which she had been educated, according to the silly notion, that people of the last age were less free in their conversation than those of ours.

The room we were in was very genteelly furnished; but what most attracted my eyes were the pictures of five or six young ladies, very different in their features and complexions, but all of them extremely handsome. I could not forbear expressing my admiration of these pieces to the old lady, who told me that two of them were drawn for her daughters, and the others for her nieces and cousins; and added, that she hoped one day to have the honour of seeing mine there. I replied, that I should make but an ill figure among so many beauties; on which she made many compliments not worth repeating.

Chocolate and biscuits were the first things presented to us, and were soon after succeeded by a bottle of Madeira. The old lady said that she was disconcerted beyond measure; that not being certain of my coming, she was not provided in the manner she would have been for my reception; and particularly, that she had given her daughters leave to go on a party of pleasure with some persons of quality; but added, that they would be home in a day or two, and hoped her family would then be more agreeable to me. I was of her opinion, indeed, as to this last article; but could not avoid telling her, that nothing could be wanting where she was. This drew on so many compliments in return, that I should have been very

very much embarrassed to reply; if Willmore, the only thing I have to thank him for, had not given a turn to the conversation.

Soon after lighting the candles, supper was served in, which consisted of several small dishes, all in a foreign taste. When the cloth was taken away, and bottles and glasses set upon the table, the old lady began the King's health in a bumper; then another to the Prince of Wales; and a third to the Duke of Cumberland. These having gone round, Willmore ran to the side-board, fetched a large water-glass, which filling to the brim—"Here is the noble duke again," cried he; "we cannot toast his health too often! Here is to his Royal Highness, and prosperity to the army; may they increase and multiply till every housekeeper in London and Westminster has at least half a dozen of them quartered at once upon him!"

"I cannot say that I was pleased with any thing which shewed a tendency to the manifest destruction of the constitution and liberties of my country; but I thought myself about to be the wife of a soldier, and that it would not become me to make any objection. I only repeat these circumstances to you, to let you see what company I was among."

The night growing pretty far advanced, Willmore began to talk of going home, and desired a coach might be called; but his kind relation told him she could not bear he should think of such a thing; said that, as the girls were abroad, he might lie in their bed without the least trouble to any one in the family; reminding him that it was a long and very ugly way from Hatton Garden to his lodgings at Whitehall, and bid him consider, how many desperate fellows lay in wait for the purses, and even the lives, of gentlemen, who expose themselves, as he would do, to their villainous attacks. He seemed to laugh at all this; and insisting that a coach should be called, she renewed her remonstrances, and begged of me to second them; which I readily did, having heard such frightful stories of street-robberies, that I was in more real terror for him than she affected to be.

"I no sooner spoke than he pulled off his sword, and said my commands were not to be disputed; he would stay. "But, Madam," continued he, turning to the old lady, "I am afraid we have kept you up beyond your hour."—"I am never weary of good company," answered she; "but for this sweet young lady's sake, who may want repose after her journey, I think it may be proper for us to retire." In speaking these words, she rung her bell for a servant to shew Willmore his chamber. She would needs attend me herself into that allotted for me, and see me into bed; but whether she did this out of complaisance, or a far different motive, you will presently be judge."

Here the melancholy Sophia stopped to take breath; and, as it is very possible the reader will be glad to do so too, I shall defer giving the catastrophe of this adventure till the next chapter.

There is a maxim, which I have always thought worthy of being observed by every writer, that an old author has delivered down to posterity in these lines—

Too much of one thing the vex'd mind
will cloy;
It asks a relaxation—e'en from joy."

CHAP. XVI.

CONTAINS THE SEQUEL OF SOPHIA'S STORY.

THOUGH the old lady, resumed Sophia, pursuing the thread of her discourse, shewed a most tender care in tucking the cloaths about me, and drawing close the curtains of the bed, I found it impossible, after she was gone, to compose myself to rest. It was not the thoughts of what I was about to do, nor the step I had taken towards it, that kept me waking, for I accused myself not of the least imprudence in that affair, nor once imagined that the condition I was going to enter into would not render me perfectly happy; but it was a strange mixture of ideas, which I then thought nothing to the purpose, and could not account for, but have since ascribed, and ever must ascribe,

to the goodness of my guardian angel, which prevented me from falling into a state which must have deprived me of the power of resisting the worst mischief that could have happened to me.

Finding I could not sleep, the moon shining extremely bright, I got out of bed, and throwing on my wrapping gown, I went to the window, which looked into a pretty large garden; the air was sweet and serene, and the beams of my favourite planet, glittering among the trees and plants, afforded a very delightful prospect, and filled me with solemn contemplations on the beauties of nature, and the bounties for which we are indebted to the Great Author of our being.

How long I should have remained in this pleasing reverie I know not, if I had not been disturbed by fancying I heard something behind me in the chamber: on turning my head hastily about, in order to convince myself, I saw the figure of a man in a night-gown and cap, but could not distinguish the face, he being in the dark part of the room; I shrieked out, "Hush! hush!" said he, advancing: I then found it was Willmore; and though less frightened than before, was equally astonished. "Willmore!" cried I, "what brings you here?"

"I should rather ask," said he, "what brings you out of bed at this unseasonable hour? Come, come, my dear," pursued he, going to lay hold on me, "let me replace these tender limbs where they will be exposed to less inconveniences."—"Stand off," rejoined I, "and tell me what you mean by this intrusion?"

"Can a man intrude on what is his own?" cried he. "Are you not already mine by love; and will not to-morrow make you so by law? Away, then, with this idle coyness; there should now be no reserve between us; be as wise as you are fair, and generously grant to-night what to-morrow will give me power to seize; leave nothing for the parson but to confirm the gift your inclination has previously bestowed: this is the marriage of the souls, that of the hands is mere matter of form; this alone can assure me of your affec-

tion; and, by consequence, engage the continuance of mine."

"You will perhaps wonder, my dear Miss Jessamy," pursued she, "that I had patience to listen to so impudent a declaration, and did not rather attempt to put a stop to it, by expressing the just abhorrence and disdain I had of his behaviour; but, indeed, I was so much shocked and confounded, that, I believe, had he run on in the same strain even longer than he did, I should not have had the power to make the least reply.

Misconstruing, I suppose, my silence as a half approbation of what he had been urging, he took me in his arms, kissed, and pressed me to his bosom with the utmost vehemence, though I cannot say with any indecency. I struggled; burst into a flood of tears; but as yet was able to bring out no more than—"Oh, Mr. Willmore! I never could have believed you would talk to me in this manner."

"I talk to you as a man of reason, as well as a lover," answered he; "and I would have you behave like a woman who has some share of both." "I do not despair, however," added he, with an affected laugh, "but to find my arguments will have more efficacy with you when we are in bed."

While he was speaking these words, he made an offer of forcing me from the place where I was standing; and this action it was which first roused me from that stupid lethargy, which amazement at his proceeding had thrown me into. "Base man!" cried I, "unworthy of my least regard! be assured I will rather plunge myself headlong from this window, than be exposed one moment longer to such audacious insults; therefore be gone; leave me this instant, or I will raise the whole family with my shrieks."

"Mighty well, Madam!" said he, with an air of derision; "it is mighty well! I see the respect you have for me! and now will let you into the secret of my acting in the manner I have done. You must know, that being perfectly acquainted with the sham tenderness with which your sex frequently impose upon us men, I made a resolution never to give up my liberty to any woman, who would

"not

"not convince me of her love, by permitting me to enjoy her before marriage."

"Monster! villain!" cried I; and was going on, but he prevented me. "No hard names, I beseech you, Madam," said he; "we men have as much vanity as you women can have, and have as good a right too as yourselves to it; we are as well pleased as you with being loved, and as malicious as you when we find we are not so; you take a pride in triumphing over us, when you fancy you have us in your power; and whenever we have you in ours, we should be asses not to make use of it; you happen to be in mine, and though you do not love me, nor I care twopence for you, I shall not take all this pains for nothing, nor come here to lie alone to-night."

In concluding this fine speech, he flew upon me like a lion; and sure it was Providence alone, which, in that dreadful moment, inspired me with an unusual strength and courage: I broke from the hold he had taken on me, and ran screaming into the next room; but that would have availed me little, if, in pursuing me, his feet had not entangled in the carpet, and he fell at full length upon the floor. This gave me an opportunity to pull down the bars of one of the windows, open the shutters, and throw up the sash. The villain's sword, which he had pulled off on our persuading him to stay all night, lay just at my hand; I drew it, resolving to run it into his heart, if by no other means I could escape the violence he threatened. He soon recovered himself from the accident, and was with me: I stood on my defence with his own weapon pointed against his breast, calling out at the same time, "A rape! thieves! murder! fire!" and every thing that I thought might alarm the neighbourhood. He would fain have come near enough to me to have wrestled the sword out of my hand, but I kept it still waving; and I could perceive he was pretty fearful of encountering the point. The noise I made, however, brought the woman of the house up stairs: she came running into the room with a candle in her hand, and affected to be greatly surprized to see

Willmore there, and myself in the posture I was.

"Had I been in any other situation than such as I then was, I must have laughed excessively at the sight of this old beldam, just risen from her bed. Her head was so cased with napkins, that it almost rivalled the size of her enormous belly, which, stripped of the pent-house of her hoop-petticoat, shewed itself in it's full magnitude: the flannel bandages about her gouty legs, exposed by the shortness of a little red petticoat, which scarcely reached below her knees, and her bowed-out back, covered only with a thin toilet, which I suppose she had snatched up in the hurry of hearing me call out, rendered her certainly the most grotesque figure that ever eyes beheld.

"Though it was doubtless this wretch's fears of being exposed, and not any compassion for me, that brought her to my relief, yet it must be owned her coming was very seasonable at this juncture, as my spirits as well as strength must inevitably have failed in a short time, and left me entirely destitute of all defence. "By what vile arts soever I have been decoyed into your house," said I, as soon as I saw her enter, "I expect to be protected in it; and if I am not so, nothing but your murdering me shall prevent my applying to a magistrate for justice."

In spite of the confusion I was in myself, I could perceive she was most terribly alarmed at my words, and the posture in which she found me. "You shall not be murdered, you shall not be hurt," cried she in a hoarse trembling voice; "no harm shall come to you in my house. But, pray, what has happened to put you into this disorder?"—"Ask that villain there, who calls himself your nephew," returned I, "and thank him for the ill opinion I have of every thing that is here."

On this she took Willmore by the arm, and drew him to a corner of the room, where they talked together for the space of several minutes, but in such low and grumbling accents, that I could hear nothing of what was said, till he raising his voice a little, cried—"It is not that I care a straw
" for

“for the girl, but I hate to be baulked.” She then spoke something to him very softly, on which he flung from her, and went out of the room, casting a most malicious look at me as he passed by.

“As soon as he was gone—“ Dear Madam,” said she, approaching me, “I am afflicted to the last degree that anything should happen to disconcert you in my house: sure the captain was drunk; but all is over now; he is gone up to his own chamber; and I am sure, after what I have said to him, he will not come down again to-night; therefore I beseech you, give me leave to help you into bed; you will certainly get cold in the night air.”

“I would have thanked her, for, indeed, I thought it best to behave civilly till I had got out of that cursed house, but I had not the power of speaking: the late terror I had been in being now a little subsided, a flood of other mingled passions overwhelmed my heart; I threw myself into a chair, and was ready to faint. Seeing my condition, she ran and fetched a bottle of cordial-water, which I took a little of, and found myself refreshed. All she could say, however, would not persuade me to go into bed: I told her, that the greatest obligation she could confer upon me, was to leave me to myself for the remainder of the night; on which she retired, after giving me, on my desiring it, the keys of the dining-room and bed-chamber doors.

“When I had secured myself as much as locks could make me, I began to give a loose to emotions, which, had they not found a vent in tears, must certainly have burst my heart, and left me dead upon the spot: but I will not prolong my already too tedious narrative with any description of what I suffered; I shall only say, that I continued in a condition little inferior to madness till break of day, without once reflecting that I was almost naked, or of the dangers to which my health was exposed. At last, however, I recovered my senses enough to get on my cloaths, and to think of going from a place which had been the scene of so much horror to me. Hearing the maids were up,

“I ventured to unfasten my door, and went down into the parlour, where I desired a wench that was sweeping the entry to call a coach for me, which she promised, but I found, instead of doing so, she went up directly to her mistress, and told her my request, for the old beldam immediately came down, and asked me, in her fawning tone, if I would not please to stay breakfast; which I refusing—“I hope, Madam,” said she, “you will take nothing amiss from me; I am sorry to the very soul that you should meet with any thing in my house to disoblige you: I do assure you I have rattled the captain soundly about it; he confesses he was in liquor, and will beg your pardon.”

“I want no submissions from him,” answered I, “nor will I ever see him more; but you may tell him, that I expect he will send me a bond for the money he borrowed of me.”—“I am quite a stranger,” cried she, “to all affairs between you; but I will go up directly, and let him know what you say.” With these words she left me, I suppose with the intent she mentioned.

The moment she was gone, a hackney-coach came to the door; two young women, gaily dressed, bolted out of it; I presently knew them by the pictures I had seen above, for those she called her daughters; though indeed their faces had nothing of that innocence which the painter had bestowed upon them; they stared at me as they passed by the parlour-door, but said nothing, and ran singing up stairs: in fine, they had the marks of their profession about them; and the very sight of them would have convinced me, if I had doubted of it before, into what sort of a house the villain Willmore had seduced me.

The coach that brought them not being yet gone from the door, I thought best to take this opportunity of going away, without waiting to hear what answer Willmore would give to my message by his pretended aunt: I was just stepping in, when she came down, and told me that the captain was asleep at present, but that as soon as he awoke, she would not fail to deliver to him what I had said. I replied, that it was no matter, I should

should find other means to send to him, and then bid the coachman drive to Piccadilly.

The fatigue I had sustained the night before, and the hurry of spirits I was still in, rendered me very unfit to be seen by any of my acquaintance; I therefore resolved to go directly home; and as I knew not but the stage might be already set out, or, if not so, was equally uncertain of getting a place in it, I hired a chariot at Bullamore's: I found myself very much indisposed during all this little journey, and on my arrival grew so extremely ill, that I was obliged to be let blood; but this was far from giving me any relief; I fell the next morning into a fever, in which I continued eleven days without hope of recovery.

If the extremest bitterness of heart, if shame and remorse for ever having loved a man so unworthy of it, if rage and disdain at the insults I had received, were capable of killing, I could not have survived; yet so it was, my distemper left me at the expiration of the time I mentioned, and I regained my health, though, indeed, by very slow degrees, for it was near a month before I was able to quit my chamber.

In all this time I received no bond, nor even letter from Willmore; therefore, as soon as I was fit to see company, I sent for a lawyer, who was a friend of my brother's, and when he was at home had often visited at our house. I told him my unhappy story, as far as relates to the money I had lent, and desired he would commence a prosecution against Willmore on that account; but when he found that I had neither bond, promissory note, nor other obligation under his own hand-writing, nor even any one witness of the loan, he assured me at once, that if the gentleman had not honour enough to pay the debt, I must infallibly lose it, for law could give me no relief. Perceiving I was extremely shocked at what he said, he told me, that if I would make a demand of the money in writing, he would carry it to him, and hear what answer he would make to it. Though it was death to me to set pen to paper to such a villain, my unwillingness that he should run

away with almost half my fortune, made me comply with this proposal, and I wrote to him, as near as I can remember, in these terms.

"TO CAPTAIN GEORGE WILL-

"MORE.

"SIR,

"I Have employed this gentleman to take such security as he shall think sufficient from you, for a thousand pounds lent you by me on the fourth day of last month; or, on your refusing to give it, to pursue such methods as the law provides to compel you to do justice to the ill-treated

"SOPHIA ***.

The lawyer approved of what I wrote, said he would argue with Willmore upon it, and as soon as he had done so, wait on me again with the result of their conversation.

As he had told me, and I myself had always believed, that the recovery of my money depended wholly on the honour of the person to whom I had lent it, you may suppose I could not flatter myself with the least hopes of success; so was not disappointed, when, at the end of ten days, my lawyer returned and gave an account, that the monster Willmore had utterly denied the whole affair, and treated both me and my demand with the greatest contempt.

"I am very much surprized, Madam," said this gentleman to me, "that you should venture so large a sum of money in the hands of any one without an acknowledgment of the receipt in some shape or other, much more in those of a person such as Captain Willmore; for to deal plainly with you, I have enquired into his character, and find he is one of those sparks who are distinguished by the name of Bucks, a species of the creation who are scarce worthy of the name of men, yet would fain be thought heroes; fellows that run about the streets with great clubs in their hands, and swords by their sides as long as themselves, frightening women and children, and affecting to be ridiculously terrible."

I was a little piqued at this description of a man who had once ap-

peared

‘peared but too agreeable to me: I said nothing, however; but since it was so, I must be content to lose my money. I was willing, notwithstanding, to make some farther enquiry what could be done; and accordingly, as soon as he was gone, came to London, where I had the advice of three several counsellors; but they all agreeing in what the first had told me, I was convinced that all attempts to do myself justice would be in vain, and only serve to expose me to the ridicule of the world.’

‘England now grew hateful to me, and I took a resolution to leave it, and throw myself into a new scene of life. A young lady of my acquaintance being lately gone to a convent at Brussels, I wrote to her, desiring she would make an agreement for me with the superior, which she having done very much to my satisfaction, I discharged the servants in the country, gave up the house to my brother’s friend, and have now nothing to do but to depart.’

‘In the midst of all these embarrassments,’ continued she, ‘I did not forget my dear Miss Jessamy: I was twice to wait on you, but was informed you was at Bath; and not expecting your return till the end of the season, I despaired of the satisfaction I have now enjoyed, both in seeing you, and in disburdening myself of that load of afflictions with which I have been oppressed since last I had the pleasure of your company.’

C H A P. XVII.

IN WHICH THE READER IS NOT TO EXPECT ANY EXTRAORDINARY MATTERS.

SOPHIA could not put a period to her recital without letting fall some tears. Jenny, who was all good-nature, though she did not approve of her conduct in some parts of it, said many obliging things for her consolation; and after expressing her detestation of the almost unexampled baseness and ingratitude of Willmore, told her, among other things, that though she was extremely sorry to be deprived of her conversation, she could not but highly ap-

plaud the resolution she had taken of retiring into a monastery, as change of place, and a way of living so entirely new to her, might, by degrees, wear out the remembrance of whatever had been disagreeable to her in the past.

‘Besides,’ said the amiable lady with a smile, ‘you will, perhaps, hear of many adventures parallel to your own among the holy sisterhood; for I have been told, and am apt to think with some truth, that the convents are greatly indebted, for being crowded as they are, to the inconstancy and ingratitude of the other sex.’

The other agreeing with her in this point, they were beginning to enter into a discourse concerning the swift transition which sometimes happens from the flesh to the spirit, from an enthusiasm in love to an enthusiasm in devotion; when Sophia on a sudden recollecting herself, cried out—‘But, my dear Miss Jessamy, I have been so engrossed by my own affairs, that I forgot till now to enquire into yours: I flatter myself, however, that you have no reason to complain of woes you so well know how to pity in another.’—‘Indeed,’ replied Jenny, ‘I have had my share of anxieties too, though of a nature far different from yours;’ and then repeated to her the whole story of that confusion, which both herself and Jemmy had been involved in, through the report raised by Bellpine, as also the consequences which had attended the discovery of his baseness.

They continued talking together upon this subject till Sophia thought it a proper time to retire; but Jenny would not suffer her to go till she had given her a promise to see her again before she left the kingdom.

Her unhappy adventure had made a very great impression on the mind of our young heroine. She sincerely loved her, and pitied her misfortune; but could not help thinking it both strange and blameable in her to entertain so violent a passion for a man whose character she knew so little of: ‘People make their own unhappiness, and then lament it,’ cried she, somewhat peevishly; ‘sure I never could have been so indiscreet.’ But this thought no sooner came into her head than it was checked by another. ‘Yet how vain am I to flatter myself with such an imagination,’

‘imagination, or presume so far on my own strength of reason; as the poet truly says—

“When things go ill, each fool presumes to advise,

“And, if more happy, thinks himself more wife.”

‘How can I be certain,’ pursued she, ‘that in the same circumstances I should not have acted in the same manner that poor Sophia has done? I have been defended from the misfortune that has befallen her; first, by my father’s care in training me up to love where interest and convenience would accompany my passion, and afterwards by the well-proved fidelity of the man ordained for me: had I been left to my own choice, who knows what might have happened? I remember to have read a passage somewhere, which may remind the fortunate part of the world, that they ought not to think they are so through their own merits, but the prevalence of their better stars.

“When prosperous gales life’s vessel smooth-ly glides,

“And on the smiling waves triumphant rides;

“But when rough storms from adverse quarters roar;

“How difficult to gain the wish’d-for shore!”

Thus did the knowledge of her friend’s mistake, instead of making her set any value upon herself for not having been guilty of the like error, serve only to fill her with the warmest gratitude to Heaven, that had not exposed her to the like danger. Happy would it be, both for themselves and others, if all those ladies who know themselves free from the weakness incident to some others of their sex, were of Jenny’s way of thinking: but I shall say no more upon this head; the reader must have sufficiently observed, through all her actions, the sweetness and candour of her disposition; therefore, according to the words of the inspired writer—

“Let her own works praise her in the gates.”

She was every day expecting her un-

fortunate friend to make her a second visit to take leave, when she received one from another person, on the same ceremony, which, though she thought she had no manner of concern in at that time, proved afterwards matter of much satisfaction to her.

Sir Robert Manley had a sudden call to Paris, on account of the death of an uncle, who, disliking the times, had retired some time ago, carrying with him all his effects, which were very considerable. It was this gentleman, though his business required haste, that could not think of leaving the kingdom without first waiting on Jenny, to know if she had any commands in his power to execute at the place he was going to. She thanked him in the most obliging terms, but told him she had no affairs in Paris, nor did not know of any acquaintance she had at present in all France, except Mr. Jessamy, who was no farther than Calais. ‘I shall pass through Calais, Madam,’ answered he; ‘perhaps stay a night or two there. I shall, doubtless, see Mr. Jessamy; at least it will be in my power so to do, if you permit me to acquaint him that I have the honour to be known to you, and to carry to him the joyful news of your being in good health.’

Though she had the highest esteem for this gentleman, on account of his many amiable qualities, as well as for his birth, fortune, and accomplishments, yet always keeping in mind the declaration he had once made of a passion for her, she maintained a greater reserve towards him than to any other of her acquaintance; and now only replied coldly, that if chance should bring them together, Mr. Jessamy would certainly think himself honoured in the company of a gentleman of his character.

As he was to take post for Dover the next morning, and had many friends to see before his departure, the visit he made her was very short; but he had not been gone an hour before Jenny found she had need of his service at Calais, and began a little to repent she had received the offer he had made her with so much indifference; a letter was brought her from Jemmy, containing these lines.

‘ TO MISS JESSAMY.

‘ DEAREST AND ONLY DEAR,

‘ **N**OTHING but your commands
‘ could have kept me here, after
‘ what Mr. Morgan has wrote to me;
‘ instead of this you would now have
‘ seen me at your feet. Oh, Jenny!
‘ tender, generous soul! but I will not
‘ wound your delicacy either with
‘ thanks or praises; indeed, all the tri-
‘ bute I could pay of both would be
‘ too mean for the occasion.

‘ You desire to know in what man-
‘ ner I pass my time while banished
‘ from you, and I will give you an
‘ exact account: your ideas of my sea-
‘ coast promenades are just; but for the
‘ rest I am not quite so unhappy as your
‘ fancy represents. They say Calais
‘ is the sink of France; but if it is,
‘ what must be the garden? The streets,
‘ indeed, are, for the most part, nar-
‘ row and ill paved; but there is a
‘ square, called La Place, spacious,
‘ airy, and very commodious for walk-
‘ ing; and the ramparts afford as de-
‘ lectable a prospect as imagination
‘ can well figure out: then the air is so
‘ serene and pure, the water good, the
‘ wine excellent, and the inhabitants,
‘ even to the lowest degree of the peo-
‘ ple, extremely polite; an instance of
‘ which I experienced a few nights
‘ past, and must acquaint you with it.

‘ Having seen all that is worthy of
‘ observation in the town, curiosity led
‘ me to pass the gates, which I had no
‘ sooner done than I found myself at
‘ the entrance of three great roads;
‘ that before me, as I have since been
‘ been informed, is the highway to Pa-
‘ ris; that on the right-hand, to St.
‘ Omer’s; and on the left to Boulogne:
‘ the good order in which they are kept,
‘ and two triangles of beautiful fields;
‘ which separate the one from the other,
‘ took my eye extremely. The even-
‘ ing was very pleasant, every thing
‘ about me indulged contemplation,
‘ and I wandered on to a considerable
‘ distance, when a soldier came run-
‘ ning almost breathless after me; and
‘ being obliged to stop and turn about
‘ by his repeated calling to me, he ac-
‘ costed me with a very low bow, and
‘ told me, that perceiving I was a
‘ stranger, he thought it his duty to ac-
‘ quaint me, that the gates were al-
‘ ways shut at eight o’clock, and the

‘ keys carried to the governor; that
‘ it was very near that hour, and, if I
‘ did not immediately return, I should
‘ find it very difficult, if not impossible,
‘ to re-enter the town. On this I
‘ mended my pace, according to his
‘ advice; but, though I went as fast as
‘ I could, came but just time enough
‘ to get over the first draw-bridge,
‘ which they were preparing to take
‘ up. I now saw the danger I had es-
‘ caped, thanked the honest soldier for
‘ his intelligence, and offered him a
‘ piece of money; on which he drew
‘ back, and surprized me with this an-
‘ swer,—“No, Sir!” answered he; “the
‘ honour of serving you is a sufficient
‘ recompence; we soldiers never take
‘ money but from the king our ma-
‘ ster.” Judge, my dear Jenny, of the
‘ courtesy of the French nation in ge-
‘ neral, by the sample I have given you
‘ of it in this soldier.

‘ I will not, however, so far deceive
‘ either myself or you, as not both to
‘ think and say, that, if I were to con-
‘ tinue here for any length of time, I
‘ should be very much at a loss for
‘ company, the town consisting chiefly
‘ of trading people, who are entirely
‘ taken up with their several avocations;
‘ so that, excepting the officers of the
‘ army, and some few friars, there is
‘ little conversation suitable to the taste
‘ of an Englishman.

‘ I was yesterday at St. Omer’s, to
‘ take a view of that famous seminary
‘ of Jesuits, which has given to the
‘ world so many prime-ministers, bi-
‘ shops, cardinals, and popes; but, as
‘ I staid but a few hours there, I saw
‘ scarce any thing of the place, except
‘ the college, which is, indeed, a very
‘ fine one; and I only tell you this to
‘ shew you that I neglect no opportu-
‘ nity of amusing myself.

‘ I also intend to make a visit to
‘ Boulogne to-morrow, as I am told
‘ there are several English gentlemen
‘ there at present, for some of whom I
‘ have a particular regard. I may, per-
‘ haps, stay two or three days; but, if
‘ I should transgress the time of the
‘ mail coming in, shall leave orders
‘ for letters with my direction to be
‘ sent after me. I would not be de-
‘ prived one moment of the pleasure of
‘ hearing from you for all the enjoy-
‘ ments the world can give; for know,
‘ my dear Jenny, it is not the park, the
‘ plays,

plays, the operas, the assemblies, nor the company at White's, but it is your dear society I languish for, and which, I trust to Heaven, I shall soon be blessed with; till when, call every soft idea of love and tenderness to your imagination, and let them tell you how much I am, beyond what words can speak, my dear, dear Jenny, your most passionate admirer, and eternally devoted lover and servant,

J. JESSAMY.

P. S. I remember you have a little picture, which was drawn for you some years ago, and came as near the life as any thing of art can do: it would be a very great pleasure to me if you could contrive a way to send it to me, without much trouble to yourself; for though, as you may be certain, your image is indelibly fixed upon my heart, I should be glad, methinks, to feast my eyes, as well as mind, with your dear resemblance.

Jenny was now heartily sorry this letter had not arrived before Sir Robert Manley took his leave, as she might have engaged him to be the bearer of the picture of Jemmy requested of her. She resolved, however, rather than not comply with the desire of a person so dear to her, to take the liberty of sending to that gentleman, and entreating the favour of speaking with him, if possible, before he set out on his journey.

Sir Robert was not at home when the servant went, nor received the message that had been left for him till it was too late to wait on her that night; but would not go out of town without obeying her summons, and came pretty early the next morning.

Jenny could not repeat, without blushing, the motive which had induced her to send for him; but, after having said all, and, indeed, much more than was necessary, to apologize for what she had done—Madam, answered he, I know not how to thank, as it deserves, the confidence you repose in me; but you must own that, in doing me this favour, you put my honour to the severest trial. How are you

sure that a trust, such as your picture, may not tempt me to be base?

I will venture that, said she, gaily; and should be glad to be quite as sure you will pardon the trouble I give you on this occasion. On this Sir Robert said many gallant things; but concluded with a promise of delivering his charge safe into the hands of the happy person for whom it was intended; and took his leave, as time pressed him to depart, and his chaise and servants had all this while waited for him at the door.

CHAP. XVIII.

CONTAINS NONE OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL DIGRESSIONS, THOSE REMARKS OR REFLECTIONS, WHICH A CERTAIN WOULD-BE-CRITICK PRETENDS ARE SO MUCH DISTINGUISHED IN THE WRITINGS OF HIS TWO FAVOURITE AUTHORS; YET, IT IS TO BE HOPED, WILL AFFORD SUFFICIENT TO PLEASE ALL THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO BE PLEASED.

THE smallest trifle, if requested by a friend, is a business of importance to the truly tender and sincere. Jenny was as much pleased with having found an opportunity of sending her picture to Jemmy, as some ladies would be with being presented themselves with one set round with diamonds. She contented not herself, however, with having obliged him in this particular; she knew he would also expect an immediate answer to his letter; and accordingly, that same evening, wrote to him in the following terms.

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

MY DEAR JEMMY,

I Rejoice to hear that Calais is less irksome to you than, by the description which has been given me of sea-port towns, I feared it was. You could not oblige me more than in telling me that you endeavour to make it as agreeable as possible, and that you support this banishment with some tolerable degree of patience.

Would to Heaven it were any way consistent with the affection I have

for you to invite you home! But all the accounts our friends as yet have been able to get in relation to Bellpine's condition, are so very dubious and imperfect, that, till we are more assured, I dare not even indulge a wish of seeing you here. Perplexing circumstances that compels me to be thus anxious for the welfare of a villain, who has attempted to destroy my peace, and that of him whose happiness I prize above my own.

As you desire to have my picture, I have entreated the favour of Sir Robert Manley to deliver it to you as he passes through Calais in his way to Paris: he has the character of a person of great sense and honour; and, I believe, deserves it. He talks of staying a day or two in the place where you are; and, if so, I am apt to think his conversation, while thus destitute of company, will be at least equally agreeable as the little token that introduces him to your acquaintance.

I have seen so few people since you went away, that I have nothing to relate worthy your attention, except what you know already, that I am, with the most tender affection, dear

Jemmy, yours entirely, and for ever,
J. JESSAMY.

P. S. I will not ask your picture in return, because I know not whether the place you are in affords any artists of that kind; and, besides, flatter myself that Fate will order it so, that you will not be obliged to continue there long enough to have it drawn.

Had Jenny deferred this letter till the next day, it is certain she would have wrote in a different manner. Pretty early in the morning Mr. Morgan came, and brought her the joyful news that Bellpine had been seen walking about his chamber, and looking through the window.

Mr. Lovegrove also made her a visit the same day, and confirmed what the old gentleman had said; as did several others of her friends, who had been industrious in sifting out the truth of an affair which they knew was of so much consequence to her peace.

Two or three days put the veracity of this intelligence beyond all dispute. The surgeon, who had all this time attended Bellpine, no longer denied but that his patient was out of danger from his wound; and the people of the house confessed to those who enquired into the matter that he had quitted his bed, and it was expected would soon go abroad for the air.

Jenny, who was fully informed of every thing that passed on this occasion, was beginning to entertain the most pleasing ideas of seeing her dear Jemmy within a very short space of time, and waited for a letter from him with less patience than ever she had done before, as the answer she should send him to it would be accompanied with an assurance, that all the apprehensions his friends had for him were removed, and he might now return with safety.

She figured to herself the extasy with which her lover would receive this information; the haste he would make to obey the welcome summons; and the mutual joy of their happy meeting. Thus was she amused, as Shakespeare elegantly expresses it—

'Lull'd in the day-dreams of a mind in love.'

But when the wished-for letter arrived, she found the delightful prospect she had formed was, for the present, quite obscured, as the reader will see in these lines.

TO MISS JESSAMY.

MY SOUL'S TREASURE,

YOU have not only given me the resemblance of your angelick self, but, at the same time, given me a friend, for whom, next to that, I ought to bless and thank you. You will, doubtless, wonder how I am become so well acquainted with the virtues of Sir Robert Manley in the short time we have been together. I will tell you, then: he has made me the confidante of the passion he had for you; your behaviour on his declaring it; and the noble conquest he gained over himself, when you so generously avowed your fidelity to me, and dependance on mine to you. But, oh, my Jenny! how could I curse that dog Bellpine! How could I

I repeat,

' I repeat, a thousand and a thousand times, the blow I have given him, when I look back upon that scene of wretchedness into which I might have been inevitably plunged by his base arts! Your ears continually filled with reports of my perfidiousness and ingratitude; a rival of such dangerous merit, encouraged by them to make his addresses to you: what must have become of me, if the most unparalleled constancy on your side, and the strictest adherence to justice and honour on his, had not secured my hopes? But, thanks to both, the storm is overblown; the danger is past; and I should give up all myself to joy, and forgive the wretch whose vile attempts to ruin me have the more confirmed my happiness.

' And now, my dearest, I am to inform you, that to-morrow I remove myself farther from you. My new friend tells me that I might have seen Paris, all the royal palaces, and every thing deserving observation, in the time I have been here; and is surprised that I did not take this opportunity of going to a place which affords so much to excite the curiosity of a stranger: in short, he has seduced me to accompany him. I would not have you think, however, that I yielded to his persuasions but in the assurance he gave me, that he had often heard you lament the solitude of my condition, and wish me in a more agreeable situation.

' Though I dare take his word, yet I should be glad of receiving a farther confirmation from yourself: a line from your dear hand will be a joyful welcome to me on my arrival at that great city to which I am going. I know you too well to doubt of your kind compliance with this request, as it is the only thing which can enable me to relish any amusements that may present themselves to me.

' Our worthy friend, who is willing to contribute all he can to my satisfaction, writes this night to Mr. Waters, a banker in Paris, to desire, if any letters directed to me are left at his house, they shall be taken care of. Farewell! Believe that, wherever I am, my heart is always with you; and that I never can be other than, with inviolable love and truth,

' my dear Jenny, your most passionately, and most tenderly, devoted lover and servant,

J. JESSAMY.

' P. S. Sir Robert lays a strict injunction upon me to engage your pardon for the tales he has told me, and to make his compliments and best wishes acceptable to you.'

How would some ladies have swelled at this disappointment! I believe I know those who would have thrown the letter from them with the utmost disdain; perhaps tore it, and cried out—' How dare the fellow use me thus? He ought to have asked me leave before he went away! He does not deserve that I should ever see him more!' and a thousand such like reproaches: but the reader has seen too much of Jenny to expect this sort of behaviour in her. At first, indeed, it gave a little check to her late flow of spirits, to find her lover was every way going farther from her, at a time when she had hoped he would be approaching towards her: but she soon recovered herself; and, on well weighing the motives that induced him to leave Calais, found she had more reason to approve than to condemn him for it.

Though, in his letters to her, he had dissembled his chagrin, for fear she should be too much affected with it, yet she was sensible that, for a man of his gay temper, to be so long pent up in such a place as Calais, could not but be very irksome to him; and, as he yet was ignorant of the hopes his friends had of his returning soon to England, neither wondered at, nor was angry, that he so readily embraced Sir Robert Manley's proposal of passing the time of his absence in a manner so much more capable of improving his mind, as well as of gratifying his senses.

This was the way in which she argued with herself in defence of her lover's proceedings; and, upon the whole, was not sorry to be deprived of his company for a while longer, as he was gone to view the magnificence of a place so famous throughout Europe, and so much the mode for all young persons of condition to be acquainted with.

C H A P. XIX.

WHICH, THE AUTHOR THINKS IT HIGHLY PROPER TO ACQUAINT THE PUBLICK, IS MUCH OF A PIECE WITH THE FOREGOING; SO THAT EVERY ONE MAY BE AT LIBERTY EITHER TO READ OR NOT, ACCORDING TO THE SATISFACTION THE OTHER AFFORDED.

JENNY had lived almost as retired as a woman in the first month of her widowhood, ever since Jemmy had been obliged to fly the kingdom on the wound he had given Bellpine; but now, finding he was out of danger, either of life or liberty, on that score, by the recovery of his antagonist, and also that he was gone to regale himself in a place so abounding with all sorts of pleasures, she began to resume her former cheerfulness and vivacity, appeared in all publick places as she had been accustomed; and returned all the visits that were made to her.

Her intimacy with Lady Speck and Miss Wingman was very much increased since she had been at Bath with them, by the participation they had in her secrets, and she in theirs: as those ladies were continually entertained by their lovers with all manner of diversions, she was never left out in any of them, except by her own choice.

Though no one was sonder of all innocent pleasures, and was less reserved and unconstrained in conversation, yet she did not suffer the gaieties of life to interfere with her more serious reflections; the duties of love and friendship, next to those of Heaven, were always her peculiar care, and she never neglected the discharge of them on any pretence whatever. It cannot be supposed that she omitted the gratification of her dear Jemmy's request; she calculated, as well as she was able, from the accounts that had been given her of the route to Paris, on what day he would be there, and sent a letter to meet him on his arrival. The contents of what she wrote to him were these.

‘ TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘ MY DEAR JEMMY,

‘ I Hope this will find you in good health and spirits, after the fatigue of your long journey. I am so

‘ well pleased with your having taken it, that I should extremely condemn myself for not having advised you to it sooner, if what I confess was owing to my want of thought had not proved for the best, by occasioning you to go into such good company.

‘ I am told that Bellpine is judged to be out of danger; but that is now a matter of no moment. Whatever may be wrote to you on that head, remember, that as I may never see Paris myself, I shall expect from you a very exact account of all the curiosities the place affords; therefore, if you would oblige me, you must not think of coming home till you are well assured that you can have left nothing behind you unserved. Good night; repose, at present, must be more beneficial to you than any thing I could say, which would all amount to no more than a repetition of my being, with the most unfeigned affection, my dear Jemmy, as much yours at this distance as when nearer,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ P. S. Pray let Sir Robert know I think of him with the most just respect.’

Though this letter was somewhat shorter than those she usually wrote to him, yet the few lines it contained discovered, without her designing to do so, such a well established fund of tenderness in her soul, as cannot but be discernible to every understanding reader.

She was entirely eased of all her apprehensions for him on the score of the wound he had given Bellpine, and doubtless wished as ardently to see him again as the most violent of her sex could have done; but there was a certain delicacy in her passion, which rendered every thing that gave him pleasure an adequate satisfaction to herself, nor could she ever have been truly happy without knowing he was so. Besides, she considered, that for him to leave such a place as Paris immediately, and without being able, at his return, to give any description of the royal palaces, colleges, convents, and other things she had heard much talk of, must infallibly expose him to the raillery of all his acquaintance: she knew that they would say it was for her sake he did so; that they would call him a romantick lover;

lover; tell him that he was so much the devotee of Cupid, that he could not support the least absence from his mistress, with such like stuff; and would have chose he should even love her less, rather than he should give any proofs of love which might call in question his good sense.

How easy, how contented, must be the man who has a mistress of this way of thinking! and how happy is it also for herself, as it is the almost certain means of securing the lasting esteem, as well as affection, of the man she loves! Jemmy, at least, was a proof of the truth of this observation; the gay and sprightly manner in which he answered his dear Jenny's epistle, shewed he was highly pleased with the injunctions she laid upon him in it. These were his words.

TO MISS JESSAMY.

DEAREST JENNY,

I Received yours two hours after my arrival; I need not tell you with what pleasure: but because I have no words to thank the kindness of it as I ought, nor any thing more material to fill up my letter, I shall give you a brief recital of our journey, in which we met with something droll enough to make you laugh, if I do not spoil it in the description.

We had not been long in the first inn we baited at, when the drawer told us there was an English gentleman in the house, who hearing we were his countrymen, begged leave to join us. This we readily granted, flattering ourselves that the evening would pass more agreeably by the addition of a third person in company. A young spark was presently ushered in, dressed fitter for the drawing-room than the road. After the first compliments were over, he cried out in a very theatrick tone—

"Thro' Purgatory first to pass,

"And then arrive at Heaven's high mass."

We stared at him, but he immediately explained himself, and told us, in plain prose, that after the purgatory of an odious sea-sickness, and the villainous jolt of a post-chaise, he had at last attained the heaven of being admitted into the company of per-

sons whom he knew, by their equipage, must be men of good-sense and taste.

We found him very communicative; he had not been half an hour before he gave us the history of his life; but so larded with scraps of poetry and tags of plays, that it was not altogether intelligible; we picked out enough, however, to know that he had been intended for the law; but that, not liking the business, nor indeed any business, he had left his master before he had served out half his clerkship; and unexpectedly coming into the possession of an estate, by the death of a relation, he applied himself to the study of the belles lettres, meaning poetry, in which he imagined himself a great proficient. He told us that he had read every thing worth reading in English, and was now come to France to perfect himself in that language, for the better understanding of Racine, Corneille, and some other authors, whom he had heard much talked of.

I have known some men, who either having no genius of their own, or are too indolent not to exert it, have thus set up both for wits and criticks upon the shoulders of others; but I never found one so strongly possessed with this poetical phrenzy as the fellow I am talking of.

Sir Robert, in a sarcastical humour, wrote his character extempore in these lines, which I find no fault with, but that they are not half severe enough.

"Sure he was born when nature was in chime!

"Whate'er you say, he answers still in rhyme;

"Knows all the bards—from Shake-

"Spear's lofty flow,

"Down to the jingle of time-serving Rowe,

"And Fielding's Rosamond in puppet-

"Show;

"Has all fam'd Laureat Colley's odes by heart;

"Can point out what is dull, and what is

"smart;

"Erects himself a wit on their foundation,

"And proves his argument from sound quo-

"tation;

"Memory supplies judgment and fancy's

"want:

"You miss not these, while that's predomi-

"nant."

In fine, my dear Jenny, there never

was a more egregious coxcomb; but

the poor creature was diverting, and

complaisant

complaisant to such an excess, that it was not in our power to affront him. We had him with us quite up to Paris; and, perhaps, should not have got rid of him here very easily, if it had not come into Sir Robert's head to recommend him to a coffee-house, where, he told him, he would find a great many petits-maitres; much of his own turn of mind.

This is the only adventure that happened to us on the road, except an instance of puritanical hypocrisy, which may serve to strengthen that contempt I know you already have for those pretended zealots. Happening to stop at a cabaret on the road for some refreshment, another post-chaise came to the door at the same time, out of which alighted one of the most noted and most impudent courtizans that ever strolled in St. James's Park. She was handed out by a person in laced cloaths, bag-wig; feather in his hat, and a long sword by his side; but the conventicle leer distinguished him through this disguise, and I presently knew him for a wealthy citizen of London, a strong Presbyterian, and who passes for a saint among his congregation. As I had some little acquaintance with him, having once bought some things of him, I stepped towards him, called him by his name, and told him I was surprized to see him in France. Never was poor mortal so confused, so shocked: at first, I believe, he would have denied he was the person; but not having courage, he begged I would not expose him, by telling any body where, or in what company, I had seen him. I promised I would not, and left him; but still so disconcerted, that I dare say it would be some time before he could recover himself to be good company with his mistress.

I leave you to laugh; for whatever tender things I have to say to you must be deferred till another opportunity, and paper affording room for no more, than that I am, eternally, truly, and passionately, my soul's best joy, your most devoted friend, lover, and servant,

J. JESSAMY.

The satisfaction Jenny felt in reading this letter, as indeed in all others

she received from the same hand, need not be told to those who have faithful and affectionate hearts; and to those of rougher natures would be but impertinent; I shall therefore say no more on this head, but pass on to matters of a very different kind.

C H A P. XX.

MAKES A SHORT PAUSE IN THE HISTORY, IN ORDER TO PRESENT THE READER WITH THE DETAIL OF A MATRIMONIAL CONTEST ON A PRETTY PARTICULAR OCCASION.

A Very celebrated French author tells us, in his treatise on the human mind, that what we commonly call humour, is no more than nature in odd circumstances. 'Humour,' says he, 'is made up of three qualities; an ambition of appearing peculiar; a strong attachment to some one trifle, and an obstinate perseverance in whatever it inclines to: all these three, he still goes on, are in nature; but then it is in nature perverted, unregulated by reason, and consequently in odd circumstances.'

How far he is right in this definition, I dare not take upon me to determine; but it is certain, that one daily sees a great many people whose characters and manners cannot otherwise be very easily accounted for.

When any two of these humourists meet together in company, and some subject happen to be started, in which they differ in opinion, how farcical would be the dispute with them; if not liable to be attended with worse mischiefs than mutual altercations; both of them vehemently tenacious of what he imagines is right, and equally impatient of contradiction; they foam, they fret, they rail, affect to despise each; and frequently from such beginnings the most lasting animosities arise; though, perhaps, the thing in question is a mere bagatelle; or, if not so, of no more consequence to either of them than what is doing in the farthest parts of Ethiopia, or the deserts of Arabia.

But how much soever we may laugh at such idle quarrels between persons who are strangers, or only casually acquainted with each other, it must afford a very

a very melancholy reflection, when we see the same effects on those who are most near, either by blood or alliance.

Of all ties, that of marriage requires the strictest unanimity; yet how many do we find, who, merely for the gratification of some ridiculous caprice of their own, endeavour to render miserable the person whom, by all laws, both human and divine, they are bound to make it their study to oblige; and turn that state which should be all love and harmony, into one of discord and confusion!

The people with whom Jenny lived were of this unhappy class. They had little to discompose them, except the perverseness of their own humours; but this indulged was sufficient to involve them in greater inquietudes than fortune could otherwise have inflicted on them. Without the least understanding in political affairs, they took it into their heads to attach themselves to different parties, not through principle or interest, but merely because they had a mind to do so. This opposition of humour, for it could not be called sentiment, occasioned perpetual jars between them, in which they were sometimes so loud and disturbing, that Jenny had more than once threatened to quit their house; and it was, perhaps, the fear of losing so beneficial a boarder that kept them within any tolerable bounds.

It is very strange, and would be incredible, if daily experience did not evince the truth, that people of a genteel education, naturally complaisant, and of a social disposition in other things, should suffer themselves to be so much influenced by some one favourite humour, as to throw off all love, all good manners, all decency, and act like the most rude unpolished creatures in the universe. Yet thus it sometimes proves: neither the husband nor the wife I am speaking of were ignorant how to behave themselves agreeably to the world and to each other; but unfortunately happening to be of a different way of thinking in one particular point, their passions got the better of all other considerations, and both of them seemed divested of reason, and equally even of common civility, as will be seen in the instance I am going to relate.

The wife was now lying-in of a first child, which happened to prove a daughter. Jenny, who had promised to be

one of the sponsors at the font, frequently slept into the room to enquire after the health of the new-made mother and her infant. As she was going on this good-natured and charitable errand, she heard the husband's voice exceeding loud, and found they were at very high words; but this did not hinder her entering, not doubting but her presence would allay the storm, as it had done many times before.

But this couple were at this time raised to a pitch too high to be easily quelled. 'A man,' cried he, 'had better be buried alive than be married to a fool, an idiot!'—'And a woman,' retorted she with equal bitterness, 'had better be in her grave, than married to a man who, without the least share of reason, fancies he has more than any body else.'—'Fye!' said Jenny, 'is this a time for quarrelling, when one should expect to see only mutual endearments? Pray, what has occasioned this dissention? Some trifle, I will lay my life.'—'No, Madam,' answered he, 'it is no trifle, I assure you; but the most serious thing that can be. Would you believe it, Miss Jessamy,' continued he, pointing to his wife, 'that unnatural mother there, would make me hate the infant she has brought into the world?'—'Regard not what he says, Miss Jessamy,' cried she; 'let him not lay the blame of his own venomous heart on me; for he may be assured, that if he has his will, I would see the little creature, dear as it now is to me, sprawling, dying at my feet, rather than act a mother's part.'—'And if your peevish obstinacy prevails,' rejoined he, 'it never shall know me for a father; shall never share my blessing or my substance.'

'Bless me,' says Jenny, 'what horrid menaces are these to the poor helpless innocent! But still I am in the dark as to the meaning.' Both the husband and the wife had their mouths open at the same time to make answer to this demand; but the weak condition of the woman having taken away some part of her usual volubility, he had the advantage of speaking first. 'The dispute between us, Madam,' said he, 'is concerning the name by which the child shall be baptized: I am desirous it should be Charlotte; and she, in downright opposition to

me, will needs have it called Wilhelmina.' — 'Oh, heavens!' cried Jenny, with a sort of a scornful smile, 'is all this contention about a name?' — 'A name, Madam!' resumed he eagerly; 'a name is not so trifling a thing as you seem to think: I am an Englishman, Madam; I love my country, and will have no foreign names in my family.' — 'It is a small mark of your loving your country,' bawled she as loud as she was able, 'when your child is to have a horrid, popish, Jacobite name: but she shall never be made a christian on such terms; I had a thousand times rather see her an atheist, an infidel, or any thing, than an odious Jacobite.'

'Both of you are certainly mad,' said Jenny, 'and put constructions upon things, which no people in the world, except yourselves, would ever think of; as if the name of a person were the symbol of a party: but, even if it were so, how can Charlotte be accounted popish? or Wilhelmina outlandish? the one, as I take it, being the feminine of Charles, and the other of William, which are both English, and also good Protestant names.' — 'Your derivation, Madam, is extremely right as to the one,' replied the husband; 'but not as to the other. Charlotta is, indeed, the feminine of Charles; but, in our language, the feminine of William would be Willamina, or Willamana, not Wilhelmina; that "hel" in the middle shews it is not of English extraction.'

Jenny laughed heartily at this definition, though she could not but allow it to be just: on which the wife said, somewhat sullenly, that she did not care to what country the name most properly belonged, if it were even the Hot-tentots, provided it did not favour of Jacobitism; and then beginning to inveigh afresh against her husband's principles, provoked him to be no less severe on those she professed.

While they were railing, a thought came into Jenny's head, which luckily put an end to this ridiculous controversy, and was, perhaps, the only way that could have done it. 'I have been considering on this matter,' said she; 'not that I pretend to decide which of you is in the right; for, as the thing appears to me, you are both equally

in the wrong; but as I am to be god-mother to the child, and it is the very first time I have ever taken that charge upon me, I think I might have expected the compliment of giving the name.'

At these words the husband and wife looked on each other with a good deal of confusion, which lasted for some minutes: after which — 'Indeed, Madam,' said he, turning to Jenny, 'our unpopiteness well deserves this reprimand; but it is not yet too late, I hope, to make atonement; the honour you do us claims, at least, the retaliation you mention. Be pleased, therefore, to bestow upon the child what name you shall think proper; I shall readily acquiesce to whatsoever you make choice of, even though it should be Wilhelmina.' — 'Nor will I oppose Miss Jessamy,' rejoined the wife, very gravely; 'but flatter myself she will not call my poor baby by the cursed name of Charlotte.' She said no more, but could not utter these few words without letting fall some tears of spite, which Jenny, as good-natured as she was, did not regard with much compassion. 'Since then you consent to leave this important matter to my decision,' answered she with a smile, 'you may depend that I shall present my little god-daughter at the font neither by the name of Charlotte nor Wilhelmina; but, in compliment to a person who is much nearer to me than any Charles or William in the world, I shall call it *Jemima*.' — 'I understand your reason for that, Madam, perfectly well,' said the wife; 'I know Mr. Jessamy's name is James; and I assure you, that I have so high a respect for that gentleman on his own account, as well as yours, that I shall be proud to have my child called after him.' — 'I hold up both my hands in token of approbation!' cried the husband; and was so well pleased with the choice Jenny had made, that he would doubtless have added something more, if he had not been prevented by the fears of rousing certain imaginations in his wife's head, which he was glad to find had not yet entered there, on account of the name Jenny had mentioned.

Thus was this mighty controversy at last happily adjusted through the interposition of Jenny, to the entire satisfaction

tisfaction of one of the parties concerned, and without giving the other the least cause to think herself aggrieved. The next day having before been agreed upon for the performance of the ceremony, the infant was made a christian by that name which the fair and discreet mediator had proposed. Nothing happening afterwards of consequence enough to trouble the reader with the repetition of, I shall now return to the thread of my history, which it is more than possible some may condemn me for having interrupted.

C H A P. XXI.

IS VERY PROPER TO BE READ IN AN EASY-CHAIR, EITHER SOON AFTER DINNER, OR AT NIGHT JUST GOING TO REST.

THOSE people who are justly looked upon as the most fortunate, cannot pass through life without having their anxieties on some score or other; frequent rubs in the way to our desires, disappointments and vexations of various kinds, attend the whole race of man: they are inherent to our very species, and none can be said to be always totally exempt from them. It is a certain and established maxim, that as no one was ever so compleatly wretched as not to have some intervals of joy, so no one was ever so happy as not to have some portion of bitter mingled with the sweets of life. Sir Robert Howard thus accounts for the fluctuating state of human affairs.

'One gains by what another is bereft;

'The frugal destinies have only left

'A common bank of happiness below,

'Maintain'd, like nature, by an ebb and flow.'

The celebrated Mr. Dryden also expresses himself on the same subject in this manner.

'Good after ill; after pain, delight;

'Alternate, like the scenes of day and night.'

And another author of a more modern date, though no less worthy of estimation than either of the former, tells us, and his words are true.

'Eternal changes on our beings wait,

'Life's certain dower, the chequer-work of fate.'

But though misfortunes are common to every one, yet they fall lighter or heavier according to the disposition of the person they lay hold on: dull and sluggish minds are apt to sink beneath the weight of the most trifling ill; whereas the more active and spirited not only bear up with fortitude amidst the greatest, but also feel a pleasure in their deliverance from them, which they had never known, had they been ignorant of affliction. To find ourselves triumphant over difficulties, to have escaped some threatened calamity, to be raised from a state of mourning into one of joy and gladness, enhances our sensibility of happiness, and gives us a double relish in the possession, as old Broome, in one of his comedies, observes—

'Past woes the present blessings more endear.'

But I might have spared myself the trouble of quoting authors to prove this truth, which is in the experience of almost every one, in a more or less proportion: the heroine of this history, however, must doubtless be sensible of it in a much higher degree than many others, as she was possessed of a greater share of vivacity and sprightliness. The apprehensions, the terrors, which this amiable young lady had lately laboured under for the safety of Jemmy, being now entirely dissipated, by hearing from all hands that Bellpine was perfectly recovered; the satisfaction, the transport, that succeeded those anxieties, was such as, without having suffered the other, she never would have experienced. Besides, without this accident she might possibly never have been acquainted with the true tenderness of her own heart for him, nor with the sincerity of his affection for her; and it was the full conviction of both these which could alone enable her to taste the douceurs of love and friendship in that elevated manner she now did. To this, therefore, though it seemed the worst of mischiefs when it happened, did she owe the happiness she now enjoyed; and to this also was Jemmy indebted for that soft communication

nication of hearts, which the volatility of both their tempers had before denied them the blessing of partaking.

Her heart, however, was not so much taken up with love and gladness, as not to afford some room for commiseration to the misfortunes she saw others suffer. Sophia being now ready to depart, came to take her last farewell; and the dejection which appeared in the voice and countenance of that unhappy lady, touched her very deeply. 'Then you are resolved to leave us, my dear Sophia!' said she, embracing her. 'It was my fixed determination when last I saw you,' answered the other sighing; 'but if it had not been so, I have met with enough to convince me I had no other part to take.'—'Can any new insults have been offered to you?' demanded Jenny hastily. 'None,' replied she, 'that can exceed the baseness of those I had before received from that most consummate of all villains, Willmore; and this last only serves to prove he is incorrigible.'

'Happening to have some business the other day to cross the Park,' continued she, 'I met Willmore in the narrow passage leading from thence to Spring Garden. He had two persons with him, who, I suppose, by their habits, were officers in the army. They were all three arm in arm, and took up so much of the way, that it was impossible for me to pass by them without brushing. Willmore was next to me; and I could not, though I confess it was indiscreet, omit this opportunity of asking him, how he had the assurance to deny the debt he owed me. "Child, do not expose yourself; I wonder your friends let you go loose in this manner," cried he; and without staying to hear what farther I would say, went on. Just as they had passed by me, I heard one of those that were with him say—"Who is she?"—"A poor distracted creature, that follows me about," replied the monster; on which they all set up a horse-laugh.'

'I was frightened almost to death lest they should turn back, and also of being ill-used by the populace, as I perceived several people, hearing what they had said, stood still to stare at me. I plucked my hood over my

face, and ran as fast as I was able, to take shelter in a shop at the corner of the place, where I had certainly fainted away, if the master of it, seeing the condition I was in, had not brought me a glass of water. Judge now, my dear Miss Jessamy,' added she, 'if to remain in a place where I must expect to be made the publick ridicule, would not be a folly in me, even greater than that which has subjected me to it?'

'I have already testified,' replied Jenny, 'how much I approved your resolution of retiring, at least for a time: but I would wish to see you do so without pain; I would not have you stay, but would have you carry no sad ideas with you; and when you quit the scene of your misfortunes, quit the remembrance of them also.'

Tears were the only answer which the disconsolate Sophia was able to make for some time to this kind advice; but, recovering herself as soon as possible—'Ah, my dear Miss Jessamy!' said she, 'a heart so perfectly at ease as yours, is little able to comprehend the horrors mine must feel, thus doubly oppressed with shame and unavailing rage.' The good-natured Jenny then remonstrated to her, that as she had been guilty of no crime, she had no cause to take any shame to herself. 'You have been cruelly imposed upon indeed,' said she; 'but if you have believed too much, it was the sincerity of your own heart that would not suffer you to suspect another's could be base: and as for the loss of so considerable a part of your fortune by the injustice of Willmore, that misfortune will seem less to you when compared with what worse evils you might have sustained, if marriage had bestowed the whole of what you are mistress of, as well as your person, on a man of such abandoned principles.'

The fair afflicted acknowledged the justice of these arguments, particularly the last; and confessed, that, to a virtuous woman, the lowest and most abject station in life was infinitely preferable to being the wife of a man who had neither honour nor humanity. In discourses of this nature did these two ladies pass most of the time they were together. On parting, Jenny obliged the other to accept of a small diamond ring, in token of her friendship; con-
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jored her to write often to her; and assured her, that there were very few things which could afford her more real satisfaction than to hear that her tranquillity was perfectly restored. The last embrace was accompanied with tears on both sides; and Jenny, after being left alone, could not restrain her eyes from letting fall a second shower. 'Poor Sophia!' cried she, 'what cruel star presided at thy nativity, and subjected thee to such dreadful and undeserved misfortunes!'

But afterwards, on beginning to reflect more deeply on the source of that lady's unhappiness—'Yet how unjust and silly is it in us,' said she, 'to lay the blame of our misdeeds on destiny? It is our own actions make our fate; else to what end is reason given us? wherefore are we endued with the power of thinking, of judging, of comparing, but to defend our hearts from any dangerous impressions? Fate, fortune,' continued she, 'their resistible decrees of over-ruling powers, to which people impute whatever calamities they suffer, are only mentioned to excuse the inadvertencies they have been guilty of; so strictly true is the inimitable Cowley's observation on this head:

"'Tis our own wisdom moulds our state;
"Our faults or virtues make our fate."

Thus justly did the considerate Jenny reason within herself on the condition of Sophia: though she had always preserved a very great friendship for that lady, and sincerely commiserated her present misfortunes, yet she could not absolve from blame the conduct which had reduced her to them; for a young woman, who wanted not understanding, to resign her heart, trust her fortune, and afterwards her person, in the hands of a man whom she had known but a short space of time, and whose character and principles she was utterly unacquainted with, seemed to her an indiscretion no less inexcusable than it was strange.

'I do not like that sort of love,' said she, 'which comes at once upon us, and is inspired merely by exterior perfections. Beauty may attract the eye; but, in my opinion, is not sufficient to engage the heart: the face

'is not always the index of the mind; those qualifications which alone merit our affections, are not presently to be discovered; and I am amazed how any woman can resolve to give up her liberty to a man, without being able to alledge something farther in justification of her choice than his having an agreeable person.' These were the dictates of her severer reason; but they were soon overpowered by the more prevailing softness of her nature, and swallowed up amidst a flood of joy. 'Yet, why do I think this way!' cried she again; 'the circumstances of my fortune have rendered me no competent judge of the passion I pretend to condemn. Much certainly may be said in defence of poor Sophia; her heart was tender, unprepossessed, and ready to receive the first impression. She had conversed little with the world, was entirely ignorant of the artifices which the villainous part of mankind are capable of putting in practice to deceive our sex, and had no friend to advise or warn her against the danger: I should therefore, perhaps, be no less inexcusable in censuring this unhappy creature, than she is in having yielded to that fatal impulse, by which so many, and some too of the best understanding, have been seduced.'

She was in the depth of these meditations, when a servant from Lady Wingman came to acquaint her, that her company was immediately desired at her house; and also that her ladyship insisted that, putting off all other engagements, she would resolve to pass the whole evening with her. Jenny dismissed the fellow with her compliments, and an assurance that she would accept the invitation her ladyship favoured her with, as soon as she could get herself ready, she being then in an entire dishabille, not having intended to go abroad that day. Accordingly she called her maid that moment to her assistance, and as she never wasted much time in dressing, was soon equipped for the performance of her promise; but remembering it was post day, would not, on any consideration, omit answering her dear Jemmy's letter; therefore sat down and wrote to him in the following terms.

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Thus justly did the considerate Jenny reason within herself on the condition of Sophia: though she had always preserved a very great friendship for that lady, and sincerely commiserated her present misfortunes, yet she could not absolve from blame the conduct which had reduced her to them; for a young woman, who wanted not understanding, to resign her heart, trust her fortune, and afterwards her person, in the hands of a man whom she had known but a short space of time, and whose character and principles she was utterly unacquainted with, seemed to her an indiscretion no less inexcusable than it was strange.

'I do not like that sort of love,' said she, 'which comes at once upon us, and is inspired merely by exterior perfections. Beauty may attract the eye; but, in my opinion, is not sufficient to engage the heart: the face

is not always the index of the mind; those qualifications which alone merit our affections, are not presently to be discovered; and I am amazed how any woman can resolve to give up her liberty to a man, without being able to alledge something farther in justification of her choice than his having an agreeable person.' These were the dictates of her severer reason; but they were soon overpowered by the more prevailing softness of her nature, and swallowed up amidst a flood of joy. 'Yet, why do I think this way!' cried she again; 'the circumstances of my fortune have rendered me no competent judge of the passion I pretend to condemn. Much certainly may be said in defence of poor Sophia; her heart was tender, unprepossessed, and ready to receive the first impression. She had conversed little with the world, was entirely ignorant of the artifices which the villainous part of mankind are capable of putting in practice to deceive our sex, and had no friend to advise or warn her against the danger; I should therefore, perhaps, be no less inexcusable in censuring this unhappy creature, than she is in having yielded to that fatal impulse, by which so many, and some too of the best understanding, have been seduced.'

She was in the depth of these meditations, when a servant from Lady Wingman came to acquaint her, that her company was immediately desired at her house; and also that her ladyship insisted that, putting off all other engagements, she would resolve to pass the whole evening with her. Jenny dismissed the fellow with her compliments, and an assurance that she would accept the invitation her ladyship favoured her with, as soon as she could get herself ready, she being then in an entire dishabille, not having intended to go abroad that day. Accordingly she called her maid that moment to her assistance, and as she never waited much time in dressing, was soon equipped for the performance of her promise; but remembering it was post-day, would not, on any consideration, omit answering her dear Jemmy's letter; therefore sat down and wrote to him in the following terms:

To

‘ TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

‘ MY DEAR JEMMY,

‘ I Always receive every thing that comes from you with an inexpressible satisfaction; but your last afforded me a more than double portion, as the strain in which you write assures me, that the air of Paris has already begun to dissipate some part of those melancholy ideas you carried with you, which I shall love it for as long as I live.

‘ I flatter myself that, by the time this reaches your hand, you will have visited some of those fine places which are so much talked of here, and expect you will give me a short sketch of every thing you see, in order to prepare my attention for a more particular description of it hereafter: in the mean time, I shall bottle up all the occurrences that shall happen to fall in my way, to entertain you with on your return.

‘ I have nothing worth your notice at present to acquaint you with, except that I am happy in the frequent visits of your two very sincere friends Mr. Ellwood and Mr. Morgan. I need not tell you, when either of them are with me, on what the conversation chiefly turns. They easily perceive they can talk on no subject so pleasing to me as yourself; and I am perfectly well convinced, by the warmth with which they speak of you, that it is not altogether owing to their complaisance to me, but, in a great measure, to gratify their own inclinations, that your name and virtues are so often mentioned.

‘ Lady Wingman has now just sent for me in very great haste; I know not, as yet, on what occasion; but would not disoblige her ladyship by being too tardy in complying with her request; so must bid you adieu for this time. Be assured I am, and ever shall be, with the sincerest, tenderest affection, my dear Jemmy, as much as you can wish or expect, yours,

‘ J. JESSAMY.

‘ P. S. The accounts I have concerning Bellpine are very favourable; but let not this intelligence hasten your return one moment sooner than you are quite weary of the place you are in.

She had but just sealed up this, and ordered her servant to carry it to the post, when a second message from Lady Wingman arrived; and presented her with a little billet from Lord Huntley, folded in the shape of a true lover's knot; and contained these lines.

‘ TO MISS JESSAMY.

‘ MADAM,

‘ COME, charmer, come; but leave your cares behind;

‘ To your friends happiness be all resign'd:

‘ Haste to congratulate rewarded love;

‘ A bliss you'll one day give, and Jemmy prove;

‘ In the same manner as does, Madam, your most obedient servant, the transported

‘ HUNTLEY.’

Jenny easily found, by this rhapsody, that his lordship's marriage with Miss Wingman was agreed upon, if not already celebrated; and, as she had a very great respect both for the one and the other of them, bid her chairmen make all the haste they could to carry her to the scene of joy.

CHAP. XXII.

CONTAINS, AMONG SUNDRY INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING PARTICULARS, A CERTAIN PROPOSAL, AGREEMENT, AND RESOLUTION, SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED, HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO ONE OF THE PARTIES CONCERNED, AND NO LESS PLEASING TO THE OTHER.

JENNY, being shewed up into Lady Wingman's great drawing-room, found Lady Speck, Miss Speck, Miss Wingman, Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and Sir Thomas Welby, with her ladyship: the highest gaiety appeared in all their countenances, except in those of Miss Wingman and Mr. Lovegrove, who both looked extremely serious, though for very different reasons.

This had, indeed, been a pretty extraordinary day. Lady Wingman having consented to give her daughter to Lord Huntley; and Sir Thomas Welby highly

highly approving that union between them, the marriage articles were that morning signed; and it was either that the intended bride thought it became her to look grave on this occasion, or that the thoughts of being so near entering into a new scene of life, made her really so, which caused an unusual sedateness in her behaviour. As to Mr. Lovegrove, the encouragement he had lately received from Lady Speck, and the knowledge that she had discarded all her lovers, except himself, had given him courage that day to press her in more strong terms than ever he had done before, for the completion of his wishes; at which she had seemed very much offended; and told him, that the man who had not love and patience enough to wait till she discovered an inclination to change her condition, should find that she never would do so in his favour.

This cruel rebuff from a mistress he had courted for so long a time, did not, however, hinder him from waiting on her to Lady Wingman's, having before received an invitation from her ladyship to come there; but it cast, notwithstanding, such a dejection on his spirits as was not in his power to conceal, though he attempted it as much as possible. But Jenny had not presently an opportunity to observe this change in him, or to make her compliments to any of the company: she had scarce returned the first salutation of Lady Wingman, before Lord Huntley, catching fast hold of both her hands—'Dear Miss Jessamy,' cried he, 'you were so good to take part in my distresses at Bath, and, I flatter myself, will no less do so in the assurances I now have of being shortly the happiest man in the world.'

'Shortly, my lord!' replied she; 'your surprize me! I imagined, by the billet I just now received, that the ceremony was over, and that your lordship was already a bridegroom!' On this, Sir Thomas Welby took up the word—'No, Madam,' said he, 'I have not yet given up my fair charge; but have promised to put her entirely into his lordship's possession on Tuesday next, according to the institution, till death do them part; and it was to engage you to be witness of this form that your company was desired.'—'That is not all, Sir Tho-

mas,' cried Lady Speck: 'we have something more than being present at the wedding to require of Miss Jessamy.'—'Yes,' rejoined Miss Wingman; 'something that, I fancy, will be much more agreeable to herself.'—'There is hardly a possibility,' answered Jenny, 'for either of you to require any thing of me that will not be agreeable; but I am very much at a loss to guess what can be more so than to behold an union which affords so fair a prospect of lasting happiness to persons for whom I have the greatest honour and esteem.' Lord Huntley was just opening his mouth to make some return to this compliment; but was prevented by Lady Speck, who cried out—'You must know, Miss Jessamy, that we have all taken it into our heads to go to Paris; and are resolved to have you with us.'

'To Paris, Madam!' demanded Jenny, strangely amazed: 'Pray, what does your ladyship mean?'—'We all mean alike,' said Miss Wingman, smiling; 'and are determined to take no denial: you needs must go with us, and fetch home Mr. Jessamy.'

All the presence of mind Jenny was usually mistress of, could not now enable her to recover herself enough from the astonishment she was in to desire an explanation of all this; nor even to ask whether what they had said to her was meant in earnest or in jest. The ladies laughed heartily; but Lord Huntley, pitying her confusion, took upon himself to unfold the mystery.

He told her that his dear Miss Wingman, having an utter aversion to those formal visits of congratulation always made to persons of condition on their marriage, and believing she should be no less troubled with them in the country than in town, had testified a desire of going to France; that Lady Speck, approving of the motion, had promised to accompany them; and, in fine, that it was agreed among them to set out for Dover, in order to embark for Calais, immediately after the ceremony was performed. Lady Wingman confirmed what Lord Huntley had said; and added, that, as her daughters earnestly desired Miss Jessamy would accompany them, she joined her entreaties they might not be refused this satisfaction.

That flutter which had seized on Jenny's heart at the first mention of this

this tour to Paris was not quite gone off, yet she answered with her accustomed sprightliness, that, since the ladies did her the honour to invite her, she should not be so much an enemy to herself, as to refuse making one in so agreeable a party.

Then turning to Mr. Lovegrove, who had not spoke all this while—'I suppose, Sir,' said she, 'you are to be one of the company?'—'Yes, Madam,' replied he, casting at the same time a kind of reproachful look on Lady Speck; 'Lord Huntley and Miss Wingman have been so good to insist on my being so; and I should obey their commands with an infinity of pleasure, if I could flatter myself that my presence was no less acceptable to every one that goes.'

'I understand you, Sir,' cried Lady Speck; 'and so, I believe, do all here: this is because I did not ask you to go. Indeed, I thought the knowledge I went was sufficient to engage you, by whomsoever the invitation was given.'—'You thought right, Madam,' returned he; 'yet I should have been glad to have attended you by your own permission.'

'Well, well,' said she, 'since you are so particular, and oblige me to be so too, I will give you your humour for once; and tell you that, without you, I should lose half the satisfaction I propose to myself in this excursion.'

'This is an assurance, Madam,' answered he, in a transported accent, 'as much beyond my expectations as my power of ever deserving it, and demands all the acknowledgments of my future life.'—'I expect no more,' returned she, with a smile, 'than that you will not presume too far upon it.'

Had they been alone, he doubtless would have thrown himself at her feet, and said a thousand fine things to her on the occasion; but the presence of so many witnesses obliged him to defer his raptures till a more convenient opportunity allowed him to indulge them. To prevent him, however, from saying any thing more than she wished him to do at that time, she went on—'I fancy,' cried she, 'that to see the behaviour of Mr. Jessamy on so unexpected a meeting with his mistress, will afford a good deal of pleasantry to us all.'

'I had the honour, Madam,' said Lord Huntley, 'to have just the same thought with your ladyship: it must needs be an admirable scene, if we can prevail with Miss Jessamy not to apprise her lover of her coming.' Jenny, who was willing to give her friends this satisfaction, and, besides, was herself extremely delighted with the conceit, laughed heartily, and protested she would observe as much secrecy in this point as his lordship could desire.

After this, they fell into some discourse concerning their intended journey; in what manner they should set out; what route they were to take; by what number of servants it would be necessary they should be attended; and such-like particulars; which having settled, so as to be most for the ease and convenience of the ladies, Lord Huntley, who knew Paris perfectly well, farther added, that it would be highly proper a large hotel should be hired for their reception on their arrival; and that, as Sir Robert Manley was luckily there, he would write to him, and beg that favour of him.

This proposal seemed too commodious to be rejected; only Lady Speck said that she feared it would destroy their design of surprizing Mr. Jessamy; for as Jenny had told him of the intimacy that was now grown between him and Sir Robert, it could scarce be doubted but that the latter would inform his new friend what company he might soon expect to see. 'Not, if I request him to the contrary, Madam,' replied Lord Huntley; 'which I shall do in the strongest terms I am able, as you shall all be witness of,' continued he, 'if Lady Wingman will favour me with her standish, and forgive the liberty I take of writing in her presence.' He had no sooner spoke than Miss Wingman ran herself into the next room, and fetched all the necessary utensils wanting for him to do as he had said; and he then sat down to a side-table, and wrote in the following manner.

TO SIR ROBERT MANLEY.

DEAR SIR ROBERT,

WHAT so much testifies the excess of any passion as the being unable to express it? It is utterly impossible for me to describe the present transport

transport of my soul; but you will easily conceive it, when I tell you that my so long adored Miss Wingman has at last consented to be mine.

Next Tuesday is fixed upon to make me the happiest of mankind; and it is also agreed upon, that, for the sake of avoiding those troublesome formalities usual on such occasions, we shall that same day set out on our way to France; where, it is no compliment to assure you, my felicity will receive no inconsiderable addition by your being a witness of it.

We shall come to Paris accompanied by Lady Speck, Mr. Lovegrove, and a third person, whose name I am not at liberty to mention; but, if you chance to guess at it, must insist upon your not acquainting Mr. Jessamy with any part of your conjectures on that head; and, upon second thoughts, it will be still better, if, to prevent all suspicion in him, you keep him in an entire ignorance that any of us are expected.

You will, perhaps, laugh at this injunction; but I make it at the request of the ladies, whose desires, I know, you always take a pleasure in complying with. I write this in their presence: they all send their compliments; and, as well as Mr. Lovegrove, join with me in entreating a favour of a more serious nature; which is, that you will be so good as to employ some person who knows the town, to hire a handsome hotel, with all other proper accommodations for us against our arrival, that the fair travellers may meet with no more embarrassments at the end of the journey than they would do in stepping into their own country-seat.

I shall not pretend to direct your choice in the situation of a place; I am convinced you will fix on such a one as you shall find most agreeable: neither will I attempt any apology for the trouble I give you. I am too well acquainted with your heart to think I stand in need of any; and hope you are enough so with mine to assure yourself that I am, with the greatest friendship and esteem, dear Sir Robert, your most obedient and most humble servant,

HUNTLEY.

P. S. I beg leave to recommend as much expedition in this affair as

possible; for, though we propose travelling at our ease, we shall certainly, barring accidents, be with you in twelve days at farthest from the date hereof.

After having read this to the company, and received their approbation of it, he sealed it up, in order to have it carried to the post; but Jenny, finding they should not reach Paris in less than twelve days, desired that errand might be deferred for a few minutes. She considered that, before the expiration of the time his lordship mentioned, Jemmy would certainly not only write to her, but also expect an answer from her; and thinking herself under an obligation to prevent him from entertaining any uneasy apprehensions on that disappointment, begged leave to take up the pen Lord Huntley had laid down, and write a few lines to him. 'Ah, Madam!' cried Lord Huntley, 'how are we sure you will not undo all I have been doing, and apprise Mr. Jessamy of our plot upon him?'—'No, upon my honour,' replied she, laughing; 'but, if you will not take my word, Miss Wingman and Lady Speck, if her ladyship will give herself that trouble, shall read what I write to him.' She said no more, but sat down to the table; whence she returned in a very small space of time, and, according to her promise, submitted to Miss Wingman's perusal what she had been writing. This little epistle was as follows.

TO JAMES JESSAMY, ESQ.

MY DEAR JEMMY,

YOU will wonder at receiving two letters from me by one post; but I cannot suffer that any pains you take on my account should be thrown away. I have engaged myself to see my charming friend Miss Wingman give her hand to Lord Huntley, and also to accompany the happy pair in an excursion they propose to make immediately after their marriage. According to the manner in which they have regulated the route we are to take, it will be ten or twelve days before we stay at any one place scarce longer than merely for necessary refreshments; so that it will be absolutely impossible for me to give you

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* any exact directions where to send to me during that time.

* I beg, therefore, that you will not think of writing till you hear from me again; which, you may be certain, will be as soon as I shall find myself in a situation to hope for an answer from you: till when content yourself with the assurance, that, wherever I am, I shall always be, with the greatest tenderness, my dear Jemmy, your most affectionate and most faithful

* J. JESSAMY.*

Miss Wingman, on reading this, declared to her sister, and the whole company, that Jenny had betrayed no part of their design; but, on the contrary, had wrote in such a manner as would rather prevent than raise any suspicion in Mr. Jessamy of the truth; and, in short, that she had done no more than what love, friendship, politeness, and even good-nature, demanded from a person in her circumstances.

The remainder of the evening was chiefly taken up with conversation on their intended journey, which afforded an ample field for wit and pleasantry. They separated not till it was very late; and even Lady Wingman and Sir Thomas Welby seemed to have forgot their age and gravity, to participate, in some measure, in the good-humour and sprightliness of those who were fired with more gay and sanguine expectations.

C H A P. XXIII.

CONTAINS, AMONG OTHER PARTICULARS OF LESS MOMENT, AN INCIDENT, WHICH, TO EVERY READER OF A DISTINGUISHING CAPACITY, MUST CERTAINLY APPEAR AS EXTRAORDINARY AS IT DID TO OUR FAIR HEROINE HERSELF, OR, INDEED, ANY OTHER IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

AN excess of satisfaction is sometimes as great an enemy to repose as an excess of grief: so little is human nature able to sustain the violence of any passion! Though Jenny went not into bed till almost the time in which the usually rose, yet could she not submit that those pleasing ideas she

was now possessed of should be lost in sleep and inactivity of thought. Never, indeed, had she experienced a contentment more sincere, a joy more perfect, than that she now felt. Scarce could Lord Huntley long with greater impatience for the day which was to put him in possession of his wishes than she did for the arrival of it, as it was the day on which she was to set out on so agreeable a journey, the end of which promised her such an infinity of pleasure, in surprizing dear Jemmy with her unexpected presence.

It is certain that so agreeable a tour, taken in the company of persons of such high rank and fortune, and who, she was convinced, had a perfect friendship for her; the going to a place so famous for it's variety of amusements; had something in it extremely ravishing to a young heart, had love been entirely out of the question: yet, it is no less certain, that this last was the prevailing motive, the verb by which all desires of her soul were governed, and the rest no more than mere adjectives; that was the grand structure her expectation formed, the others no more than exterior embellishments. Tasso, the Italian poet, seems to have, in my opinion, a very just notion of this passion, when he makes Armida, in his celebrated piece of Godfridus, say—

* Love, the great aim of all created beings!
* The source and center of our hopes and fears!
* From that they flow, in that they terminate.*

I know not whether, in my translation of this passage, I have done the original all the justice it deserves; but how much soever I may have wronged that great author in the expression, am pretty certain that I cannot be mistaken in his meaning. I believe, however, that very few of my readers, especially those of the softer sex, will stand in need of any comment on the present disposition of Jenny's heart; their own will sufficiently inform them what hers must feel in the pleasing idea of rushing unexpectedly, undreamed of, unthought of, upon a lover so deservedly beloved; who, she knew, languished to behold her, and whom she languished to behold. But, notwithstanding all the pretty images she pictured in her mind,

mind, on account of this meeting, she suffered not herself to be so much engrossed by them as to neglect the settling her affairs in a proper manner before she went away. She sent for Mr. Morgan and Mr. Ellwood, told them she was going out of town for some time, but without acquainting either of them to what place, and desired that they would give, during her absence, such directions to Jemmy's steward and housekeeper as should be found necessary. She had also some business to dispatch before her departure, in relation to remittances and accounts, with those gentlemen, who were her own trustees; and this, with some articles concerning what habits and ornaments she should carry with her, was, as any one may suppose, sufficient employment for the short space of time between her agreeing to go on this journey and her taking it.

There were very few of her acquaintance of whom she took any leave, and none to whom she imparted the route she was about to pursue; telling them only that she had engaged herself to take a little ramble into the country with Lady Speck and Miss Wingman; though the sole motive she had for preserving such secrecy in this point was to avoid the railleries she must have expected to be treated with, in case they had known she was going to the place which Jemmy had made choice of for his refuge.

She was returned to her apartment, after having paid the above-mentioned compliment to those who, by their age or condition, most exacted it from her. Every necessary preparation for her journey was already made, and it was the eve of that important day on which she was to set out, and she had nothing now to do but to indulge contemplations on the happy consequence. The humour she was in at present was so serene and sweet, that one would have thought there was scarce a possibility for any thing to have discomposed her; yet did the compass of a very few minutes serve to dissipate all the sunny cheerfulness of her mind, and convert the late calm into a sudden tempest of disdain and indignation. Her footman came hastily into the room, and told her, that a gentleman in a chair begged leave to speak with her, if at home and alone. 'Who is he?' cried she. 'He did not

'send up his name,' replied the fellow; 'but by the glimpse I had of him between the curtains, I think it is Mr. —.' Before he could pronounce the name, Bellpine rushed in. He had justly doubted of admittance, and, resolute to see her, had got out of his chair, and followed the servant directly up stairs. Jenny was astonished, and started at the sight of him; but he prevented her from speaking by a profound reverence, accompanied by these words: 'I feared, Madam,' said he, 'the disadvantageous opinion you have been inspired with of my principles and behaviour, might have excited you to deny me the privilege of saying something to you of much more consequence than the life which has been so cruelly attacked, and so miraculously preserved, and which, not to have uttered, I should have died a double death.'

'If you have been attacked,' replied she, looking on him with the extremest scorn, 'you justly merited it; and if preserved, must be as vain as you are base, to imagine it any mark of Heaven's favour to yourself. But to what pretence,' demanded she, 'to what new artifice, to disturb my quiet, am I indebted for this unexpected, this unwelcome visit?'—'Ah, Madam!' cried he, casting his eyes round the room to see if the servant was withdrawn, and finding he was so, 'great as my offences are,' went he on, 'they rise not to that enormous height as in a wish to persevere in them. I rather come,' continued he, putting one knee to the ground, 'like a repentant sinner, to throw myself at the throne of mercy, and, in this humble posture, confess my crimes, and implore forgiveness.'—'There is no need of confession where the facts are fully proved,' said she, with the same contempt as before; 'you have already received the punishment of them from a hand best able to inflict it, and have nothing to fear from my resentment.'

'Yet, Madam,' resumed he, 'I have much to hope from your forgiveness; it is that, indeed, on which my soul's eternal peace depends; it is not that I dread a second blow from Mr. Jessamy, should he be inclined to repeat it, even were I certain his better fortune would again give him the advantage over me, and his revengeful

' sword bathe itself in my heart's best blood; nor it is the remembrance of my wounds, nor all the painful circumstances of my tedious cure, that is capable of giving me the least alarm; but it is the sad remorse that I have been guilty of any thing to forfeit that portion of esteem I once was favoured with by you, which, like a vulture, preys upon my vitals, and fills me with ideas too terrible for nature to sustain. Oh, therefore, have compassion! vouchsafe to say you hate me not; that you pardon all I have done; and, while I live, I will live only in the study how to deserve such goodness.'

His words, the seeming contrition in which he uttered them, his pathetic gestures, his pale and dejected countenance, all together gave him such a pity-moving air, as made Jenny lose much of the fierceness she had assumed. 'Mr. Jessamy,' said she, 'is the person whose friendship you have so grossly abused; whom chiefly you have wronged; and if he can be brought to forgive the mischief you intended for us both, I shall easily remit that part of it which concerns myself; therefore, pray rise: I am neither accustomed to receive, nor desire any such submissions.'—'No, Madam,' replied this artful dissembler, 'I must not quit this humble posture till I have disclosed the whole of my transgression. It is not enough that you pardon the faults I have been guilty of, without you vouchsafe also the same grace to the motive which induced me to commit them.'—'Motive!' cried she hastily; 'what motive but the most fiend-like disposition could tempt any man to behave as you have done?'—'Yes, Madam,' rejoined he, 'there is one, which, if I were as certain you would absolve, as I am that the whole world besides would applaud me for, I should be the most blessed among my sex. It was love, Madam! love of the most angelick being that Heaven ever formed, that has rendered me the criminal I seem.'

Finding she made no answer, as indeed it was impossible she should in the present confusion of her thoughts on so amazing a declaration—'Yes, charming Miss Jessamy,' went he still on, 'if I have been base, ungrateful, false to the rules of honour and of friend-

ship, it was your lovely self that made me so.'—'Me, villain! Me!' She, as yet, was able to bring forth no more, and he had the opportunity of replying—'Blame not,' said he, 'the effects of your own beauty, but rather pity a passion which made me deaf to every other consideration. The more I have forgot the principles to which my youth were bred, the more I have erred, the more I have proved the unbounded violence of my love; and even those very transgressions have some claim to a grateful recompense from you.'—'Monstrous, unheard of impudence!' returned she, a little recovered from her surprize. 'Had you the vanity and folly to imagine, that if your wicked arts had succeeded to separate me from Mr. Jessamy, I should ever have descended to cast my eyes on you?'—'I am a gentleman, Madam,' answered he, rising from the posture he had all this time been in, 'of as good a family as Mr. Jessamy, and heir to an estate not inferior to his. I knew, indeed, you were designed for him in your childhood, but was ignorant that your partial fancy preferred him to all other men; and therefore hoped——' 'I will hear no more,' interrupted she, 'nor suffer in my sight a wretch whose unexampled baseness renders him even below my anger.'

In speaking this she rung her bell; and the footman immediately coming up—'Shew this gentleman down,' said she, 'and take care he enters here no more.' On this, Bellpine's late paleness turned to a fiery red. 'You might have saved yourself this charge, Madam,' cried he; 'I shall not trouble you with a second visit;' and then flung out of the room without the least mark either of that love, or that humility, which he had, but a few moments before, taken so much pains to counterfeit.

It may, perhaps, seem strange to some people, that a man of so much subtlety as Bellpine, should venture to take a step which could reasonably promise nothing less than the mortification he received; but a very small share of observation is sufficient to inform us, that those who are most cunning in deceiving others, are frequently deceived themselves by their own vanity; as was the case with him.

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The civilities which, on Jemmy's recommendation, he had been treated with by this lady, had made him imagine, on his first acquaintance with her, that she considered him with an extraordinary regard, and that it would not be very difficult to improve that regard into a softer passion, if a favourable opportunity should once offer for his attempting it. The precariousness of his circumstances, as has already been observed, the largeness of her fortune, and, it is probable, some share of inclination for her person, made him presently envy the friend who introduced him; and to endeavour, by all possible methods, how ungenerous and wicked soever, to exclude him from a happiness he wished to be in possession of himself. The reader has seen how all the plots for this purpose were defeated, and how at last he began to despair of ever being able to succeed. On his recovering, however, his former views began to re-take possession of his mind; he thought things could not be worse with him than they were, and that it would be worth his while to try at least by one bold push if he could not retrieve all.

The report he had caused to be spread concerning the imminent danger he was in from his wound, he found had made Jemmy keep abroad, which was the sole end he proposed by it; being also told that Jenny appeared with the same gaiety as ever, he had flattered himself with the hopes that absence and this accident had somewhat weaned her affection from its former object, and that she had vanity enough to make her pleased with what he had done, when he should tell her, it was occasioned only by the violence of a passion she had inspired him with.

But the contempt with which our heroine treated this declaration, notwithstanding his disappointment and the vexation he conceived at it, forced him to confess that there are women who set no value on such effects of their beauty as they find not accompanied with honour and virtue.

C H A P. XXIV.

GIVES A VERY SUCCINCT ACCOUNT
OF THE HAPPY ACCOMPLISH-

MENT OF AN AFFAIR AS YET
QUITE UNTHOUGHT-OF BY THE
READER; AND ALSO OF ANOTHER
WHICH HAS BEEN LONG AGO EX-
PECTED, WITH OTHER PARTICU-
LARS OF LESS CONSEQUENCE.

JENNY was so much disconcerted at Bellpine's visit, and the manner in which she had been entertained by him, that it was a considerable time before she was able to bring back her temper to its accustomed serenity; and when the emotions of anger and disdain were a little subsided, they yet left a certain heaviness upon her spirits, which made her fall into reflections of the most serious nature.

'How greatly,' said she, 'does the name of love suffer by the unworthiness of its pretended votaries? How is that passion, which in reality refines the mind, and fills it only with sublime ideas, made the veil to cover the most foul and most detestable designs, and also an excuse for the worst of villainies when perpetrated?'

'That woman must certainly be very weak,' continued she, 'who believes herself truly beloved by a man who has recourse to dishonourable means for the accomplishment of his wishes: if this wretch has in earnest been instigated to act as he has done by any inclinations for me, they must be of such a sort as I should blush to inspire; and I am amazed that my sex should plume themselves, as I have seen some do, in addresses which either have no meaning at all, or such as are not consistent with their virtue or reputation to encourage.'

Her maid now coming in to ask some questions concerning the packing-up of her things, she started from the reverie she had been in, and went into her dressing-room to give the necessary directions, where, busying herself in assisting the execution of her own orders, the pleasing thoughts of her journey drove those of Bellpine pretty much out of her head, though not so entirely, but that the remembrance of his complicated impudence and hypocrisy would sometimes intervene. It would be superfluous to trouble the reader with a detail of those avocations in which she passed the remainder of that evening, as nothing

nothing happened of consequence enough to afford either much delight or improvement.

Ten the next morning being the hour appointed to celebrate the nuptials of Lord Huntley and Miss Wingman, she arose pretty early, dressed herself in a rich riding-habit, and went to Lady Wingman's in a chair, leaving her maid, who was to attend her in this expedition, to follow with the luggage in a hackney-coach.

She found all the company already there, except the reverend divine, who came in a few minutes after. Sir Thomas Welby presented the bride, and the ceremony was instantly performed; but the wedded pair had scarce time to receive the benediction of Lady Wingman, and the congratulations of those friends who were present, before Mr. Lovegrove took Lady Speck by the hand, and led her towards Sir Thomas, saying—'Sir, I must entreat the favour of you to become a father a second time this morning, and bestow a blessing on me which my whole life shall thank you for.'—'How is this!' cried the old baronet, very much astonished, as was every one in the room. 'Is it possible?' added the new-married Lady Huntley; 'sister, are you in earnest? really going to be married to Mr. Lovegrove?'

'Even so indeed, my dear sister,' replied Lady Speck laughing; 'I have suffered him too long as a lover not to make a husband of him at last.' Then turning to Lady Wingman—'I beg pardon, Madam,' continued she, 'for not consulting your ladyship in this affair; but you gave me away once, and now I thought myself at liberty to make my own choice.'

'Indeed, daughter,' said that lady, 'it is a choice which I should long ago have made for you myself, if, as you justly say, I had not lost my right of directing your inclinations, by your having been married before: however, I must do you the justice to acknowledge, you exercise not the power you now have over your actions but in favour of a gentleman, who you were very certain would not only receive my approbation, but that of every one who has any acquaintance with his merit.'

It is not to be doubted but that Mr.

Lovegrove, who is one of the most polite men on earth, returned this compliment from the mother of his mistress in terms full of submission and respect. Lord Huntley, his fair bride, and Jenny, were all this while got together, expressing to each other the most glad surprize at this event. 'It affords me,' said the former, 'a double portion of satisfaction, to see my friend's happiness go hand in hand with mine; which Mr. Lovegrove overhearing just as he had done speaking to Lady Wingman—'My dear lord,' cried he, 'though yesterday I thought myself as far removed from the completion of my wishes as I now am near, I protest to your lordship that I found room in my heart to rejoice in your good fortune, while despairing of my own.'

'Aye, aye, we are all very well pleased,' said Sir Thomas Welby; 'but do not let us make the reverend gentleman wait any longer.—Come, my fair daughter-elect,' pursued he, taking Lady Speck by the hand, 'put yourself under my jurisdiction for a minute or two, that I may consign my short-lived authority to one whose every command, I dare answer, you will find a pleasure in obeying.'

Here the remembrance of some disagreeable passages in her former marriage, made Lady Speck shudder a little at the thoughts of venturing on a second; but she had great experience of Mr. Lovegrove's temper; she had promised to be his, both in private, and now before all this company; so threw off all apprehensions, and advanced with her usual sprightliness towards the clergyman, who had his book ready opened in order to begin the ceremony.

Jenny, who till this morning had never happened to be present at these sacred rites, was filled with the most solemn meditations during the performance, especially on the repetition for this second couple; she found something so binding in the contract, so awful in the injunction laid on the married persons by the ordinance, that she was amazed to think there could be any one hardy enough to infringe it. She thought, nevertheless, that the obligation would make a greater impression, and have more weight with those who entered into it, if celebrated in a place consecrated

consecrated to divine worship, than in one which was usually the scene of feasting, dancing, and all kinds of pleasure, if no worse. 'Marriage,' said she within herself, 'is the great action of our lives, the hinge on which our happiness or misery, while we have breath, depends; the more respect we pay to the institution, the more we shall be careful to observe its rules; and I can see no justifiable reason for avoiding to solemnize it in the temple of him who first ordained, and who alone has power to render it a blessing.'

These reflections frequently recurred to her mind, but she had no opportunity at present to proceed in them. Mr. Lovegrove, now put in possession of the happiness he so long had sought, was already receiving the felicitations of his friends; and she, who sincerely rejoiced in his good fortune, would not be slow in testifying the sense she had of it.

Lady Wingman, who was a great lover of old customs, had prepared a rich cake, which Sir Thomas Welby immediately broke over the heads of the bridegrooms and their brides; the servants were all called in to partake of this oblation to Ceres, after which they went down to see if the equipage was ready for setting out.

The leave this happy company took of Lady Wingman and Sir Thomas Welby was very short, as it was now past one o'clock, and they purposed to reach Sittingbourn that evening; they went all together in a landau, chusing to sit close rather than be separated; their women-attendants, which were also five in number, were crammed into Lady Speck's old travelling-coach, with such things as they knew the ladies would require for present use upon the road, and the more heavy baggage placed behind and before it.

Notwithstanding the privacy with which these weddings had been conducted, a crowd of mendicants, having got a scent of what was doing, had gathered about the house, and hung upon the doors and even wheels of the landau; but Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, throwing out handfuls of money for them to scramble for, the machine was soon freed from this incumbrance, and drove away, escorted by nine servants on horseback, valets included.

C H A P. XXV.

CONTAINS A DEAL OF BUSINESS IN A NARROW COMPASS.

LIFE affords but few amusements which are more agreeable than travelling, when in a party of select friends, who have all of them their hearts at ease, and think of nothing but to divert themselves. The company which now set out from Lady Wingman's were in a situation as near to perfect happiness as can be tasted on this side eternity: Jenny was the only person in a state of expectation, yet was she no less alert and gay than those who had already obtained the ultimate of their desires.

When they had got free from the tumultuous din, the smoke, the stench, and rugged stones of London—'I begin already,' said this amiable lady with a smile, 'to taste the pleasures of this journey: but you little suspect how much I have been tempted not to take it; and when I make you the confidantes of an adventure that happened to me last night, you will confess that I am a woman of great resolution in keeping the promise I gave of accompanying you.' On this they all cried to her not to keep them in suspense: 'I will not,' resumed she; 'and hope you will not think me too vain a boaster, when I tell you at once that I have made a new conquest; have gained a heart all flaming and adoration; a lover who, for my sake, has done such things as, I believe, no man besides himself ever did or would do!'

'Nobody doubts the power of your charms, my dear,' said Lady Speck; 'but pray, who is this lover? for he must be one of whom you are either very fond, or think not worth concealing.'—'I dare answer by her looks,' subjoined Lord Huntley, 'that he is the latter: but pray, Madam, let us have his name?'

'I will not put your lordship, nor any of the company, to the trouble of guessing,' replied Jenny; 'for should you all go to work upon that task, it would certainly last till we came to Paris, and even then be as far from being accomplished as now: know then, that the hero of my true romance,

‘romance, the man who dies for me, is called Bellpine.’—‘Bellpine! Bellpine! Impossible!’ repeated they all several times over. ‘He, sure, could not have the impudence!’ cried Lady Huntley: ‘but, dear creature, let us have the whole story; it must, however, be very entertaining.’

Jenny then related to them Bellpine’s visit, his discourse, and the manner of his behaviour towards her; and this she did with so much wit and spirit, as could not but be extremely pleasing to the company. They laughed heartily at some passages in the recital; and their mirth would have been yet more complete, had it not been somewhat checked by their astonishment at his unparalleled impudence and deceit.

‘For my own part,’ said Lord Huntley, ‘though I cannot but own that there was somewhat very extraordinary in the declaration he made to Miss Jessamy, yet it is certain that love was the only excuse he could allege for what he had done; and I am apt also to think it might be the real motive too, when I remember what Mr. Dryden says upon this subject—

“That love all sense of right and wrong confounds;

“Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.”

Mr. Lovegrove replied, that he had the honour to agree with his lordship’s sentiments in this point. ‘But,’ cried Lady Speck, ‘would any man besides himself, after the most plain detection of his villainy, have had the folly and the arrogance to appear before a woman whom he was conscious had so much reason both to detest and scorn him?’—‘Perhaps, Madam,’ answered he, ‘Mr. Bellpine had been just reading Shakespeare’s Richard the Third, and flattered himself with being able to say like that prince, after courting Lady Ann—

“Was ever woman in this humour woo’d?”

“Was ever woman in this humour won?”

‘But,’ continued he, ‘though I can very easily believe that love might be one inducement, yet I can scarce think it was the only one: I have been told, that Bellpine’s circumstances are not in the most prosperous condition; he

‘might hope to mend them by Miss Jessamy’s fortune; and it therefore appears to me extremely probable, that the lady’s money had, at least, as great an influence over him as her eyes.’

From this they fell into a conversation concerning the practice of fortune-hunting, and the stratagems to which men of desperate circumstances, and enterprising heads, have sometimes recourse, in order to gain their point. This was a copious subject, and afforded a great variety of diverting stories, no way to the advantage either of the deceiver or deceived. These, with some animadversions of the company upon them, lasted till they arrived at Sittingbourne; where, a servant having been sent before, as indeed the same care was afterwards taken at every stage, they found an elegant entertainment ready prepared against their coming. The next day they dined at Canterbury, reached Dover the same evening, and the ensuing morning embarked for Calais, to which port a prosperous gale safely conducted them in a few hours. But there is no necessity to oblige my readers to accompany them through the whole course of their journey to Paris, as no material incident happened in it. On the very dawning of that day which was to conclude their progress, Lord Huntley sent a servant to Paris, in order to apprise Sir Robert Manley of their approach; and, as he doubted not but he had provided a place for their reception, to take directions from him where they should alight, and then to return with his answer to a little town within two leagues of the city, where they intended to bait, and would stay for him. This was easily performed, as the fellow had an excellent horse under him, and set out several hours before the company.

Sir Robert was at dinner with Jemmy and some other gentlemen, when a waiter of the house informed him that there was a man on horseback at the door, who entreated to speak with him, and said he came from Lord Huntley; on which he rose up immediately, and went down. Jemmy started at the name of Lord Huntley; but not being able to assure himself that his ears had not deceived him, ran to the window which commanded the court-yard, where he indeed saw Sir Robert talking with a man,

man, who he knew, by his livery, belonged to that nobleman, and seemed as if but just come off a journey. This put a sudden thought into his head, which, pleasing as it was, he durst not too much encourage, for fear of a disappointment. 'What!' cried he to Sir Robert, on his returning into the room, 'is Lord Huntley in Paris?'—'No,' replied the other; 'but very near it; he will be here by night.'—'I hear he is married,' returned Jemmy, strangely agitated: 'I suppose he brings his lady with him?'—'I shall soon see that,' said Sir Robert, with a smile; 'for I must go to meet him, and shall be glad if you will accompany me.'—'I am always ready to attend you any where, Sir Robert,' answered he: 'but there is but little of a compliment in my doing so at this time; because I cannot help flattering myself with meeting some company to whom I am better known than either to Lord Huntley or his lady.' Sir Robert could not keep himself from laughing at these words, but made no reply; and only said he must send out to hire a chariot immediately: on which a gentleman who was present told him he had one at the door that should be perfectly at his service; and as he seemed in haste, and the horses were ready put to, desired he would make use of it.

Sir Robert, for the reasons urged by the gentleman, readily accepted his offer; and, after taking leave of the company, and giving some private orders to a servant, went with Jemmy into the chariot; which, though it carried them with all imaginable celerity, seemed yet too slow to the impatience of one of them.

On their arrival, they were presently ushered into the room, where our travellers had but just got in before them. Jemmy flew to Jenny, as if no other person had been present; and, throwing himself upon her bosom, cried, in the utmost ecstasy—'My dear, dear Jenny! this is an unhop'd-for blessing!'—'My dear Jemmy!' returned she, 'I did not expect to see you till I came to Paris: but I am fairly caught in my own snare; I thought to have surprized you, and am surprized myself!' On this he fell a second time upon her neck; and who knows how long, forgetful of every thing but love and joy, he might have continued in

that tender situation, if Sir Robert Manley, having by this time paid his compliments to Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and their ladies, had not advanced to do the same to Jenny, saying—'Dear Jessamy, you must not think, as yet, of engrossing this lady wholly to yourself.' These words reminded Jemmy of what was due from him to the rest of the company; which debt he discharged with an air of freedom and politeness too natural to him for his late transports to render less so. They staid no longer here than was necessary to take some refreshment; and, on their arrival at Paris, were conducted by Sir Robert Manley to the hotel he had hired for them; which they found so handsome and commodious, that they told him he was certainly the best quarter-master in Europe.

After having led them through several apartments, he brought them into a spacious room, where a table (being already set out) was immediately covered, by directions he had before-hand given, with the most exquisite viands of the season. This was a piece of gallantry which, as well as they knew Sir Robert, they had little expected, or even thought on.

Some hours were past in a continual round of wit and pleasantry, intermixed with more serious demonstrations of love, gratitude, and friendship; but the gentlemen, remembering how long a journey the ladies had come, thought it would be neither kind nor complaisant to keep them from their beds too late; though it may easily be supposed that Jemmy took a very reluctant leave of his dear Jenny, and that she also would have willingly spared some time from her repose, to have been entertained by a lover so much and so deservedly beloved.

C H A P. XXVI.

AFFORDS LESS THAN PERHAPS MAY
BE EXPECTED, YET ENOUGH TO
SATISFY A REASONABLE READER.

JEMMY's impatience to entertain his fair mistress brought him the next morning to visit her in her own apartment: but, as their conversation consisted only of such things as the reader is already well acquainted with,

it would be needless to repeat it here; so I shall only say, that all which can be conceived of soft and tender passed between them. He thought that he could never sufficiently acknowledge the proofs she had given him of her affection; nor she too much return those she had received from him. Sweet are the charms of mutual love, when inspired by merit, and accompanied by virtue. Neither of them, however, suffered themselves to be so absorbed in mutual endearments as to forget the respect owing to their friends. Jenny had no sooner heard that the company had left their chambers than she proposed joining them; and Jemmy had conceived so high an idea of Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove, on the character given of them by Sir Robert Manley, that he rejoiced in this opportunity of entering into a more particular acquaintance with them.

On their going into the dining-room, they found Sir Robert Manley was also come to pay the salutations of the morning, and enquire how they intended to pass the day; to which the ladies replied, that they could not pass it more agreeably than in the situation he had provided for them, especially as their women had not yet had time to regulate their things in a proper manner to appear in publick; and that, if he and Mr. Jessamy would give them their company, they should think it no confinement to stay at home. This being readily agreed to, feasting, cards, and conversation, engrossed the hours till the night was pretty far advanced; nor were the gentlemen permitted to depart without a promise of returning the next day.

Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove had hitherto been entire strangers to Jemmy; but they now found enough in his conversation to make them think themselves happy in his acquaintance; and he, as well as Sir Robert Manley, was never left out in any party of pleasure formed by them: in a word, though they continued in different lodgings, they seemed but as one family. They all went together to visit the churches and convents, to the opera, the comedy, the Thuilleries, the gardens of Luxembourg; made frequent tours to Marli, Fontainebleau, and Versailles: not a day passed over without some new

amusement; and time slid on in a perpetual round of pleasure.

Lord Huntley, who had been several times before at Paris, had a pretty large acquaintance among persons of the best fashion: these hearing of his marriage and arrival, came to visit him, and likewise introduced their wives and daughters to the ladies; so that there was frequently a very large and brilliant assembly of both sexes at the hotel. Lady Huntley and Lady Speck had their share of admiration among the connoisseurs; but Jenny seemed, in the eyes of most of them, greatly to outshine both her fair companions: she was toasted and distinguished by the name *La Belle Anglaise*. Jemmy was ravished at the fine things he heard said of her; and the more so, as he found she was not the least elated by the praises she received.

This crowd of company, this incessant hurry of accumulated diversions, however, deprived our lover of the opportunity of entertaining his dear mistress in private as often as the pleasure he took in her conversation above all others made him wish to do; and, it is probable, this restriction filled him with much more impatience than ever he felt before for the consummation of their marriage. One day, when he found himself alone with her, he failed not to press her in the most strong terms he was able on that article; but she replied, that it was then neither a fit time nor place for such a thing; and that she wished he would not think of it till they should return to England. 'Why not a fit time and place, my dear Jenny?' said he. 'Can there be any time or place unfit to solemnize a covenant made so long ago for us by our parents? A covenant which, I hope, the expectation of fulfilling has always been equally agreeable to ourselves. Remember,' continued he, kissing her hand, 'the transporting promise you made in one of your kind epistles, that, if I could not go to you, you would come to me, and the ambassador's chaplain should complement my happiness.'—'When I made that promise,' answered she, 'I meant nothing more than to observe it religiously; and should have contented myself to have lived in a continual banishment with you: but, my dear Jemmy,

‘Jemmy, the case, thank Heaven! is now quite altered; the circumstances of our affairs have changed their face; the wretch Bellpine is recovered; no danger threatens your return; and, as we have been here already two months, it cannot be supposed we shall stay much longer: wherefore, then, should we hurry thus precipitately into a marriage while in a foreign land, and absent from the greatest part of our friends?’

She had scarce ended these words, when Lady Huntley came into the room; but, on seeing them together, was about to retire immediately, crying, she would not interrupt their conversation. Jenny called to her to stay; and Jemmy, recollecting how much she had been his friend, in a discourse of the like nature just after her coming from Bath, told her that her ladyship’s presence would be so far from giving any interruption, that it was highly necessary to decide a little dispute between him and Miss Jessamy. ‘I guess the subject,’ answered she, with a smile; ‘and, if I am to be arbiter, shall not fail to give it on your side the question, as I shall then be sure of obliging both parties.’—‘You may be mistaken,’ cried Jenny, and was going on; but Jemmy, who would have the advantage of being first heard, remonstrated to the fair judge all the inquietudes of an ever hoping, ever expecting, and never gratified, passion, and all the anxieties attending impatience and suspense. The manner in which he expressed himself had so much of the humorous in it, mixed with the pathetick, as made both the ladies laugh heartily. Jenny, in her turn, repeated the reasons she had for denying her lover’s request in terms no less sprightly; after which—‘Well,’ said Lady Huntley, ‘this is a moot-point; and I must even leave it where I found it; and the room, that you may agree upon it between yourselves.’

She was going to do as she said, and had turned away for that purpose—‘Hold, Lady Huntley!’ cried Jenny; ‘you must not depart till I have convinced you of my generosity to this unreasonable man.—Here,’ continued she to Jemmy, ‘is my hand, which I faithfully promise to give you before a parson as soon as we arrive at Lon-

don, and things can be got ready for the ceremony.’ Jemmy received and kissed it with the greatest satisfaction. ‘This is as it should be,’ said Lady Huntley; ‘and, to heighten your contentment, Mr. Jessamy, I can tell you that I believe you will very shortly have an opportunity to demand the performance of this promise. For my own part, I begin to be weary of Paris; Mr. Lovegrove, I can perceive, is so too; and, if we can persuade Lady Speck to be of the same opinion, I know I can easily bring my lord into it.’ She was going on, when Lord Huntley came in with a letter in his hand. ‘Oh, my dear!’ cried he, ‘I have been looking for you through all the rooms. I have just received a letter from Sir Thomas Welby.’—‘I hope mamma is well!’ cried she hastily; ‘and no ill accident has happened?’—‘Not in the least,’ returned he; ‘but far on the contrary. Sir Thomas only writes to let us know that his son is married, and will very shortly bring his bride to visit us in Paris.’

‘I am astonished!’ cried Lady Huntley; ‘Mr. Welby married! I do not understand how such a thing can be! He took leave of mamma and I just after my coming from Bath, and told us he was to set out on his travels the next day; and I thought that he was gone! Sure, he must either have made a very short tour, or have stopped in his progress, and have picked up a wife by the way!’—‘I know nothing of the particulars,’ resumed his lordship; ‘but you shall hear what Sir Thomas says on the occasion.’ With these words he looked over the letter; and, singling out that part of it which he thought would most satisfy her curiosity, read as follows:

‘I thought him too young to marry; but found his inclinations so much divided between love and travelling, that the latter would have afforded him neither pleasure nor improvement without the gratification of the former; so consented to both. He was married last week; and two days ago set out on his rambles, and has taken his bride with him. As they intend to stay some time at Paris in their way to Italy, and other parts, he will have the honour to present her to the ladies;

‘and I flatter myself she will appear not unworthy of their countenance and friendship.’

‘Well, this is strange!’ said she, perceiving he had done; ‘but he does not mention to whom he is married.’— ‘Not a syllable,’ replied he; ‘but we shall soon know more of the matter; for I find, by the date of this letter, which I did not observe before, that it has been retarded by some accident or other in the post; and the young gentleman, by the time mentioned of his leaving London, must infallibly be already arrived, or very near it.’

These words had but just escaped his lips, when a servant came hastily into the room, and said that a gentleman, who called himself Welby, was in the great saloon with Lady Speck and Mr. Lovegrove, and they sent him to let his lordship know it. On this, Lord and Lady Huntley went to receive their new guest; but Jemmy and Jenny, having no acquaintance with them, thought themselves excused from paying their compliments to him at this time.

CHAP. XXVII.

CONTAINS A VERY REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

MR. Welby made his first visit very short; but was not suffered to depart without engaging himself to come again the next day, and bring his lady, whom they were not a little impatient to see, as Sir Thomas had mentioned her handsomely in his letter.

The daughters of Lady Wingman had a sincere regard for this young gentleman, not only as he was the son of Sir Thomas Welby, but also on the score of his own good qualities; and, willing to testify it by all the marks in their power, gave orders to those who had the management of their household affairs, to omit nothing proper for the entertainment of the new-wedded pair.

Three was the appointed hour; and it had not elapsed as many minutes when their expected guests appeared. The bride seemed very lovely in the eyes of Lord Huntley, Jemmy, and Sir Robert Manley; but there was something in her which attracted those of Mr. Lovegrove and the ladies. Each of these was perfectly convinced that

they had been acquainted with her face, though when or where none of them could recollect: but when she spoke, in returning the salutations they severally gave her, her voice immediately eased them of the suspense they had been in, and presented her to their remembrance for the fair stranger whom accident and distress had brought into their company at the village where they had been obliged to lie on their return from Bath. Great was their astonishment, nor was that of Mrs. Welby less; but as they had too much politeness to betray any part of theirs, or take the least notice they had ever seen her before, so she had too much generosity not to avow her remembrance of them.

‘It was with a great deal of pleasure I came,’ said Mrs. Welby, ‘to pay my respects to the friends of Mr. Welby; but how infinitely would that pleasure have been enhanced, had it been possible for me to have foreseen I should have met with the only persons to whom I have been so highly obliged in the extremest exigence in my life!’ Then perceiving they made no other reply, as indeed they were not yet enough recovered from their surprize to do it—‘You may not, perhaps,’ resumed she, ‘be able presently to distinguish in the wife of Mr. Welby the once forlorn, the distressed fugitive; but this will be to me a perpetual memento of your goodness.’ In speaking these last words, she took out of her pocket the snuff-box she had exposed to sale at the inn, and which Mr. Lovegrove had bought and returned to her with so much gallantry. On sight of it—‘If will be a lasting honour to me, Madam,’ said that gentleman, ‘that you still retain a trifle no other wife worthy your acceptance than by being before in your possession.’

The two sisters now first acknowledged their remembrance of her, with many compliments on the change of her condition; and Jenny, who had been impatient to do so, congratulated her good fortune with the extremest warmth. Those of the company who were not in the secret, were surprized at these salutations; but Mr. Welby most of all; which his fair wife perceiving—‘You have introduced me,’ said she, ‘to persons whom I little hoped to have met at Paris, but would have gone much farther to have seen;

‘I shall

‘ I shall at leisure make you acquainted with the obligations I have to them.’

Dinner being that instant served up, broke off all farther speech upon this head; but the ladies were all the time in the utmost impatience to know the bottom of an affair which at present seemed so mysterious to them; and as soon as the cloth was removed, left the gentlemen to their Burgundy, and drew Mrs. Welby into another room, not doubting but she would readily gratify their curiosity; which she accordingly did in the following manner.

THE SEQUEL OF THE FAIR STRANGER'S ADVENTURES.

‘ WHAT you desire of me,’ said she, ‘ is so little worthy your attention, that I shall be as brief as possible in the repetition: you already know the catastrophe of my fate, in seeing me the wife of the most generous man on earth; as for the accidents that made me so, they will only serve to shew, that when we think ourselves farthest removed from happiness we are often nearest to it.’

‘ You may remember, ladies, that I told you my design was to cross the sea from Bristol to Cork; I got safe, without the least molestation, to the end of my journey: but was fortunately prevented from embarking on my voyage by this means; I had scarce time to enquire if any vessel was bound for my intended port, when that aunt to whom I was going landed from thence; she came into the same inn where I was; we were mutually astonished at the sight of each other; but I soon related to her the whole of my unlucky story, and the disappointment it was to me to see her come to England in the very moment I was flying for refuge to her in Ireland; at which she seemed equally surprized and troubled.’

‘ At first she highly blamed me for resisting so foolishly my good fortune, as she termed it; but, perceiving I burst into tears at her reproaches, became more gentle. She told me, however, that it would be quite improper for me to go to her house while she was out of it, as my uncle had never seen me, and as I was an entire stranger to every one in the fa-

mily. “ But,” said she, “ you shall go back to London with me; I shall see your father soon after I come there, will talk to him concerning you, and doubt not but I shall be able to mitigate matters between you, so as you may go home again without being forced to marry against your inclinations.”

‘ This did not well please me, as I knew my father’s positive temper, and feared the success of her negotiation in this point: however, as I had no course to take, I was obliged to submit to her directions, and the next day we set out together in the stage-coach for London. On our arrival we were lodged at the house of an eminent banker in the city, who had before been apprized of my aunt’s coming, by letters for that purpose: she told him nothing more of me than that I was her niece, nor did he think it his business to ask any questions, but treated me with a great deal of civility and respect; and, as I was a perfect stranger in that part of the town, I thought myself as secure there as if I had been in Ireland.’

‘ The next day my aunt went to visit my father; but he happened to be gone out of town for a few days, and she found only my sister, who, on her making some enquiry for me, told her, that I was an impudent slut; that after having promised to marry a gentleman of great worth and fortune, and every thing being prepared for the ceremony, I had run away in a most scandalous manner on the very day it was to have been performed; that nobody knew what was become of me; that I had almost broke my father’s heart, and was a disgrace to all that belonged to me.’

‘ As I knew the bitterness of my sister’s nature, and the small portion of good-will she always had for me, I was not at all surprized when my aunt returned with this intelligence; I was only sorry that my father was not at home, that I might have known in what manner he resented my behaviour; for as I had never failed in the dutious love of a child to a parent, the thoughts of having been compelled to incur his displeasure gave me the most severe affliction and remorse. While I was in this suspense, an accident befel me, which, though

though I thought little of at that time, proved afterwards to be one of the greatest importance in my whole life. My aunt was gone one day to her lawyer, on the business which had brought her to England; I was sitting reading at a window, when a servant at the banker's shewed a gentleman into the room, and desired him to sit down, saying he expected his master home in a few minutes. I rose from my seat at the entrance of this stranger, but was pretty much surprized when I presently recollected he was the person who had followed me from church one Sunday to my father's door. You may remember, ladies, continued she, that I mentioned this incident to you on account of my sister's reproaching me with it afterwards.

I remember it perfectly well, said Lady Speck; and I dare answer that no part of your story was lost on any of us. But, pray, proceed; for I already begin to trace the oddness of this event. Mrs. Welby smiled, and went on.

I would have left the room, resumed she, but an unaccountable something rivetted my feet; the gentleman at first seemed in more confusion than myself, but he soon recovered from it; and seeing I had a book in my hand, approached me, and with an air the most gay, yet respectful—May I presume, Madam, said he, to ask what author is so happy as to engage your contemplations? I replied, it was only a novel, entitled Love and Duty reconciled. This, he has since told me, he looked upon as a prosperous omen to his hopes; but he had no opportunity then to say any thing farther; the banker came that instant in, begged his pardon for having made him wait, and told him, that as they should now be too late for the office, if he would accept of a bad dinner with him, they would go together in the afternoon. The gentleman very readily agreed; while they were talking, my aunt came in, and the cloth being already spread, we all sat down to table.

My aunt was so much disconcerted that she could scarce eat, which the banker taking notice of, she burst into the most vehement exclamations against her lawyer. The young gentleman, who by this time had found

how nearly she was related to me, asked her many questions concerning the behaviour of the person she complained of; and she then gave him a long detail of particulars, which, as they are no way material to my story, I shall not trouble you with a repetition of; and shall only tell you, that she concluded with saying, that Mr. Dally was one of the most base as well as most unmannerly men in the world. Mr. Dally! cried he; I know him well; my father has been long his client, and I believe is the best friend he has; if you will permit me to wait on you to him, I dare almost promise to engage him to do you justice.

She was quite transported at this offer, and joyfully accepted it; on which he assured her he would come the next morning, and attend her to Mr. Dally's chambers. There passed no more; soon after dinner, he went out with the banker on the business they had been talking of, which I afterwards found was to the Million Bank, where he had some money left him on the death of a relation.

On the banker's return, my aunt could not forbear asking the name of the gentleman who had been so obliging to her; to which he replied, that he was the only son of Sir Thomas Welby; and then ran into great encomiums on the father and the son, though no more than what I have since experienced they justly merited. I was, however, very much confounded; for I must now acquaint you, ladies, that Sir Thomas Welby is the person, the history of whose liking of me I have already told you, since it was he I took so much pains to fly.

Here they all cried out in the utmost amazement, almost at the same time—What, Madam, Sir Thomas Welby!—My guardian! said Lady Huntley: Was it to him you should have been married?

The same indeed, replied she; nor is it strange you should be ignorant such a thing was in agitation; for, even had it been effected, it was to have been kept a secret from his own family till I had been carried home, and set at the head of it. But I shall now proceed to the more agreeable part of my narrative: Mr. Welby came, agreeable to his promise, and

uttered

ushered my aunt to the lawyer's. She returned about noon in very high spirits; told me that Mr. Welby's presence, and what he said, had wrought a wonderful effect; that the lawyer was now as civil as before he had been; rude; and that her business would be dispatched in a very short time. "But, my dear niece," said she, "I have something better than all this to inform you of: this fine young gentleman is violently in love with you; he has made me the confidante of his passion, and engaged my interest. What now?" pursued she, seeing me look a little grave, "surely you will not withstand your fortune a second time?" I replied, that I could see but little advantage in that gentleman's affections, since it was impossible his father would ever give a sanction to it. "Pish! what then?" resumed she. "When once you are married to him, the father will easily be brought to forgive what cannot be recalled."

I urged the vanity of hoping a father would ever forgive a son for marrying the woman he had a mind to himself; but she made slight of all I said, and then told me, that as it was not proper the banker should, as yet, be let into the secret, she had promised to give Mr. Welby a meeting that afternoon, and to bring me with her. "Neither your pride nor modesty," continued she, "has any cause to be alarmed; for I shall pretend it is all my doing, and that you knew nothing of seeing him."

I was very averse to this meeting; but she was positive, and I was fearful of disobliging her, as I had no other friend but herself whom I could rely upon for making my peace with my father. In short, we went; Draper's Garden was the place of rendezvous; Mr. Welby was there before us. He affected, as had been contrived between my aunt and him, to have come there by chance; which a little saved my blushes. After walking a turn or two, talking on ordinary matters, he proposed going to Ranelagh: my aunt replied, that she had never seen the place, and could not do it in better company. It did not become me to oppose what she had agreed to; a coach waited, which carried us directly thither. It was very

early in the evening, and the company were not yet come, so we had the gardens to ourselves. My aunt was so much in his interest, or rather mine, that she gave him all the opportunities the place would admit, of to declare his passion to me; which he did in the most pathetick terms, while she pretended to amuse herself with looking on the story of Pamela, painted on the walls. I was far from giving any encouragement to what he said; yet, by an irresistible impulse, was prevented from treating it with that severity I wished to have done.

But why should I detain your attention by particulars? This meeting was productive of a second, that of a third, and so on for a succession of several days; till at last, finding in myself an inclination to be too much pleased with his addresses, and dreading the consequence, I resolved to put an end to them.

I took the first opportunity of being alone with him, to tell him, that I had considered of the honour he did me, and found it impossible for me to accept the hand he offered; so entreated him to withdraw his affection, if in reality he had so much for me as he pretended, and talk to me no more upon that subject. The manner in which I spoke convincing him I was in earnest, he seemed much amazed; made such replies as might be expected from a lover; accused destiny, and the influence of ill stars; complained of his want of power to please me, and laid the blame of my refusal on my aversion to his person. This struck me; and, in the sincerity of my soul—"No, Sir," said I; "wrong not your own merits, or my just sense of them, so far as to harbour such a thought: I blush not to confess that, of all mankind, you have the preference in my heart; but what avails it, when there is a bar between us, which all the love in the world, on both sides, would never be able to surmount?"—"Ah, Madam!" cried he hastily, "what bar?" I then told him, that I was determined never to marry without the consent of my parents. "If that be all," rejoined he briskly, "I do not despair; but to be able to make such proposals to your father as he will not disdain to listen to."—"How-

"ever that may be," answered I, "you, Sir, have a father too; it is his consent I chiefly mean; and without his permission of the continuance of your addresses, be assured I will not receive them."

He now seemed much disconcerted, sighed, and was silent for several minutes. "Well, Madam," said he, "you shall be obeyed: my thoughts were lately bent on travelling; every thing was ready for my design; but on the sight of you, love laid a sudden embargo on my feet, and I then made a thousand excuses to my father for deferring my voyage; but I will now confess to him the whole truth, and implore his sanction to my vows: he is generous, I am his only son, he loves me, and I may perhaps succeed; I will, at least, make trial of my fate, and to-morrow you will see either the most happy or the most miserable of men."

He parted from me with great emotions, nor was I less disquieted; but I acquainted not my aunt with this conversation, knowing she would severely chide me, and think, as indeed I did myself, that the step I had taken would entirely overthrow what she had taken so much pains to promote. I neither saw nor heard any thing of my lover all the next day, and this confirmed me in what before I scarce doubted. I passed the night in anxieties enough; but the morning found my condition reversed, in a manner which I could never have imagined. Soon after breakfast my father's footman came in a great hurry to acquaint me that my father commanded me to return home immediately: I was in a strange surprize; I knew not before he was in town, could not guess by what means he was directed where to find me, and was in the utmost dilemma whether I ought to rejoice or tremble at being sent for. I would fain have staid for my aunt, who was just gone out, to have taken her with me; but the fellow told me that his orders were to bring me that instant; so I said no more, but obeyed the summons.

On my arrival, my father met me in the parlour; I threw myself at his feet, and begged forgiveness. "Rise, my child," said he, embracing me; "I do forgive you; the hand of Hea-

ven has been in what you have done, and directed all your steps: your fears of a second marriage are now over. Sir Thomas has resigned his claim to one fitter for your years: they are both here, and wait your presence to ratify the contract I have already made for you."

Judge, ladies, what I felt: I was no longer at a loss for the happy event; the sudden surcharge of unexpected joy rushing in at once upon me, was more than I could well support. I was almost fainting when my father led me into the next room, where sat Sir Thomas Welby and his son: the latter, as I have since heard, was in much the same condition as myself; but the former, pitying my confusion, took me by the hand with these words, delivered in the most sprightly tone—"Come, daughter," said he, "for such you now are, your father has given you to me; and the least I can do, to atone for the troubles I have occasioned you, is to give my son to you, and hope you will not refuse to accept the present." As he spoke this, he joined my hand with his son's, and added—"Take each other, and be as happy as love and mutual consent of parents can make you." Neither of us could speak for some time; but when we had recovered ourselves enough to do so, the acknowledgments we made were very well received, by both the old gentlemen. As there wanted but little preparations for a marriage so much desired on all sides, the ceremony was performed in three days after: and I have now nothing more to acquaint you with, but that Mr. Welby still persisting in his desires of seeing foreign parts, I have gladly consented to accompany him in his travels.

CHAP. XXVII.

CONCLUDES THIS HISTORY, AND ALL THE AUTHOR THINKS FIT, AT PRESENT, TO INTRUDE UPON THE PUBLICK.

AFTER Mrs. Welby had finished the account of her adventures, and received the praises due to her conduct through the whole of them, she returned

returned into the dining-room; where finding Mr. Welby had entertained the gentlemen in much the same manner as his wife had done the ladies, the conversation on this subject became general; and when they discoursed more at large on the odd circumstances of what they had heard related, and considered the generosity of Sir Thomas Welby, the disinterested passion of his son, and the extraordinary discretion of the young lady, they were at a loss to say which of the three characters had the greatest claim to admiration.

These new comers now found themselves so happy in the society of those they were among, that, till the expiration of full three weeks, they seemed not to remember they had any farther course to steer; nor did their friends think it too great an act of complaisance either to revisit with them all the places they had seen before, or to stay in Paris much longer than they had intended, or would have done, but for so agreeable an addition to their company.

At length, however, they were obliged to separate. Mr. Welby and his fair wife began their progress towards the Alps, in order to pass into Italy; and the other gentlemen and ladies, now equally impatient to be at home as they had been to go abroad, set out in a few days after on their return to England, where they happily arrived without meeting any accidents to retard their journey.

This agreeable company now ceased to be of one family. Lord Huntley and Mr. Lovegrove took their ladies home, and Sir Robert Manley and our lovers returned to their respective habitations, to receive the visits of those friends and acquaintance from whom they had so long been absent. Jemmy, however, was seldom from his dear Jenny, and had now a full opportunity to remind her of the promise she had made him; and that amiable lady, thinking they had sufficiently proved the love and sincerity of each other, no longer sought excuses to delay what he desired.

But before we bring them to the altar, it may not be improper to acquaint the reader with something concerning Bellpine, as he was the person who had taken so much pains to hinder their felicity from being ever compleated, and

has, on that score, made too considerable a figure in this history to be wholly dropped.

The expences of his way of living having by much exceeded the slender income of his patrimony, he found himself obliged to mortgage for near half the value, in order to discharge several debts which had began to be very troublesome to him, and had exposed him to repeated insults.

But this was a trifling misfortune, when compared with that which soon ensued: Lady Hardy had declared herself pregnant; which so enraged him, that, not remembering the advice given him by the old housekeeper, he plainly accused his aunt of incontinency, and for proofs of his allegation against her, related all the good woman had revealed to him, and also all he knew concerning the passion she pretended to have felt for Jemmy.

But he was presently convinced of the error he had been guilty of in this rash behaviour: Sir Thomas, either not believing, or not seeming to do so, treated all he said as a base forgery, and flew into the extremest rage; forbade him coming any more into his presence, or even to think of him as an uncle; and at the same time bound himself by the most solemn imprecation, that whether the child his lady went with should live or die, to take such measures as should infallibly prevent the villain who had so infamously traduced her, from ever inheriting any part of his estate.

Thus undone in all his future expectations, and reduced to an incapacity of living in a fashion equal to his birth, and much more to that of his ambition, it is not to be doubted but that he suffered all that despair and enervate rage could inflict upon him.

In this condition, the only method his invention could supply him with to avoid poverty, and its sure attendant the contempt of the world, was to sell an estate which he found by much too inconsiderable for his support, and get into the army. He accordingly did so, paid off the mortgage upon it, and with the remainder of the money he received for the purchase, bought a captain of foot's commission in a marching regiment; which, to add to his misfortune, was presently after ordered to one of the settlements in the East Indies, and he was obliged to leave England, with

all its dear delights, and embark for the Coromandel coast some weeks before our lovers returned from France: a punishment which his own pride and luxury had brought upon him, and was justly due to the complicated vices of so bad a heart.

Jemmy was a little affected at this piece of intelligence; but Jenny, who thought him capable of every thing that was base and wicked, and had not been altogether free from apprehensions of some mischief which his revenge and malice might possibly be productive of, could not forbear rejoicing, in spite of all the good-nature she was endowed with, that a man of such dangerous propensities was so far removed.

Among other occurrences of less importance to her peace than this of Bell-pine, she was also informed, that Mrs. Marlove, whom, if the reader has forgot, he may find mentioned in the beginning of this work, was now separated from her husband, having first made him, by her over-delicacy and capricious temper, heartily weary of a state he had entered into with transport, and the prospect of a lasting happiness. She heard also that the marriage of Rodophil's mistress with the captain having been discovered, her father obliged them to live together; but that they agreed so ill, that the contentions between them made much diversion for

their neighbours; and that Miss Chit had quarrelled with her great Lady Fisk, on the score of a young nobleman, who had made his addresses to both, though neither could suffer herself to believe so; and that the animosity of these fair rivals was arrived to such a height, that they made no scruple of betraying to the world all the failings each had been guilty of, and of which they had been mutually the confidants.

But our amiable Jenny had now done enquiring into the follies and mistakes of her sex, as she had seen enough of both to know how to avoid them; and all the preparations for giving herself to Jemmy being now ready, their marriage was solemnized by her own desire, in the Abbey-church of Westminster, in the presence of Lord Huntley, Mr. Lovegrove, and their ladies; Sir Robert Manley and some other friends, among whom Mr. Ellwood and Mr. Morgan were not left out.

It would be needless to repeat the satisfaction which this happy catastrophe gave to every one who took any interest in the welfare of our accomplished lovers, or the sincere congratulations the new-united pair received upon it: I shall therefore leave them, after the hurry of feasting and visiting was over, to enjoy, in calm retirement, the more pure and lasting sweets of a well-governed and perfect tenderness.

F I N I S.



